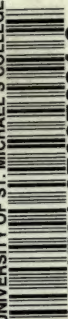


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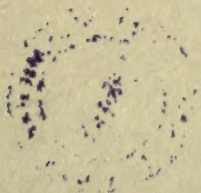


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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Jewels of Bethlehem.

BY GERTRUDE E. HEATH.

O H, crisp and clear was the morning air
And white was the glistening snow!
(But red and red was the evening sky,
And loath was the sun to go.)
And the children listened with rapt delight
To hear the story of Christmas Night.

Now sharp and quick on the morning air
As the hurrying wind goes by,
A rush of feet and a clank of arms
And the stab of a mother's cry!

Now red and red on the glistening snow,
Wherever a babe is killed
A rose as red as the sky blooms out
For every drop that is spilled;
And wherever a holy tear is shed
A fair white lily blooms in its stead.

These are the Jewels of Bethlehem:
Courage whatever betide;
Sorrow and anguish bravely borne,
Though the trouble be hard to hide.
These are the jewels we all can lay
Low at the Christ-Child's feet to-day.

A Marian Shrine in Belgium.

BY DOM COLUMBA EDMONDS, O. S. B.



T is invariable that Catholic countries are renowned for their veneration of the Holy Mother of God. Shrines, pictures, churches, confraternities are evidences of this fact. It has ever been so, and it is so now: witness the shrine of Our Lady of Evesham, and that of Our

Lady of Walsingham, and the graceful title of "Mary's Dowry" which was England's own before the Reformation came. Italy has Loreto, Genazzano, and many beside; Spain has Saragossa and Montserrat; Switzerland, Our Lady of the Hermits at Einsiedeln; France has Lourdes, La Salette, Notre Dame des Victoires; and, lastly, Belgium has its Oostacker, Our Lady of Good Success, and Our Lady of Hal.

In these days of war the mind sometimes reverts to these shrines of peace and prayer, wondering as to their fate, especially where Belgium is concerned. A pilgrim friend has furnished me with some records regarding at least one Belgian shrine of Our Lady,—a sanctuary much frequented before peace was broken in Europe.

About nine miles southwest of Brussels, on the railway running to Tournai and Lille, lies the Old-World town of Hal. The place has little about it to arrest the attention of the ordinary traveller, except the shrine of our Blessed Lady, which is its chief glory and treasure. It is the church which contains this shrine that towers above the cluster of well-kept but ordinary-looking houses which encircle the Grande Place. In former times Hal could boast of its castle, in which Philip the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, is said to have died; but that castle has now disappeared.

As the pilgrim leaves the railway station, the church tower is hidden from view; but after a few minutes' walk he is brought face to face with the beautiful edifice,

in which he will find Notre Dame de Hal. The church has several interesting features, one of them being a small spherical dome which serves as a roof to the baptistery. Here and there are old sculptured bas-reliefs of great beauty, among them one, dating from the thirteenth century, representing the Coronation of Our Blessed Lady. But the chief object of interest is the venerable Madonna, which has brought fame to Hal, and grace to all who visit her great sanctuary.

The image usually occupies the place of honor over the altar of the Lady Chapel, situated on the Gospel side of the chancel, but on solemn occasions, such as that of the great annual pilgrimage on the Assumption, it stands in state under a beautiful canopy which has replaced the old Renaissance altar formerly adorning the sanctuary. The statue itself is made of wood covered with silver, so blackened with age as to appear like ebony. It is two feet in height, and represents the Mother of God nourishing her Divine Son. With one hand she caresses the chin of the Child, and with the other lovingly supports Him. Both Mother and Child wear majestic crowns. The statue itself, however, is scarcely visible, owing to the magnificent, though awkward-looking, robes that conceal everything save the ebony-like faces of Mary and her Son.

As in the case of other similar statues, Our Lady of Hal has a long history. A daughter of St. Elizabeth of Hungary was married to Henry II., Duke of Brabant. On leaving her home for the Duchy, she received from St. Elizabeth several sacred images, three of which she gave to her sister, Mechtild, Countess of Zealand and Holland. When this princess died, in the year 1267, she left one of the images as a treasured legacy to the town of Hal; and it is this statue which is the centre of so much genuine devotion to-day in this little Belgian city and among Belgians elsewhere.

The devotion which thus began has never waned. The pilgrimages made on foot for many a weary mile across the Belgian plain have never ceased, and the record of miracles wrought and graces given has continued to our own times. The folk of Hal will tell how Mary protected their city when attacked by Adolphus of Cleves. And they proudly show near the church a hundred cannon balls which fell and did no harm in those times of trouble.

The treasury accounts of the church enumerate with pious gratitude a number of magnificent gifts made in past ages to Our Lady of Hal. The donors were often the dukes of Brabant or the kings of France, Louis XI. being among the number. It is recorded that on one occasion the Archduke Albert presented a lamp of silver, together with an endowment to keep its light perpetually burning; while Isabella, his consort, offered to the statue of Our Lady a robe richly embroidered in silver and gold.

The list of royal pilgrims includes the names of Henry VIII. of England, and that of his ill-fated consort, Queen Catharine of Aragon. The King made offering of a silver pyx for the Blessed Sacrament, and both he and his Queen were inscribed as members of Our Lady's Confraternity. Nor were popes ignorant of the fame of this far-away Belgian sanctuary. Nicholas V., by a Bull dated September 4, 1451, granted to pilgrims several indulgences; and his successor Clement VIII., in the year 1599, greatly augmented them. Julius II. offered a costly lamp to hang before the sacred shrine.

In later times the stately fabric reared over the miraculous image has been well renovated and intelligently restored. Moreover, devotion to Our Lady has been encouraged and renewed, chiefly through the great annual historical processions, which set forth the outstanding events connected with the long history of Our Lady of Hal. Thus the present is happily linked with the past.

Fain would we know the lot of Mary's sanctuary in these days of desolation and ruin for Belgium. The means, however, are not at hand. Of one fact we may be certain: the shrine will flourish again; and, when happier times have returned to the world, pilgrims will once more crowd into the sanctuary to venerate the image of Our Lady of Hal.

James Harrington, M. D.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

I.

THIS narrative deals with old Montreal long years before the era of electric lights and tramways, of telephones and gramophones; when apartment buildings had not yet appeared to disfigure its principal streets and obscure the beauty of the venerable mountain. Most of the main thoroughfares were narrow but delightful streets, with their quaint, Old-World air, with their quiet and conservative emporiums of trade, and with their picturesque and historic monuments. Montreal, in its rectangular form, lying on the shores of the broad stream that Jacques Cartier nearly three hundred years ago had discovered, preserved for many a year, and until well within the memory of living people, that distinctive character of simplicity and of quaintness that lent it a peculiar charm.

But in the year 1854 it was more straggling. The suburban villas on the mountain-side, inhabited by the wealthier class, were comparatively few in number; and, though spacious and comfortable, could bear no comparison with those palatial dwellings that now adorn grim, old Mt. Royal with a then undreamed-of luxury. Wealth being more evenly distributed, and the cost of living moderate, there were numbers of well-to-do families who occupied comfortable and commodious dwellings in the streets running

down easterly or westerly from the mountain to the river. There were a few old-fashioned merchants, prosperous and even wealthy, who did not disdain to occupy apartments above their places of business, whether shops or warehouses. Not seldom the dwellings adjoined gardens, large, and abounding in flora of almost every variety, and in vegetables and green stuffs; for land was cheap, and the instincts of many of the inhabitants turned in these directions.

It was hard by one of these oases that James Harrington, M. D., had his dwelling, medium sized and of stone, with his office or surgery,—a long room lying on one side of the hall, fitted up with bookcases covering a part of the wall, and severe-looking half-glass cases obscuring the other. These latter contained a gruesome collection of instruments, together with bandages, bottles of medicine, and other things that might be needed in the event of an emergency.

A table with a reading lamp upon it occupied the centre of the apartment; and beside it sat Dr. Harrington himself, with a book in his hands. In that breathing space of leisure, rare enough in his busy life, he had taken out of one of the bookcases a medical volume, which he had opened rather mechanically at a given place. He was not in the mood for study that evening: his mind was busy with many things, and he could not throw himself with the enthusiastic absorption of other times into some new discovery in the medical world, or some old, authoritative pronouncement on fundamental principles. Moreover, he felt curiously "out of sorts" and depressed, as if some shadow of coming evil were hovering over him. His finger remained between the leaves at a place in the book. His thoughts were introspective, calling into review his own ideas and emotions, and also the years as they had affected himself. He passed them all before him, slowly and deliberately as was his fashion, each in turn, as though

he were bringing them before a court of justice. He saw himself going from his native land of Canada to France, full of the student's eager hope and an almost boundless ambition to make a name, to rise step by step in his chosen profession, and to reach one day the top of the ladder.

He thought of how diligently he had frequented the hospitals,—the Hôtel Dieu, with its church of St. Julien le Pauvre, the Hôpital Beaujeu, in the Faubourg St. Honoré; the Hôpital Necker, in the Rue de Sèvres; the Hôpital St. Antoine, in the Faubourg of that name; the Hôpital de Cliniques, with the colossal statue of Hippocrates under the peristyle. He tried to recall what had been his thoughts and feelings as he had gazed at that presentment of the venerable master, or on those mornings at the Ecole de Médecine or the Museum of Anatomy. He remembered the faces, the very tones of various great doctors or surgeons under whom he had studied, and many of whom had since undergone the common fate of men.

From Paris he had gone to Vienna, and the same experiences had been repeated there. He had been the diligent student, hungry for knowledge, hoping one day for fame. He was able to remember with satisfaction how bravely he had resisted whatever of evil had come into his path, and how faithful he had been to his religious duties. It had not always been easy. Sneering and gibling comrades, distance from church, late hours of study, fatigue amounting to exhaustion, had all been powerless to keep him away from the Sunday Mass. It was a cheering reflection; but self-gratulation did not enter much into his philosophy, and his mind quickly reverted to some intricate clinical subjects he had gone to Vienna to study.

He was interrupted at this juncture by the sounding of the knocker on the outer door. He rose with characteristic promptitude to open it, since his office boy was taking a holiday. Without stood

a man whom the Doctor did not at first recognize. He spoke in a hurried, agitated manner, and it was a grim message that he bore. The cholera had at last broken out in Griffintown, or so the messenger feared. It had been long expected, hovering like a grim spectre around the coasts. A case had been occasionally reported, now from this place, or again from that. Sometimes the report had been incorrect, and the attack had proved to be something else; at other times it had turned out to be the grim Asiatic reality that had been devastating various European countries. The man who came with the summons was all a-tremble. It was his wife that had been "took bad," and the symptoms left little room for doubt; for the afflicted husband, like many others had been reading the papers, and knew precisely what those symptoms were.

Even the brave heart of the Doctor may have quailed within him; for he had read and heard from living witnesses of the terrible scenes that had been enacted there, in that very city, in the visitations of 1832 and 1834. But if so, he gave no sign. His strongly-marked features betrayed no agitation; the suggestion of resolve in his long upper lip never wavered.

"Your street and number, Maloney?" asked the Doctor, who had recognized the man by this time as one of his patients. They were given.

"I'll be there in a few minutes," said the Doctor. "Keep the patient warm, and let no one else in."

He closed the door after the retreating messenger, and his slim, erect figure moved straightway to the glass door of one of the cupboards, which he opened, taking out certain things that he had in readiness for just such an emergency. He showed the first sign of irresolution as he stood a moment at the foot of a narrow pair of stairs leading to the upper story. But the hesitation was only momentary, and he passed up the stairs

with his customary firm and rapid step. He knocked gently at the door, which was closed, and waited for the summons to enter. It was his habit to be punctilious. When he was bidden to come in, he passed across the threshold and stood, a tall figure in his outdoor coat, hat in hand.

The room was very simple in its appointments, almost as much so as the surgery below stairs, though nothing was wanting that could contribute to the comfort of its occupant. Immaculately white curtains were drawn close to the windows, while long and heavy ones fell in straight folds to the ground. The high four-post bed was bordered by a deep valance of the same snowy color. There were a marble-topped bureau and toilet-stand, with a table on which stood a workbasket piled up with mending, as well as sewing and knitting for the poor. Two or three remarkably fine prints of religious subjects, which the Doctor had brought from abroad, gave a distinctive character to the room. Conspicuous amongst these was a Crucifixion.

These pictures seemed to prepare the observer's eye for the figure that sat in the high-backed armchair. It was that of a woman whose age was venerable, and whose general aspect was remarkable for an abiding repose and dignity,—a serenity that made it difficult to imagine her as flurried, impatient, or even hasty in her movements. Her features were no less strongly marked than those of her son. She wore a plain black dress, whose absolute neatness was emphasized by a chemisette of linen fastened at the neck by a brooch, and a pair of plain white undersleeves. The cap upon her head was of muslin, secured by a black ribbon. The smile that crossed that face at the entrance of the tall man was quite transfiguring.

"Mother," said the Doctor's deep and finely modulated voice, "I thought it better to let you know that I may be late. There is an urgent call."

Probably there was a note in the voice

or a shadow upon the face that might have passed unremarked by any other, but which the mother was quick to detect.

"What is it?" she asked, breathlessly.

For an instant there was the same irresolution that the Doctor had shown at the foot of the stairs. Should he tell her or not? He decided in the affirmative. It was best that she should know and should be prepared, and he counted upon her strength and courage.

"It seems," he said slowly, "as if the cholera has broken out in Griffintown."

The mother repressed a sharp exclamation of terror that rose to her lips; for she remembered the horrors of those two former visitations and the appalling nature of the disaster that had befallen the town. She strove, however, to control even the expression of her face. She remembered that for this her son had become a doctor; for this she had endured those weary years of his absence when studying abroad, and had made many secret sacrifices to help him with his education. She must not bid him falter nor even detain him, and he was already at the bedroom door.

"God be with you!" the mother said, and the man turned on the threshold to smile at her. Well he knew the brave, strong heart that had carried her through all the trials of her widowhood.

After that the Doctor paused no more. He hurried down the stairs and out into the street; putting the latchkey deep into his pocket, and holding his satchel securely with the other hand. He walked rapidly along the familiar street, while a fleeting thought flashed across his mind—as such thoughts will at the most strenuous moments—of how often he had passed that straight, green painted wall of the adjoining garden, from which a board missing from time immemorial had vexed his orderly soul, and yet had given forth in the summer time glimpses of a very paradise of flowers. There were no flowers there just then; for it was April

and there was barely a promise of spring on the bushes and in the flower-beds,—the tiniest shoots that had come up after very warm days. There were confused associations in his mind of other springs when he had seen buds come forth; but he could not sort them as he hurried along at a swift pace towards that grim scene of mortal illness and probable death which lay between him and the river. How blue the river itself looked, though dimly seen down there! And how swiftly it seemed to run upon its course, so lately released from the toils of the ice, where during the long winter it had stood "halting mute in the grip of the frost"!

As the soft air smote upon his senses, the Doctor wished for the sharp frosts and the fierce blasts that Mt. Royal could send swirling down upon the city. Those frosts, the freezing over of the river, the masses of snow, would have been as effective in helping him and his brother physicians to combat this fell disease as the winter months of the year were said, of old, to have been to the Czar of Russia in repelling an invasion. But no wishing of his could put back the clock of Time by an instant, nor change that balmy evening of spring into a wintry night.

As he turned the corner and went down the sloping street, he saw in the dim obscurity a few lights gleaming out from the straggling city. He caught the graceful Gothic spire of the lately erected Irish church of St. Patrick, and the square, solid towers of the parish church of Notre Dame, whence the "Great Bourdon" and the other bells had rung out so many an event, sad or joyful. Upon the river, with its straggling wharf and not too closely packed shipping, seemed to rest a purplish haze, which the Doctor did not like. It enfolded the lower part of the city like something sinister and portentous, which not a puff of wind served to disturb.

As the Doctor hurried thus and neared his destination, his mother, left alone, had abandoned her armchair to throw

herself before the picture of the Crucifixion, whence the agonized figure of the Man-God hung out in strong relief. She was asking help not only for her son, but for that patient to whom he had been called, and for the doomed city into which that day the dread spectre had made its entrance. For her son arose a prayer that was scarce articulate,—a strong tending upwards of her whole being to the God from whose chastening hand that scourge had come. If only that son were spared for her and for all those others who might soon be needing his skill, which to her seemed greater than any other's skill!

She told herself again that she would not have had him falter for an instant. That sturdy strength, which was an essential element of his character, she knew to be a heritage from herself. But she could not help being conscious of an acute distress at thought of her son's peril. The cholera, to her mind, was not like any other disease: it was a portent, a dread phantom that in those middle years of the nineteenth century haunted now one, now another of the world's seaports, and, hailing from the oldest continent, passed with equal impartiality to all the others. It knew no distinction, and mowed down indiscriminately youth and age, the prosperous and the indigent. Mrs. Harrington, having passed through the epidemics in Canada, had also been aware of their ravages in her native Ireland. She had seen and heard of neighbors and acquaintances stricken down while in apparently superabundant health. She felt it to be a great calamity for Montreal and for Canada that the dreaded plague should at last have got a foothold there. But the calamity was brought home to the fast aging woman, with the force of a shock, that her son should, in his character of physician, be obliged to face the spectre.

Arising from her knees, she sat down again, Rosary in hand, with a furrow between the brows of a face habitually

calm; and she murmured deep in her own consciousness, with the strength of intimate conviction: "We must keep very near to God. In Him we must put our trust." Already, as in a panorama, defiled before her mind the scenes which might be witnessed in this city of Montreal. She shuddered, and fingered her Beads by an instinctive movement. Then, as her mind grew calmer, she seemed to see the grave and already careworn Doctor a little lad again, proceeding with his bag of books to the Grand Seminary, where he had received his education. His face was before her, grave as it had always been, with a controlled eagerness and look of inquiry, as if forever in search of knowledge,—seeking with earnest eyes the solution of every problem that confronted him. The image, somehow, brought the tears very slowly and painfully to her eyes. They dropped down upon her gown and the shawl which she wore over her shoulders. For this her son had been born, to wrestle with and possibly to drive out that menacing phantom. Again there burst forth from her overcharged heart a prayer for his safety,—a prayer that rose, as a mother's prayer will, above the moon and stars and all those lights of the firmament.

At the usual time she rose and began her preparations for bed. She knew it would annoy her son if she should, on his account, set aside the habits of a life and remain up late—for circumstances that were and must be an integral part of his existence. But sleep, that can not be controlled by any bond of custom, would not come. She lay awake upon her pillow, praying, praying still for her son and those to whom he was ministering. Her face was turned towards the window, where through the parted curtains came a faint glimmer of light from the nearest street lamp, which sufficed to make the darkness visible. But also her eyes caught, as an emblem of hope and promise, the shining of a particularly bright star.

(To be continued.)

Holy Communion.

BY SPEER STRAHAN.

DISGUISED He stands without in the street;

Far come is He on heavy feet.
O heart of mine, open thy gate;
For darkness falls, and it is late!

Lord of the heaven's fairest height,
Homeless in the traveller's night,
Begging my hearth, my board, my cup,
That I, not He, may richly sup.

*O soul of mine, the board begin,
And let this wondrous Beggar in!*

England's Catholic Revival.

BY WILFRID C. ROBINSON, F. R. HIST. S.

MR. BERNARD WARD'S two new volumes* complete the story, partly told in his five earlier ones, of the English Catholics from 1781 down to the restoration of their hierarchy in 1850. The author, as president of St. Edmund's College, the seminary of the diocese of Westminster, must have many calls on his time; yet his tireless industry has produced a work which for all time must be the standard history of the English Catholics during those seventy years. He has worked rapidly, for it is barely ten years since the Bishop of Clifton suggested this task to him. It has been, we may believe, a labor of love, though no light one, and has been carefully done. There were delicate and difficult matters to be described and judged. But Mgr. Ward has all the impartiality of a Lingard, and forms his judgments not from his sympathies but from the evidence before him. Much of this consists of documents hitherto unpublished.

His two latest volumes deal with the twenty years subsequent to the passing

* "The Sequel to Catholic Emancipation." By Mgr. Bernard Ward. Two Volumes, with Illustrations. Longmans, Green & Co.

of the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829. That act did not repeal all the penal laws against Catholics. In some respects it aggravated them, at least in theory; but the new penalties it edicted against Jesuits and monks were never enforced. The act, however, rendered repeal possible in 1845, by admitting Catholics to Parliament.

The hereditary Catholics of England, unlike their brethren in Ireland, were ill prepared to take full advantage of the act. Since the revolution had placed William of Orange on the English throne, they had not suffered in their persons as they had under Tudor and Stuart sovereigns. Gallows, racks, and thumb-screw were no more used against them. Persecution took a less violent character, but at every turn Catholics found themselves face to face with enactments enforced chiefly by fines. These the acts of 1791 and 1829 did not repeal. "The old Penal Laws were left untouched," as Mgr. Ward remarks; "but exceptions were provided for, subject to certain conditions." ("The Sequel," II, 72.) The penal laws as enforced since the revolution had driven Catholics into retirement. The upper classes of Catholics, often impoverished by fines, sought shelter in their country-houses; the middle classes found obscurity amid the bustle of business life; the poor became hewers of wood and drawers of water. Lucky were those who labored on the lands of a Catholic. These could frequent his domestic chapel. In London and in other large towns, the artisan could generally find what Catholics well into the middle of the last century called a "chapel," where Mass was said, not without risk both to priests and people.

In time these penal laws fell into abeyance. They had done their worst. Catholics were crushed and ignored. Their fellow-countrymen scarcely knew they existed. Canon Oakeley, in his early days before his conversion, thought Roman Catholics in England did not

number a hundred, comprised in a few families living in gloomy houses in the country! And Newman's early notions were similar, as a passage in his sermon on the "Second Spring" shows. No wonder that Catholics, whose earlier years had been spent in obscurity, were dazed when the Catholic Emancipation offered them light and freedom. They felt as prisoners feel when brought forth from a dark dungeon. The sunshine blinds them; their limbs are numbed by the manacles and fetters they had so long worn.

No doubt the younger generation of English Catholics—youths who had been educated entirely in their own Catholic colleges in England, at Ushaw or Stonyhurst, at Ware, Downside or Ampleforth—were, not a few, eager to seize the openings offered them by the Emancipation Act. Their zeal led to the foundation of the Catholic Institute, which, under Charles Langdale, a Catholic Member of the House of Commons, and others, thrived for a time, encouraged as it was by Daniel O'Connell. Its first balance sheet showed an income that fell not far short of a thousand pounds a year. But, well as this promised, Catholic progress would have been slow had not help come from three points—from Rome, Oxford, and Ireland.

Wiseman, the future Cardinal, brought it from Rome. He had left Ushaw when still a stripling, to become a student of the English College at Rome on its reopening, and there he remained until he became its rector. He was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Rome. Still his thoughts often turned to England, and in 1832 he visited that land in order to make himself better acquainted with its religious condition. He returned thither for a more prolonged visit three years later, and delivered to crowded churches his famous lectures. Many Protestants attended them. He also founded what his successor in the See of Westminster called "the historic *Dublin*

Review." He fully realized the importance of the Oxford Movement, in which English Catholics, probably through ignorance of Protestant affairs, took only a lukewarm interest. Wiseman was, on the contrary, too warm and hopeful about it, and inclined to put down to timidity the indifference of the Catholic clergy, who, in truth, had more than enough work in looking after the sheep within the fold without going outside it. The attitude even of so saintly a man as Dr. Griffiths, Vicar Apostolic of the London District, jarred with Wiseman's enthusiasm over the Oxford Movement; and there is no doubt that what Wiseman reported and what Rome learned from Gentili, Ignatius Spencer, Philipps de Lisle (the convert who brought the Cistercians back to England), and others, mostly fresh converts or persons brought up in the more fervid atmosphere of Catholic countries, led Pope Gregory XVI. to regard the English Vicars Apostolic and their priests as lacking in zeal for the conversion of England.

The coldness of the English Catholics in the matter was due to the atmosphere in which they lived. As Father Faber wrote, "You can not dwell among icebergs without growing cold." Their very chapels, almost as bare as Dissenters' meeting houses, their long English devotions, their preachers' dry discourses, were not calculated to arouse enthusiasm. But Wiseman's Roman fervor found apostles in such holy men as Dr. Gentili and Father Dominic. They faced fearlessly in their habits the scorn of a Protestant people, and by their fiery zeal conquered prejudice; while by missions, retreats, devotions borrowed from warmer climes, they aroused the English Catholics and won their admiration and gratitude.

Then there were converts, pre-Newmanites, who did much to aid Wiseman. There was Kenelm Digby, a Cambridge man, whose books, brimful of quaint lore, are still prized; Chisholm Anstey, who helped to repeal the penal laws and

to bring the Quaker, Frederic Lucas, into the Church. Lucas became first editor of the *Tablet*. He was a powerful journalist, and did much to stir up Catholics to action. Of him and his paper Mgr. Ward gives a detailed account. But more interesting is his full-length pen-and-ink portrait of Augustus Welby Pugin, England's first great Gothic architect in modern times.

Pugin had what Ruskin considered the greatest mark of genius in being a great worker. The amount of work he accomplished between the date of his reception into the Church, about 1834, and his death, in 1854, was enormous. It is impossible to do more here than to mention the chief churches he designed: St. Mary's, Derby; St. Chad's, Birmingham; St. George's, Southwark; the cathedral at Killarney; college chapels at Ushaw and St. Edmund's; and the church at Ramsgate. This last was his favorite; for he built it with his own money, and was able to build as he liked. Besides purely architectural work, he wrote on the art he loved, and was a fiery defender of Gothic. He got through all his work by early rising; and, except for time to say Prime and Compline and to assist at Mass and to take his hurried meals, he worked from half-past six in the morning until nine at night in his home at Ramsgate. He loved the sea, and spent days sometimes in sailing in his lugger; but even then his brain worked in thinking out his plans, and even in drawing them. But his genius was "to madness near allied." His mind was clouded towards the close of his life, and this explains much of his violence in his attacks on those who disagreed with him.

But violent language was the fashion then. Lucas used it freely in the *Tablet*, and even the highborn, saintly John Talbot, sixteenth Earl of Shrewsbury, employed such strong words in writing to Archbishop MacHale, who was quite able to reply, in kind, as our milder manners would not now tolerate. Was this fashion in writing set by Captain

Sterling, the "Thunderer" of the *Times* newspaper? Perhaps, after all, its deadliness was less than that of our more polite styles. A bludgeon stuns where a rapier kills. Pugin and Lucas used bludgeons. A letter the former wrote to Dr. W. G. Ward elicited from the latter the remark: "I knew Pugin was strong in rood-screens. I did not know he was so good a hand at rude letters." ("The Sequel," II, 268.) Dr. Ward, it is fair to add, was an admirer of Pugin's architectural work.

The influence Oxford had on the Catholic revival is too well known to need to be insisted on here. Newman became a tower of strength in the Catholic camp. He and many other converts, such as Oakeley, Dalgairns, Lockhart, Ward, and Allies, were distinct gains to Catholic literature. Yet Catholics were not without some able writers, such as Lingard, whose reputation as an historian ever waxes; and (to name only these two) Wiseman himself, one of the most learned and scientific scholars of his time, though his style is singularly unequal. But it was not merely literary brilliance that the Oxford converts added to the Church in England: their religious zeal soon kindled fresh fires to warm Catholic life. Newman brought the Oratory from Rome; and Faber, who joined it, soon made all London feel the influence of Roman devotions. It even divided Catholics of the capital "into two classes, familiarly styled the 'Oratory Catholics' and the 'Garden of the Soul Catholics,' the latter of whom followed the more traditional methods based on Bishop Challoner's well-known prayer-book." (Ibid., II, 259.)

But to-day these old quarrels over which our fathers grew so hot are of antiquarian interest only. We can admire equally the Gothic edifices erected by Pugin and others, the rococo style of the London Oratory, and the great Byzantine Cathedral of Westminster. All have been built to the greater glory of God. And time has buried in oblivion

many controversies, such as that between Bishop Baines and his fellow-Benedictines, caused by the Bishop's opening of a splendid new college at Prior Park, or those over the use of rood-screens and Gothic vestments. As regards the latter, a curious incident took place at the opening of St. Mary's, Derby. Lord Shrewsbury, Philipps de Lisle, and Pugin arrived, anticipating joyfully their delight at assisting at a ceremony in a Gothic church, with celebrants clad in Gothic vestments, accompanied by the Gregorian Chant. "The three distinguished visitors drove away in high dudgeon, and took no part in the opening ceremony," when "they found a full orchestra in possession, and a large choir, including females, in accordance with the custom of the day." (Ibid., I, 116.)

Then, as conversions multiplied, there was friction between the hereditary Catholics and the converts. Both deemed each other uneducated! The former thought the converts hid their lack "of education by an affected manner of speaking"; while the latter thought the indifference to controversy, the attachment to old devotions, and the dropping of the *h*'s (due to upbringing abroad) of the older Catholics marked their intellectual inferiority. All these things Mgr. Ward, as a conscientious historian, records and examines with tact and impartiality.

Ireland, by its bishops, its Catholic people, and its great leader, O'Connell, had helped to win for England the benefits of the Catholic Emancipation Act; but, that won, the relations between the Catholics of the sister isles became less intimate. Nevertheless, O'Connell occasionally advised English Catholics in their semi-political affairs. Ireland, too, rendered them a great service by sending to England the famous Father Mathew to preach a crusade of temperance, not only to those of the household of the faith but to men of all creeds,—a bold thing for a Franciscan friar to undertake in England some seventy years ago. Its

success doubtless helped to lessen Protestant prejudices against Catholics.

But Ireland was to render a still greater service three years after the friar's visit. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good; and it was the terrible Irish famine, which began in 1846, that brought crowding to our shores Irish Catholics in untold numbers, who, as Mgr. Ward remarks, "made our congregations what they are, and led to the multiplication of missions. Up to that time the English Catholics relied for the building of their churches almost solely on the donations of hereditary Catholics and others of the upper classes; after the great Irish immigration it became possible to build from the pennies of the poor. Many missions owe their very existence, including serviceable churches and schools, to the large Irish congregations." ("The Sequel," II, 130.) What was the number of Irish whom famine drove to England, and how many settled there, can not be known; but thousands remained. They and their descendants gave "number and importance to our Catholic congregations, and their presence has contributed more than any other cause to the progress of Catholicism" in England. (Ibid., II, 145.)

While Roman influences were enlivening their piety; while Oxford and other converts were introducing among them that English culture from which penal laws had excluded them; while Ireland was adding to their numerical strength, a desire had sprung up among the Catholics of England for a restoration of the hierarchy. The secular clergy wished to see a return to a normal form of ecclesiastical government. The vicars apostolic were in favor of it. As early as 1837 they had decided to consider the matter.

Rome, with its usual prudence, proposed to compromise matters,—to make the vicars apostolic into bishops, ordinary in all save in name, and to double the number of four districts into which England was divided. There were many difficulties—financial ones, too,—in the

way, and the matter hung fire until, in 1848, Dr. Ullathorne, one of the vicars apostolic, arrived in Rome. Things seemed likely then to be soon settled, especially as the diplomatic agent in Rome of the British Government did not express disapproval of the scheme, which reassured the Curia. But just as all seemed to promise a speedy restoration of the English hierarchy, political troubles broke out in Rome, which drove Pius IX. into exile. Of the Roman revolution Mgr. Ward gives a short account; but is he not mistaken in saying that the Pope's murdered minister, Count Rossi, was "a native of Carrara, in the Papal States"? ("The Sequel," II, 228.) Be this as it may, it was not until the return of Pius IX. to Rome, recovered for him by French valor, that the question of the hierarchy was settled. Dr. Wiseman who had become Vicar Apostolic of the London District, was appointed Cardinal in 1850, and five months later was chosen to be the first Archbishop of Westminster; and the Bull was issued restoring the hierarchy on September 29 of the same year.

Nine days later, Cardinal Wiseman issued his famous pastoral "from out of the Flaminian Gate." The very manner in which this pastoral was dated set England into a flame of "No Popery." Had Englishmen reflected that the ominously named gate was the *Porta del Popolo*, the gate by which so many of their fellow-countrymen entered or left Rome, and that ecclesiastical etiquette exacted that bishops should not date their public documents from within the Pope's city, just as their own court etiquette required that subjects should not date their letters from a royal palace—Macaulay got into trouble for writing to his electors from Windsor Castle,—they would have been less ready to cry out against "Papal Aggression."

No one was more astonished at the outcry his pastoral aroused than the Cardinal himself. He had mistaken the temper of the English people of that

time; but he faced the consequences of his mistake, and roused the admiration of all Catholics, of Newman above all, by the way he coped with a dangerous situation and calmed the storm. Englishmen to-day, more tolerant or more indifferent, are, if they think about it, ashamed of "Papal Aggression," or remember it only by Richard Doyle's famous cartoon of Lord John Russell's Durham letter, which represented that politician as a small boy running away after chalking upon a door, "No Popery."

Here, with hearty thanks, we take leave of Mgr. Ward's volumes. They should be read from beginning to end by all educated English readers.

The Publican.

BY GRACE KEON.

I.

"**A**ND—and the worst of it is I don't believe the man has a bit of religion in his heart!" ejaculated Father Maguire, suddenly.

He looked up from a second perusal of the crisp, almost curt, letter, glancing with a little sharpness at his superior.

"What! After giving us such a splendid donation?" asked Father Torrance. Behind his glasses, his eyes were twinkling with amusement.

Father Maguire shrugged his shoulders.

"I'll take good Mrs. Ruddy's dollar and her blessing," he said.

"Um!" Father Torrance swung around in his chair. "What's the matter, man? Something's gone wrong?"

"Nothing," said Father Maguire.

"*Something*—I said," persisted Father Torrance. "You were to dinner there Thursday?"

"I was,—a good dinner; and he has first-class cigars, — very best I ever smoked."

"You must have made an impression on him, hence this check. Were you speaking of endowing a bed at St. Gregory's?"

"Oh, I talked about it!" Father Maguire dismissed the subject. "You know I've been interested right from the start. Ever since I met the boy, Murray." Father Maguire smiled at the remembrance. "I'll never forget my surprise when Murray introduced his father. But I pulled myself up short for that. Then I went to the other extreme. I thought I'd try,—try hard. I did."

"Well?"

"I found nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Absolutely nothing. He has no feeling, no sympathy."

"I'm surprised at you," said Father Torrance. "It isn't likely that a man of his type would wear his heart on his sleeve. He won't let you know what he is thinking of. One has to take time,—to get beneath." Father Torrance spoke slowly, thoughtfully. "He's a distant man. So are you, Pat."

"I?" Father Maguire's Irish-blue eyes widened to their fullest extent. "You're the first one I've ever heard say—"

"With John O'Mara, I mean. It's a spiritual aloofness, if you can get the exact shade of my meaning. He may be trying to get underneath, too."

Father Maguire threw back his head and laughed heartily.

"Sure a baby can see through Pat Maguire," he said, with a broader assumption of his natural brogue. "An' it's many the time you've said so. However" (he stretched himself), "I'm going back,—not this Thursday (I have confessions), but the next. We'll see."

Father Torrance twirled a paper-cutter between his fingers.

"Sometimes one sees so very much that one thinks he sees nothing," he remarked, "especially when he's a searcher of souls."

"And perhaps now you'll explain *that*?"

"The man *has* feeling and heart, and religion, too, such as it is. I can't tell yet whether it's for his ultimate good."

Father Maguire was puzzled.

"How many times have *you* met him?"

"Three. But I knew it right away. I wasn't looking for it."

Father Maguire laughed again.

"Either I'm very stupid or you're trying to be plain funny," he said.

"I refuse to answer," smiled Father Torrance.

The conversation came back again and again to the priest during the rest of that day. John O'Mara's religion! Well!

Father Maguire had met the man three years before, when Murray O'Mara was just eighteen. There was a debate in which the young man took the negative side, and lost,—losing, however, with such good grace and such charming humor that a feeling of warm interest stirred the priest's heart.

"There's something else beside an orator in that chap," thought Father Maguire. And, watching him, he added: "I must know him better."

He learned all there was to know during the ensuing week. Then one afternoon Murray plunged into the rectory parlor, followed by a more sedate figure—thin-featured, gray-haired, sharp-eyed,—whom he introduced to the astonished priest as "my father, John O'Mara." "John O'Mara, the iron man," his associates called him,—John O'Mara, shrewd, clever, cold, self-possessed, who could count his wealth into the millions, and yet who lived more quietly and simply than any of his own superintendents.

They surveyed each other. Then they shook hands. No one could tell what was in O'Mara's mind. Father Maguire looked from merry, laughing, happy-go-lucky Murray O'Mara to John O'Mara, the man who never smiled—and wondered. That was three years before. The two were still strangers.

The iron man had been going over the stubs in his check-book, and his fingers stopped when he came to the one which recorded his donation to the hospital. Five hundred dollars! He stared at

it thoughtfully. Five hundred dollars! Murray has spoken of that endowment in his last letter. It would take five thousand to endow the bed in perpetuity. Five thousand! He was not prepared to give that much,—not yet, he thought, cautiously. Five hundred would do for the present. He ran through the rest of his personal checks, made a note or two on the back of an envelope, and laid the book aside, turning to the pile of letters at his elbow. At the first one his eyes kindled. That chap out West was making good: he must increase his salary. Wouldn't do to let him get away. Here was an order, now—

A slight noise interrupted his line of thought. He swung around in the swivel chair, his glance resting on a slight form,—the form of an old woman, attired in a rusty black garment which was partially covered by a gingham apron. She had gray hair, smoothed back from a wrinkled forehead; and, as the iron man turned, she was in the act of lifting a glass of water to her lips from the tray.

John O'Mara stared at her grimly.

"You will kindly take that glass with you when you are going out," he said icily. "And tell Mr. Perry to replace it with a new one. In future remember that the drinking water for the employees is provided at the end of the corridor."

The woman picked up the glass. She had grown very pale.

"I beg your pardon!" she murmured. "It—was the heat—I felt so faint!"

John O'Mara dismissed her by turning his back. Holding the glass, she went to the door. Two minutes later an office boy tapped lightly and entered. He bore in his hand an empty glass, which he placed on the tray at the water-tank. Then, instead of leaving, he approached John O'Mara.

"Mr. Perry thinks Mrs. Byrnes had better go home," he said timidly.

John O'Mara glanced up.

"And who is Mrs. Byrnes?"

"She cleans here, sir."

"So! She cleans here! Really! And did Mr. Perry authorize you to talk to me about it?"

"She isn't feeling well, sir."

"Well, then, the lady may go home. Tell Mr. Perry to give her her money and let her stay home!"

"Yes, sir," said the office boy. He turned, dragging his feet a few steps. Then he went back to the desk again, brave, but frightened.

"Mr. O'Mara," he began, "you—you don't mean—for good? She's not—discharged? Honest, she's awfully nice, Mrs. Byrnes is."

John O'Mara muttered something under his breath as he pressed the button that summoned his stenographer.

"You can get your money, too, and go with her," he said over his shoulder.

The boy left instantly. John O'Mara had forgotten him before he reached the door. He was looking at his correspondence—but in some odd way that hospital bed kept intruding itself before his mental vision.

"I could call it the Murray O'Mara Bed, if I gave the entire sum," he was thinking. "The Murray O'Mara Bed! Not bad at all, that. Perhaps I will. Sounds good. But Murray mightn't like it. I have it! I'll give it in his mother's name,—the Anne Murray Bed. There,—the very thing! That will please the boy. And it is what Anne herself would like to do if she were alive."

Anne Murray! How many years it had been since he heard that name, or had even thought it in his own mind! It brought back memories, as the simplest things do occasionally. With one hand resting on the pile of correspondence, he stared before him, seeing other things. He was on the deck of a steamer—an outgoing steamer,—watching the last faint outlines of his native land disappear from view. He was young then, and had all the strength of Ireland's youth in his throbbing veins. One arm was extended, rigid, the fingers clasping the rail. The other hand pressed to him, close to his

side, the slender, sobbing, shrinking girl,—a girl who wept upon his shoulder as if her heart was broken.

"Anne," he whispered, "I'll make you happy in the new land. Trust me. Look out, dear heart! 'Tis the last we'll see of Ireland for many and many a day."

She drew the veil from her face, and, still sobbing, did as he had bidden her.

"We'll look at it again, you and I," he said, and there was bold defiance in his tones.

"God prospering!" she whispered.

He did not speak. The hard vein was in him even then. He could not echo the words and mean them. "God prospering!" Surely God would expect him to hew out his own fortunes. No answer came; but he tightened his arm about her, and the pressure satisfied.

Cold and calculating and unemotional he may have been, but Anne Murray was sensible always of a protecting fondness. He did make her happy. He had the strength of four in his sinewy hands, and she had a home that few emigrant brides possess when first they come to America's shore. But ere two years had fled he knelt beside her, and she laid her frail hand for the last time on his black hair.

"We'll never see Ireland together now, my man!" she panted. "Maybe . . . I'll see it first,—maybe . . . before I begin my purgatory. The dear Lord in heaven knows how hungry I am for a sight of it. He'll let the soul of me fly far across the waters. He'll let me look down at the wee village . . . and the little cot . . . and the church where we were married."

He could say nothing.

"I'm leaving you a bit of remembrance," she went on. "Be kind to him. It's hard for you to be kind at times, since you're not that by nature. But you never failed me, and you'll never fail the treasure of my heart."

How plainly John O'Mara could hear the words even now, sitting there with his letters before him!

A voice at his elbow brought him back to the present. Miss Lansing was speaking in her usual businesslike way. He did not notice that, in spite of her composed face and quiet voice, her eyes were red.

"Yes, I sent for you," he answered. "Take these. Most of them you can attend to without bothering me." He hesitated, and tossed papers about until he found his check-book again. "Write to Father Torrance," he said. "I've changed my mind about that matter."

So the letter endowing the "Anne Murray Bed" in the new Hospital of St. Gregory was duly sent off, "enclosing check for the difference." Father Torrance showed it to Father Maguire the next morning. Father Maguire made no comment.

The dinner was over. As usual, it had been a good dinner,—a man's dinner, plain and sensible. The cigars followed. "My one extravagance," John O'Mara said, laughingly. They sat down comfortably in John O'Mara's living room,—also a man's room, uncompromisingly furnished for use and not ornament. Sat comfortably and at first silently.

"I was expecting a letter from the boy to-day," said John O'Mara. "I wrote to him—about the bed, you know. I thought 'twould please him."

"It will," replied Father Maguire. "Murray is that sort,—all heart."

"What kind of a priest do you think he'll make?" asked the father, diffidently.

"You know—"

"Oh, I *know*!" John O'Mara spoke impatiently. "But *what* kind—"

"I don't think he'll resemble his father," said the priest.

"Um-m-m!" John O'Mara looked at the solid ash of his cigar meditatively. "More's the pity!"

Father Maguire said nothing. O'Mara's gray eyes twinkled.

"You don't agree with me?"

"Well," answered Father Maguire, "if there's a choice between the priest with the head and the priest with the heart,

I'll take the latter. Murray may be a graceful combination of the two," he added. "I haven't noticed anything the matter with his brains, but he's got a heart big enough for twice his size."

"Yes," said John O'Mara. "He's more like the mother."

"The mother?" echoed Father Maguire.

"She died when he was born," said John O'Mara. "A good little woman. Murray gets his ways from her."

Father Maguire raised his eyes quickly. Not a hint of feeling on that face.

"A good little woman," repeated John O'Mara. "We'd only been two years from Ireland; we were married in the old country and came away right after."

He might have been speaking of the weather or of one of his contracts,—no: Father Maguire was positive he would have shown much more emotion over a contract.

"You were a young man then," said Father Maguire. "You're not an old man yet. It's surprising you didn't marry afterward."

"Oh!" John O'Mara shrugged his shoulders. "I might never have found another like her. And then—I had Murray. I gave him her name. She was Anne Murray when we married. It was all I could do for her. She didn't live to see him baptized."

"Poor little soul!" said Father Maguire. (There had been a similar tragedy in his own big family of brothers and sisters.) "It was hard on you. No man can bring up a baby."

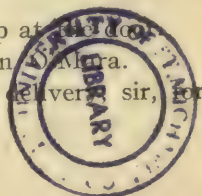
"I had no trouble," said John O'Mara. "When I hire people to do things, they do them."

Yes, thought Father Maguire: this was a man who could compel obedience. Well, the world was built that way. He sighed unconsciously and straightened back in his chair.

There was a gentle tap at the door.

"Come in!" said John O'Mara.

"Pardon me! Special delivery, sir, for you. Will you sign?"



The housekeeper stood at his elbow,—a dark-robed, quiet woman, soft of step and voice, meek of face. She withdrew as quietly as she had come.

Again a slight smile touched Father Maguire's lips. How the line was drawn, even here in his own home! People feared that which they could not know. No one could know John O'Mara: therefore people feared John O'Mara. Father Maguire could have laughed at the school-boyish syllogism. But just then he happened to glance at John O'Mara's face.

"It's from Murray," he was saying; "and special delivery,—from Murray!" His voice trembled. Father Maguire was conscious of a distinct shock; a peculiar sensation tingled along his spine. What was it Father Torrance had said? Eh? The man had a religion and heart and feeling,—a religion!

The priest watched those long and nervous fingers break the seal of the envelope. He watched them, fascinated. They were quivering.

"You don't mind?" The words were shot at him, with hardly a glance in his direction.

"I? Not at all,—not at all!" said the priest.

John O'Mara looked at the written sheets. Then he began to read. A puzzled expression grew on his countenance. He skipped a line, a paragraph, turned a page. He seemed startled,—holding the letter away from him a moment, bringing it a little closer, rubbing his eyes.

"I—I can't understand," he said. "I—I don't know what he is driving at." He read a few words more. Then he thrust out one hand, holding the letter toward the priest. "I'm—I'm shaking like a woman," he said. "Will you read it?"

He looked at Father Maguire almost piteously. The priest took the letter from him, wondering. Then he read it.

(Conclusion next week.)

St. John.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

MOST dearly loved by that sole Friend
With power as great as love,
Upon whose breast he lay at rest
And tasted life above.

But not to him the keys were given,
To him no martyr's crown;
Through weary way of long delay
His path wound slowly down.

Our little task that empty seems,
And chafes our proud desire,—
Ah, proof complete of Love too sweet
To grant as we aspire!

Blessed Agnes of Prague.

BY FATHER CUTHBERT, O. S. F. C.

AMONGST the many heroic figures who grace the early Franciscan day must be reckoned Agnes, the daughter of Ottocar I., King of Bohemia. Living as she did outside the main theatre of the great Umbrian revival of the thirteenth century, she has received less than her due from the writers of Franciscan story; yet it may be said without any doubt that, next to St. Clare, no woman has deserved better of the cause for which St. Francis and St. Clare worked so well.

The Blessed Agnes was born in 1205 and died in 1282. She came, it may be said, of a stock notable for its saints. One of her ancestors was "the good King Wenceslaus"; she was cousin to St. Elizabeth of Hungary, and was related to St. Hedwige. Others of her contemporary relatives, the Blessed Salomea and the Blessed Cunegundis, have received the honors of the altar. She was thus born into a domestic atmosphere of sanctity, at least so far as the women of her race were concerned. She, indeed, owed her earliest training in religion to St. Hedwige; for, having been betrothed, according to the custom of the time, at

LISTEN, if you would learn; be silent,
if you would be safe.—*Arabic.*

the age of three years to Boheslas, son of the Duke of Silesia, Agnes was sent, in care of her nurse, to be brought up in the country of her future husband; and, as it happened, she was committed to the care of the nuns of Trebnitz, whose abbess was a daughter of St. Hedwige; and it was here that St. Hedwige herself, later on, became a nun.

Prince Boheslas, however, died when Agnes had attained her sixth year; whereupon she was sent back to her father, and by him entrusted to the care of the nuns of Doxan. But shortly afterwards King Ottocar entered into an alliance with the Emperor Frederic II., and one of the conditions of the alliance was that Agnes should be betrothed to the Emperor's son, Henry, King of the Romans. So again Agnes is sent away to be put in charge of her betrothed's relative, the Duke of Austria. A few years later the betrothal was broken off, owing as some say to political motives, and Agnes once more returns to her home in Bohemia. By this time her father was dead and her brother Wenceslas was King.

There is something pathetic in this story of the early upbringing of the Bohemian princess, thus made a pawn in the political game of chess; the more so as, from her first conscious years, her own desire had been drawn toward the spiritual nuptials of the spouse of Christ. On her return to her brother's house, this desire grew more insistent. Frequently she prayed to Our Lady to guard her virginity, and in her love of the virginal state she came to have a special devotion to the mystery of the Annunciation.

So when a few years had passed by and her hand was now sought both by Henry III. of England and the widowed Emperor himself, Agnes firmly refused to listen to either proposal, and sought the Pope's protection against the attempt to force her consent. The story of St. Clare's flight from her father's house is one of the romances of Franciscan history; yet, in her staunch determination to be true

to her own soul, the Blessed Agnes is surely not less heroic. On Pentecost Day, 1234, having overcome all obstacles, Agnes became a Poor Clare in the convent of Prague, which she herself had founded.

A recent writer has said that in reading the "legend" of Blessed Agnes, "we are back in the old atmosphere of the early days of the Order; there are the freshness and naïveté and austerity of the Portiuncula and San Damiano. There are the spirit and ideals of Francis and Clare."* That is just wherein lies the beauty of the story of this princess of Bohemia. In her company one might well imagine oneself at the spring of all that is most delightful in the Franciscan spirit. Whilst yet she was in the world, before she finally obtained her release, she was already in spirit a true Franciscan. The "legend" tells how she would rise before daylight, and plainly dressed and barefooted, would go out secretly to Mass. Oftentimes, in winter, on her return home her feet were bleeding because of the cold. At her brother's court, beneath her robes of cloth of gold she wore a hair dress; her private room was as simple as a nun's.

But with this personal hardness was combined a great compassion for those who suffered and for the poor. After the example of her cousin, St. Elizabeth, she founded a hospital for lepers, and was solicitous to provide for all their wants. She seems, indeed, to have had the very genius of pity. After she became a Poor Clare and was unable to go out to visit the poor and sick in person, she continued to serve them as best she might, by having the garments of the sick brought into the convent and herself washing them; and no poor person came to the convent and went away unrelieved. The one royal privilege she retained after she had left the world was the right to intercede with the "powers that be" on behalf of those who were unjustly imprisoned or in other

* Walter W. Seton: "Some New Sources for the Life of Blessed Agnes of Bohemia," p. 5.

ways oppressed. Before becoming a Poor Clare she sold all her personal jewels and ornaments for the relief of the indigent.

She was not a woman to do things by halves. Having made up her mind to embrace holy poverty, she meant to be poor in deed as well as in profession. Her ideal convent was to be the home of poverty as St. Francis preached and honored it, and as it was practised at San Damiano by St. Clare. Yet on this point she at first met with an unexpected difficulty. Like St. Clare, she wished to live as the Franciscan friars lived,—that is to say, without revenues of any sort; like them, she would live on the Providence of God shown to her by the alms of others. But at first the Pope refused to grant her this "privilege." He insisted that the convent should have a sufficient revenue to maintain the Sisters in at least strict frugality.

To the mind of Blessed Agnes, as to that of St. Clare, the possession of revenues of any sort was opposed to that absolute poverty to which they aspired, and to that trust in Divine Providence which went with Franciscan poverty; also it in some way made them distinct from the Franciscan friars in their profession. If the friars were "privileged" to be poor men in the strictest sense, why should the Poor Clares be refused the privilege of being poor women for the love of Christ? That was the argument both of St. Clare and Blessed Agnes. The Pope answered that such poverty was too great a hardship for women; that in pity he must insist upon their having sufficient revenue for their bare needs. But St. Clare had replied to the effect that a woman who loved Christ could bear all for Christ's sake; and in the same spirit Blessed Agnes continued to beg the Pope to allow herself and her community to live in absolute poverty. In the end the Pope gave way; and St. Clare and Blessed Agnes were allowed their heart's desire.

The part thus taken by the Bohemian abbess made her a worthy partner of

St. Clare in the maintenance of the pure Franciscan ideals, and cemented the close friendship between them. A record of this friendship has been preserved in four letters which St. Clare wrote to Blessed Agnes,—letters which attest, at once the beauty of mind of the writer and the character of the receiver, since they are evidently written with a consciousness of close mutual sympathy. These letters, apart from the fervent love of "Christ the Poor" which they breathe in every line, give us an insight into St. Clare's mental outlook upon the world. The life of poverty she had embraced had not taken from her an appreciation of the beautiful in the things of earth. Her imagination plays delightedly in the natural splendor and color of life; only in spirit she lays all this at the feet of Christ, as a fitting homage to her Divine Lord. An indication of the same natural taste for beauty occurs in the legend of Blessed Agnes. Though she cultivated absolute poverty, she took care that the ornaments of the altar should be as precious as possible.

Altogether, the "legend" reveals to us a woman of remarkable character, and very lovable in the combination of strength and tenderness and in its liberty of soul. Two incidents show us the sort of woman she was amongst her own Sisters. On one occasion she had to reprove a Sister of a very sensitive nature. Duty compelled her to give the reproof; her tenderness led her to end the correction by adding: "Sister, I have told you your faults: now tell me mine." The other story is this. A Sister seeing some apples, in a moment of impulse seized one to take away with her, which was against the rule. Immediately, however, she was ashamed of the action and put the apple back in its place. Blessed Agnes, perceiving what had happened, gave the Sister two apples, saying: "It is better to have two apples with a clear conscience than one apple with a troubled conscience." Surely she must have been a lovable saint!

"Justice Shallow's" Descendants Catholics.

THE following statement will give gratification to Shakespeareans of the fold, and perhaps a little amusement to all who like the ironies of history. It comes from "The Chronicles of St. Monica's at Louvain," edited by the learned English Benedictine, Dom Hamilton, vol. i, pp. 134-5.

Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote was not only a fierce and bitter Protestant, but had acted a savage and merciless part in the judicial murder, if not martyrdom, of Edward Arden,* one of the noblest victims of the Earl of Leicester's vindictive hatred of Catholics. During the proceedings in the Arden affair, the Crown Commissioners held their sittings at Charlecote. . . . To Sir Edward Aston, of Tixall, in Staffordshire, Shakespeare's enemy gave his only daughter, Anne Lucy, who thus became the ancestress of the Astons and Cliffords of Tixall. . . . Walter Aston [son of this Sir Edward and of Anne Lucy] in 1619 went as Ambassador to Spain for the affair of the expected royal marriage.† Born and bred a Protestant, he embraced at Madrid the Catholic religion, from which his descendants have never swerved. And thus from the old Protestant Knight, Sir Thomas Lucy, a long line of loyal Catholics is descended, of whom Sir George Clifford, Bart.,‡ is the actual representative.

* Shakespeare's own kinsman, through his mother.

† That of the Prince of Wales, afterward Charles I., with the Infanta.

‡ Now of Stonyhurst, Ashley, New Zealand.

Not Idle Monks.

("Strype's Memorials," I., 255.)

The arts flourished so much in monasteries and convents to the last that Gyfford, a visitor employed by Thomas Cromwell to make a report of the state of those societies previous to their suppression, pleads earnestly in behalf of the house of Wolstrop "that there was not one religious person there but that he could and did use either embrothering, writing books with faire hand, making their own garments, carving, painting, or grafting."

The Golden Mean.

FEW rules concerning our habitual conduct in life have received, either from pagan sages or Christian philosophers, so authoritative and nearly universal a sanction as that which bids us observe the golden mean. The avoidance of extremes in either of two contrary ways has always been applauded as the true secret of judicious living; the quintessence of ordinary, everyday virtue; the last word of practical wisdom in the domain of morals.

"Moderation is best," said Cleobulus, one of Greece's seven wise men; and, in slightly varying forms, his sentiment has been echoed by hundreds of moralists in every century since his own. "Moderation, the noblest gift of Heaven!" exclaims Euripides. "Observe moderation," counsels Hesiod. "Avoid excess," advises Terence. "There's a mean in morals," declares the sagacious Horace. "Therefore love moderately, long love doth so," comments Shakespeare. "And what is all virtue but a moderation of excesses?" asks Robert South; and, to make an end of quoting, Bishop Hall assures us that "moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all the virtues."

Now, if a man's recognition of the excellence of an advice were any guarantee that he would forthwith adopt it as his rule of action, the golden mean would unquestionably be very generally observed, and the misguided zealots whom we term extremists would be as rare as in actual life, unfortunately, they are common. While the ordinary man is quite willing to admit as a general principle that extremes are vicious, that "too far east is west," he is prone, nevertheless, to cherish some favorite hobby of his own, which he rides beyond all bounds of reason or discretion. One need not be a very astute or observant philosopher to note this strange anomaly of human

nature: that men of normally sound judgment on general matters seem mentally color-blind as to certain particular subjects, and that in advocating specific action in connection therewith they deliver themselves, not in forcible arguments based on recognized principles of good sense, but in the merest extravagant rant and inane rhodomontade.

In discussing the eloquence of popular assemblies, Dr. Blair touches on this point in the following judicious passage: "Let a speaker (or writer) have ever so good reason to be animated and fired by his subject, it is always expected of him that . . . the regard due to his audience should lay a decent restraint upon his warmth, and prevent it from carrying him beyond certain limits. If, when most heated by the subject, he can be so far master of himself as to preserve close attention to argument, and even to some degree of correct expression, this self-command, this exertion of reason in the midst of passion, has a wonderful effect both to please and to persuade. . . . It affords all the advantages of passion for the purpose of persuasion, without the confusion and disorder which are apt to accompany it."

No one who has ever listened—and in these days who has not?—to a thorough-going political partisan, or who has read the columns of an out-and-out party newspaper, can have failed to perceive "the confusion and disorder" which Blair mentions as the ordinary accompaniment of passion. And not confusion and disorder only, but absolute denial of patent truths, positive perversion of well-known facts, reckless imputation of the most unworthy motives, dogmatic assumptions unsupported by argument or evidence, lavish praise of party friends and unmeasured abuse of party foes. Of the extremist in politics it may be truly asserted, as *Punch* once said of Froude, "He writes without restriction." The partisan who imagines that all truth and virtue and worth and wisdom are resident

in his own political camp has either his perception or his judgment badly clouded, and his discourse is accordingly less apt to be sane than foolish.

So, too, of extremists in other matters than politics,—in municipal reforms, for instance, in social questions of a dozen different characters, or in discussions concerning the present great war. Zeal all too often outruns discretion, and the best-intentioned advocates of the most meritorious causes not only fail, through non-observance of the golden mean, to effect the good which their more moderate advocacy would probably accomplish, but frequently bring down public ridicule upon their cause and themselves. There is, of course, considerable truth in Emerson's dictum, that "nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm"; but enthusiasm, as a commendable quality, implies merely an exalted state of the mind or the imagination, and is not identical with perverted logic or a radical departure from common-sense. The most enthusiastic and impassioned denunciation of an indifferent act does not make the act immoral, though it may cause the denouncer's sanity to be called in question.

"Above all, manifest no zeal," says Talleyrand; and if, as we may suppose, he meant what St. Paul styles "a zeal not according to knowledge," his advice is clearly worthy of adoption by many a public and private teacher and preacher. No one, it need hardly be said, will blame a Christian teacher for eulogizing virtue in terms the most encomiastic, or for denouncing vice with the strongest epithets in his vocabulary; but where the extremist is apt to err is in characterizing as vicious in itself what is not really such, though it may become so through abuse or under certain circumstances.

Take such subjects, for instance, as the observance of the Sunday, attendance at theatres, dancing, playing cards for amusement merely or for small money stakes, reading novels, or even smoking;

and who can not recall having heard or read thereon the most preposterous fallacies urged with all the insistence of an infallible dogmatist? On one side and on the other of all such questions will be found some disregards of the golden mean,—very excellent persons, no doubt, but extremists whose tongues and pens are guided by extravagant bias, prejudice, and passion rather than by sanity of judgment, correct taste, and the saving virtue of common-sense.

A Gratifying Tribute.

THE sentiment that inspired the oldtime dictum, "We love him for the enemies he has made," is probably the explanation of the sympathetic attitude toward the Church that is becoming somewhat notable nowadays among reputable non-Catholics in America. The utter extravagance and sheer absurdity of the charges hurled against priests and Sisters by the shamefully indecent anti-Catholic press have provoked the righteous indignation of self-respecting Protestants, and they are induced, in self-defence, to dissociate themselves from our traducers. Among recent non-Catholic denouncers of the out-Heroding Herod bigots is ex-Congressman Kendall, of Iowa. In a speech at Ottumwa, in that State, on Columbus Day, he characterized the anti-Catholic propaganda as un-American and unpatriotic, irreverent and irreligious. And he paid, too, a merited tribute to the sanity of our people under exasperating provocation. "The Catholic people," he said, "are to be congratulated for that under misrepresentation, slander and vituperation almost without parallel except in the billingsgate of the gutter, they have displayed a marvellous and commendable moderation.... Let nobody be discouraged or disheartened. The frenzy of fanaticism will abate. The penumbra of prejudice will lighten. The intolerance of insanity will subside."

Notes and Remarks.

The parades of the Holy Name Society have unquestionably had the effect of checking profanity in this country, which has a bad name among Christian nations for cursing and blasphemy. Foreigners who arrive in our large cities are amazed at the prevalence of the habit. They hear oaths on all sides as soon as they land; and, if their visit is a short one, it is little wonder they get the impression that of all people Americans are the most profane. With many persons the habit is more thoughtless than vicious. The Holy Name parades are a forceful reminder to them, and the more culpable offenders are made to realize the enormity of their conduct by such public protests against it.

In certain of our States there are rigid laws—still on the statutes, if not enforced—prohibiting profanity and imposing a heavy fine upon those guilty of it, especially in cases where "profane or blasphemous language" has been used in the presence of women and children. These laws were intended by their framers to supplement the divine command: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord, thy God, in vain."

Those children who had heard so much about the necessity of preparedness, and secured the widest and longest stockings they could find to hang "by the chimney with care" on Christmas Eve, were wiser in their generation than the pacifists of the "Oscar II."; for these latter seem not to have had a clear idea of what they intended to do, or how they were to do it. Like children, however, they quarrelled among themselves over a proposal to censure President Wilson for his preparedness plan, some of the party being strongly opposed to such action, and some others as strongly in favor of it. The ship of peace became for the time being a scene of war. Finally, a lady

passenger threw oil on the troubled waters—restored calm on deck, rather—by “shouting wildly” (we quote a press dispatch):—“If we are going to mediate Europe’s troubles, we must first learn to mediate among ourselves. There must be no militaristic settlement in this.” And there wasn’t.

The foreign papers that have reached us since the sailing of the “Oscar II.” do not regard Mr. Henry Ford’s undertaking in a serious light. It is referred to by one eminently respectable London journal as a “colossal impertinence”; and Mr. Ford and his companions are called “cranks,” radiating wireless messages to the world about the horrors of war and the blessings of peace. The same “newspaper and review” is authority for the statement that the cablegram to the Holy Father from New York was addressed to “Benedict VII.,” and that it had to be explained to Mr. Ford and his followers that the Pope in question had been dead for nine hundred years.

Many persons must have noted the passing of the infidel. Formerly he was to be found in every community, boasting that he “had no God”; and in not a few cities and large towns there were atheistical societies, the active members of which, as a rule, were men who wore their hair long and women who wore it short. They were all peculiar at least in some way—utterly lacking in the sense of humor or in appreciation of the beautiful, very taciturn or very loquacious, always professing their unbelief or ridiculing the belief of others. There were two classes of these infidels—the well educated, or at least well read, and the uneducated whose mental pabulum consisted of scraps from the writings of Voltaire, Tom Paine, and Bob Ingersoll. There was no arguing with this latter class: arguments did not appeal to them. “I’m an acrostic, and I’ll die an acrostic, and I want to be buried as an acrostic,” was the surprising declaration of one of these worthies.

The educated infidel who preferred to be known as an agnostic, could be induced to listen to reason, though satire was often far more effective in dealing with him. The author of agnosticism himself saw the point when asked why he preferred the name “agnostic” to its Latin equivalent, “ignoramus.”

But the infidel, by whatever name known, belongs to a past generation. The type is perishing. There are thousands of men and women of little or no religious belief to-day, but they are a different sort of people. They do not boast of their doubts, or their rejection of religious teaching; and they are not defiant. Perhaps there is fully as much neglect of religion now as there ever was, but undoubtedly there is a great deal less hatred of religion than formerly.

The dictum of St. Augustine, that he would not believe the Bible if the Church had not vouched for it, takes on a modern dress in the rendering of Fr. Walter Drum, S. J. Lecturing recently to a Boston audience, he said: “You should be very proud of your faith, because of the logic of the Catholic position. The most logical thing you have to do is to accept the Bible as the Word of God on the authority of the Church. The most illogical thing you might have to do, were you not Catholics, would be to accept the Bible as the Word of God on any other authority than that of the Catholic Church.”

A terse and effective way of phrasing a truth that will stand the severest examination or investigation.

Father Gabriel Kervyn, a missionary in Eastern Mongolia, relates a strange incident of recent occurrence there. A pagan widow, living not far from the residence of the missionaries, had been suffering for a long time from an abscess which, beginning near the elbow, soon extended to the shoulder, and thence communicated its virus to the whole body,

preventing her from sleeping, and almost from breathing. A fatal termination was looked for; and accordingly the Christians among her relatives and friends spoke to her frequently of Christian dogmas and exhorted her to be baptized. At last she consented, and Father Kervyn administered the sacrament. He confirmed her also (using a missionary privilege) and gave her the Scapular. A Chinese physician, calling on the sick woman that evening, considered her case so hopeless, that he would prescribe no remedy. The following night the end seemed near, and charitable neighbors, sitting up with her, more than once began the prayers for the dying. All at once, however, the widow opened her eyes and said: "I have just seen a beautiful Lady,—so beautiful that no one on earth is like her. She was robed in blue and had a veil over her head. Thinking it was the Blessed Virgin, I asked her: 'Have you not come to take me to heaven?'—'No,' she replied: 'it is too soon yet. In two years from now I shall come for you.' Then the Lady gave me some little tablets, which I took and immediately I felt relieved." Hallucinations may go far, remarks Father Kervyn, in persons enfeebled by illness; but how explain the sequel? The next day the woman, who had taken no solid nourishment for months, ate biscuits and other food. The swelling had disappeared, her body was free from mucous, etc. "Shortly after," adds the missionary, "I saw her, quite cured, and at work, as if she had never been ill."

A pathetic and edifying sight which was witnessed recently in the St. Paul Union Depot is recorded by the *Catholic Bulletin* of that city. Two Belgian children, aged nine and six, who were travelling alone from Brussels, Belgium, to Edmonton, Canada, and had spent the night in the depot, knelt down beside the bench on which they had slept and said their morning prayers. With joined hands and upturned faces, they prayed with devotion

and recollection, entirely oblivious of the curious attention of the people about them. "Evidently, these children had been well brought up in a Catholic home," remarks the editor of the *Bulletin*. "It was the usual thing for them to begin the day with prayer, and even in those strange surroundings the custom was not forgotten. Who shall say that the lesson was lost on those who witnessed it?" And is there the least likelihood that it will be lost on thousands of others who read of it?

It is significant that a secular paper of the prominence and influence of the Boston *Globe* should devote space on its editorial page to a lengthy article on the Holy Father in his character as mediator in the history of Christian civilization. It signifies alert business sense, for one thing; but it also indicates a spirit of open-mindedness that is not always found going hand in hand with even the broadest journalistic development. The *Globe* is to be congratulated both upon the timeliness of this editorial contribution and upon its choice of contributor. "The Pope as Mediator" is written by the Rev. John T. Mullen, D. C. L., who begins by quoting the following important judgment of the editor of the London *Spectator* made thirty years ago, when Prince Bismarck requested Leo XIII. to act as arbitrator in the dispute concerning the Caroline Islands:

We do not wonder at the interest which the choice of the Pope as mediator, or arbitrator, between Germany and Spain has excited. It is in itself a most dramatic incident, and one which excites, as few modern incidents do, the historical imagination. Not only does it recall a practice once universal among civilized men, and so revered that a Papal award is the original title of Spaniards and Portuguese to territories which still cover two-thirds of the entire Western world, but it opens a vista of strange historical possibilities.

Mankind are seeking for an arbitrator between nations,—one who can be trusted to be impartial, yet whose award will carry weight; and suppose they were, in despair of a working alternative, once again to select the Pope, and make him

arbitrator in all minor cases of dispute,—in all disputes, that is, which national interest or popular passion will admit to be soluble without a previous trial of military strength.

The Pope is in many respects, of all individual men, the man who is best fitted by position for the office. He is revered by one-half of Europe and America, and watched with interest and a certain kind of reluctant respect by the other half. He possesses in the highest degree that technical rank which enables dynasties and republics alike to appear before him without sacrifice of dignity, and without the feeling, which was so marked in the "Alabama" arbitration, that they are submitting to a new and, as it were, artificial and transient tribunal.

Dr. Mullen then reviews the history of Papal mediation, arriving at the conclusion that "one thing stands out from these successful instances of the mediation of the Supreme Pontiff: they have been made possible because of his absolute neutrality and unshaken impartiality."

Thirteen hundred years ago—in 615—there died in Trebbia; Italy, one of the most learned and eloquent missionaries whom Ireland, the "Island of Saints and Doctors," ever sent out to evangelize the Continent of Europe,—St. Columbanus, or, as he is sometimes called, St. Columban. It was doubtless owing to the war that the thirteenth centenary of his birthday in heaven has been allowed to pass in Ireland without such a worthy celebration as in ordinary times would surely have marked the event; but the omission has been partially made up by the observance of the centenary in Rome. The town of San Columbano, in Lombardy, takes its name from this Irish saint, and the famous monastery of Bobbio in the Apennines was one of his numerous foundations. St. Columbanus had a varied and a wonderful career. As the *Catholic Times* of London well says: "There are no pages in the histories of missions more fascinating than those which tell how, leaving his native land with twelve companions, he passed through Britain to Gaul; how Gontran, the grandson of Clovis, induced him to settle down in Burgundy; how

his voice subdued brigands and wild beasts; how the birds came to be caressed by him; how squirrels descended from the trees to greet him; . . . how Thierry, incited by Brunehaut, expelled him from his beloved Luxeuil; and how, landing on the shores of the Rhine, he preached the Gospel to the Alemanni, converted many idolaters with the aid of his fellow-countryman St. Gall; and, crossing the Alps, went on to Lombardy to continue there his labors. St. Columbanus was a plain speaker, but at the same time a firm believer in the authority of the Pope as the head of the Church."

The Cosmopolitan Club of the University of Minnesota was recently treated to a discourse by no less a personage than Swami Abhedananda, a Hindu philosopher, who expatiated on the philosophy of his native land, and incidentally paid his respects to Occidental religion by saying: "Religion must be made scientific to appeal to this scientific age. It is only by such a process that modern man will accept religion. That which has no scientific grounding and is purely legendary must be eliminated from the real facts presented in modern religion."

"Purely legendary" is a phrase that may, and probably does, connote in the mind of the ordinary non-Catholic sundry falsehoods which it is worth while occasionally to expose. Accordingly we are glad that Father Cremin, of the St. Paul Seminary, has contributed to the *Catholic Bulletin* an antidote to the Oriental philosopher's vagaries of thought. We have room for only two paragraphs of this interesting article:

If he wishes to distinguish between science and religion as though the former were fact and truth, and the latter but legend and fiction, we must at once repudiate the distinction as unwarranted and unjustifiable. For religion is grounded on objective facts and is concerned with truths that are no less real and unassailable than are the facts and conclusions of physical science. God's existence and man's relation of dependence on Him are no less true in religion

than the sun's existence and the law of gravitation, whereby the earth is made to revolve around the luminary, are true in astronomy.

Furthermore, if our Hindu philosopher implies in his distinction between science and legend that the Christian religion, like so many other forms of religion, had its origin, not in the indisputable facts of history, but in the tissue of legends woven into its fabric by a pious fancy, we at once join issue and repudiate the implication as wholly gratuitous and altogether untrue. We make bold to affirm, and feel absolute security in the truth of our affirmation, that the one essential that differentiates Christianity from all the religions of antiquity is its unique historical groundwork. By this we mean that among the rival religions that invite man's attention Christianity alone presents certain historical credentials, which, defying the assaults of time, compel the rational assent of man's mind to the conclusion that the Christian religion had its origin in a genuine divine revelation. In this sense Christianity is a scientific religion: that is, a religion reared on the impregnable facts of history, and attested as divine by certain supernatural signs made manifest to historical witnesses, and the embodiment of certain truths taught of God through His historical revealer—Jesus Christ?

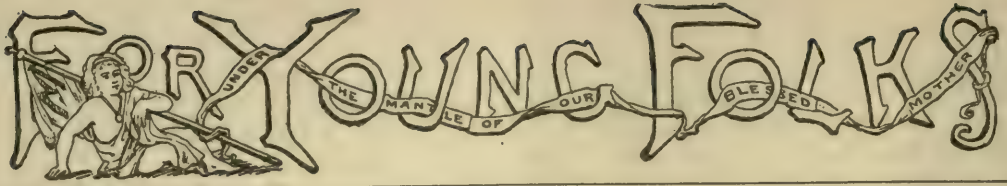
The Oriental gentleman with the sounding patronymic will find more of the truly legendary in the records of science than in the history of the Church—if he is an impartial observer.

If it be true that forty-four cities of California have entered into an agreement not to extend charity to the destitute unemployed, we have only to say it is a sad commentary upon a State that has always boasted of its boundless resources, its progressive spirit, etc. If, according to the Commission of Immigration, there is no work in California for men who come seeking it, and no charity is henceforth to be shown to those who have sought work in vain, it is well that these facts should be made known; but it is not easy to understand why the publication of them should not cause Californians to blush. The powers-that-be of those forty-four cities might just as well say, Come here and spend money, but there is none for you to earn; and should you

afterwards become destitute, you must look elsewhere for succor. Help us, but don't ever expect us to help you.

Some months ago we noticed, among other new publications, a booklet by means of which a priest, conversant only with Latin and his own vernacular, is enabled to hear confessions in nine—or was it ten?—different languages. Such a help should surely supply the needs of most pastors of even polyglot parishes, of which there are many, especially in the Western States. But it seems that it would fall short of being adequate to the demands of the folk who attend the church of the Sacred Heart at Clinton, Ind. According to a local paper of recent date, this church is attended by no fewer than nineteen different nationalities. Let us hope, for the sake of its pastor, that some of the various languages are closely related; although, even so, his work must indeed be strenuous.

Considerable scientific, or at least dietetic, interest attaches to one paragraph in the summary of the annual report issued by the Surgeon General of the U. S. Public Health Service. It states that the most important achievement of the year was the discovery that pellagra is a deprivation disease, resulting from a faulty diet containing an excess of the starch and sugar foods, such as bread, corn, and potatoes. It would appear that, while the final experiments which led to this discovery have only recently been completed, the conclusion itself is the culmination of investigations extending over a period of seven years. The work has consisted of "field studies" of epidemic diseases, actual feeding experiments conducted at numerous places in Georgia and Mississippi, and experimental research at Spartanburg, South Carolina, and other places. Our Public Health Service is to be congratulated on a scientific triumph fraught with comfort and hope for many a poor sufferer.



The Three Kings.

BY E. BECK.

THE Three Kings saw with wondering eyes
A new star in the starry skies,
Announcing that, for mortals' gain,
A great King had begun His reign.
They started forth with faint surmise
Of what would be their journey's prize;
From each red sunset to sunrise
Strange valley, hill, and wood and plain
The Three Kings saw.
They questioned foolish men and wise,
And laughter answered or surprise;
Till, after nights of toil and pain,
In stable rude where beasts had lain,
Their King and God in human guise
The Three Kings saw.

Killykinick.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

I.—THE "LEFT OVERS."

IT was the week after Commencement. The corridors, class-rooms, and study hall of Saint Andrew's stretched in dim, silent vistas; over the tennis court and the playground there brooded a dead calm; the field, scene of so many strenuous struggles, lay bare and still in the summer sunlight; the quadrangle, that so lately had rung to parting cheer and "yell," might have been a cloister for midnight ghosts to walk. The only sign or sound of life came from the open archways of the Gym, where the "left overs" (as the boys who for various reasons had been obliged to summer at Saint Andrew's) were working off the steam condensed, as Jim Norris declared, to the

"busting" point by the last seven days.

A city-bound college has its limitations, and vacation at Saint Andrew's promised to be a very dull affair indeed. The "left overs" had tried everything to kill time. At present their efforts seemed bent on killing themselves; for Jim Norris and Dud Fielding, sturdy fellows of fourteen, were doing stunts on the flying trapeze worthy of professional acrobats; while Dan Dolan, swinging from a high bar, was urging little Fred Neville to a precarious poise on his shoulder.

Freddy was what may be called a perennial "left over." He had been the "kid" of Saint Andrew's since he was five years old, when his widowed father had left him in a priestly uncle's care, and had disappeared no one knew how or where. And as Uncle Tom's chosen path lay along hard, lofty ways that small boys could not follow, Fred had been placed by special privilege in Saint Andrew's to grow up into a happy boyhood, the pet and plaything of the house. He was eleven now, with the fair face and golden hair of his dead girl-mother, and brown eyes that had a boyish sparkle all their own.

They looked up dubiously at Dan now,— "daring Dan," who for the last year had been Freddy's especial chum; and to be long-legged, sandy-haired, freckle-nosed Dan's chum was an honor indeed for a small boy of eleven. Dan wore frayed collars and jackets much too small for him; his shoes were stubby-toed and often patched; he made pocket money in various ways, by "fagging" and odd jobbing for the big boys of the college. But he led the classes and games of the Prep with equal success; and even now the Latin class medal was swinging from the breast of his shabby jacket.

Dan had been a newsboy in very early

youth; but, after a stormy and often broken passage through the parochial school, he had won a scholarship at Saint Andrew's over all competitors.

"An' ye'll be the fool to take it," Aunt Winny had said when he brought the news home to the little attic rooms where she did tailor's finishing, and took care of Dan as well as a crippled old grand-aunt could. "With all them fine gentlemen's sons looking down on ye for a beggar!"

"Let them look," Dan had said philosophically. "Looks don't hurt, Aunt Win. It's my chance and I'm going to take it."

And he was taking it bravely when Poor Aunt Win's rheumatic knees broke down utterly, and she had to go to the "Little Sisters," leaving Dan to summer with the other "left overs" at Saint Andrew's.

"Swing up," he repeated, stretching a sturdy hand to Fred. "Don't be a sissy. One foot on each of my shoulders, and catch on to the bar above my head. That will steady you."

Freddy hesitated. It was rather a lofty height for one of his size.

"You can't hold me," he said. "I'm too heavy."

"Too heavy!" repeated Dan, laughing down on the slender, dapper little figure at his feet. "Gee whilakins, I wouldn't even *feel* you!"

This was too much for any eleven-year-old to stand. Freddy was not very well. Brother Timothy had been dosing him for a week or more, and these long hot summer days made his legs feel queer and his head dizzy. It was rather hard sometimes to keep up with Dan, who was making the most of his holiday, as he did of everything that came in his way. Freddy was following him loyally, in spite of the creeps and chills that betrayed malaria. But now his brown eyes flashed fire.

"You're a big brag, Dan Dolan!" he said, stung by such a taunt at his size and weight. "Just you try me!"

And, catching Dan's hand, he made a spring to his waist and a reckless scramble to his shoulders.

"Hooray!" said Dan, cheerily. "Steady now, and hold on to the bar!"

"Do you feel me?" asked Fred, pressing down with all his small weight on the sturdy figure beneath him.

"A mite!" answered Dan. "Sort of like a mosquito had lit on me up there."

"Do you feel me now?" said Fred, bringing his heels down with a dig.

"Look out now!" cried Dan, sharply. "Don't try dancing a jig up there. Hold to the bar."

But the warning came too late. The last move was too much for the half-sick boy. Freddy's head began to turn, his legs gave way—he reeled down to the floor, and, white and senseless, lay at Dan's feet.

In the big, book-lined study beyond the quadrangle, Father Regan was settling final accounts prior to the series of "retreats" he had promised for the summer; while Brother Bart, ruddy and wrinkled as a winter apple, "straightened up,"—gathering waste paper and pamphlets as his superior cast them aside, dusting bookshelves and mantel, casting the while many an anxious, watchful glance through the open window. The boys were altogether too quiet this morning. Brother Bart distrusted boyish quiet. For the "Laddie," as he had called Freddy since the tiny boy had been placed six years ago in his special care, was the idol of the good man's heart. He had washed and dressed and tended him in those early years with almost a woman's tenderness, and was watching with jealous anxiety as Laddie turned from childish ways into paths beyond his care. Dan Dolan was Brother Bart's especial fear,—Dan Dolan, who belonged to the rough outside world from which Laddie had been shielded; Dan Dolan, who, despite tickets and medals, Brother Bart felt was no mate for a little gentleman like his boy.

"They're quarely still this morning," he said at last, giving voice to his fear. "I'm thinking they are at no good."

"Who?" asked Father Regan, looking up from the letter he was reading.

"The boys," answered Brother Bart,—"the four of them that was left over with us."

"Four of them?" repeated the Father, who, with the closing of the schools, had felt the burden of his responsibilities drop. "True, true! I quite forgot we have four boys with us. It must be dull for the poor fellows."

"Dull!" echoed Brother Bart, grimly,—
"dull is it, yer reverence? It's in some divilment they are from morning until night. There's no rule for vacation days, as Mr. Linton says; and so the four of them are running wild as red Indians, up in the bell tower, and in the ice pond that's six feet deep with black water, and scampering over the highest ledge of the dormitory roof, till my heart nearly leaps from my mouth."

"Poor fellows!" said Father Regan, indulgently. "It's hard on them, of course. Let me see! Colonel Fielding and his wife are in the Philippines, I remember, and asked to leave Dudley with us; and Judge Norris couldn't take Will with him to Japan; and there's our own little Fred of course,—we always have him; and—"

"That dare-devil of a Dan Dolan, that's the worst of all!" burst forth Brother Bart. "It's for me sins he was left here, I know; with the Laddie following everywhere he leads, like he was bewitched."

"Poor Danny! Aren't you a little hard on him, Brother Bart?" was the smiling question.

"Sure I am, I am,—God forgive me for that same!" answered Brother Bart, penitently. "But I'm no saint like the rest of ye; and Laddie crept into me heart six years ago, and I can't put him out. Wild Dan Dolan is no fit mate for him."

"Why not?" asked Father Regan, gravely, though there was a quizzical gleam in his eye.

"Sure, because—because—" hesitated Brother Bart, rather staggered by the question. "Sure ye know yerself, Father."

"No, I don't," was the calm reply. "Dan may be wild and mischievous—a little rough perhaps, poor boy!—but he will do Freddy no harm. He is a bright, honest, manly fellow, making a brave fight against odds that are hard to face; and we must give him his chance, Brother Bart. I promised his good old aunt, who was broken-hearted at leaving him, that I would do all I could for her friendless, homeless boy. As for mischief—well, I rather like a spice of mischief at his age. It is a sign of good health, body and soul. But we must try to give it a safer outlet than roofs and bell towers," he added thoughtfully. "Let me see! If we could send our 'left overs' some place where they could have more freedom. Why—why, now that I think of it" (the speaker's grave face brightened as he took up the letter he had been reading), "maybe there's a chance for them right here. Father Tom Rayburn has just written me that Freddy has fallen heir to some queer old place on the New England coast. It belonged to his mother's great-uncle, an old whaling captain, who lived there after an eccentric fashion of his own. It seems that his ship was stranded on this island more than fifty years ago, and he fixed up the wreck, and lived there until his death this past month. The place has no value, Father Tom thinks; but he spent two of the jolliest summers of his own boyhood with old Captain Kane at Killykinick."

"Killykinick?" echoed Brother Bart. "That sounds Irish, Father."

"It does," laughed Father Regan. "Perhaps the old captain was an Irishman. At any rate, there he lived; showing a light every night at his masthead to warn other ships off,—which was quite unnecessary of course, as the government attends to all such matters now."

"It must be a quare sort of a place," said Brother Bart, doubtfully. "But it

might do the Laddie good to get a whiff of the salt air and a swim in the sea. He isn't well, Brother Timothy says, and as everyone can see. He has a touch of the fever every day; and as for weight, Dan Dolan would make two of him. And his mother died before she was five and twenty. God's holy will be done!" Brother Bart's voice broke at the words. "But I'm thinking Laddie isn't long for this world, Father. There's an angel-look in his face that I don't like to see." And the old Brother shook his head lugubriously.

Father Regan laughed.

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about that! I've seen plenty of just such angels, Brother Bart, and they grew up into very hardy, mortal men, who had to scuffle their way through life like the rest of us. But Freddy is looking a little peaked of late, as I noticed on Commencement Day. I think that, as you say, a breath of salt air would be good for him. We might send all four off together to this place of his."

"Is it Dan Dolan with the rest?" asked Brother Bart, in dismay.

"Why, of course! We couldn't keep poor Dan here all alone," was the answer.

"He'll have Laddie climbing the rocks and swimming the seas like—like a wild Indian," said the good man, despairingly.

"What! That angel boy of yours, Brother Bart?" laughed the priest.

"Aye, aye!" answered the good Brother. "I'm not denying that Laddie has a wild streak in him. It came from his poor young father, I suppose. Arrah! has there never been word or sign from him, Father?" queried Brother Bart, sorrowfully.

"Never," was the grave reply,—"not since he disappeared so strangely six years ago. I presume he is dead. He had been rather a wild young fellow; but after his wife's death he changed completely, reproached himself for having, as he said, broken her heart, and got some morbid notion of not being a fit father for his child. He had lost his faith and was altogether unbalanced, poor man! Luckily,

Freddy inherits a fortune from his mother, and is well provided for; and now comes this other heritage from the old great-uncle—Killykinick. I really think—O God bless me! What is the matter?" asked the speaker, turning with a start, as, reckless of rules and reverence, two white-faced boys burst unannounced into the room.

"It's—it's—it's Freddy Neville, Father!" panted Jim Norris.

"Laddie,—my Laddie! What's come to him?" cried Brother Bart.

"He's tumbled off the high bar," gasped Dud Fielding, "and he is lying all white and still, and—and dead, Father!"

(To be continued.)

Kalends, Nones, and Ides.

WHILE the ancient Roman division of the month has long gone out of use, one occasionally meets with terms that date from the era of its habitual employment, and it is sometimes exasperating not to know precisely what they mean. When reading Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar," for instance, we find the Soothsayer telling the hero, "Beware the Ides of March"; and, later on, Cæsar reminding the Soothsayer that "the Ides of March are come." In early English works there are such statements as, "Given at Lincoln on the Nones of September"; and even in modern books it is not uncommon to read of some action's being postponed "to the Greek Kalends." But of these later.

The old Romans made a threefold division of the month into Kalends, Nones, and Ides. The Kalends always fell upon the first of the month; in March, May, July, and October, the Nones fell on the seventh and the Ides on the fifteenth day; while in the other eight months—January, February, April, June, August, September, November, December—the Nones fell on the fifth and the Ides on the thirteenth day. Thus, "the Ides of March" was simply March 15; and "the Nones of September," Sept. 5.

The Kalends were so named because it was an old custom of the college of priests, on the first of the month, to assemble (*calare*) the people to inform them of the festivals and sacred days to be observed during the month. The Nones received their name from being the ninth day (reckoned inclusively) before the Ides; and the Ides got their name from an obsolete verb signifying "to divide," because they nearly halved the month. The Ides of March being the fifteenth day of the month, the Nones of March, or the ninth day before the fifteenth, counting both ends of the series, was March 7.

Instead of calling the second, third, fourth, etc., day of the month, as we do, simply the second, third, or fourth of January, February, etc., the Romans termed them the days before the Nones; thus Nones of January 1 being the fifth day of the month, January 2 would be the fourth day before the Nones. So, too, the days between the Nones and Ides were called the days before the Ides; January 10 would be the fourth day before the Ides. As for the days between the Ides and the end of the month, they were termed the days before the Kalends of the next month; January 25 would thus be the eighth day before the Kalends of February.

These same old Romans had a proverbial saying, *Ad Kalendas Græcas*, which was practically equivalent to "Never." The Roman Kalends were often appointed as days for payment of rent, interest, wages, etc.; but as the Greeks had no Kalends, a postponement of payment "to the Greek Kalends" simply meant a refusal to pay at all.

THE juniper tree once sheltered the Holy Family during the flight into Egypt, and ever since all poor hunted things seek its shade, its peculiar odor baffling the keenest scent of the best-trained dogs. Then, too, it is said, it gained the medicinal properties for which it is famous.

A Legend of the Christ-Child.

There once lived in Brabant a holy old monk named Nicholas who had a great devotion to the Child Jesus. Blessed Nicholas of the Holy Child he is often called. One day, in the winter time, as he was taking a journey on horseback, he saw by the roadside in the snow a little boy crying most bitterly. He thought perhaps the child had lost his mother, and, dismounting quickly, asked what was the cause of his tears. The boy answered the question by bursting into sobs more lamentable than before, and at last spoke, saying that he was perishing with cold and hunger, and that there was no one to take care of him. The blessed Nicholas hearing this, at once took him up out of the snow into his arms, comforting him, and cherishing him in his embrace to give his cold limbs some warmth. While doing this he wondered at the lightness of his burden and the sweet fragrance that seemed to surround it. Only then did he observe the beauty of the child's face.

As Nicholas was about to mount his horse with his charitable burden, to carry him to the monastery, in an instant the child slipped from his arms and vanished. Then he understood that it was the holy Child Jesus, and thought within himself: "It is enough for me in this life to have His grace."

Blessing the Basil.

The Greeks keep Christmas very carefully, though not, perhaps, so joyously as we do. Blessing the Basil is one of the ceremonies peculiar to Christmas time in Greece. The basil is sacred with the Grecians, as they say it bloomed at Christ's birth; and its leaves grow in cruciform shape, in memory of His death. In all Grecian houses you may find a sprig of dried basil, which has been blessed at Christmas time, and, the Grecians declare, keeps off evil spirits.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Messrs. Sands & Co. announce a new retranslated, revised and "up-to-date" edition of De Montor's "Lives and Times of the Popes," in ten volumes, demy 8vo., with 261 photogravure and steel illustrations.

—"The Liquefaction of the Blood of St. Januarius" is a careful exposition of the facts relating to this present-day miracle by Mr. William L. O'Connor. Published in pamphlet form, it is reprinted from the *Catholic World* of Aug., 1898.

—"Christmas in Real Bethlehem" is the title of a pamphlet by the Rev. Michael H. Abraham, Latin Missionary of Jerusalem, to which the Bishop of Fort Wayne has given his *imprimatur*. It is an account of the interesting ceremonies that distinguish the celebration of Christmas at the birthplace of Christianity, related with that fidelity of detail which only an eye-witness can command.

—We are in receipt of a copy of the third edition of "Our Palace Wonderful; or, Man's Place in Visible Creation." As we said on the appearance of the first edition that the only fault we would find with the book was the absence of an index, so now we shall say that the presence of an excellent index in this third edition is the only merit of which we need speak. D. B. Hansen & Sons, publishers.

—"Sermons, Doctrinal and Moral," by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Thaddeus Hogan, R. M. (P. J. Kenedy & Sons), is an octavo volume of 320 pages, containing six sermons on the Church, sixteen on "Catholic Practice and Devotion," eleven on "Catholic Belief: For Mixed Congregations," and four addresses. While lofty in conception and scholarly in style, these discourses are thoroughly practical in their treatment of the various topics considered. A half-tone portrait of the author embellishes this handsome book, which will be welcomed by the clergy and educated laity.

—"The Sacraments" is Vol. I. of Sacramental Theology, and Vol. VIII. of the Pohle-Preuss Series of Dogmatic Text-Books. It is the authorized English version, based on the fifth German edition of the original work by the Rev. Dr. Pohle, and owes its present form to Mr. Arthur Preuss. The book, which is characterized by the same excellencies of matter, method, and lucid expression that we have noted in the previous volumes of the series, deals with the Sacraments in general (203 pp.),

Baptism (76 pp.), and Confirmation (43 pp.). The volume is furnished with a copious bibliography, a table of contents, and an excellent index. B. Herder, publisher.

—Longmans, Green & Co. announce for early publication "Newman's 'Gentleman,'" by the Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C., Ph. D. This is a study, designed for high school or college English, of Discourse VIII. in the "Idea of a University."

—A new pocket edition of Bishop Challoner's "Meditations for Every Day in the Year" is now available. It is one of the best meditation books in the language, being solid, simple and practical, and written in plain, vigorous English. Messrs. Burns & Oates are the publishers.

—New books issued by Sands & Co. include "Paul Mary Pakenham, Passionist: A Memoir," by the Rev. Fr. Smith, C. P. Fr. Paul Mary (the Hon. Charles Reginald Pakenham) was a son of the second Earl of Longford and a nephew of the first Duke of Wellington. Before his conversion he was a captain of the Grenadier Guards; he was also an A. D. C. to Queen Victoria, and is said to have been one of her favorite officers.

—A new abridged edition of Blessed Thomas More's "Dialogue of Comfort," edited and with a preface by Fr. Henry S. Bowden, of the Oratory, is announced by Burns & Oates. "The Dialogue of Comfort against Tribulation" was written in 1534, while the sainted author was a prisoner in the Tower of London. The truths with which he fortified himself are as real and fundamental now as then, and Fr. Bowden has edited the Dialogue anew "for comfort in time of war."

—A timely publication of great interest and importance is "Poland: A Study in National Idealism," by Monica M. Gardner, just issued by Burns & Oates. The purpose of this work is to interpret the soul of Poland to English readers by a presentation of certain aspects of Polish literature. The first two chapters give a picture of the condition of the three divisions of Poland after the partitions to which she was subjected, and show how the national literature, remaining one and undivided, gave expression to the ever-living aspirations and ideals of the Polish people. Then follow more detailed accounts of the characteristic work of five great poets who were the sons of Poland's sorrow: Mickiewicz, Krasinski, Slowacki, Bohdan Za-

leski, and Kornel Ujejski. The volume is illustrated with copious translations, many of them hitherto inaccessible to the English reader, from all these writers; but its object is less literary criticism than the study of the national mysticism and patriotic idealism which have preserved the spiritual life of Poland through more than a century of prolonged suffering and unparalleled oppression. Monica M. Gardner will be remembered by many readers as the author of "Adam Mickiewicz, the National Poet of Poland."

—Seventy-five pages of blank verse and thirty-three of rhymed stanzas result from one method of dividing "An Idyl, Some Sermons and a Song," by the Rev. Owen A. Hill, S. J. The author's division seems to dissociate song from the main portion of his work. In that case, it is difficult to see why he elected verse as a medium of expression, and particularly the most difficult of verse forms. This matter apart, the intellectual element predominates in his work, and often to striking issue, as when he writes of sinners:

They recollect that face to face
With hell, the odds are on their side.

The moral and doctrinal aspects of Father Hill's volume give point to the various *imprimaturs* which it enjoys. It is privately printed for Fordham University.

The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Sermons, Doctrinal and Moral." Rt. Rev. Thaddeus Hogan, R. M. \$1.50.
- "The Sacraments." Pohle-Preuss. \$1.50.
- "The Sweet Miracle." Eca de Queiroz. 40 cts.
- "Max of the North." Magnus A. Bruce. \$1.25.
- "The Little Ambassadors." Henriette Delamare. 75 cts.
- "The New Pelagianism." J. Herbert Williams. 75 cts.
- "The Catholic Faith." Rev. Fr. Girardey, C. SS. R. 15 cts.
- "The Life of St. Monica." F. A. Forbes. 30 cts.
- "The Camp of Copper River." Rev. H. S. Spalding, S. J. 85 cts.

- "Homilies on all the Sunday Gospels of the Ecclesiastical Year." Finco-Dunne. \$1.
- "A Manual of Apologetics." Koch-Bruehl. 75 cts.
- "The Lord My Light." Joseph Rickaby, S. J. \$2, net.
- "The Secret Bequest." Christian Reid. \$1.25.
- "Storied Italy." Mrs. Hugh Fraser. \$3.50, net.
- "Recollections of an Irish Judge." M. McD. Bodkin, K. C. \$3, net.
- "Pioneer Laymen of North America." Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J. Vol. I. \$1.75.
- "The Fair Flower of Eden." M. D. Forrest. M. S. H. 75 cts.
- "Thoughts of Sœur Thérèse of the Child Jesus." 60 cts.
- "Field Afar Tales." Vol. II. 60 cts.
- "The Shepherd of My Soul." Rev. Charles Callan, O. P. \$1.
- "The Theory and Practice of Educational Gymnastics." William A. Stecher, B. S. G. \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HGB., xiii, 3

Rev. Philip Steyle, of the diocese of Columbus; Rev. James Haughran, diocese of Galveston; Rev. Martin Hendrick, diocese of Rochester; Rev. John M. Le Croq, C. S. C.; and Rev. James Gardiner, S. J.

Brother Severin, C. S. C.

Mr. Henry Armstrong, Mrs. Catherine Foley, Dr. Francis H. Barnes, Mrs. Rosa Missel, Mr. Edward P. Murphy, Miss E. F. Fleming, Mr. Francis Paul Pfeighar, Miss Mary O'Keefe, Mrs. Maria Blake, Mrs. William Ritchie, Mr. Henry H. Bond, Mr. John Lovett, Miss Catherine Scollon, Mr. Joseph Lemieux, Mr. Frank Stackmen, Mrs. Mary Lynch, Mrs. Peter White, Mr. Charles Allen, Mr. C. F. Christen, Mrs. Mary Murphy, Miss Joanna Griffin, Mr. John Devoll, Mr. L. E. Frick, Mr. Michael O'Connell, Mr. John Kenny, and Mr. Robert Tracka.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the starving children in China: M. M. D., in honor of the Sacred Heart, \$5; W. H. S., \$2; Nora, \$1; B. G., \$10; T. T. B., \$20. For an urgent need: Los Angeles, \$4. For the Foreign Missions: Mrs. B. C., \$3; C. F., \$1. For the Polish war sufferers: Friend, Lakeside, \$1.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. III. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 8, 1916.

NO. 2

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The Priceless Treasure.

BY OLGA MARIA DAVIN. TRANSLATED BY MARY
E. MANNIX.

O CHRISTIAN, who from childhood's days
Faith's priceless gift doth own,
That treasure found in chosen ways
Of God, and there alone;
Thank thou the Lord, O favored heart!
That of the Church a child thou art.
It is thy treasure,—hold it fast
While life and strength and hope shall last.

Be in no other armor found,
And wear no other shield.
Though errors legions hem thee round
On many a battlefield,
Let no mirage delude thine eyes:
Christian, be firm and true and wise.
Then o'er that bulwark of thy soul
No darkening clouds shall ever roll.

There will be wars, there must be strife,
But keep a steadfast heart;
With God thy aim, thy guide, thy life,
From God thou canst not part.
Onward and upward be thy cry:
A Catholic to live and die.

Thy soul's best watchword,—hold it fast,
That priceless treasure, to the last.

FOR every good deed of ours the world
will be the better always. And perhaps
no day does a man walk down the street
cheerfully and like a child of God, without
some passenger's being brightened by his
face, and, unknown to himself, catching
from his look a something of religion.

—R. L. Stevenson.

"Catholic" and "Roman Catholic."



FROM time to time the question
comes up whether Catholics
themselves ought ever to use
or to accept from others the
name of "Roman Catholic." It has
recently been raised again in some quarters,
the occasion being a passage in a recent
Encyclical Letter of our Holy Father
Benedict XV., in which his Holiness
condemned certain modern designations
added in Italy and elsewhere to the name
"Catholic." This fact may perhaps give
actuality to the following remarks; though
it should scarcely be necessary to say
that the Pope could not have been referring
to the term "Roman," which has been
used, not only of the local Church of the
Roman diocese but of the Universal
Church, for many centuries.

But we must not anticipate. The
question to be discussed here is whether
we ought ever to call ourselves "Roman
Catholics" or allow others to call us by
that name. We can not discuss terms
unless we know what they mean. What,
then, does "Catholic" mean? What do
we mean by the "Catholic Church"?
Does the addition "Roman" derogate
from the true significance of "Catholic"?
The name "Catholic" was used very
early indeed by Christians to designate
the one true religion and Church of
Jesus Christ. We find it in the writings
of St. Ignatius, bishop and martyr; and in
a contemporary official document describ-
ing the glorious martyrdom of St. Polycarp.

Both these saints belonged to the second century and were disciples of Apostles.

Why did the earliest Christians thus seize upon this name "Catholic," and call themselves and the Church of Christ by it, putting it into their earliest creeds and professions of faith? Because *catholicity* stood out from the first as a distinguishing mark of the religion and Church of Jesus Christ. "Catholic" means world-wide, all-embracing, universal; adapted to and embracing all times, all places, all peoples. Before the coming of Christ, there had been many religions, mostly false, but one true, and others containing elements of truth; but none, not even the Jewish (though it came by special revelation from God), was *catholic*,—none was adapted to or embraced all times, all places, all peoples; none, like the Church of Christ, transcended all limits of nationality, of race, of age, of sex, of social position, or of position in the scale of civilization; none set itself to gain, or even thought of trying to gain, a world-wide domination over the minds and hearts of men.

But from the first, from the day when it was revealed to Peter in a vision that the Gentiles were to come into the Church, it was clear that the Christian religion was to be truly catholic,—was to embrace people of all nationalities, according to the words of the Divine Master, "Going, therefore, teach all nations,"—"preach the Gospel to every creature"; was to be the Church, too, of all times, according to the promise, "Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." So the Church began that world-wide conquest of men which made the Apostles able to say before they died that the Gospel had spread throughout the then known world,—that conquest which has carried her faith, her worship, and her sacraments to the ends of the earth; and which shall not cease till every nation and tribe of men shall have heard the message of salvation, and the number of God's elect shall have been made up.

And what was true at the beginning is true still. There are many religions on earth now, but only one is catholic, only one is fitted to all humanity; only one, coming from Him who knows the heart of man, is adapted, and perfectly adapted, to regenerate and to satisfy the spiritual needs of man wherever he is found, whether he be a member of the highest civilization or a poor savage in the heart of mid Africa; only one religion, by actually doing this, has proved her claim to be the Church which Christ commissioned to do it; none other than the Church Catholic has efficaciously carried out the command of Christ, "Teach all nations,"—"preach the Gospel to every creature."

Nor can any of the numerous religions that use the Christian name—except one only—pretend to catholicity in respect of time. None but one can truly say, "I am the Church not only of all places but of all times,—the same yesterday and to-day and forever; unchanging, continuous, one and the same everywhere and always." Every religion to-day that calls itself Christian, excepting only the Catholic religion, had its birth, not from Christ and His Apostles, not from that Apostolic body to whom Christ said, "I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world," but from some man, or from some body of men, who were merely human. The earlier ones cut themselves off from the original Church founded by Jesus Christ; the later, like certain creatures of a low form of life found in ponds, came into being by the breaking up, the division into numerous sects, of the bodies of which they originally formed part.

We call ourselves Catholics because we belong to that original Church of Christ which alone truly is catholic,—catholic in time and place, one and the same throughout the ages; transcending all limits of nationality, bounded on earth only by the extent of humanity itself; the Church which alone teaches all nations, takes for her ever progressing

missionary enterprise the whole world, and carries everywhere that Faith which alone is adapted to regenerate, to sanctify, and to save all peoples. Of her alone are still true those words which St. Cyril of Jerusalem wrote in the fourth century: "The Church is named Catholic because she is spread throughout the whole earth from end to end; because everywhere and unfailingly she teaches all those dogmas that are necessary for men to know; . . . because, also, she brings into the right way of worship all the human race, princes and subjects, learned and unlearned." We, and we only, members of the Church of all times and of all lands, have a just title to this sacred name of Catholic.

This being so, why should we ever use the term "Roman Catholic"? Is it right or is it wrong? Without a shadow of doubt the name "Roman Catholic" in itself is right. Why? Because to be Catholic is to be Roman; no one can be a Catholic unless he is Roman too. Christ built His Church upon the Rock Peter; and Peter lives on in his successors, the Bishops of Rome. The Holy Roman See is the foundation, the centre, the source of faith and religion; the power-house, so to speak, of energy and efficiency for all Christ's Holy Church throughout the world.

Space will not permit the bringing forward now of the overwhelming evidence available from Scripture, from Christian antiquity, from facts, clear as the noonday sun to those who are not blinded by preconceived notions, in every age of the Church's long history—facts of to-day as well as facts of past centuries back to the beginning,—all proving that the true Catholic Church of Christ is that one, and that one only, which rests upon Peter living on in his successors, the Bishops of Peter's own See of Rome, who hold his place, possess his prerogatives, and exercise his authority conferred upon him and them by our Saviour, Jesus Christ, when He said, "Thou art Peter, and upon this Rock I will build

My Church"; and, "Feed My lambs, feed My sheep."

Suffice it to say, as regards the past, that Father after Father, Council after Council, make this the test of a true Catholic,—whether or no he is in communion with the See of Rome; and, as regards the present, that the Catholic and Roman Church alone presents to the world, now as she has done in the past, the only verification to be found upon earth of Christ's words, "Thou art Peter, and upon this Rock I will build My Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." And the Catholic and Roman Church verifies Christ's words by the living fact that she *is* built upon Peter; that she owes her marvellous unity, her unshaken stability and indefectibility, her undying vigor and efficiency, all that makes her a wonder to the world, to her foundation upon Peter and upon Peter's See of Rome.

The Pope, then, as Head of the Church in succession to St. Peter, and the Holy See of Rome to which that headship is attached since Peter lived and died in that See, are not a mere matter of convenience to the Church of Christ. The Pope as Head, the Roman See as foundation, are essentially necessary to Christianity as it came forth from the hands of its Divine Founder; essentially necessary to Catholicity as it has existed from the beginning. All is summed up in the famous dictum of St. Ambrose "Where Peter is, there is the Church."

The first thing to be done in setting up a building is to choose a firm site, an unshakable foundation. Christ did this when He prepared to set up His Church. "Thou art Peter, and upon this Rock I will build My Church." The site, the foundation of a building, is essential; the building wholly depends upon it. Blow up with dynamite the foundation, blast to pieces the firm site upon which a building stands, and the building is no more. Take away the foundation of Peter from Christ's Church, and there

would be no longer any Church of Christ at all. But, "Thou art Peter, and upon this Rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Built on that Rock, Christ's Church shall stand for all time, by the promise of Him who established it.

So then, we may not reject the glorious title of "Roman." The Vatican Council calls the Church "the Holy, Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Church." The "Catholic Church" and the "Roman Catholic Church" are one and the same thing. "Roman" adds nothing to the essence of "Catholic," for it is of the essence of the Catholic Church to be Roman; and "Catholic" is not true of us if we are not also "Roman." As a Father of the Church said, "Christian is my name, Catholic is my surname"; so with equal truth we can say, "Catholic is my name, Roman is my surname."

But our friends the enemy—those who wish to claim the Catholic name—misuse the expression "Roman Catholic," taking advantage for their own purposes of an unfortunate ambiguity in our English tongue, by which the adjective "Roman" may be taken as limiting "Catholic" instead of being, as it really is, declaratory of an essential constituent of Catholicism. In its true sense "Roman Catholic" means "Catholic and Roman," and implies that the Church is necessarily Roman because Rome is the centre of Christianity, and the Bishop of Rome, as successor of St. Peter, is the divinely appointed head of the Church and pastor and teacher of all Christians.

But "Roman Catholic" may be made to mean "Catholics of the Roman persuasion,"—as if there were Catholics of other persuasions, such as "Anglican Catholics," for instance. A certain faction of non-Catholics use the name in this way and with this intention,—meaning that there are different sorts of Catholics, different "branches" of the one true Church. They do not realize that by so speaking they deny two doctrines of the

Christian religion: the doctrine that there is and can be only one true Church of Christ, and the doctrine that the true Church must be and is at unity with and in herself, with a visible and recognizable unity of belief, of worship, and of obedience. These two doctrines are plain to see upon the pages of the New Testament. But some try to make out, what is manifestly impossible, that a conglomeration of disagreeing sections of Christians, holding no communion with each other, can be the One Holy Catholic Church in which we profess our faith in the creeds.

In truth, it is just as sensible, or just as foolish, to divide Catholics into Roman Catholics and other Catholics as it would be to divide saints into holy saints and other kinds of saints. As all saints are holy, since holiness is essential to sainthood, so all Catholics are Roman, because to depend on Rome is essential to Catholic Christianity,—that is, to Christ's Catholicity.

That people juggle with the name "Roman Catholic," taking advantage of an ambiguity of the English language, is no reason why we should give up an expression theologically correct, consecrated by long use, and expressive of an essential constituent of Christianity. On the contrary, as Cardinal Vaughan said at Newcastle in September, 1901, we should "use it, . . . claim it, defend it, be proud of it, but in the true and Catholic sense."

At the same time, the misuse, often deliberate, of the term "Roman Catholic" is a reason for calling ourselves, as a general rule, simply "Catholics." If any one calls us "Roman Catholics" in a wrong sense, we may not reject the term itself, but should take occasion to enlighten him as to its true meaning, and point out how the teaching of Christian antiquity and of the facts of the Church's history all along is that to be Roman is to be Catholic, and that to be Catholic is to be Roman.

James Harrington, M. D.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

II.

MEANTIME the Doctor's brisk walking had brought him downwards into a street where stood a row of small but decent-looking wooden houses, painted white and with red doors in the centre. Before the middle one of these the Doctor stopped. He had not time to sound the knocker when the door was thrown open wide; for the sound of his firm, rapid step had been heard within.

"Thank God, it's you, Doctor!" cried the voice of Hugh Maloney, the man who had come with the summons to his house.

The Doctor knew him well; for the Maloney family had been for some time upon his list of humble patients. Into the man's worn, terror-stricken countenance had come the light of a new hope, such as comes to all, rich and poor, at times, with the advent of the doctor. It is as a straw to which cling drowning human hopes, and the physician is invested with almost preternatural powers; though with this hope coincides an awful fear lest that slight bulwark might give way, and despair rush in to carry all before it. Though Dr. Harrington asked no questions, while hanging on the rack in the hall his hat, and the light overcoat he had thrown over his arm for use in case the night grew chilly, the master of the house volunteered the whispered information:

"She's very bad, Doctor. I'm afeard she's mortal bad."

The Doctor made no comment, but entered the room on one side of the little entrance hall, where only two candles were burning. After one keen glance, and even by the dim light, he was forced to agree with the husband's verdict. He saw before him on the bed the face of Mrs. Maloney, which he had last seen rotund and rosy. It was now pinched

and drawn to an unnatural length, livid in color, the eyes deeply sunken, with nothing of earth in their look, but rather a terrible suggestion of mortality.

The Doctor wasted no words in unnecessary question. He saw that the doom which had been hovering over the city for months had at last fallen upon it in the person of this comely and well-favored matron, who, as he knew, and as Hugh whispered in his ear, was the "mother of five small childer." The Doctor made a single inquiry as to these latter, and the father answered:

"They were all taken away, the crathures, by Mrs. Hogan, God bless her!"

This anxiety off his mind, Dr. Harrington gave himself entirely to that grim struggle. He had little hope of success therein. The collapsed stage of the malady had already been reached; and, though he said nothing, he was condemning in his own mind the tardiness with which he had been summoned. The woman, as was common in that disease, was perfectly conscious, but she made no effort to speak. Hugh, on the contrary, until he noticed signs of disapproval in the Doctor, was loquacious, with the feeling that talking might possibly relieve his inward tension and the strain under which he was laboring.

He explained that he had been late on his way home from work that evening, because he had been detained by an extra job, when he had met the messenger with the news that "herself was took bad" and that the children had been taken away by Mrs. Hogan. He could not give those details which the patient might have added,—that, suspecting the nature of her illness, she had, with motherly forethought, quite early in the afternoon banished the children to the upper story, and had remained alone to grapple with the physical suffering, which was scarcely more intense than the moral; for her imagination had been haunted for weeks before with the fear of the plague, the terrors of which had often been described

by her mother. Scarcely a week previous, a vessel had arrived at the quarantine station of Grosse Isle, near Quebec, with cholera on board. Then, despite all precautions, the dread pestilence had broken out, in isolated cases, in various parts of the Province. Only that morning, standing at her door, Mrs. Maloney had remarked to a neighbor:

"It is very close and suffocating entirely,—real cholera weather."

To which the neighbor had responded:

"The Lord save us! Why would you be mentioning such a thing at all?"

And the speaker had hurried into her house, as if to shut out the very idea, and left the other standing alone. Into that other's soul, cold and creeping like a sentient thing, Fear had entered and taken up its abiding place. Moreover, it was recalled too late that, all spring, the uncomplaining woman had been showing certain symptoms of weakness and debility, which had now conspired to render her the first victim in the whole, wide city of Montreal.

The purple haze that was resting upon the face of the waters, the low-lying clouds that had been hanging over the city all that day, had, as it were, dropped upon her the fatal germ. Just as the twilight was falling, Mrs. Hogan had happened in. Though suspecting that it might be cholera, she had, with true charity, done what she could for the patient's relief, and had consented to leave her only on the latter's urgent and unselfish request that she should take away the children. Mrs. Hogan had likewise sent a messenger for Hugh and bade him fetch the doctor.

As the husband gave a long and garrulous explanation of the work which had detained him, neither the wife, who had already gone beyond any keen interest in the things of earth, nor the Doctor, knew of a circumstance which was filling Hugh Maloney with sorrow and remorse; for though he had really been delayed by extra work, he had stopped upon his homeward way for a gossip with one who

was the only approach to an enemy that his kindly and well-intentioned wife had ever made. This was Hugh's half-sister, who boarded a little way off, and who went out among the neighbors to do plain sewing by the day. She frankly disliked Mrs. Maloney, and Hugh had permitted himself to listen to complaints and insinuations against his wife, sometimes without even uttering a word of protest; for he was easy-going and inclined to agree with whoever might be present. He was fond after a fashion of his half-sister, and always ready to find excuses for her shortcomings. But now he bitterly reproached himself for having allowed a word to be said, and for even tacitly agreeing with those criticisms of his wife, who, he told himself, was "the best that ever a man had." The years of his wedded life which came up before him could show, on her part, nothing but faithful devotion to duty, and loving care for himself and the children. Into his mind came a thousand little instances of her forethought and consideration for himself. With pathetic insistence, they recurred to him now when those hands must cease forever from their loving offices, and those tireless feet be still. The tears fell in great, hurrying drops upon his cheek as he sat crouched in a chair, watching the physician's movements.

The latter mixed and administered such remedies as might offer a slight hope, while he waited for hot salt and bottles of hot water which he himself had gone to ask from the nearest neighbor, and which he immediately applied. While thus engaged he turned to say over his shoulder, to the husband who sat there uselessly and as if dazed:

"Maloney, you had better rouse yourself and go, or send some one, for the priest."

"O merciful God, has it come to that?" cried the man, in a tone of anguish that caused the woman on the bed to turn her sunken eyes in his direction, and murmur something which he could not catch.

"Don't delay," added the Doctor. "And it might be well to get one of the Gray Nuns from the convent. No one else must come in here."

Despite his fears, Hugh Maloney had never quite believed till then that his wife was in danger of death, or that it was really the plague which had crossed his threshold and seized upon her. But now, when this strong and capable physician, who was famous for his tendency to make light of all human ills, had said so much, he felt like one who has received a stunning blow or has fallen from a great height.

"God help us all!" he cried, as, seizing his hat, he rushed out on that momentous errand.

A few paces from his door he met Denis Hogan, a white-haired but fresh-faced man of some fifty odd years, the husband of the good Samaritan who had come to remove the children from that atmosphere of infection. He was coming to ask if the condition of the patient had improved, with the hope struggling against an unacknowledged certainty that it might not really be the cholera which had stricken down Mrs. Maloney. He had also desired to offer whatever service might be in his power, and was inexpressibly shocked to receive from the bereaved husband of the dying woman the melancholy news which he had to impart, with sobbing breath and tear-stained eyes. When informed of the errand on which Hugh was hastening, he undertook it himself, permitting the other to return to the house of sickness. As he rung Hugh's hand he whispered:

"If you are in want of anything that money can buy, don't hesitate a moment to call on an old friend and neighbor like myself. For why shouldn't we help one another in the dark day of trouble?"

With an almost inarticulate burst of fervent gratitude, Hugh turned back towards his own dwelling; and Mr. Hogan began to walk quickly towards the new Irish church of St. Patrick, whose

tall spire rose upwards into the deep blue of the heavens. Somewhat cheered and consoled in his anguish by the warm-hearted generosity of his neighbor, Hugh once more stole into the room to be a silent spectator of that drama which had suddenly raised into sublimity the poverty and the commonplace details of that scrupulously neat apartment. He saw the Doctor, whom he knew to have already attained considerable eminence in his profession, down upon his knees, with his coat off, still applying and arranging those contrivances for artificial heat as a substitute for the natural heat that was fast waning from that body. He had taken from his satchel and lighted about the room pastilles which were intended to purify the air and lessen the danger of infection.

He scarcely seemed to have noticed the husband's entrance, but from time to time he turned his head to look anxiously towards the door, and Hugh could perceive the paleness of his face and the drops of perspiration that were standing upon his forehead. His strenuous work and keen anxiety had begun to tell. Beside the physical struggle with death in which he was engaged, he suffered intense fear lest the priest might arrive too late. The moments seemed very long to him; and at last, after a close scrutiny of the patient's face, he broke the silence. His voice sounded weird and ghastly to the listener in the corner, as he said, very slowly and deliberately, as if to bring back to earth the faculties that were about taking flight beyond its confines:

"Mrs. Maloney, you have the faith and hope of an Irishwoman. Your husband has gone for the priest, but in the meantime can you say an Act of Contrition?"

The woman gave him a quick, startled glance. It was her sentence of death. Then she proceeded to rally her scattered forces. The daily recitation of that prayer, and the habit of mind which, during all her simple, virtuous life, had consciously or unconsciously, prepared her

for that moment, came to her help then. In a low, weak voice she responded:

"I'll try, Doctor,—I'll try."

Then the physician—man of science, brilliant pupil of more than one medical institute, man of travel, man who, though still young, was already of note in his profession and of distinction in the social world, but who had never lost a scintilla of his faith—began to recite the Act of Contrition. His clear, incisive tones sounded through the stillness of the room,—a stillness disturbed only by an occasional groan from the now completely demoralized Hugh. And to the Act of Contrition succeeded acts of faith in the chief mysteries of religion, acts of hope and of charity,—all of which were repeated by the poor, weak voice upon the bed, like a scarcely audible echo from the world whither the woman's soul was speeding. Also the Doctor, with tears in his clear eyes which so many people had called cold, heard in an unnaturally low and broken whisper:

"Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death, Amen."

From childhood upwards, Mary Maloney had repeated many times daily, with simple fervor, that petition, though scarcely realizing its awful import; so now, when she must at last envisage that dread hour, she could recite it with a confidence that brought warmth to her poor, palsied heart. There followed a silence which to Hugh Maloney was deep and terrible. One of the candles guttered, and the Doctor by a slight movement called Hugh's attention to it. He rose and snuffed it with the snuffers that lay at hand, and relit the wick, which burned clear and bright,—a suggestion of that life soon to flicker out and be relighted into the clear flame of immortality.

The faint voice was raised again, and the Doctor bent his ear to catch the whisper:

"Doctor dear, it's cruel hard to leave himself and the little ones. But welcome be the holy will of God!"

"Amen!" said the Doctor, bowing his head, and feeling to his inmost soul all the force and sublimity of that act of sacrifice.

Once more footsteps were heard upon the wooden pavement without. Hugh rushed to open the door and a shadow fell across the room. It was the parish priest himself, who had known Mary Maloney from girlhood, who had solemnized her marriage and baptized all her children. It was a new force, a new personality, with still greater and more incontestable authority than the first, that now came across the humble threshold. The priest, greeting the Doctor, hurriedly wringing Hugh's hand, and with the assurance that Sister Monaghan would be with them in a moment, was left alone with the patient.

The smell of the pastilles would have told the priest, even if he had not been already apprised by the messenger, of the nature of the malady from which Mrs. Maloney was suffering. The news of what had thus befallen his parish and the town had filled him with grief and consternation, but it had only hastened his steps to the bed of death. The Doctor, much relieved by the advent of the priest, suggested to Hugh that, while the pastor was hearing the patient's confession, they should prepare everything for the administration of the other sacraments.

"We must get a table with a white cloth, a crucifix, and two candles and candlesticks. Do you think it will be possible to borrow any of these articles from the neighbors?"

"Oh!" cried Hugh, with a burst of tears, "it's herself has the cloth and candlesticks—aye, and blessed candles, too—away ready in the bureau drawer, with the holy habit for her burial; and the crucifix is forenienst her in there!"—he pointed to the closed door.

"Wise woman!" commented the Doctor. "And I suppose there's holy water in the house?"

"There is that!" said Hugh. "Herself would never be without it."

Hugh had an uncomfortable recollection, as he spoke, of how on a recent occasion his half-sister, with whom he had been gossiping, had mocked at Mary Maloney's old-fashioned ways and her arrangements for the final moment, "which were that lonesome they were fit to put the heart across in a body." Her wise provisions had been fully justified now, as Hugh reflected while he waited for the reopening of the bedroom door, that those simple preparations might be concluded for that event the most momentous in all their lives.

Meanwhile the Doctor opened the door into the street and drew a long, deep breath of the night air, that seemed cool after the fetid atmosphere of the small apartment he had quitted. Raising his eyes, he saw up yonder in the firmament that brilliant star which was shining in at his mother's window. It had emerged from the murkiness that had been hanging all day over the landscape, and now shone triumphantly in heaven's own blue.

The priest came out and called him and Hugh in, to be present at the administering of Extreme Unction and the Holy Viaticum. It was clear at once to the physician and even to the inexperienced eyes of the husband that there was no time to be lost. A table was moved into place, and the various articles were taken from the bureau drawer. The holy water and other accessories were hastily procured, and the solemn rites proceeded.

While they were in progress, Sister Monaghan appeared, in her familiar gown of gray, with headdress of gauzy black. She was a cheerful and large-hearted woman, of sympathetic nature and quick intelligence, which had made her beloved from one end to the other of Griffintown,—Griffintown, that rather low-lying district in the western part of the city, which might be fittingly described as a miniature Irish colony. The Sister was to remain as long as needed, and her presence seemed to bring with it a sense of comfort, a light in the darkness. Even

the dying woman, whose passing was now imminent, seemed by a faint movement, a faint smile to know and realize that influence. Sister Monaghan had a moment's conference with priest and Doctor, and they confirmed the result of her own observations. The great change was close at hand.

Nor was the Doctor permitted to await it. The noise of fast, running feet, a hurried, though subdued, knocking at the door, which disturbed the dying woman and caused her eyelids to flicker, summoned Dr. Harrington to another case of cholera, and the priest promised to follow very soon. It was only a few blocks away; and this time the patient was a strong young man, and the case had been taken in time. Dr. Harrington was relieved to find that the remedies gave promise of being successful, and that there was every hope of saving the patient's life. Nor could he linger long beside that bed of illness; for a hasty messenger called him away once more, to a third patient who lay writhing in the grip of the horrible disease.

By this time the whole of Griffintown was, in a state of alarm bordering upon panic. The news had spread like wildfire; and as the Doctor crept wearily home in the first gray light of dawn, saddened by the expected news, which he had learned in passing, that Mrs. Maloney was dead, he was met by shuddering groups, whispering together, with ghastly faces. Several of the bolder, undeterred by the Doctor's somewhat grim aspect, approached to make inquiries. He waved them away unceremoniously, for he had just come from beds of infection; or, with a hasty admonition to them to be careful of their food, he proceeded homewards.

The dawn was streaking the sky to the eastward; and light triumphant was making its way to the mountain-top with soft rose flushes, warming the grayness and making visible the budding trees, emblem of young life. To the Doctor's jaded mind and exhausted frame after

that night of mortal conflict, there was in nature a ghastly dreariness, a cold chilliness, which only the dawn in such circumstances can know.

His mother, who had lain sleepless during all that night, with terrible forebodings in her heart because of her son's prolonged absence, was aroused from an uneasy doze, into which she had fallen with the coming of the first faint light, by the sound of the familiar footstep outside the door. She heard the latchkey turn, and knew that the Doctor had gone into that room near his office, where he used disinfectants when necessary. There was silence for a few moments, and then she heard upon the stairs his familiar step, soft and stealthy that he might not wake her.

With admirable self-control, she made no movement; for she knew that it would have troubled her son to find her still awake. She allowed a certain time to elapse; and then she rose cautiously from her bed, feeling that she must at least have a look at him and assure herself everything was well for the time being. She stepped lightly along the narrow hall and pushed open the door of the Doctor's sleeping apartment.

Through the dim light that was coming in at the window, she peered into the room, and saw her son lying motionless, half in and half out of the bed. The sight filled her with measureless alarm. She stole softly round and touched his hand; for an awful fear had gripped her heart that she might find him cold or at least unconscious. But, with a great sigh of relief and a joyful uplifting of the spirit, she assured herself that it was merely natural sleep which had overcome him when he had thrown himself down partially undressed. She exerted her strength and contrived to raise onto the bed that portion of his body which was still upon the floor, and to cover him with a heavy comforter of her own quilting; for there was a chill in the morning air, despite the sultriness of the

previous evening, and old Mt. Royal was sending down a breeze to stir the lately languid atmosphere.

Then the mother bent to examine her son's face, which she could but dimly see by the aid of the dawn light and the radiance of a lamp still lighted in the street without. Her scrutiny revealed but little save that every nerve and muscle in that healthy and muscular frame, as in that strong and virile countenance, was relaxed in the deep sleep of exhaustion. So the mother, who had kept a vigil less strenuous, but scarce less nerve-racking than his own, stole away again and left the sleeper to his repose.

(To be continued.)

A Modern Utopia.

BY A. RAYBOULD.

THE evening light is glowing upon the high Alps—the rosy light seen only in the South,—flashing from peak to peak as the sun sinks to rest among the hills. The warm June day is drawing to a close; the air is laden with the scent of roses and of the grass which stands already high in the meadows. It is summer,—the full glad summer of the South, teeming with life and with the promise of joy. And yet under the shadow of the glowing mountains, and among the flowery ways, men are marching to battle, many perhaps to death.

The spire of the old Gothic church in Bozen looks down upon the crowds collected in the square,—upon how many such crowds has not the old spire looked down? Dense masses of men under arms are gathered round the statue of the great singer of the Middle Ages.* Dense masses of women also are gathered there,—come to say good-bye to their husbands and sons and brothers, and to whisper the last precious word of encouragement and of love. Upon the faces of all is written the same message of hope, the

* Walter von der Vogelweide.

same look of exaltation and of joy. Are they celebrating a victory or a triumphal return?

No: these men are going to the front for the first time,—old men with snowy beards floating over their breasts, young boys with hardly a sign of down upon their chins; all, some eight or ten thousand, the volunteers of one day; and of that small portion of the valley of the Etsch which surrounds the town of Bozen; men whose one thought and desire is to be permitted to defend their country; men of steel and iron, slow to speak but quick to act, worthy descendants of their great hero, Hofer; men who, like him, are willing to die a hundred deaths for that fair spot of earth which they call their home.

The bells ring out from the old church spire: a hush comes over the crowd and heads are bowed in prayer. It is the moment of the Benediction,—that last solemn blessing, which will be the signal for departure. Round the church the banners are waving,—great silken banners, with life-sized figures, embroidered every stitch by hand, and with rare skill,—images of the Sacred Heart and of the Immaculate Mother; images which to the Tyrolean are not merely the emblems of his faith, but the trophies of his country, without which he could not live at home, and without which he would not dare to go out to die. To him faith is indeed a vital thing; and when called to defend his country, it is with the sacred names of Christ and of Christ's Mother upon his lips that he goes forth to battle.

The Benediction has been given, the sound of the organ comes through the open church doors: then the voices of that vast multitude rise up in one accord, singing the national hymn. And what is this national hymn? The refrain is borne to our ears upon the evening breeze: "To Thee, O Heart of Jesus, we vow eternal fidelity!" Who composed the melody for this hymn I do not know, but

it is one that, once heard, can never be forgotten. Coming from thousands of human throats, it rises to Heaven like a trumpet call of faith,—rises upon the evening air in solemn and stirring cadence, a music worthy of being echoed by the eternal hills. "To Thee, O Heart of Jesus, we vow eternal fidelity!"—a vow of faith and of love, registered forever in heaven. Fidelity to the Saviour and fidelity to the Fatherland have but one and the same meaning in the hearts of these sturdy mountaineers. In this little country, which is one of the last strongholds of Catholicity left in the world, we still find the primitive faith of the Middle Ages, when men were strong to do and dare great things in God's name.

The world knows of the great things done in the Tyrol a hundred years ago in the name of faith and patriotism. Andreas Hofer's name has come down to us as that of one of the world's heroes; and the same spirit of patriotism which animated the Tyrolese in 1809 still lives in their hearts to-day. "The Tyrol for the Tyrolese," was then and has always been their motto, and it will remain so to the end,—the Tyrol, with its mountain boundaries, its fertile valleys, its Old-World faith, its quaint customs, its splendor of religious worship, and brave, independent people; the Tyrol, with its contempt for mere commercialism, with its intense and glowing Catholicity.

It is a common charge against Catholic peoples that they are idle and inert, with no talent for industry and social organization. The Tyrol, as the most industrious and prosperous country imaginable, and at the same time the most Catholic—the only country in which Catholicity flourishes in the full splendor of primitive worship,—gives the lie to this charge. The Tyrolean may be stolid and conservative, he may be narrow-minded, and on occasion cruel; but he is always hard-working, active, and industrious. His farm is a model of order, and his house hardly less so; his children are well cared

for, and as a rule well educated (the number of illiterates is, I believe, nil); his country is in the highest sense of the word prosperous,—prosperous in a way which seems impossible in the midst of the universal commercial greed of our times. The order of this little land is a proverb; one knows at once when one has crossed its frontiers by the immediate change in the landscape, by the extraordinary neatness of the homesteads and villages, and by the thriftiness of the people.

It is the only country of which I have ever heard where no man is really poor, where everyone can live by the labor of his hands, and where wealth, with the luxury and vices it entails, is unknown. It is the only country where the noble and the peasant—separated by no vastly wide difference in the matter of wealth, though perfectly independent of each other—work together towards the attainment of the same ends, and where they form members of one happy family, protected alike by both Church and State. In its social conditions, the Tyrol is a Utopia of well-being,—the last Utopia, perhaps, left in the world of simple, industrious, joyful human life.

What forces have gone to create the conditions of so ideal a state it would be hard to say: perhaps the influence of Catholicity in its purest and best form, unhampered by any interference of the State; perhaps the influence of a conservative government, which has made it possible to retain the traditions of the past; perhaps the rule of the Hapsburgs, who, regarding the Tyrol as the brightest jewel of their crown, have always granted to it special privileges and advantages; perhaps the laws of the country, which aim at the protection of the employee rather than of the employer. It may lie in the Tyrolean character, which does not lend itself to that commercial spirit which is generally the forerunner of social discontent.

The Tyrolean is content to dig and

plough the plot of land which Providence has appointed him to cultivate,—to cultivate it in such a way as to wring from it every blade of corn and bunch of grapes that it can yield; and in consequence neither he nor his family suffers want. He is content to do an honest day's work for honest pay, but he asks no exorbitant wage, being wise enough to know that good work is its own reward. He refuses to believe that his well-being would be increased by the erection of smoking factories in the midst of that mountain temple which God has given him to worship in. He is content to work with his hands, doing better work than any machine could do; he is content to be paid by such wage as enables him to have solid cloth on his back, and wholesome food on his table; he is content to work honestly six days in the week, and to praise God on the seventh. He is industrious and hard-working, but he claims as a right his feasts, in which to enjoy the life which God has given him.

While the Tyrolean may be an artist, he is content to receive the workman's wage; for his art is its own payment. He may be a gentleman, but he does not need to follow the fashions of Paris and Vienna, preferring truly gentle living in that earthly paradise which he calls his home. He may be cultured, but he does not consider his culture as a title to so much money, preferring to regard it as merely a title to simple and delightful living.

How primitive! Yes, surely, highly primitive in these advanced times of ours, when money has become the end and aim of existence; when life itself is sacrificed to material greed; when, in the hurry and stress of existence, men have only time in which to grow rich, but no time in which to praise their Maker or to enjoy the life which is His gift. Yes, it is indeed primitive that there should be a spot left on earth where people seek happiness rather than wealth, and comfort rather than luxury. But when anything

so primitively beautiful is to be found in this world where so little that is beautiful remains, would we like to see it swept away? Is there to be no corner of the earth where life may be a happy and joyous thing? No land where human beings can in this higher sense be prosperous? What is prosperity if not the well-being of the greatest number? What is true advancement if not social and industrial content? What is happiness if not living according to that faith and under those conditions which God has established for our good? Primitive, yes, but with what gain!

The Tyrolean may be conservative and suspicious of the stranger, he may be independent and contemptuous of the ways and fashions of other peoples, but at the price of these failings, he has kept his national life; he has kept his faith in a way—perhaps impossible elsewhere, and he has kept his claims to simple and happy living. The immediate consequence of these primitive ideals is that there is a force of national life in the Tyrol which would be inconceivable were we to forget these same ideals; a force of patriotism which it would be hard to imagine without understanding the conditions which have given it birth.

That this patriotism is bound up with fidelity to the House of Hapsburg does not alter its nature. The Tyrolese have enjoyed under the Hapsburg sway the liberty which they desire; they have found a government suitable to their particular needs, and they have been able to enjoy those social and religious privileges upon which their happiness depends. Their gratitude takes the form of unbounded fidelity to the rule which has secured them these advantages,—a fidelity which to the Tyrolean is part of his faith and patriotism, and which he could no more think of withholding than of denying the authority of the Church. Whether he is right or wrong in his convictions has nothing to do with the matter; he is, after all, the best judge of his own affairs;

and in this little sketch I wish to eschew politics and merely to give a picture of Tyrolese life,—this mountain life, with its fierce patriotism, its glowing Catholicity, its perfect social content, and glad industrial prosperity.

The Tyrol has given birth to many artists and singers, to many heroes and saints, but I think no one man expresses the temper of this people so clearly as Mozart. True, Mozart was born in Salzburg, just outside the Tyrol, but his music is expressive of the best qualities of the Tyrolese,—the simple, unquenchable faith, the joy of existence, the delight in the beauty of nature, the gladness of life as of a simple, wholesome thing given us to enjoy and be grateful for. Hence, gladness in life, as in a good thing, is the keynote to Tyrolean character. The Tyrolese are ardent believers, but they are neither mystics nor saints. They are human and full-blooded, fond of the good things of life, and somewhat disdainful of those higher ideals of sacrifice and vicarious suffering, to which sanctity lays claim. Perhaps religion has been made too sweet and easy to them; and what is called sanctity requires the fire of persecution as a soil in which to develop.

But if the Tyrol is in general not the land of these higher mystic ideals, it is the land of intense living faith. Faith runs through every fibre of the lives of the Tyrolese. Their chivalrous worship of our Blessed Lady, their tender respect and devotion towards the dead, their love of outward worship, their way of regarding and meeting death,—all prove the vitality of their faith; but it is a joyous and confident faith, and one not incompatible with much enjoyment of life's good things. Perhaps this is the really Catholic attitude. It is certainly a state of things inconceivable outside a Catholic country. Needless to say it lends to life a picturesqueness not to be found under other conditions.

In the Tyrol, life is glad and gay, full

of joy and color, but also full of religious sentiment; and it is this combination which makes the charm. After one lives some years in the Tyrol, life in other countries seems extraordinarily drab and dull. A Protestant lady being asked why she lived always in the Tyrol, where she could have no religious advantages, replied: "I could never again live in a Protestant country. It would seem too intolerably ugly." Life in the Tyrol is certainly not ugly, it is one of the most beautiful things in the world. The intense blue of its skies, the rugged outlines of its snowy peaks, the vivid green and luxurious flowering of its valleys, form a fitting background to a life as vivid and highly colored as it is quaint and picturesque.

The peasants trooping on feast-days to Mass in the town, walking sturdily down from the rocky heights, in gay costumes, and singing or jodling (yodling) as they come, and pausing to say a prayer at each wayside shrine they pass, is a characteristic picture of Tyrolean life. The gathering in of the harvest, where men and women join, where hard labor and gay song go together, where the wine pitcher is passed freely from mouth to mouth, and the work is enlivened by many a pleasant jest, is no less characteristic.

The churches reflect the religious temper of the people. They are nearly always large, handsome, and ornate, even in the remoter parts; on feast-days they are gay with flowers and banners, and crowded during the morning hours in a way most distressing to the stranger, who can never find a seat, and often not even standing room. The church music is fine; the singing, which is not congregational, is as a rule first-rate; and the ceremonies are carried out with a splendor rarely equalled elsewhere. After the High Mass on feast-days the peasants file off with their bands and banners. The streets are glowing flower-beds of color; the strains of music echo back from hill to hill; the warm sunshine blazes down in

the valleys, and the very air seems vibrant with joy and music.

On Corpus Christi, the processions which take place in every town and village are sights to be remembered. In these processions everyone, from the highest officer to the poorest peasant, takes part; the houses are radiant with flags and hangings; the children are all in spotless white; the whole population is dressed in its very best in honor of the day. It is a national feast, a day of praise and rejoicing, a glad holyday for every human being.

Is it any wonder that the Tyrolese love their home, and try to guard jealously the right to celebrate such feasts? Is it surprising that they do not desire the influx of strangers, who might mock their religious observances and national customs? The strangers' money would be but poor compensation for the weakening of national life. And so the Tyrol remains, more than any part of Europe, unvulgarized by the tourists, and by the levelling influences of the age. It is proud to cling to the past, to retain all the quaint customs which go to the upholding of its national life; it is proud to stand apart strong and independent, unshaken in its convictions, and rejoicing in the freedom it has thus earned.

It would be impossible to describe the passionate patriotism which burns in the hearts of this people. It is a thing shared by all,—by rich and poor, by high and low, by priest and peasant. The monk Haspinger riding in his habit, and with crucifix in hand, at the head of the army in 1809, may seem a strange picture but it is typical of Tyrolean life. The maid of Spinges defending a rocky height with a pitchfork, and hurling her assailants dead into the valley beneath, is no less so. The history of the war in 1809 is a romance of patriotism.

And the same spirit of patriotism lives in the Tyrol of to-day. This year will probably see the rebirth of those stirring times. The enthusiasm is indescribable. Every man in the length and breadth of

the land has volunteered. Veterans of eighty and boys of sixteen,—all are clamoring for admittance into the army. Even the women and children are prepared to fight, if need be, for the preservation of their mountain home. The barracks are filled with soldiers, the churches are filled with supplicants; through the streets and orchards endless processions are wending; all are united in prayer for the same end,—for that land which they love better than flesh and blood.

Whatever may be the issue of the present conflict, and whatever political opinions we may hold, this exhibition of patriotism is in itself so beautiful a thing that we can hardly deny it the admiration it deserves. This boundless confidence in God, this loyalty and devotion to one common cause, this undaunted courage and intrepidity, offer pictures of human life worthy of being engraved on the tablets of history. And so they are streaming forth from their homes,—old men and young, strong and weak. The music is playing, the banners are flying, the women are weeping, the children are praying; and from every individual heart goes up the time-worn cry, "For God and our Fatherland!"

The sun scorches the valleys; the flowers are trampled under foot; the soil is stained with blood; brave souls are called to give their best, their life, their all. Stout hearts are broken and laid low in the dust; the voice of weeping is heard in the land; but from every homestead and from every lonely heart rises to Heaven the evening hymn,—rises like incense laden with the perfume of sacrifice: "To Thee, O Heart of Jesus, we vow eternal fidelity!"

He that will give himself to all manner of ways to get money may be rich; so he that lets fly all he knows or thinks may by chance be satirically witty. Honesty sometimes keeps a man from growing rich, and civility from being witty.—*Selden.*

Madonna Mia.

BY ELEANOR DOWNING.

ONCE loved a lady, long ago,
And her name then I knew it not,
But her lips were like flame, and her hands like
snow,

And her eyes like forget-me-not;
And through all the years that have turned to
meet

The wan years of the past with piercèd feet,
Are none of her charms forgot.

I was a child when she came to me
In the years that have slipped away,
And she came with hushed feet and silently
In the hour of the twilight gray;
And I whispered her close my childish joys,
And my foolish tears, and my broken toys,
While my heart on her own heart lay.

Sometimes she came, when the whole day
through

I had sung till the sun sank low,
In sandals of gold and a mantle blue,
And a circlet around her brow;
And her breast and her head were veiled with
white,
And her locks were bound like the rim of night
O'er a height where the lilies blow.

And, lo! in her white arms upward borne
To the fields of the summer sky,
She rocked me to sleep on the silver horn
Where the winds murmur lullaby,
And the angels play on their gold guitars,
And the rush and flutter of white-winged stars
Keep time as they scamper by.

Sometimes again, when my cheek was wet,
And the pillow beneath my head
Was crumpled and tossed with the childish fret
Of trouble uncomforted,
She stole to my side in a shining gown,
And showed me the thorns in her golden crown,
And the place in her heart that bled.

She spake no word in the silence there,
With my brow on her white-clad knee;
But her pitying breath on my tangled hair
Was more sweet than all words could be;
And, the touch on mine of her soothing hand,
I drifted away to the dream-lit land
With her eyes bent over me.

Many the years that have gone their way
 Since she came to my trundle-cot;
 My shame is too deep for her eyes to-day,
 And the wounds that my soul hath got;
 But, O Lady! the years have taught your name,
 With the hands of snow, and the lips of flame,
 And the eyes of forget-me-not.

O fold your Blessed One mother-wise
 In the cloud of your raiment white,
 And turn from the valleys of Paradise
 And the peaks of ensilvered light!
 For the heart once sealed and the lips once dumb
 Have unwrung their bonds, and I cry you,
 "Come
 To my sin-weary soul to-night!"

And when my heart has unburdened all,
 And I sleep as I slept of yore,
 Soft-sheltered and warm in the loving thrall
 Of those arms I have anguished for,
 Then, mayhap, borne up from the dust I knew
 In the clinging folds of your mantle blue,
 I shall dream and awake no more.

The Publican.

BY GRACE KEON.

II.

DEAR DADDY:—I don't know how to tell you what has happened. But all the town is talking of it, and I suppose it has already started the rounds of the news; so I must try to get it to you before you see it in public print, or have some fellow stop you on the street about it. I'm afraid it won't read half as big a thing in my poor words as it really is, but that will be my fault. So supply between the lines yourself.

I've spoken several times of my friend Larry in my letters. He's a fine fellow half through now, and as kind to me as if he were my own big brother in starting me on my way—but I won't waste time speaking of that: you've heard it all before. To begin right. He and I had a half-holiday yesterday (Wednesday), and had planned to spend the afternoon—with the rector's permission, of course—attending an illustrated lecture in town.

Something happened to detain Larry, and he told me to go ahead, get a seat, and hold on to one for him. Off I went, got to the hall early, secured the best seats in the house.

The lecture was on the Philippines—a dandy!—and the slides were great. Man knew his business,—a good talker and thoroughly unbiased. I was simply lost, so much so that I failed to notice people beginning to look restless and uncomfortable. Nor did I smell the smoke, either, that was responsible for the trouble. First thing I knew of it was when a spurt of flame shot out from behind the curtain.

I'll never forget what happened then. They say there are only twenty dead; but there were seven hundred in the place, and it seemed to me as if there were seven thousand. It looked like that. I knew better than to join in the fight. There were three exits, and they jammed up so quick that none of them was any good. I tried to calm down the people in the rear, but they wouldn't listen. So I went back and sat there, trying to think what was best to be done,—it seemed so foolish to do nothing. But at least it would be better to die quietly in a chair than be pounded to death under the feet of that crazy crowd.

I made an act of contrition—I had been to Holy Communion in the morning, thank God!—and I was mighty sure my last hour had come. The smoke was terrible. Some of the men rushed up towards the stage; but the whole back of that was in flames, and there was no chance. I found every breath harder and harder to draw. I got down on the floor, and for a time it was easier. But I could feel myself going. And the screams of those poor people! I'll never forget it.

Some one grabbed a little tot—she can't be more than four years old—and threw her back out of the jam. She fell between the seats, scared to death. I grabbed her. "Get down here with me, baby," I said. "I'll take care of you." Poor little thing! Her father and mother

are both missing. I could only think then that she and I were going on a long journey. It seemed rather pleasant to start out in such white-souled company.

But I'm wandering, really. I can't help it. It is all so clear, so vivid, even yet. I haven't slept since it happened. The doctor talked opiate ten minutes ago, but I begged him to let me finish this first. You know, dad, I don't want you to worry.

I remember asking the baby if she knew her prayers, and she began the "Hail Mary." But she couldn't go on,—she was too scared. Death was coming nearer and nearer. I could hear fire bells, but they were very far away. I was choking, struggling for breath—then I heard a voice.

"Murray! Murray! Murray O'Mara! Rouse up, boy! I've got you, lad, and I've got a way out! Come, come!"

It was Larry. I grabbed the baby, and Larry grabbed me, and pulled and hauled and dragged me to the side of the building. The house itself was of brick, but it seems that the extension in the back was of frame. When Larry saw the crowd in front he knew it was no use to try to do anything there. So he picked up an axe, and he and three other men chopped a hole through the frame siding. It wasn't on fire, but the smoke was so thick that no one else would venture in. He got me and the baby, and I'm living because he came looking for me. May God be praised!

Dear dad, don't worry, please! And there's something I'd awfully like you to do for me. Larry's mother lives in the Immaculate Conception parish. She works, I think. Will you find out about her, and congratulate her? You'll know how to do it right. I want her to know how brave Larry is, and to hear it from you. He'll never tell her. Larry Byrnes isn't the chap to praise his own deeds.

I'll write again to-morrow. There's lots more. I've given you only a few details, and I'm not sure they're quite straight. But the doctor's just been in again. Sound

as a dollar, only I've got to get sleep. Everything will be fine. Lots of love, dad. For the last time, *Don't Worry!*

Strange, dad! "Worry" and "Murray" rhyme well together. But that's all they do,—just rhyme. Good-night! See you in the morning.

Your loving son,

MURRAY.

"Good Lord,—good Lord!" The words came from John O'Mara's ashen lips. He was striking one closed fist into the open palm of the other hand. "Think of it! Yesterday afternoon! And I sat there at my desk and didn't know! O my God, I didn't know,—I didn't know!"

His religion! Father Maguire stared, realizing. This was a new John O'Mara,—this pallid-faced, shaken man,—a John O'Mara to be comforted, buoyed up with consoling words.

"Sit down," the priest said gently. "It's all over!"

"All over—"

"All over, and Murray is safe. What's to fret about? Let's go over the letter again. Sit down. We'll read—"

"No," said the father, covering his eyes with his hand,—"*No, not yet.*"

But the priest scolded as if he were scolding a child, talked of this and that incident, guessed at details, surmised occurrences, discussed Larry; and finally had John O'Mara back in his chair, shaken, but composed. And then, as if to give another turn to the man's seething thoughts, Father Maguire alluded to the last clause in Murray's letter.

"I'll call up Father Lang (he's pastor of the Immaculate Conception parish), and see if he knows Larry's mother," he suggested. "He can give us her address, if nothing else."

"Do!" assented John O'Mara.

So Father Maguire called up the rector of the Immaculate Conception parish. As it chanced, Father Lang was at home. John O'Mara sat staring straight before him, hearing little, tapping the arm of his chair with restless fingers. But Father

Maguire, talking and listening, felt his own face grow pale. There was something like fear in his eyes when he at last hung up the receiver very, very slowly, and moved almost noiselessly to his place. There was silence; the quietness was intense,—so intense that the priest could hear the loud thumping of his own heart.

"Did you get the address?" asked John O'Mara.

"Yes," said Father Maguire.

His agitation was so marked that, in spite of his perturbation, O'Mara saw it.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"I—" Father Maguire pushed his hair away from a forehead moist with perspiration. "You—you *do* believe in God, John O'Mara,—not from the lips out, but right from the bottom of your heart? You do believe that, no matter how strong our will, how cast-iron our ambitions, God has the giving or withholding of all?"

John O'Mara bowed his head. "I do believe," he said,—*"I do believe in God's power and care. And, O my God, I thank Thee!"*

The words issued brokenly from his lips.

"There is another thing—no, don't look like that! Not Murray. It's the woman—the mother. She is very ill. Was taken ill some days ago in her place of employment. Her employer sent her home, discharged her. There was some talk about a glass of water. She is Larry Byrnes' mother."

The two stared at each other. John O'Mara sprang up suddenly. Father Maguire rose, too, facing him.

"A woman—a glass of water—ill—Mrs. Byrnes—discharged!" John O'Mara muttered the words, absorbing them. He caught at Father Maguire's wrist. "No, no, no!" he shuddered. "Don't tell me that,—don't tell me that! It isn't true!"

"It is true," said Father Maguire.

"And it was—her son?"

"It is her son."

"Her son?" John O'Mara released his wrist as suddenly as he had seized it, and sank down limp and helpless. "Now,

may God be merciful to me, a sinner!" he murmured.

He wavered to his feet again, holding to the back of his chair for support.

"There was once a pharisee—you remember him? And the publican who stood afar off?" (His lips wreathed in a smile that was a contortion.) "Five thousand dollars for a bed, this pharisee gave to a hospital to please Murray! And he discharged the mother of the boy who saved Murray's life! Discharged her—because she drank from his glass!"

"Wait!" said Father Maguire.

But the man was bent on self-torture. Incoherent phrases fell from his lips. Father Maguire let him talk on until he had exhausted himself. At last the opportunity for interruption came.

"The mother is poor. Father Lang tells me that she would never let Larry know she had to work so hard. He thought she kept herself by sewing or lace-making or something of that sort. She needs everything, care and rest principally. You can see that she gets them."

"The least,—the very least!" whispered John O'Mara.

It was done. Father Torrance smiled a little at Father Maguire when he heard the story.

"Well, Pat," he said, "the man *had* a religion."

"Yes," said Father Maguire, thoughtfully; "he had one, though I don't think Murray himself ever realized it. But the one he has now is the best."

He was right. In the very last pew of the beautiful Church of St. Mary John O'Mara was kneeling at that moment. He had just heard Mass. With eyes fixed on the Tabernacle, his heart sent up a prayer so deep, so intense, that the words could not issue from his set lips. It was the prayer he was to make his own through all the long years of a useful, noble, charitable life: "May God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

A Novelist's Delicate Charity.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, the Elder, met one day, on a Paris boulevard, an acquaintance of his boyhood whom he had not seen for many years. As this acquaintance appeared to be in very poor circumstances, the novelist, after some conversation, asked him:

"Where are you dining to-day?"

"To-day, as it happens," said the other with a sad smile, "I'm not going to dine at all."

"You are mistaken," said Dumas: "you are going to have dinner with me."

He took the man home, and installed him as the guest of honor at his table. It had probably been a very long time since the poor fellow had partaken of so good a meal. When, after the dessert, Dumas retired into his study, he remarked:

"It's understood, my old friend, that I shall expect you at the same hour to-morrow."

The next day, and the next, and the next after that, the acquaintance arrived for dinner; and kept on doing so for several years—up to the time of his death.

One day the poor fellow felt remorseful about eating bread that he had not earned.

"Look here," he said to Dumas. "This sort of thing can't go on indefinitely. Unless you can show me some way of earning my dinner honestly, I'll come no more. In what way can I be of any service to you?"

After a moment's reflection, the novelist replied:

"You can render me a great service. It is to visit Pont-Neuf every day on your way here and bring me the correct temperature as registered by Chevalier's thermometer. Does that suit you?"

Of course it suited; and, as Dumas insisted that he needed to know the temperature in the interests of his theatre, the acquaintance really thought that he was rendering a service, and accordingly ate his dinner with a quiet conscience, which Dumas took care never to disturb.

A Theory and a Condition.

ONE of the first lessons taught by experience to the man who takes a leading and intelligent part in any activity of public life is that the most logical and admirable theories are apt to suffer considerable abrasion, if not mutilation, in the process of their reduction to practice. The system of polity, or body of principles, by which the affairs of a city, a State, or the whole country are supposed to be administered, may be little less than ideally perfect; while the actual working out of the system may, nevertheless, involve criminal extravagance, collusive contracts, invidious distinctions, and wholesale dealings in bribery, corruption, "boodling," and "graft."

In the wear and tear of the practical workaday world, where sentiment is over-ridden by business and altruism is jostled aside by selfishness, theoretical equity in the management of public affairs is not seldom sacrificed to the demands of personal or party advantage. In civic councils, aldermanic boards and State legislatures, and congresses or parliaments the world over, there are, unfortunately, to be found men thoroughly in accordance with that Mr. Hume who, when asked by Lord John Russell what he considered the object of legislation, replied, "The greatest good of the greatest number"; and, on further inquiry as to what he considered the greatest number, frankly answered, "Number one."

Abstract theories of government are one thing; the actual facts or conditions of concrete administration are another, and, often enough, an entirely different thing. The formal and solemn declaration of the American Colonies—"We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"—was a theory, and merely a theory, for well-nigh a century after the

Colonies had won their independence. The practice was—absolute slavery for millions of those who, hypothetically, had an “unalienable right” to liberty. Similar contrarities, or at least divergences, between profession and performance, preaching and practice, theories and conditions, are thrust upon the notice of any observant citizen.

One theory of our system of government in the United States, for instance, is that appointments to public offices of honor or emolument shall be dictated solely by considerations of fitness and aptitude in the nominee, and of the best interests of the country. Yet everyone knows that the almost, if not quite, invariable practice of both the dominant political parties is strictly in accord with the rule that “to the victors belong the spoils.” Another theoretical proposition that is periodically put forward, and maintained with not a little insistence, is that a man's availability for a position in the public service in no wise depends on his religious belief; and this particular theory we may be pardoned for discussing somewhat fully.

That race prejudice and creed bigotry are, among the great masses of Americans, notably less in evidence nowadays than they were a generation or two ago is undoubtedly the case. That a more liberal treatment of minorities has succeeded the practical ignoring of their claims once so prevalent, and that the tendency is towards the fullest recognition of the rights of all classes, is also happily true; but that either the bigotry or the prejudice has absolutely disappeared and is no longer to be found among the intelligent and cultured of our citizens, is a statement unwarranted by facts and disbelieved by those who are fondest of making it. From time to time there is still a recrudescence, even among the educated, of the intolerance and illiberality that disfigure our earlier annals; and while we may rejoice that the evil is local rather than general, and intermittent rather than chronic, it can hardly

serve any wise purpose to assert its non-existence.

That a man's creed has nothing to do, in this country, with his securing or failing to secure an office in the gift of his party is an assertion which every practical politician knows to be quite untrue. Theoretically, of course, it is desirable that Smith's or Hogan's religious belief should not operate for or against his appointment to this or that government position; but the practical distributor of patronage takes that belief into consideration nevertheless, and as often as not Smith or Hogan succeeds or fails primarily because of his religion.

Now, we Catholics form a respectable percentage of the population of this country, and by every rule of right and equity may justly claim a proportionate share of the honorary or remunerative offices in the making and the administration of the country's laws, and in the various branches of the public service. Do we hold them? And if not, whose is the fault? In great measure our own. The frank assertion of our claims to adequate recognition can surely give no cause for legitimate offence to our non-Catholic fellow-citizens; and our quiet persistence in advocating these claims can certainly be made effective in convincing political leaders, within a reasonable period, that it is not only right, but expedient, to grant them. Divided as we are, and as it is probably best that we should be, in our political allegiance, we can honestly affirm that this question rises above the plane of partisanship: rightly considered, indeed, it pertains to good, practical patriotism.

The trouble with a good many Catholics in not a few of our States appears to be that they are dominated by a certain subconscious idea that they are citizens of the country only on sufferance, that they ought to be duly grateful for such meagre allowance of the governmental loaves and fishes as is doled out to them by successive administrations, and that

manly assertion of their rights under a free government is a measure of rank unwisdom. The time for that sort of sentiment has long since gone by. Our co-religionists of the present day will do well to put away their supineness in public affairs, assume their full share of public responsibilities, and insist on receiving that due measure of recognition which, in view of their numbers and standing, can not fairly be denied them.

A Royal Benefaction.

A MILLIONAIRE to be envied, not for his money but for his golden heart, is Mr. Henry C. Frick. Only a man of the most generous impulses would have thought of doing what he did during the holidays. A Pittsburg bank; in which children to the number of 40,000 had deposited their small savings, amounting, however, to more than \$169,000, had failed, and its closing had saddened the hearts of the youthful depositors and cast a gloom over thousands of humble homes. Christmas was near, and its joyousness threatened to be blighted—and would have been but for Mr. Frick. He had no interest in the closed bank, but he immediately telegraphed from New York that he would pay in full all the accounts of the school-children depositors. Their grateful joy over this gracious and princely act may be imagined. The only thing to mar Mr. Frick's own pleasure (doubtless it was as great as that of his youthful beneficiaries) was that the necessity of transferring the accounts to a bank of which he is a director delayed payment until after New Year's.

The United States is sometimes contemptuously referred to by foreigners as the Republic of Dollars; but there are among us some wealthy men whose benefactions would do honor to the most powerful of potentates, and whose public spirit is the admiration of their fellow-citizens. Mr. Frick is an American of whom we feel proud.

Notes and Remarks.

The place of the Blessed Virgin in Christian worship, we are happy to notice, is becoming more generally recognized by non-Catholics, especially members of the Church of England. Evidence of this is seen in the devotional books now issued by Anglican and other publishers. A new edition of a little book entitled "A Posie from a Royal Garden," "suggesting some practical lessons for our own time drawn from the life of the Blessed Virgin Mary," has a foreword by the Bishop of Kensington, who feels sure "that there is an ever-increasing number of persons who will eagerly welcome any help or suggestion for the study of the life and example of the Blessed Virgin." "The Lambeth Diary," intended for the use of pious Anglicans, contains among other short prayers the Angelus; while the "Canterbury Almanac" has a centre-piece representing the Coronation of Our Lady, framed in an artistic border, and a rhymed prayer to "Heaven's Queen." And it would be easy to multiply these proofs of the changed attitude of non-Catholics towards what they used to call "Mariolatry."

According to Dr. Paul Bowers, physician of the Indiana State Prison at Michigan City, there is little hope of reforming fifty per cent of its older criminals. He declares that the same per cent of all judicial proceedings in the United States are concerned with criminality. No wonder that, with the overflow of our penal institutions and the increasing cost of their maintenance, thoughtful citizens are beginning to demand that, instead of giving attention wholly to providing more shelter for criminals, the duty of taking action to diminish the number of them be considered. Of late there has been much discussion of the causes which operate to produce crime and criminals, and all sorts of means have been suggested for the removal or lessening of those causes—

all but the right one, the only one that will prove efficacious. Without religious instruction it is impossible to prevent or check crime. Children who are deprived of the knowledge of their moral obligations are more likely to become burdens to the State than ornaments of it. As for grown-up persons who have entered upon a career of crime, the majority are far more apt to persevere in it than to reform, unless they are brought under influence that is distinctly religious.

One section of the Labor Law—or, as it is sometimes called, the “One day of rest in seven” law—of New York State is to this effect: “The Industrial Board at any time when the preservation of property, life, or health requires, may except specific cases for specified periods from the provisions of this act by written orders which shall be recorded as public records.” As very many applications had been made to the Board for exemption from the provisions of the law, that body a few months ago made the following ruling, which is of general interest:

The State Industrial Commission considers it to be the clear intent of the law that such exemptions may be granted by it only in cases of great emergency, such as fire, flood, or other conditions which could not be anticipated in the statute itself. The State Industrial Commission will not consider applications for exemption under this section in cases where it is possible to comply with the law by the engaging of additional employees. Inasmuch as the law does not prohibit work on Sunday, it is possible, in practically all cases where continuous operation is desired, to comply with the “One day of rest in seven” law by employing more help and rotating the day of rest for all employees. Furthermore, it is the clear intent of the law that exemptions, if any, be granted only in case of specific processes or businesses, not in entire industries; and then for only specified periods, limited in time until the emergency in question has passed.

The Commission does well to be chary of granting the exemptions asked for. Apart from the religious aspect of the matter, all history shows that, merely as good practical philosophy and sound

political economy, laboring men, and beasts as well, should have a full day’s rest once a week.

The annual report of the collection for the ecclesiastical students of the Diocese of Rochester is of more than passing interest because of the Pastoral Letter which the Bishop prefixes to the volume. The subject of it is, naturally, vocations to the priesthood and the religious life. These are wise and timely words:

Every true Catholic is conscious of the honor bestowed on the family from which God is pleased to select one for service at the altar. It is above every dignity of this life; and, no matter what the lineage, station or wealth of the family, the priesthood always places us above every other rank or consideration. It is most noble of its very nature, as it confers upon man the greatest dignity, an eminent power, the most close union with God, an accumulation of special blessings and graces; its object is most sublime, because the glory of God, the work of Christ, and the salvation of souls are committed to the priest. No man in any way deserves a vocation; hence the essence of the honor of the priesthood is the realizing sense that God has condescended to make use of weak men to do His work in the world.

Bishop Hickey then urges the necessity of prayer for vocations, himself setting aside one day a month when he will offer the Holy Sacrifice for that intention. Such a document and such high example can not fail to effect much good in the noble work of bringing more laborers into the vineyard.

The maxim of Archbishop Spalding, that “what we want to do we find time to do,” might be paraphrased to cover a recent action of the Postmaster-General of the United States. The action in question is thus described by a Washington newspaper:

Albert S. Burleson, Postmaster-General, yesterday issued an order barring from the United States mails envelopes on which is printed an article entitled “A Good Soldier,” by Jack London. . . . He acted under Section No. 212 of the Criminal Code, which excludes from the mails all matter that carries openly any reflection on the character or conduct of any person.

Mr. London's article is held to reflect on the character and conduct of American soldiers, declaring that to be a good soldier is the lowest aim in life and to be a "blind, heartless, soulless, murderous machine." . . . The section of the Criminal Code under which Mr. Burseson acted bars matter on which the attacks are exposed, such as postal cards, envelopes, and package covers.

In view of the fact that the most slanderous and insulting printed matter, assailing the faith and character of more than sixteen million citizens of this country, is admitted freely to the United States mails, it would seem that the desire is absent to prevent such a wrong, or the wrong would be prevented. What we want to prevent we can find—or make—laws to prevent.

In a sermon delivered by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hurth, of the diocese of Vigan, in the cathedral of Manila on Thanksgiving Day, prominently published in full in the leading daily of the Philippines, and described as "one of the finest sermons ever preached in Manila," we find a ringing rebuke to the instigators and abettors of the campaign of bigotry now being carried on in the Islands. There was special occasion for this stern reproof, and the Bishop did well, we think, not to mince his words:

There is no deeper depth of infamy than that to which these foul calumniators have descended. The traitor's treachery seems heroic daring, the murderer's malice seems gentle charity, the adulterer's rottenness seems sweet and wholesome purity, compared with the debauched, diabolical malice of those who clamor against us in the sacred name of patriotism, "the last refuge of the scoundrel."

But with still greater amazement and contempt I regard those smug and complacent religionists who are willing that their cause should profit by this un-American and unchristian fanaticism. Thousands of copies of wretched sheets are circulated here in the Philippines, where conditions make them even more mischievous than they are at home.

Has any minister of the Gospel raised his voice in protest from the pulpit? If so, it has not come to my knowledge. But it *has* come to my knowledge that ministers of the Gospel have made themselves the distributors of such

vile sheets, assiduously poisoning therewith the minds of the young in our midst. Has any newspaper had the courage to scourge with contempt and sarcasm these violators of American liberty? If so, I have not read them. Have professional and business men done anything to fight this real menace to American freedom and American ideals and institutions? If so, I do not know about it. The non-Catholic clergy, the secular press, and the public and professional men of America have missed a golden opportunity to blazon before the world the elemental doctrines of American liberty, equality, and fraternity.

Sad to say, but truth to tell, such opportunity is generally missed. No doubt there are a great many fair-minded men among our separated brethren who abhor religious intolerance and would gladly see it crushed to earth; nevertheless, it is exceptional when a Protestant preacher or politician, editor, writer, or publicist, has the manliness openly to denounce bigotry and to discountenance bigots, though occasions for doing this are presented every day.

One member of Congress whose speeches during the present session are likely to command general attention is Representative Tavenner, of Illinois. He says things. It may be that he is unduly radical, but men disposed to get at the root of difficulties are by no means too common amongst us at present. In a speech advocating the adoption of a policy under which the Government will in future build all its own battleships and manufacture its munitions of war, Mr. Tavenner declared that the "war magnates" were making "millions and millions" out of the present trouble in Europe. "It is not to the interest of these men that the war shall be brought to a speedy close," he said. "It is not to their interest that the United States shall not become involved in the European war, but that it *shall* become involved. The more war, the more profits. To the war trust backers peace would actually be a calamity. War is unprofitable to all save the war trading mongers. Why not make war

unprofitable even to them by taking all profit out of war and preparation for war? Congress can do it easily enough by manufacturing all of its own munitions and ships."

Although not new, this is something to think about, and something well deserving of serious thought. More power to Mr. Tavenner!

A writer in the *Cleveland Universe* tells of an interesting incident occurring recently in Dayton, Ohio, in connection with a religious census of that city:

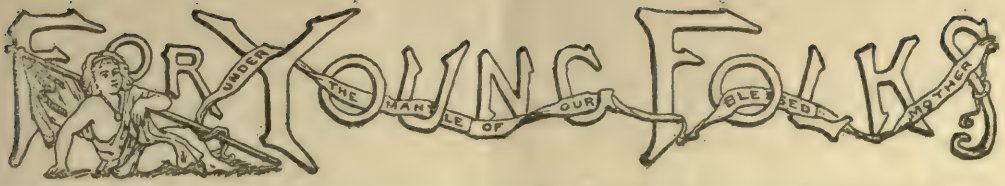
Asked the Catholic population of the city by the director of the census—which was not under Catholic auspices, though undertaken with the co-operation of all the Catholic pastors,—the dean of the district replied that he put it in round numbers at 25,000, though that estimate might be a little above the mark. At the end of the canvass (done in two hours by 3000 workers) more than 30,000 names of Catholics were turned in to the Rev. William Hickey, with a few districts yet to be heard from. I saw somewhere the other day a study of the religious census of the United States, in which it was remarked that the number of Catholics, being chiefly "estimated" and not actually counted, was perhaps less than the figures quoted. Well, here is one perfectly fresh comparison between the estimate and the count. The difference would, I imagine, be paralleled so generally elsewhere that it can stand as a more than local evidence of the direction in which the Catholic Directory is inclined to "exaggerate."

We have no doubt that the underestimate of the dean is far more typical of Catholic claims than is the over-estimating with which we are so frequently charged.

Many reputations have already been made in the present European war, and many more are in the making. Future historians of France, as of the other belligerent powers, will have new names to add to the long list of martial heroes, to the glorification of whom history is proverbially partial; but it may be questioned whether the Great War will bring to any one individual a fuller meed of worthy fame, of enviable renown, than has

been garnered by a venerable French octogenarian, a civilian Captain of Industry, lately deceased. When death summoned M. Leon Harmel last month, there went to his reward a French Catholic who deserves a place alongside Frederic Ozanam in the memory of his countrymen, and, for that matter, in the memory of Catholics generally. To him belonged the distinction of translating into actual concrete practice the theories and principles laid down in Leo XIII.'s illuminating encyclicals on Labor. At Val des Bois he exemplified the genuinely Christian relations that should everywhere exist between Labor and Capital; and the name by which he was habitually called, *le bon père* (the good father), connotes a higher glory than any military decoration in the gift of king or emperor. In his private life, M. Harmel was a man of prayer and a devout client of the Sacred Heart. In the closing years of his long life he enjoyed the privilege of keeping the Blessed Sacrament in his private chapel; and hours of every day were spent there in adoration,—a fitting preparation for the fruition of the beatific vision which will surely prove the crown of his truly Catholic work on earth. *R. I. P.*

Gratifying recognition of the growth of the Church in Western Canada has just been made by the Holy Father. Simultaneously with the appointment of Bishop Beliveau as successor to Mgr. Langevin, late Archbishop of St. Boniface, the See of Regina has been raised to the dignity of an archdiocese, with Mgr. Mathieu as its head; and there has been created a new archdiocese, Winnipeg, with the Rev. Father Sinnott, secretary of the Apostolic Delegate at Ottawa, as its metropolitan. Our Catholic contemporaries of the western portion of the neighboring Dominion are naturally rejoicing in the honors that have come to them, and we tender them our congratulations on the conditions which make these honors so congruous.



Night Winds.

BY ALBERT T. GRANT.

WHEN I am tucked away in bed
And mother goes downstairs,
The night winds howl just awfully
If I've forgot my prayers.
They shake the windows of my room,
And make me creep with fears;
And if I cover up my head,
They shriek into my ears.
But when I've said my evening prayers
They never stop to blow,
But hurry quickly past my room
As fast as they can go.

Killykinick.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

II.—OLD TOP.

HERE was a hurried rush to the scene of accident; but first aid to the injured had already been rendered. Freddy lay on the Gym floor, pillowed on Dan's jacket, and reviving under the ministration of a sturdy hand and a very wet and grimy pocket-handkerchief.

"What did you go tumbling off like that for?" asked Dan indignantly, as the "angel eyes" of his patient opened.

"Don't know," murmured Freddy, faintly.

"I told you to stand steady, and you didn't,—you jumped!" said Dan.

"So—so you'd feel me," answered Fred, memory returning as the darkness began to brighten, and Brother Bart and Brother Timothy and several other anxious faces started out of the breaking clouds. "But I'm not hurt,—I'm not hurt a bit, Brother Bart."

"Blessed be God for that same!" cried the good Brother, brokenly, as, after close examination, Brother Timothy agreed to this opinion. "And it wasn't the fault of the rapsallions wid ye that ye're not killed outright. To be swinging like monkeys from a perch, and ye half sick and light-headed! Put him in the bed, Brother Timothy; and keep him there till we see what comes of this."

So Freddy was put to bed in the dim quiet of the infirmary, to watch developments. Brother Timothy gave him an old-fashioned "draught," and he went to sleep most comfortably. He woke up feeling very well indeed, to enjoy an appetizing repast of chicken broth and custard. But when this went on for two days, Freddy began to grow restless.

Infirmary life was very well in school time; indeed, when there were several other patients not too sick to share its luxuries, it proved rather a pleasant break in the routine of class-room and study-hall. In fact, a late epidemic of measles that filled every bed had been a "lark" beyond Brother Timothy's suppression. But the infirmary in vacation, with no chance for the pillow fights that had made the "measles" so hilarious, with no boy in the next bed to exchange confidences and reminiscences, with no cheery shouts and yells rising from the playground and quadrangle, with only the long stretch of bare, spotless rooms, white cots, and Brother Timothy rolling pills in the "doctor shop," the infirmary was dull and dreary indeed.

"Can't I get up to-day, Brother?" asked Freddy on the third morning, as Brother Timothy took away a breakfast tray cleared to the last crumb of toast.

"No," replied the Brother, who from long dealing with small boys had acquired the stony calm of a desert sphinx. Beneath

it he was a gentle, patient, wise old saint, who watched and prayed over his patients in a way they little guessed. "No, you can't."

"Gee!" said Freddy, with a rebellious kick at the counterpane. "The bump on my head is gone, and I'm not sick at all."

"We're not so sure of that," answered Brother Tim. "You've had temperature."

"What's 'temperature'?" asked Freddy, roused with interest.

"Never mind what it is, but you'll have to stay here till it goes," answered Brother Tim, with decision.

And Freddy could only lay back on his pillows in hopeless gloom, watching the shadows of the big elm by his window flickering over curtain and coverlet. The great elm—or "Old Top," as it had been affectionately called by generations of students—was the pride of the college grounds. Many a newcomer felt his heart warm to his strange surroundings when he found the name of father or grandfather cut into the rough bark, where men who had made later marks on history's page had left youthful sign manual. More than once the growth of the college buildings had threatened to encroach upon Old Top; but the big elm held its prior claim, and new dormitory or infirmary was set back that it might rule with kingly right in its historic place.

Many were the stories and legends of which Old Top was the hero. In the "great fire" its boughs had proven a ladder of safety before modern "escapes" were known. Civil-War veterans told of hunted scouts hiding, all unknown to the Fathers, in its spreading branches; while the students' larks and frolics to which it had lent indulgent ear were ancient history at many a grandfather's fireside.

But, like all things earthly, the big tree was growing old; a barbed wire fencing surrounded the aging trunk, and effectively prohibited climbing the rotten and unsafe branches. Even cutting names was forbidden. Freddy had been the last allowed, as the "kid" of the house, to put

his initials beneath his father's. It had been quite an occasion, his eleventh birthday. There had been a party (Freddy always had ten dollars to give a party on his birthday); and then, surrounded by his guests, still gratefully appreciative of unlimited ice cream and strawberries, he had carefully cut "F. W. N. 19—" beneath the same signature of twenty years ago. It was then too hilarious an occasion for sad reflection; but, lying alone in the infirmary to-day, Freddy's memories took doleful form as he recalled the "F. W. N." above his own, and began to think of the father who had vanished so utterly from his young life.

He had only the vaguest recollection of a tall, handsome "daddy" who had tossed him up in his arms and frolicked and laughed with him in a very dim, early youth. He could recall more clearly the stern, silent man of later years, of whom the five-year-boy had been a little afraid. And he retained a vivid memory of one bewildering evening in the dusky parlor of Saint Andrew's when a shaking, low-voiced father had held him tight to his breast for one startling moment, and then whispered hoarsely in his ear, "Good-bye, my little son,—good-bye forever!" It was very sad, as Freddy realized to-day (he had never considered the matter seriously before),—very sad to have a father bid you good-bye forever. And to have your mother dead, too,—such a lovely mother! Freddy had, in his small trunk, a picture of her that was as pretty as any of the angels on the chapel windows. And now he had "temperature," and maybe was going to die, too, like some of those very good little boys of whom Father Martin read aloud on Sundays.

Freddy's spirits were sinking into a sunless gloom, when suddenly there came a whistle through the open window,—a whistle that made him start up breathless on his pillow. For only one boy in Saint Andrew's could achieve that clear high note. It was Dan Dolan calling,—but

how, where? Freddy's window was four stories high, without porch or fire escape, and that whistle was almost in his ear. He pursed up his trembling lips and whistled back.

"Hi!" came a cautious voice, and the leafy shadows of Old Top waved violently. "You're there, are you? Brother Tim around?"

"No," answered Freddy.

"Then I'll swing in for a minute," And, with another wild shake of Old Top, Dan bestrode the window ledge,—a most cheery-looking Dan, grinning broadly.

"How—how did you get up?" asked Freddy, thinking of the barbed wire defences below.

"Dead easy," answered Dan. "Just swung across from the organ-loft windows. They wouldn't let me come up and see you. Brother Bart, the old softy, said I'd excite you. What's the matter, anyhow? Is it the tumble—or typhoid?"

"Neither," said Fred. "I feel fine, but Brother Tim says I've got temperature."

"What's that?" asked Dan.

"I don't know," replied Freddy. "You better not come too near, or you may catch it."

"Pooh, no!" said Dan, who was poised easily on his lofty perch. "I never catch anything. But I'll keep ready for a jump, or Brother Tim will catch me, and there will be trouble for sure. And as for Brother Bart, I don't know what he'd do if he thought I had come near you. Jing! but he gave it to me hot and heavy about letting you get that tumble! He needn't. I felt bad enough about it already."

"Oh, did you, Dan?" asked Fred, quite overcome by such an admission.

"Rotten!" was the emphatic answer. "Couldn't eat any dinner, though we had cherry dumpling. And Brother Bart rubbed it in, saying I had killed you. Then I got the grumps, and when Dud Fielding gave me some of his sass we had a knock-out fight that brought Father Rector down on us good and strong. I tell you it's been tough lines all around.

And this is what you call—vacation!" concluded Dan, sarcastically.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" said Freddy. "The tumble didn't hurt me much. I guess I was sort of sick anyhow. And to fight Dud Fielding!" The speaker's eyes sparkled. "Oh, I bet you laid him out, Dan!"

"Didn't I, though! Shut up one eye, and made that Grecian nose of his look like a turnip. It ain't down yet," answered Dan, with satisfaction. "He fired me up talking about Aunt Win."

"Oh, did he?" asked Freddy, sympathetically.

"Yes: said I ought to be ditch-digging to keep her out of the poorhouse, instead of pushing in with respectable boys here. Sometimes I think that myself," added Dan in another tone. "But it wasn't any of that blamed plute's business to knock it into me."

"But it isn't true: your aunt isn't in the poorhouse, Dan?" said Freddy, eagerly.

"Well, no, not exactly," answered Dan. "But she is with the Little Sisters, which is next thing to it. And I ain't like the rest of you, I know; and don't need Dud Fielding to tell me. But just let me get a good start and I'll show folks what Dan Dolan can do. I'll be ready for something better than a newsboy or a boot-black."

"O Dan, you'll never be anything like that!" said Freddy in dismay.

"I have been," was the frank reply. "Given many a good shine for a nickel. Could sell more papers than any little chap on the street. Was out before day on winter mornings to get them hot from the press, when I hadn't turned seven years old. But I ain't going back to it,—no, sir!" Dan's lips set themselves firmly. "I'm on the climb. Maybe I won't get very far, but I've got my foot on the ladder. I'm going to hold my own against Dud Fielding and all his kind, no matter how they push; and I told Father Rector that yesterday when they were plastering up Dud's eye and nose."

"O Dan, you didn't!"

"Yes, I did. I was just boiling up, and had to bust out, I guess. And when he lectured us about being gentlemen, I told him I didn't aim at anything like that. I wasn't made for it, as I knew; but I was made to be a man, and I was going to hold up like one, and stand no shoving."

"O Dan!" gasped Freddy, breathlessly. "And—and what did he say?"

"Nothing," answered Dan, grimly. "But, from the looks of things, I rather guess I'm in for a ticket of leave. That's why I'm up here. Couldn't go off without seeing you,—telling you how sorry I was I let you get that fall off my shoulders. I oughtn't to have dared a kid like you to fool-tricks like that. I was a big dumb-head, and I'd like to kick myself for it. For I think more of you than any other boy in the college, little or big,—I surely do. And I've brought you something, so when I'm gone you won't forget me."

And Dan dived into his pocket and brought out a round disk of copper about the size of a half dollar. It was rimmed with silver and engraven with some foreign crest, and name and date.

"An old sailor man gave it to me," said Dan, as he reached over to Freddy's bed and handed him his treasure. He was a one-legged old chap that used to sit down on the wharf sort of dazed and batty, until the boys roused him by pelting and hooting at him; and then he'd fire back curse words at them that would raise your hair. It was mean of them, for he was old and lame and sick; and one day I just lit out at a couple of measly little chaps and ducked them overboard for their sass. After that we were sort of friends, me and old 'Nutty,' as everyone called him. I'd buy his tobacco and beer for him, and give him an old paper now and then; and when he got down and out for good Aunt Win made me go for the priest for him and see him through. He gave me this at the last. He had worn it on a string around

his neck, and seemed to think it was something grand. It's a medal for bravery that the poor old chap had won more than forty years ago. Ben Wharton offered me a dollar for it to put in his museum, but I wouldn't sell it. It seemed sort of mean to sell poor old Nutty's medal. But I'd like to give it to you, so you'll remember me when I've gone."

"Oh, but you're not—not going away, Dan!" said Freddy. "And I can't take your medal, anyhow. I'd remember you without it. You're the best chum I ever had,—the very best. And—and—"

The speaker broke off, stammering; for a second visitor had suddenly appeared at his bedside: Father Regan who had entered the infirmary unheard and unseen, and who now stood with his eyes fixed in grave displeasure on the daring Dan.

(To be continued.)

The Little Bean-King.

IT would be difficult to tell the precise origin of the Twelfth Cake which from time immemorial has been prepared for Twelfth Night, or the feast of the Epiphany. Into this cake a bean is introduced; and, the cake being divided by lot, whoever draws the piece containing the bean is entitled, as the bean-king, to preside over the ceremonies. The custom has been traced back to pre-Christian times, although the coincidence of the feast with that of the Three Kings has led some to conclude that it is not of pagan origin.

In any case, it is still in vogue in the most Catholic countries, and not least in Brittany. Accordingly, some three or four years ago, the Valacroix family, whose castle is in the vicinity of Morlaix, were ready on the 6th of January to celebrate with all due joy the traditional festival, and a number of their relatives and friends had assembled to take part in the festivities. In this particular family it is the usage to "draw the king," not at the dessert, as is the common custom nowa-

days, but at the beginning of the meal.

As soon, then, as all were seated, an enormous cake, golden-brown in color, was brought in on a silver platter. When the children had sufficiently admired it, devouring it beforehand with their eyes, Monsieur Valacroix resolutely attacked it with a large knife and cut it into as many slices, plus one, as there were persons present. The extra slice was called the portion of the poor; for, in certain districts of France, the unfortunate do not fail to claim it by singing before the house some oldtime appropriate song.

Charlie, the youngest of the Valacroix, was named to designate to whom the different slices should go. He was placed with his back to the table, and when his father took up the first slice and asked, "For whom is this?" he replied, "For the poor."

It was laid aside, and the distribution went on. When it was finished, everybody hastened to break up his slice, in the hope of finding in it the magic bean that would confer temporary royalty; but nobody discovered it.

"It must be in the portion of the poor," said Monsieur Valacroix.

"And so we shan't have any king!" added one of his boys.

"Well," rejoined his father, "there is a very simple way of remedying that. All we have to do is to bring in the first poor person who presents himself, make him sit down at the table here, and name him king for the evening."

This original plan was received with enthusiasm and adopted at once. The children were still saying, "Yes, yes, let's!" when a clear young voice was heard outside the windows of the great dining-room, singing an old Twelfth-Night rhyme.

Orders were given to introduce the singer, and it proved to be a little peasant boy about twelve years old. He was poorly clad, and his wooden shoes made a great clatter on the tiled floor; but his frank and intelligent countenance disposed everyone in his favor.

Finding himself in this splendid hall, with so many great gentlemen and fine ladies, whose brilliancy was enhanced by the many lights, the boy was stricken dumb. To reassure him, Madame Valacroix spoke a few affable words and asked him his name. He seemed to make a supreme effort, and replied easily enough:

"Saving your presence, my name is Victorin, and I'm the youngest child of Jean Chaulan, woodcutter."

"Very well, Master Victorin Chaulan. Here's your share of the cake; and, as it contains the bean, you are king for the evening."

The lad, open-mouthed, accepted the cake; and Monsieur Valacroix, with a comically solemn air, continued:

"Now, your Majesty, be seated, and give what commands you like. Your slightest desires will be gratified, on condition, however, that they are reasonable. A king, of course, should not wish anything foolish."

The boy thought he was being made fun of, and turned on his heel to retire; but the attitude of the guests and the insistence of the children convinced him that they were in earnest, and he set about rising to the occasion.

To begin with, as he took the seat they gave him, he looked at his shabby and ragged clothes and murmured:

"They'll say out in the country that the castle kings don't dress very well; but it's not my fault."

The point was so well taken that the guests applauded, and Monsieur Valacroix at once proceeded to have the royal apparel improved. He told one of the servants to take his Majesty upstairs and fit him out in one of his son Henri's suits; and, as both boys were of a size, the result was all that could be desired.

Thus transformed, the young bean-knight took his place at the right of his host. His fine clothes appeared to have banished all his bashfulness, and he began to eat with an excellent appetite. Suddenly he stopped and, turning to

Monsieur Valacroix, he inquired, 'as he pointed to the dishes:

"Have you made me king also of all these good things?"

"Assuredly, sire."

"Then I'm not going to have all of them eaten now. It's all well enough for the king to eat and drink, but that doesn't alter the fact that at home they are not eating at all—and for very good reasons. Look here," he continued, addressing the servants, "take half of all these dishes and carry them to the home of Jean Chaulan. Tell him that they are a present from his son, the king."

The guests laughed, and enthusiastically applauded the clever thought as well as the affectionate impulse of his Majesty, and his orders were obeyed forthwith.

There was the frankest kind of gayety among the diners, all of whom were interested in the little bean-king, and thoroughly enjoyed his replies to their sallies. He himself, now that he knew that his father, mother, sisters, and brothers were partaking of his good fortune, appeared to be perfectly happy.

The serving of a roasted rabbit evoked from Victorin a cry of admiration.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "that's a king's dish all right! It's awfully dear."

"I think your Majesty is mistaken," remarked Monsieur Valacroix. "Rabbits are cheap enough in this country."

"You think so, sir? Last year my father paid sixty-three dollars and a half for one,—what about that? I remember it very well, as we had to sell mamma's wedding-ring to make up the full amount."

"That's impossible, my friend. The finest rabbit isn't worth half a dollar."

"Is that so? Then I take you at your word, sir; and, since I am king, I condemn you to pay back to Jean Chaulan sixty-three dollars and a half that he had to give for a rabbit that your keeper missed, and that my papa killed in your woods at Prunaille. Ah, ha! The king isn't going to be hard on poor people!"

The guests listened to this speech with

considerable surprise at the lad's sagacity and ingenuity, and Monsieur Valacroix replied:

"Sire, you are an excellent prince, but you are a still more excellent son. I cheerfully accept your decision,—provided, however, that Jean Chaulan doesn't do any more poaching on my property."

At these words Victorin had a sudden inspiration.

"Ah, sir, if you like I'll tell you a splendid way to prevent my father from ever again being a poacher! Make him one of your keepers. O sir, do that, I pray you!" he went on, joining his hands in supplication. "You will take a whole family out of misery, and we will all pray for you."

The guests were not laughing now: they were deeply moved; and Monsieur Valacroix, to disguise his feelings, answered lightly:

"One can really refuse nothing to a king who is endowed with such fine sentiments, and who begs where he might command. Here," he added, taking out his purse, "give this to Jean Chaulan to repay him for the sixty-three dollars and a half; and you may tell him at the same time that, beginning to-morrow, he is appointed one of my keepers."

In his joy and gratitude, the brave little fellow knew no better way of expressing himself than by throwing his arms around his benefactor's neck and kissing him.

The repast was now concluded, and the king was chatting away gaily when his host reminded him that it was growing late.

"Victorin," said he, "we must now separate; I'll have you taken home. Your kingship is over, but to-day has earned for you a better title—that of a good son. Never lose it, for it will win you the esteem of all worthy people. Go now: you must be in a hurry to tell the good news to your parents."

A few moments later Victorin, loaded with presents, was being driven to his home, well satisfied with his experience as bean-king.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Missa Melodica in honor of St. Margaret," by Pietro A. Yon, is worthy of the efforts of a trained choir with orchestral pretensions. It is published by J. Fischer & Bro., and the price is 80 cts.

—The art of Louisa Emily Dobrée as a storyteller is well known to readers of Catholic magazines. There will, accordingly, be a welcome for a collection of these in book-form, entitled "Stories from Italy," an even dozen of this author's best tales. Published by the English Catholic Truth Society.

—Recent numbers of the "Pages Actuelles" brochures of Bloud & Gay, Paris, include "Notre '75'" and "Dans les Tranchées du Front," both by Francis Marre; "Les 'Zeppelins,'" by G. Besançon; and "Les Sous-Marins et la Guerre Actuelle," by G. Blanchon. The last-mentioned brochure is No. 39 of this interesting series.

—Don Marquis, who published his first book of poems, "Dreams and Dust," a few weeks ago, was once asked how he accounted for his well-developed sense of humor. His answer, which proves his possession of the gift, was: "Such as it is, I fancy I owe it to a devout contemplation of my Scotch-Presbyterian ancestors."

—The new edition, from the Fordham University Press, of "Makers of Modern Medicine," by Dr. James J. Walsh, indicates the demand for this the first and one of the most popular of its author's many learned volumes. One hundred additional pages, devoted to the illustrious Virchow, constitute sufficient reason for the issue—as it does for the purchase—of this handsome new edition, the price of which is two dollars.

—Described as "a book of spiritual readings or a series of meditations for the holy season of Lent," "Looking on Jesus, the Lamb of God," by Madame Cecilia, is a work that will provide matter appropriate for reading or meditation at any time of the year. Indeed, its structure, according to the Ignatian method, makes it suitable as a daily *vade mecum* for the religious. The beginner especially will find these readings helpful, for every effort is made to render the matter as concrete and vivid as possible. Accordingly, there is much information adduced giving "side-lights" on Jewish customs and details of topography that render the "composition of place" easy and illumi-

nating. Fittingly, too, mere exegesis is tabooed. Moreover, the general spirit of these meditations is admirable. There is a human closeness in their devotion. Benziger Brothers.

—"Shall I be a Priest?" by the Rev. William Doyle, S. J., an issue in the "Irish Messenger" Series, is, we note, in the twentieth thousand of its third edition. It is reprinted by the International Catholic Truth Society.

—Liturgical publications for the use of the laity announced by Burns & Oates will include, we are glad to notice, an improved translation of the Order and Canon of the Mass. It is to be hoped that the revival of interest in the Sacred Liturgy, which distinguishes the Catholic layfolk of England, will soon extend to this country.

—Privately printed for St. Bede's College, "An Excursion of a Rhetoric Class into Poetry" should prove exceedingly interesting to its anonymous makers and to alumni of that institution. The verses abound in local allusions. A "foreword" affords information as to how the collection came to be made: "The following poetic pieces were written and collected in the intervals of the Rhetoric and Literature classes of St. Bede's College during 1914-1915." There is nothing to indicate whether this book is sold or given away.

—Fischer's edition of the Kyriale in Gregorian notation, with rhythmical signs, is another step in removing difficulties in the correct rendition of the Solesmes Chant. An Introduction gives the substance of the preface written by D. André Mocquereau, Prior of Solesmes, for Desclée's edition, and indicates clearly enough what is necessary for the becoming performance of this difficult branch of the liturgical service. The same editions may be had in modern notation at the same moderate price (40 cts., bound in cloth).

—Matter and form combine to make "A Study of Socialism," by Benedict Elder, a splendid handbook of that most difficult and important subject. There is admirable philosophic grasp in the method by which the author divides and portions out his subject. Three main parts deal with "The Principles of Socialism," "The History of Socialism," and "The Aims of Socialism." The same logical acumen enters into the lesser divisions of the individual parts. A section, "Summary and Conclusion," brings to a close this keen and

lucid examination of one of the world's most pressing problems. An analytical table of contents, bibliography and index are evidence of the care with which the work has been prepared. We congratulate its author, and foresee an authoritative ranking for his work. It is deserving of special mention that the price of this in every way excellent and comprehensive book is only one dollar.

—"One Year with God," a large-sized octavo, offers in its two hundred and fifty odd pages, sixty sermons and meditations, "for pulpit and pious reading," by the Rev. Michael V. McDonough. The various Sundays and feasts of the year form the logical basis of this arrangement of discourses. Their author aims at simplicity of thought and utterance, and in both respects is fairly successful. We are glad to welcome even one more "sermon book"; for every such book, as every sermon, is calculated to do good to some souls. But there is a further reason for recommending the present volume, as it is sold for the benefit of the Boston Poor Clares. It may be had of them, at 38 Bennet St., or of the Angel Guardian Press, for two dollars.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"One Year with God." Rev. M. V. McDonough. \$1.

"Stories from Italy." Louisa Emily Dobrée. 25 cts.

"Looking on Jesus." Madame Cecilia, \$1.75, net.

"Sermons, Doctrinal and Moral." Rt. Rev. Thaddeus Hogan, R. M. \$1.50.

"The Sacraments." Pohle-Preuss. \$1.50.

"The Sweet Miracle." Eca de Queiroz. 40 cts.

"Max of the North." Magnus A. Bruce. \$1.25.

"The Little Ambassadors." Henriette Delamare. 75 cts.

"The New Pelagianism." J. Herbert Williams. 75 cts.

"The Catholic Faith." Rev. Fr. Girardey, C. SS. R. 15 cts.

"The Life of St. Monica." F. A. Forbes. 30 cts.

"The Camp of Copper River." Rev. H. S. Spalding, S. J. 85 cts.

"Homilies on all the Sunday Gospels of the Ecclesiastical Year." Finco-Dunne. \$1.

"A Manual of Apologetics." Koch-Bruehl. 75 cts.

"The Lord My Light." Joseph Rickaby, S. J. \$2, net.

"The Secret Bequest." Christian Reid. \$1.25.

"Storyed Italy," Mrs. Hugh Fraser. \$3.50, net.

"Recollections of an Irish Judge." M. McD. Bodkin, K. C. \$3, net.

"Pioneer Laymen of North America." Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J. Vol. I. \$1.75.

"The Fair Flower of Eden." M. D. Forrest. M. S. H. 75 cts.

"Thoughts of Sœur Thérèse of the Child Jesus." 60 cts.

"Field Afar Tales." Vol. II. 60 cts.

"The Theory and Practice of Educational Gymnastics." William A. Stecher, B. S. G. \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Lafayette Brancheau, of the diocese of Detroit; Rev. James Dunn, archdiocese of Chicago; Rev. Dr. William McMahon, diocese of Cleveland; Rev. Henry Moeller and Rev. William Singleton, S. J.

Sister M. Climacus, of the Sisters of Mercy; and Sister Margaret Mary, Order of the Presentation.

Mr. William Russell, Mr. John E. Ruof, Mr. Edward Barry, Mrs. Jane Sullivan, Mr. Louis Ruch, Sr., Mr. F. G. Sebek, Mr. Edward Walsh, Mr. Henry Stephans, Mrs. D. O'Connell, Mr. James Stevenson, Miss Ellen Murphy, Mr. M. J. Brennan, Mr. William Weber, Mr. Thomas Wright, Mrs. Mary Jane Kelly, Mr. James Quinlan, Mr. Joseph Zeller, Miss Caroline Jackson, Mrs. Johanna Cullinane, Mr. F. W. Luepke, Mr. J. W. Hassett, Mrs. Bridget McCabe, Mr. F. J. Konsiewicz, Mr. Charles Mellin, Mrs. Bridget Mahady, Mrs. Rose Burns, Miss Margaret Burns, Mr. Leo Happe, Mr. M. Miggins, Capt. Edward Power, Mr. Charles Gaspar, and Mr. Victor Marshall.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the starving children in China: M. I. A. H., \$2; F. J. G. and family, \$25. For the Foreign Missions: T. A. C., \$2; T. F., \$3. For the Mexican sufferers: J. M. S., \$8.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1916: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Serenade to Our Lady.

BY M. WOELLWARTH.

O LADY, would that I might be
Thy humble slave of minstrelsy!
So should the simple lays I sing
Take wing,
And fly as hymns of praise to thee.
But poor in word and song am I,
Who 'neath thy window of the sky,
Half timid, wholly trustful, stand,
With lute in hand,
The patience of thine ear to try.
And if my ballads empty ring,
Why know I lack that tender thing
(Who have but quiet life and dream
As theme),
The Mother-love whereof I sing.
O Lady, Lady, bend to me
And bless the verse I offer thee!
So shall the poor song of my heart
Be, by thy art,
Love-charmed to sweetest melody.

Memories of Mount Saint Michael.

BY CHARLES BUTTEVANT.



OUNT SAINT MICHAEL is for France," said Victor Hugo, "what the Great Pyramid is for Egypt."

And, regarding this gem of the sea from a purely historical standpoint, the comparison is not altogether inappropriate. But if one looks at it from the supernatural viewpoint, then the poet's simile seems weak indeed. No ray from the celestial halo that circles the conse-

crated heights of the Archangel's holy hill ever slanted on the gigantic monument that marks a monarch's grave and mocks a monarch's pride.

Saint Aubert, Bishop of Avranches, was the instrument chosen by Heaven to plant the Cross among the rugged rocks of sea-girdled Mount Tombe, where the Druids had once celebrated their bloody sacrifices, and where, later on, the ancient Romans held their unclean rites. The legend tells us that the Archangel Michael appeared to the holy Bishop in his sleep, commanding that a church should be consecrated in his name upon the mountain-top. When the saint awoke he doubted the reality of the apparition, and made up his mind to treat it as an ordinary dream. But the vision was repeated; and, although the saint still doubted, he no longer felt sure that he was the victim of an illusion, and, in his perplexity, resorted to prayer and fasting; asking that if it was Saint Michael who had appeared to him he might be favored with some tangible proof of his presence. Then, exhausted by his vigil, he sank into a deep sleep, in the course of which the Archangel came to him again.

The celestial visitant upbraided the Bishop for his incredulity, and ordered him to go at once to Mount Tombe, and remain there till the oratory was finished. Then Michael raised his hand and struck Saint Aubert on the forehead with his finger, the impression of which remained as if printed on wax. The Bishop's skull is preserved in the church of Saint Gervase at Avranches, and on the forehead is a

deep mark large enough to admit a thumb. This mark was the subject of much controversy at one time. Doctor Houssard, who was amongst the scientists who examined it, said that a miracle alone could explain its presence in such a place—*un miracle seul peut l'expliquer*.

Having received the sign for which he prayed, Saint Aubert no longer doubted, and humbly besought Saint Michael to make known on what part of Mount Tombe the future sanctuary was to be erected. "Build it," was the answer, "on the spot where you find a bull tied; the limits of the oratory to be in the foot-prints of the animal, which, as it has been stolen, you must restore to its owner." The Archangel added that he wished the proposed oratory to be at the mercy of the waves—*en péril de mer*,—and constructed on the model of that erected to his honor at Santo Angelo, in Italy.

Saint Aubert crossed the sands when the tide was out; he was accompanied by a crowd praying and singing hymns. The ascent of Mount Tombe proved very difficult, for the rocks were both steep and slippery. Nor when they reached the summit were their difficulties over: an enormous stone was found embedded there as firmly as it had been when the white-robed Druids celebrated their mystic rites around it. The united efforts of the entire party failed to dislodge or even move the stone; but what the might of man could not do, God accomplished in His own way through the feeble instrumentality of a child.

Among the vassals of Saint Aubert was a man named Bain, the father of twelve sons. He had not accompanied his Bishop to Mount Tombe; and as he sat quietly at home he heard a mysterious voice telling him to set out for that spot without delay, as his lord had need of him. He started accordingly with his eleven stalwart sons, leaving the twelfth, a mere baby, sleeping in his cradle. When the toilers on the mountain-top saw

Bain and his sons approaching, they took heart and exerted all their strength to move the stone, but in vain. Even when the newcomers lent their aid it remained embedded in the ground as firmly as ever.

"Have you no other child, Bain?" asked Saint Aubert.

"Yes, I have one more."

"Then why did you not bring him?"

We may imagine the smile with which the fond father answered:

"He is but a baby, and is asleep in his cradle."

"Go and fetch him," said the Bishop.

Bain obeyed instantly, and soon returned with the little boy, rosy from his afternoon nap, and looking at the strange scene in which he found himself with the wide-eyed interest of early childhood. Saint Aubert took the little fellow in his arms and carried him up to the big boulder, which he touched with the child's left foot—"the weaker of his weak feet." Whereupon the huge stone rolled over, and went bounding and pounding down the mountain's rocky sides till it clattered into silence at its base. The impression of the child's little foot was found miraculously marked upon the fallen stone. A chapel to Saint Aubert was eventually erected where the stone fell, to commemorate this marvel.

When the oratory was finished, Saint Aubert sent a pious deputation to the monks of Santo Angelo to ask that a piece of the marble table on which Saint Michael had stood when he appeared to them, might be given to the new sanctuary. The Italian monks received Saint Aubert's ambassadors as brethren in Saint Michael, and heard with deep interest their account of the three apparitions, and of the miracle worked by the holy Bishop through the instrumentality of a helpless little child. They not only gave the relics solicited, but some rare manuscripts as well.

The journey back to France is said to have occupied an entire year, and the passage of the precious relics was marked

by miracles all along the route. When the procession arrived at Astériac, opposite Mount Tombe, all the people of the place assembled to meet it. A poor blind woman, who had heard of the miracles worked at the intercession of the glorious Archangel, endeavored to get as near the relics as possible,—even as that other woman pressed close to Our Lord and heard from His lips that her faith had made her whole. On the present occasion, too, faith met with its reward; for suddenly the hitherto-blind woman raised her trembling hands to Heaven and shouted: *Qu'il fait beau voir!—qu'il fait beau voir!*—"How beautiful it is to be able to see!" And it was from this cry of the poor woman whose eyesight had been restored that Astériac was called Beauvoir, the name it bears to-day.

As soon as the relics had been deposited in the church erected on Mount Tombe, that name was changed to Mount Saint Michael, and the sacred edifice was solemnly consecrated on the 16th of October, the feast of the Archangel's apparition. Saint Aubert established there twelve monks, whose chief duty was to chant the praises of God day and night, and invoke the intercession of Saint Michael. He furthermore endowed the new monastery with his ancestral estates of Genets and Huines. Among the material wants of the little community, drinking water was the most pressing; and this the holy Bishop obtained from the rock after invoking Saint Michael. The fountain which sprang up was called the fountain of Saint Aubert, and it supplied the monastery with water till the close of the seventeenth century. When the saint died, on September 10, 725, he had the joy and consolation of seeing his work established on a firm foundation, and Mount Saint Michael recognized in every land as the chosen sanctuary of the Prince of the Heavenly Host.

In the Middle Ages Mount Saint Michael might well have been called the Mount of Marvels. As pilgrims approached

it, the air grew tremulous as if moved by spirit wings; and heavenly music—sweet, celestial strains for which there was no visible cause—mingled with angelic voices, now near, now far, and transported the enraptured listeners from earth to Paradise. Sometimes the Mount was flooded with a light so dazzling that, as the flames—for such they seemed to be—were mirrored in the surrounding sea, men thought the church and monastery on fire, and could scarcely believe their eyes next day when they saw no trace of fire or even smoke upon the walls.

The town of Mount Saint Michael was at first called Pendula Villa, a name suggested by the appearance it presents, especially when seen from a distance,—the houses seeming to be suspended from the rocks or hanging in mid-air. It is said to have originated with the flight of the people of the neighborhood to Mount Saint Michael, about the ninth century, in order to escape from the Northmen, who were then ravaging the surrounding country.

When Rollon, first Duke of Normandy, arrived in France with a fleet lent by the English, and tried to wrest the Crown from the weak hands of Charles the Simple, who could have foreseen that, two centuries later, the descendant of that very Rollon would conquer England! Charles paid an enormous sum to buy the Normans off, and gave his daughter Gisele in marriage to Duke Rollon, who thereupon became a Christian. Wishing to expiate his former crimes against religion, Rollon re-established the monks of Saint Michael in their convent, from which they had been driven, and gave large sums of money to the churches and monasteries that had been impoverished by the Normans. His son, William Long Sword, still further endowed Saint Michael's; but this wealth, joined to intercourse with the laity, led to a relaxation of the rule and a gradual falling away from the fervor which had hitherto been characteristic of the Order.

When the third Duke, Richard the Fearless, ascended his throne, he endeavored to remedy these abuses, and established thirty Benedictine monks at Mount Saint Michael. A charter, approved by Pope John XIII. and King Lothaire, was then drawn up, and the authority of the dukes of Normandy was restricted to certain limits so far as their connection with the Abbey of Mount Saint Michael was concerned. They were, for instance, to have no voice in the nomination of the abbot, who was to be elected by the monks themselves, and whose rights as lord over the abbey and adjoining town were to be undisputed, and independent of Duke or King.

It is regarded as a sign of Heaven's favor, and as indicating clearly on which side Saint Michael fought, that the Normans, under William the Conqueror, touched the coast of England on the vigil of the feast of the apparition of that glorious Archangel to Saint Aubert; and that the battle of Hastings was fought on the feast itself, while the monks of Saint Michael were saying Matins in the abbey chapel. The abbot, Ranulphe de Bayeux, was overjoyed at the news of the victory, and, at his own expense, fitted out six ships to bring the King Duke in triumph back to Normandy. William accepted this loyal service with every expression of gratitude; but, nevertheless, when Abbot Ranulphe died, he made his own chaplain, Roger by name, prior of Mount Saint Michael's,—a proceeding which was in open defiance of the charter drawn up between Pope John and King Lothaire.

Abbot Roger seems to have been altogether unfitted for his high post; and such of the monks as ventured to oppose his election were exiled by him to the Abbey of Saint Vigor, of which the saintly Robert de Tombelaine was superior. This holy man was told in a vision to warn the exiled monks that they must on no account return to their convent while Roger was abbot there. This warning reached the ears of Henry, the conqueror's

third son, who was now King of England,—having taken advantage of his brother Robert's absence in the Holy Land to deprive him of his crown. Henry was superstitious, though irreligious; and, conscience-stricken because of his many crimes, he summoned Abbot Roger to appear before the royal tribunal at Caen, and then obliged him to resign. But the King put in his place another Roger, a creature of his own; and when, in a fit of caprice, he unfrocked him, too, later on, he replaced him by Richard de Mère, who, because of his unworthy conduct, was also obliged to resign eventually.

It was not till the reign of Henry II. that the monks of Saint Michael were once more allowed to elect their own abbot, the candidate chosen being Robert de Thorigny, whose rule brought both temporal and spiritual prosperity to the abbey. Not that Henry II. was a better friend to the abbey than his predecessors had been; but he knew when to temporize, and could show a smiling face when it suited his interests to do so. It was in the Abbey of Saint Michael that this king had the celebrated interview with Louis VII. in which a marriage was arranged between the heir to the English throne and Marguerite, the French King's daughter. The projected union was placed under the protection of Saint Michael, "the guardian of our common country," as Henry called him; for the Anglo-Normans styled themselves French when there was anything to be gained by so doing.

The royal visitors were received with great pomp at the venerable abbey, and in their train came three remarkable men: Roland Rainuce, who became Pope Alexander III. in the following year; Cardinal Octavian, afterwards the anti-Pope, Victor IV.; and, most memorable of all, Thomas à Becket, Grand Chancellor of England and future saint and martyr. King Henry was much struck with the piety and learning of Abbot de Thorigny,

his host at Mount Saint Michael; and when the Queen gave birth to a daughter at Domfront, he asked him to be the godfather. This child, the Princess Eleanor, was destined to become the mother of Blanche of Castile, whose glorious son, Saint Louis, was one of the most faithful servants of Saint Michael.

The English believed, and with good reason, that the flaming sword of the Prince of the Heavenly Host flashed in every battle won by Joan of Arc; and they thought that if they could take Mount Saint Michael, its celestial patron might change sides and fight *against* France instead of *for* her. In those disturbed times the abbey was strongly fortified, the gallant Louis d'Estouteville being in command when the English, under Lord Scales, attacked it with a far superior force. The enemy was repulsed with great slaughter on a date that had already proved fatal to England—namely, the feast of Saint Aubert; the monks singing Vespers in their stalls while the English were flying down the rocky slopes of the consecrated mountain. Two of the cannon used by the enemy on this occasion were captured by D'Estouteville, and may still be seen at Mount Saint Michael.

The most magnificent abbot of Saint Michael's was Cardinal William d'Estouteville, a younger brother of the celebrated soldier. It was he who obtained from Rome a plenary indulgence for all who visited the Mount with the requisite dispositions; and it was during his reign that Queen Marie, wife of Charles VII., whose crown Joan of Arc had wrested from the English, made a pilgrimage to Mount Saint Michael, where she vowed, on behalf of the King, to establish an order of chivalry in memory of the Maid of Orleans and in honor of her angelic protector. It was not, however, till the reign of Louis XI. that the vow was fulfilled; the King assisting in person at the first meeting of the Knights of Saint Michael, which was held in the hall known as the Salle des Chevaliers.

The long line of royal pilgrimages to Mount Saint Michael, that began with Childeric II., closed, till the eighteenth century at least, with the visit, in 1561, of Charles IX., then only ten years old, and his brother, afterwards Henry III. Their mother, Catherine de Médicis, widow of Henry II., bore a perhaps not unnatural spite to Comte Gabriel de Montgomery, for having, though only by accident, killed her husband in a tournament, and opposed his succeeding to his paternal estates. To revenge himself, Montgomery apostatized and joined the Huguenots against his sovereign. He became the terror of Avranches in particular, where fourteen thousand Catholics were massacred by the Huguenot forces. He had a subterranean passage constructed in the neighborhood of Mont Saint Michel, so that he could go and come unobserved; and, furthermore to perplex possible pursuers, he had his horse shod with golden shoes placed backward, so that any one following the hoof prints would think he had gone in the direction from which, in reality he was returning. Despite these precautions, he was eventually captured and beheaded.

But the death of Montgomery did not stop the persecution of the Catholics. The spirit of Calvin was abroad, and his favorite cry was echoed in every Huguenot stronghold: "Spit in the face of Catholic kings! Kill the Jesuits, or (if that can not be done conveniently) crush them with lies and calumnies!"

To such fanatics as these Mount Saint Michael was a veritable eyesore, and no meanness was too base for them to stoop to in order to get a footing there. On July 22, 1577, feast of St. Magdalen, the inhabitants of the Mount had gone in procession to a chapel on the coast, near Ardevon. They had started at daybreak, and about seven o'clock several small groups of pilgrims began to arrive at Mount Saint Michael. They assisted at Mass, and then asked to see the relics

As their request was being granted, their leader, Du Mesnil, shouted: "To the death! Kill,—kill!"

At this signal the pretended pilgrims drew hidden daggers and pistols and flung themselves upon the unarmed monks. The priest who had celebrated the Mass was stabbed to the heart. Signs previously agreed upon were then made from the battlements to let Sieur de Touchet, who waited outside with another band of Huguenots, know that the enemies of Catholicism were victorious. De Touchet hastened to join his brother-in-arms, but was met by the pilgrims returning from Ardevon, and obliged to stop halfway. Worse still, he saw a troop of cavalry tearing towards him over the sands; and, recognizing the colors of the Catholic commander, Louis la Moricière, he turned and fled. The Huguenots in the fort, seeing the flight of their comrades, were seized with a panic worthy of men who had attacked defenceless monks. They tried to fly, but lost their way in the convent corridors, and were made prisoners by the wounded monks.

The sons of the dead Comte de Montgomery, Jacques and Gabriel, swore to avenge their father, and, like him, turned their attention to Mount Saint Michael. The trick of pretending to be pilgrims was once more tried. Soldiers were dressed as ladies of rank, and among them was a Scotchman named Treille, whose presence nearly ruined the whole plot; for as the supposed pilgrims passed into the monastery, a sentinel, wishing to amuse himself at the pretended fair one's expense, chucked Treille playfully under the chin. But he started back immediately, roaring at the top of his voice: "She's got a beard! She's got a beard!" That cry was his last; for Treille stabbed him on the spot, and the Montgomery brothers seized Mount Saint Michael. They held it, however, for only eight days, at the expiration of which time it was retaken by the heroic Moricière, to whom Jacques de Montgomery gave up his sword.

Gabriel managed to escape. In commemoration of their short-lived victory, the Montgomerys introduced the three *coquilles de Saint Michel*, or pilgrim's shells, into their coat-of-arms.

On the feast of the Assumption, 1638, the "vow of Louis XIII.," by which all France was consecrated to the Blessed Virgin, was celebrated for the first time at Mount Saint Michael, Abbot Jouardic being then prior. The last Abbot of Mount Saint Michael was Cardinal de Montmorency-Laval. In 1790 the monks were expelled from the monastery, and the sacred vessels and vestments, as well as the treasures, dispersed. Even the bells were carried away; but the manuscripts were placed in the library of Avranches, where they have remained to this day.

Napoleon I. turned the abbey into a *maison de correction* in 1811. The prison was suppressed in 1863, and in 1865 it resumed its religious character for some years, the Order of Saint Edme of Pontigny being established there by the Bishop of Coutances. Since 1874 Mount Saint Michael has, as a unique historical monument, occupied much of the attention of the French Minister of Fine Arts, and every care has been taken to prevent its falling into ruin.

The annual pilgrimage to Mount Saint Michael, towards the 29th of September, is still one of the most popular in France, and has its delegates from all over the world. The construction of a railway has facilitated the passage of pilgrims; but, being above ground, it has detracted much from the beauty of the scene, and has never ceased to be the object of earnest protests from lovers of the picturesque. Thanks to the zeal of M. Léon Bérard, this eyesore is soon to be removed. It will probably be replaced after the Great War by a subterranean railway, that will restore to Mount Saint Michael its time-honored appearance as an island "at the mercy of the waves,"—*en péril de mer!*

James Harrington, M. D.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

III.

FOR many weeks the cholera raged all through Griffintown, extending thence into almost every quarter of the city. The dread of the pestilence was in the air. Men looked darkly at each other when they met upon the street; and the neighbor or acquaintance who was encountered in full health in the morning was oftentimes dead or dying before the sun had set. During the dreary nights the death carts went through the streets, and the stillness of the midnight was disturbed by the ominous cry, "Bring out your dead!" It was a cry that caused men and women alike to shiver, panic-stricken, in their beds. The rich began to flee from the city; and in some instances the dread spectre of pestilence went with them into the pure air of the country, or attacked them upon the way.

As in former epidemics, apart from the doctors, the priests, headed by their saintly bishop, were the heroes of the hour. They were ably assisted by the Sisters of Charity, the Gray Nuns, and the black-robed Sisters of Providence. They seemed the only tangible facts in an existence that had become weird and unreal. People looked to them hopefully as a bulwark against the terrors that were raging around and those that lay beyond the frail barrier of human life.

The churches were thronged, especially the Catholic churches, where the Presence on the altar seemed very near in that hour when human aid had failed, and when God, though divinely merciful, was chastising the sins of His people. Crowds of eager suppliants preparing for eternal life, into which they might be so suddenly called, or imploring the mercy of Heaven for the miseries of earth, flocked into Notre Dame de Bonsecours,—that quaint little shrine

by the river-side, whence the image of Our Lady of Good Help extends her hands outwards over the water.

And thither one morning in early autumn Dr. Harrington wended his way. The strenuous work of that terrible summer had told upon him. His face was almost gaunt, and its strong lines stood out as if carven. His eyes, still clear and fearless, had yet in them the look of one who through all the weeks of almost suffocating heat (for it had been an intensely hot summer) had looked into the face of the King of Terrors and had wrestled with him boldly. Nor had that summer added to his worldly wealth; for he had attended numbers of patients from whom he had absolutely refused to accept any remuneration. He knew that grinding poverty was added to disease amongst many of the poor; for work had often stopped, or the bread-winner had been stricken down, to rise no more.

He paused an instant outside the church, and read the inscription which from time immemorial had appeared above the entrance:

Si l'amour de Marie dans ton cœur est gravé,
N'oublie point de lui dire un Ave.

Dr. Harrington, answering that invitation, said the "Hail Mary," very slowly and deliberately, as if its full meaning were borne in upon him as never before by the scenes through which he had been so lately passing. He entered the church for a few brief moments. He could not wait for the conclusion of the Mass, which in happier times he had so often attended there; though he longed for it as for the one vital fact in the uncertainties around him,—the one sure bulwark upon which his own weakness could lean. For he knew and recognized his own weakness as only a strong man can recognize it. His skill, which many had rated highly, availed nothing, in many instances, to save the patient from being shut into a hastily constructed coffin. He had learned many lessons since that night when he was called from the peace of his surgery

into that mortal conflict. Day after day his own life had hung in the balance; and, though the pestilence was now abating and appeared to be under control, the risk was still great. Without a moment's warning he might be called upon to give up that life which he prized, indeed, with a full consciousness of its value. Yet he realized with an intense realization the fact that his existence did not belong to him, and he schooled himself into readiness to give it up at any moment to the Omnipotent Giver.

He looked up wistfully that morning to where Mary, the Mother of men, stood surrounded by *ex-votos*, which told of her intercessory power. Some of them were mementos of a former epidemic. With the faith and love of an ardent boy, the chivalrous devotion of a knight, he asked her protection, and went out from her presence with a step that was almost buoyant. The people in the more or less deserted market-place near the church saluted the Doctor's spare, erect figure. It inspired hope and confidence; for stories of his heroism, his devotion to duty, his charity to the poor, were on every tongue.

As he passed on to visit patients, most of whom were on the way to recovery, he met Hugh Maloney and stopped to speak to him. The latter had but lately convalesced from an attack of cholera, and had shown since then a tendency to drift like a ship without a rudder. The death of his wife had been a severe blow to a man, who had relied on her strength far more than he would ever have been willing to acknowledge, or than she would have desired any one to know. The Doctor had attended him through his illness, and had, besides, helped to support the family of five healthy children, who were still the guests of the charitable Mrs. Hogan.

"Maloney," said the Doctor's quick, incisive tones, "you will have to pull yourself together. You are going down hill."

The man hung his head.

"Since herself went," he began apologetically, "and since I got up from the cholera, everything has been goin' wrong with-me. I have no heart to live, and that's the truth."

"Shame on you, man!" cried the Doctor, "to talk like that, with five children depending on you! Do you want to see them go to the orphan asylum?"

"Deed and I don't," said the man; and he added dejectedly, "though mebbe it's better cared for the creatures would be there."

"Are they still with Mrs. Hogan?" the Doctor inquired.

"No, Doctor. I brought them home day before yesterday."

"Who is looking after them?"

"Well, it's a sister of mine," Hugh answered, with some hesitation. "You know her. It's just Gianetta."

"Yes, I know her," assented the Doctor, dryly.

"She's only a slip of a girl," went on Hugh, somewhat hurriedly; "and, *ochone*, what does she know about the rearing of childer in comparison with her that's gone! If it weren't for Sister Monaghan—God bless her every day she rises!—I don't know what we'd do."

"If your sister has the right stuff in her, she will learn," said the Doctor, trying to make his tone as little doubtful as possible. For, although he did not at all approve of an arrangement which had placed Gianetta at the head of that household, what alternative could he possibly suggest to the widower?

"Gianetta," continued Hugh, "offered to come and keep the house over our heads and have an eye to the childer, doin' her sewin' in between whiles for the neighbors."

His tone was still apologetic, as if he himself doubted, or fancied that his hearer would doubt, the wisdom of this arrangement.

"Well, what *you* have to do, Maloney, is to go to St. Patrick's and take the pledge from Father Connolly."

Hugh, flushing a deep red, stood, divided between shame and resentment, before his accuser; and the Doctor added sharply:

"If you don't take my advice before it's too late, your children will soon be orphans indeed."

"It's no wonder I'd get discouraged," said the man, sulkily, "with all that's come and gone, and me out of work!"

"All your own fault. Work is to be had now for the asking," declared the Doctor, sternly. "Take the pledge and keep it, and I'll see that you have work."

"I'm thankful to you, Doctor!" said Hugh. "And as to the pledge—well, I suppose I must take it, since you bid me. But it's hard enough, too, when I'm that downhearted."

"Pshaw!" said the Doctor, contemptuously. "It's Dutch courage you want." And, turning on his heel, he left the other standing despondently, the very picture of irresolution.

Hugh Maloney watched the Doctor till he disappeared into a miserable den where a victim of the cholera lay writhing.

"Glory be to God, but it's a fine man he is all out! And he to be risin' his life every minute of the day for some poor unfortunate creature! But," he added, as a dark look came into his face, "it's a hard way he has with him, too, as Gianetta says, and no sympathy in the world for a body's wakeness."

It was this sentiment which remained uppermost in his mind as he moved along, with a step that had become curiously aimless and shuffling; and it was this and other similar sentiments which were being constantly put into his mind by that half-sister whom he had truly described as "a slip of a girl." She was a half-sister of Hugh. His father, after the death of his wife, had contracted what most people considered an unfortunate marriage with a woman of foreign extraction,—a Mexican half-breed, who had strayed North and taken up her abode in Montreal, and who had been none too

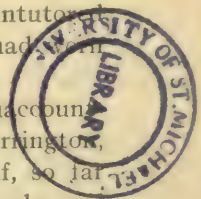
highly esteemed by the neighbors. Neither of the parents had long survived, and the girl had remained more or less a waif and a stray until her brother Hugh had secured a good situation in the Grand Trunk Railway that was then in course of construction. Chiefly on the suggestion of his wife, he had paid Gianetta's board with a decent family. Since the girl was very handy with her needle, she had procured from the neighbors some plain sewing, which had enabled her to dress, not indeed as she would have liked, but at least respectably. The passion for dress was predominant in her, and she had almost contemptuously discarded articles of clothing which her sister-in-law procured for her, or altered them to suit herself.

Gianetta was low-browed and dark-haired, handsome after a fashion, and picturesque both in dress and appearance. Many of the people about regarded her with distrust, and declared that the clothes she wore and the very look of her were "as outlandish as her name." The pronunciation of that name had long been a snare and a stumbling-block to Griffintown, and had helped to create the prejudice against her. Her mother had told one old woman that it simply meant little John or little Jane. But, as its owner was full-grown at the time the explanation had been given, the confidante had caustically remarked:

"Arrah, what kind of a name is that for a girl with a big pair of shoulders on her and an arm like a man's?"

But the half-breed mother had shrugged her own shoulders, and forborne to explain that the name had been given in pathetic memory of her own country and of the patron saint of her native parish who was associated in her wild, untutored mind with a *festa* in which she had worn a bright-colored costume.

Gianetta had early taken an unaccountable and rooted dislike to Dr. Harrington, which had chiefly expressed itself, so far as he was concerned, by sullen looks and



gestures, which she had taken but little pains to conceal. Her opinion of him was reserved almost entirely for Hugh, to whom it was given very freely, and often in presence of the children. The origin of the girl's dislike to the Doctor was, no doubt, owing to the fact that his penetrating eyes had scrutinized her face in a manner that suggested he was quite unconscious of any attraction in her personality, her good looks, or showy dress.

She never wearied, therefore, of impressing it upon Hugh's mind that the Doctor was a hard man; and her words had a certain effect, though none better than he knew they were untrue. He was well aware of the physician's kindness at the time of Mrs. Maloney's death, of the unwearied attendance during his own illness, and of the generosity shown towards the children. He was fully informed of the Doctor's devotion to the poor of Griffintown and elsewhere during those terrible summer months, when it was common knowledge that the medical man had not taken in a dollar. He, in fact, had his own notions about Gianetta, whom he had closely observed, despite his seeming inattention. He considered her, notwithstanding some qualities which he discerned in her, a very poor substitute for the God-fearing, capable and easy-tempered Mrs. Maloney. Not but that the girl was capable enough after her own fashion. She was an excellent seamstress, and was much in demand for the plain sewing which she had hitherto done by the day. Of course, after her elevation to the headship of the Maloney household, she could only take in work, or "go out in fits and starts."

There were days when Gianetta was seized with a very passion for housewifery, and had fits of energy, during which she put the house into an order that even her deceased sister-in-law could not have surpassed. But there were also times when she relapsed into indolence, letting everything go, and paying no attention whatever to the children. To them she was, by turns, over-indulgent,

almost passionately tender, or harsh even to fierceness, so that they trembled before her. Her temper at such times was uncontrollable.

Needless to say, those variations in temper produced a visible deterioration in the children, which the Doctor saw and deplored. And this deterioration, in the older children at least, progressed the more rapidly, as the new mistress of the house contrived in her good moments to attach the children to her. In order to ingratiate themselves with this attractive but formidable relative who alternately spoiled and bullied them, the children learned lessons of lying, flattery, and deception, which had been wholly foreign to their character in the lifetime of their mother.

As for Hugh himself, the neighbors declared that he was "bewitched," and allowed that malign influence to rule him far more completely than he ever suspected. Gianetta always managed to control her temper when he was in the house, and to show her best mood to the children. She had undoubted powers of fascination when she chose to exert them, and a way of "managing" most of those with whom she came in contact. Her brother regarded her as a simple young thing who had an affectionate disposition, and who maintained a sort of order in the house and helped with the children. Any shortcomings which he noted in her during her intermittent fits of laziness he always put down to her youth and inexperience.

It must be admitted, on the other hand, that Gianetta had a considerable following of her own amongst the more unreflecting or indiscriminating people. They admired the flashes of brightness and even humor—though it was of a peculiar kind—that she sometimes showed; and they were loud in their protestations that the girl had "a very taking way with her entirely," and that it would never do to be too hard upon her. Amongst this latter class she was very successful in

overcoming the prejudice which had at first been so strong against her, and which had come down as an evil heritage of unpopularity from her half-breed mother.

Dr. Harrington paid occasional visits to the house to assure himself, in so far as was possible, of the children's welfare. On that night when their dying mother had touched the very core of his generous and kindly heart by that one simple and pathetic plaint, "It's cruel hard, Doctor, to leave himself and the little ones," the physician had mentally pledged himself to take an interest in the future of those little ones, and do what in him lay to supply for their sad loss.

On one occasion, not very long after Gianetta's installation in the house, he seated himself with his back to the door, in the little dining-room where the family took their meals, and just opposite the room wherein Mrs. Maloney had died. He gathered the children about him as usual, producing some sticks of chocolate from his coat pocket. He was soon able to conjecture that Gianetta had stationed herself in the opposite doorway and was watching him maliciously. Now, the Doctor was habitually courteous in all his dealings, especially with the poor; but he thought the moment opportune to give the girl a lesson. So he called out to her, in his coolest and most even tones:

"Come in here, Gianetta, and play the monkey where I can see you!"

That invitation and the quizzical tone of the physician's voice drove the girl to frenzy. She was in one of her bad moods, and her temper was fast becoming uncontrollable. She flew into the room and confronted the visitor.

"Well," she said insolently, "you called me, and here I am!"

"So I perceive," responded the Doctor, sitting back in his chair and regarding her with his satirical smile.

She felt instantly conscious that her dark hair was in disorder and that her cheeks were flaming red. Instinctively

she put up her hands to arrange her locks, and meanwhile her anger grew.

"I want to know what brings you here?" she cried.

"Indeed!" said the Doctor, dryly. "And I have no intention of giving you that very unnecessary information."

Then he turned his back upon her; and, calling the youngest of the children, took her up on his knee.

"I want you to let those children alone!" screamed the girl; and the foreign intonation in her voice became marked, as always happened in moments of excitement.

"Indeed!" repeated the Doctor, carelessly, beginning to play "ride-a-cock-horse" with little Tommy, who had boldly approached, somewhat to the disturbance of the still smaller Agnes, who sat upon his knee.

There was a shout of glee from Tommy, who disregarded warning signals from his elder sisters in the corner. His irate aunt, rushing over, snatched him from his perch upon the Doctor's foot and put him down upon a chair with a violence that set him crying softly to himself.

"They're *my* brother's children," the girl said; "and he's able to support them and me together, and I won't have *you* coming spying about the place!"

The Doctor, sitting back in his chair, watched her curiously, with a glance that was wholly professional; while meantime the elder sisters were hurrying out of the room poor weeping Tommy. Agnes still sat upon the Doctor's knee, hiding her face against his coat.

"She is saved from being an hysterical subject only by her strong constitution," the observer reflected. "As it is, it is merely a vixenish temper that has got beyond her control."

"What are you staring at me like that for?" said the girl, savagely.

The Doctor rose and set little Agnes down upon the floor, putting into her hand a bright penny. She followed him towards the door of the room, where she was

instantly seized by an invisible hand and drawn outwards. Her oldest sister Susan had been in waiting for that moment. Gianetta, whose rage had become fairly overpowering, rushed after the retreating Doctor, laying her hand roughly upon his arm.

"You won't listen to me! You treat me as if I were the dirt under your feet! Well, you shall see!"

The Doctor, shaking off her hand from his arm, turned upon her sternly.

"You are quite beside yourself," he said. Then he looked in from the hall to add more gently: "Go and take a brisk walk, and lie down for half an hour."

The girl glared after him in impotent rage as he walked away from that door, whence the mother of those hapless children had been carried a few months before.

"What can I do for those innocent creatures?" he asked himself, helplessly. "I must see Maloney, and," he added more hopefully, "Sister Monaghan. Perhaps she can suggest something."

The interview which he had with Hugh Maloney, wherein he begged him to let Gianetta return to her boarding-house, or else put the children in charge of Sister Monaghan, served only to convert the girl's passive hostility into one that was maliciously active, and to turn Hugh Maloney himself to a great extent against his benefactor.

(To be continued.)

Meditation for Evening.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

NIGHT after night we watch the white stars come;

And well is it to think, when shadows fall,
Some night our eyes shall see not, lips be dumb,
And ears care not how sweet our loved ones call.

And thinking so, our lives—that wandering wind
From paths of peace, forgetting that our day
Is brief, and so forgetting truth—may find
Again lost paths and truth, and no more stray.

The Oblate Centenary.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

THE various missionary Congregations which have been formed since the counter-reformation arrested the progress of the sixteenth-century revolt, seem to have been providentially designed to meet the special needs of the Church in these modern times. Their methods and missions have contributed largely to the progress of Catholicity. They have been the volunteers, the reserves, the auxiliaries, the flying columns, so to speak, of the grand army of the Church Militant, whether combating the forces of evil in crowded cities, guarding the outposts of Christian civilization; or, campaigning farther afield, as pioneer missionaries in savage lands, gaining additional contingents of converts, rescued from idolatry and debasing barbarism, so that the sum total of Christians is constantly increased.

One of the younger of these Congregations, the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, completes its first centenary on January 25, 1916. It has to its credit a record of magnificent services rendered to the Church and civilization, and to the Faith on which that civilization is based. Like its compeers, it has borne testimony to the indestructible vitality of Catholicism; to its inherent reproductive force, which time and again, all the way down through history, has triumphed over decadence within and hostility without; over laxities and disorders sapping spirituality and undermining faith, and over the insidious assaults of heretics and schismatics.

During the hundred years that have elapsed since the little local group of home missionaries, who modestly aimed at simply repairing the moral ruin and ravages of the French Revolution in Languedoc, expanded into a missionary Congregation, it has widened its scope and multiplied its activities until its sphere of operations embraces two hemispheres. Its missionaries

are all over the world, from the British Isles to the "underworld" of the Antipodes, from the St. Lawrence to beyond the Canadian Rockies and the Pacific Ocean, from Lake Superior to the Arctic Circle. Not only European races but Asiatics and Africans, Cingalese, Red Indians, half-breeds, and Esquimaux have profited by their religious teaching. They have Christianized the wild Indians, who from time immemorial had been roaming the Canadian plains, hunting the buffalo or warring upon one another, diverting them from the warpath to the paths of peace. Mastering their native dialects, they have taught them not merely the elements of Christianity, but, through the medium of industrial schools, familiarized them with some of the arts and crafts of civilized peoples.

To evangelize these races, they have cut themselves off from home and kindred, from all the comforts and conveniences of civilization, braving many dangers, enduring many privations, even risking their lives,—often facing death by cold, famine, or martyrdom; men of culture and refinement dooming themselves to dwell with rude, rough and untaught Indians in far-off regions in frozen lands, where the mercury falls to 50 degrees below zero. It was not without reason that Pius IX. called them "martyrs of the cold"; for such a life was a continual martyrdom.

When at one time it was in contemplation to abandon the Indian missions, these zealous apostles asked to be provided with only what was needful to offer the Holy Sacrifice, trusting in Providence for food and raiment. Their names are recorded in the Book of Life and in the history of the Canadian West; and generations to come will bless the memories of such heroes of the Cross as Mgr. Taché, the first Archbishop of St. Boniface; Mgr. Langevin, his successor; Mgr. Grandin; Father Grollier, called "the Apostle of the Arctic Circle"; Father Lacombe, "the blackrobe voyageur" who

was the champion and protector of the Metis, or half-breeds; and many other Oblate missionaries. They have won a place among the makers of Canada.

A succession of zealous and indefatigable workers in this and other spheres of missionary labor have preserved and transmitted from one to another the spirit and teaching of the founder, who was not only a model bishop* but a model missionary. Mgr. de Mazenod took at once an elevated and broad view of the missionary apostolate. He regarded the life of a true missionary as a reproduction and continuation of the life led by the first Apostles. "The apostle," he wrote, "is more perfect than the hermit. As St. Gregory observes, 'the virtues of the preachers of truth are the shining ornaments of the heavens.'" In the preface to his Constitutions he says: "There is nothing on earth higher than our vocation. . . . Our direct, principal, and I may say only end is the very same which our Lord Jesus Christ proposed to Himself in coming into this world,—the same end which He proposed to His Apostles, to whom, without doubt, He taught the most perfect way. Therefore our Congregation recognizes no other founder than Jesus Christ, and no other Fathers than the Apostles."

It was in conformity with this view that he adopted as the motto of his Order the words of Our Lord, *Evangelizare pauperibus misit me*; and that the primitive Oblates made themselves especially the missionaries of the poor. This thought was always before the founder's mind. When he entered the seminary, it was with the intention of eventually devoting himself to the instruction of "the common people." In writing to his mother he said: "I feel it to be God's will that I should consecrate myself specially to His service in order to rekindle, in the minds of the poor, the light of faith, which is almost extinguished. For that purpose

* See article "A Model Bishop" in THE AVE MARIA for June 1911

he preached to them in the language of the people,—in a language they could understand, their own Provençal speech; not in French, which was to them a foreign tongue. When he began his popular conferences in the church of the Madeleine at Aix, the clergy predicted failure, not approving of what they considered an innovation.

"Artisans, domestics, peasants, farm-laborers," said the young priest, "the world regards you as the refuse of society. The world is blind. O poor of Jesus Christ, you who are unfortunate, suffering, infirm, all you who eat the daily bread of affliction, my brethren, my dear brethren, my respected brethren, listen to me! It is to you that I wish to speak in the name of the Divine Master." Very soon, we are told, the whole city came to hear him; the vast edifice was unable to contain all who were eager to listen to sermons preached with great simplicity in the mother tongue of the masses. He had a natural gift of eloquence, but had a preference for what was simple, disliking anything theatrical or artificial. Thiers and Mignet regarded him as a master of eloquence. He effected a much needed reform in preaching.

Worldly preachers—"phrase-mongers," as he called them—were, in the opinion of Mgr. de Mazenod, an affliction to the Church; one of the objects he had in view was to counteract their pernicious influence. "Oh, how I bless God," he said, "that I know the language of those whom I am bound to instruct, and who listen to me because they understand me! I would not for all the gold in the world give up the system that I have adopted. My own firm conviction hardly needs the evidence which is brought to me day by day of the excellence of this method." After the conversion of a certain scandalous and hardened sinner, he wrote: "How much more consoling this is than to hear some one speak of another St. Ambrose! I am not a St. Ambrose, but a poor sinner, to whom God

has given some sense of duty and of the sublimity of the sacred ministry."

His missionaries remained true to the teaching and spirit he inculcated. The Congregation became a school of saints, of holy priests. Father Tempier, his first disciple, described it as "the reign of charity in its most lovable form,"—such perfect harmony prevailed among them. After the ordination of Father Guibert (later Cardinal Archbishop of Paris) the founder wrote: "May God bless our religious family! It seems to me that in asking God to send us men like him who has just been ordained we are asking all that is needed by us. Holy priests! These are our riches." When, through his prayers to Our Lady, he obtained the Papal approval of his Rules, despite strong opposition in Rome, he wrote to all his subjects: "In the name of God let us be saints!"

How they responded to his appeal is evidenced by the fact that one of them, Father Albini, called "the Apostle of Corsica," has been proposed for beatification, his Cause having just been formally introduced before the Congregation of Rites. During his life, the popular voice proclaimed him a saint on account of the marvellous success which attended his missionary labors and his numerous miracles; the people reverencing him as another St. Vincent Ferrer or St. Francis Regis.

Recalling those early days, Cardinal Guibert said: "Oh, how beautiful, how consoling, and how fruitful were those first missions which our venerated Father directed himself, or which we conducted in accordance with the rules which he laid down for us! They were crowned with success, and brought back to God the multitudes to whom we were sent. At the close of each mission it was easy to count those who had resisted the grace of God. When the holy founder, who had faith enough to remove mountains, was himself at the head of the evangelical laborers, the victory over the powers of

hell was quickly gained. The happy results were the fruit not only of the spirit of prayer and of apostolic zeal which animated the missionaries: they were also due to the various means employed to bring religious truths home to the mind, and to soften hearts grown cold or hardened."

All his success and the development of his work he attributed exclusively to the Blessed Virgin, to whom from his earliest years he cultivated a tender devotion,—long before he became the founder of an Order officially recognized by the Church as priests of Mary Immaculate. When he entered the seminary, he placed his vocation under her guardianship, and consecrated his future life to her, whose unique prerogative as the

Woman above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast,

he was to proclaim and defend many years before Pius IX. made it an article of faith. He was the first to bear the name of Priest of Mary Immaculate. In the beginning all the spiritual exercises of a mission were closed with the ejaculation, repeated thrice, "Praised be Jesus and Mary ever Immaculate!" The missionaries used to greet each other with the salutation, "*Laudetur Jesus Christus!*" to which the response was made, "*Et Maria Immaculata!*" In a general chapter it was decreed that all the Oblates should wear a white scapular as a special emblem of their consecration to Mary Immaculate: his own he received from the hand of Father Tempier in a celebrated sanctuary of Our Lady, in the crypt of Notre Dame des Lumières where a miraculous statue of the Blessed Virgin is preserved.

As a thank-offering for her intercession, to which he attributed the approval of his Rules by the Holy See, he undertook the restoration of all the ruined sanctuaries of Our Lady in France. After his enthronement as Bishop of Marseilles, he induced the bishops of the ecclesiastical province of Aix to petition Rome for permission to add the word, "Immaculate," in the

Preface of the Mass of the Conception of the Blessed Virgin. When on December 8, 1854, Pius IX. promulgated the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, Mgr. de Mazenod was near the Pontifical throne in St. Peter's. He was rapt out of himself. "I forgot for the moment," he said, "that this world is a place of exile." He and his zealous co-operators who have passed the bourne, are now, we may piously believe, near the throne of God in heaven *in splendoribus sanctorum*.

The Prayer Rug.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

I.

A GREAT transatlantic liner had anchored in front of Algiers. Now it was the sunset hour, and westward the clear African sky gave out a soft, tender glow. It touched the gilded dome of Notre Dame d'Afrique, making the edifice stand out sublimely conspicuous on top of one of the highest hills,—a landmark for many miles around. Until the health officer arrived, no one could go on shore; and meanwhile the railings were lined with eager faces, all more or less interested in the scene before them.

A pretty girl, fair-haired, graceful and slender, made her way through the crowd to where she espied a group of friends near the gangway. Reaching them, she joined her voice to theirs.

"How are we going on shore?" she asked.

"By quite a military method, Miss Lane. A number of little wooden bridges are fastened together, and, once secure, we cross them on foot till we reach *terra firma*."

Alice Lane's eyes brightened.

"Quicker, easier and safer than the rowboats we had at Ponte Delgada and Madeira, and the steamboat at Gibraltar," she said. "Besides, one can go back and forth independently as often as one wants."

"One can and one can't," was the laconic answer. "You'll have less freedom here than anywhere else on our travels."

"I don't understand. Please explain."

"So you haven't heard?"

"Heard what?"

And then a chorus of voices from the group took up the question and repeated it in one form or another.

The large man from Kansas was enjoying his importance as a purveyor of new and interesting news.

"I sit next to the captain in the dining-room, as you know," he said. "He told me at breakfast that no European or American woman is safe in Algiers unless she has an escort; this applies especially to the Arab quarter. He said he intended to put up a notice in the corridor, warning all to keep close together while going through the native part of the city, and on no account for any one to get separated from the party."

"How exciting!"

"It would make a plot for a novel."

"Let us go and see if the notice is up now."

The lively coterie separated itself from the crowd and surged toward the corridor near the maid staircase, where notices were posted. And presently Alice Lane, who had not followed the others, found herself alone save for a single companion,—her cousin, Ronald McDonald, a tall, dark youth clad in blue flannels. She caught his eye and laughed.

"You heard that story," she said. "Do you suppose it's true that there is any danger?"

"Undoubtedly. An old traveller like our captain would not give out false alarms."

"Look!" she said, changing the subject suddenly, as is the way with women. "Look at that magnificent Arab standing up in that yellow and blue boat! How does he keep his balance? And, oh, do look at his rug!"

Ronald McDonald leaned over the railing; and far below, in a boat that danced and bobbed up and down on the

water, he saw the man Alice Lane had indicated,—a superb-looking Arab, who, keeping his footing nicely in the unsteady boat, was slowly unrolling a small but matchless pale blue rug, which even at a distance showed its soft, silky texture.

The Arab seemed to catch Alice's eye; and, holding up the rug for her inspection, he spread the fingers of his other hand wide apart, and slowly opened and closed them five times.

"What does he mean? Twenty-five francs?"

"Oh, dear, no! They know we are Americans, and they always offer their goods in American money when they come to the boats; so he means twenty-five dollars."

"Which also means, of course, that he will take ten. I'm not going to be caught so easily."

So Alice Lane shook her fair head at the smiling Arab, who thereupon promptly lowered his price to twenty dollars. Up and down the length of the ship the Arab offered his rug, alternately gesticulating and bargaining, until Alice noticed with amusement that his price was down to ten dollars.

"What did I tell you, Ronald?" she exclaimed triumphantly.

"Of course! And I did not dispute it, did I? When the ship is ready to sail for Naples to-morrow, if he hasn't sold the rug in the interim, he will offer it for three dollars. I have known them to do it before."

The gong sounded for luncheon at this juncture, causing a break in the monotony of waiting to go ashore.

II.

Through the narrow, crowded Arab quarters, up and down roughly-paved streets, edging their way along sidewalks that were about three feet wide; climbing by means of stone stairways to some point higher up the hill; stopping now and then in dark, evil-smelling little shops to admire and wonder at queer foreign wares, walked, laughed and chattered a

band of bright-eyed young girls, closely guarded by a tall professor at their head and Ronald McDonald in their rear. How much there was to see in this strange African coast city!

Presently the sound of music made them pause; and, looking within the interior of a dim shop, they discovered a dark, foreign-looking man, in shabby clothes, playing on a small piano as fast as his quick, nervous fingers could strike the keys; the while stolid Arabs, smoking their long pipes, sat around on the ground and listened in silence. Alice turned to Ronald.

"What a lesson those Arabs would be to the frequenters of opening nights at the opera!" she said. "More than once my enjoyment of a fine musical programme has been spoiled by a constant buzz of conversation; but these Arabs listen to that rattling old piano without uttering a sound."

"Well," said Ronald, "that's Oriental."

They quickened their steps as the little band continued its march, and presently a turn of the street brought them opposite a shop hung with rugs of all sizes and descriptions; two small Arab boys of about twelve and fifteen seemed to be the only persons in charge. Simultaneously the party entered the shop. The professor remembered that his wife had commissioned him to buy her two rugs to fill a certain need in their library; so a moment later he was bargaining with the older of the two boys, while Ronald and the young ladies explored the dim shop's interior, admiring and caressing the soft silky rugs of every size and texture that hung from the low ceiling or were piled high on the counters.

After a time Alice, detaching herself from the knot of young girls near the door, wandered to the rear of the shop, and, with eyes more accustomed to the dim interior, she espied what looked like a small shrine in a corner. Here a light was burning in front of a little shelf, and spread on the floor was a rug about two feet wide and four feet long, its colors

unusually soft and subdued. The pattern, too, was unlike any that the young girl had ever seen. Instead of following a uniform design, one-third of the rug was totally different in outline from the remaining two-thirds. Lifting it up, she was charmed by its light weight and thick, even texture. Why not buy it for her room at home? It would take up comparatively little space in the bottom of her trunk. So in another moment she had accosted the younger of the two boys, the rug half rolled up in her hands. The boy smiled, showing white, even teeth; and running across the room, he consulted the price on a pile of rugs lying on a counter near the shrine. Other rugs were spread out on the floor of the shop, nor did it occur to Alice that the boy thought she had taken her rug from the pile.

Presently he returned. "Fifty francs, Mademoiselle," he said in fairly good French.

Then began a spirited bargaining, which ended in Alice's getting the rug for thirty francs—fifty centimes. The young girl counted out the money as the boy tied up the package; and, well pleased with her purchase, she joined the rest of the party by the door, the rug under one arm.

"I have bought a beautiful rug," she told Ronald, "and for only six dollars and a half. At home I know it would have been twenty."

"Europe is the only real bargain counter," broke in a pretty Western girl who had overheard her remark. "Bargain sales in New York and Chicago are nothing to it."

Still laughing and chatting, the crowd pursued its way, until finally they came out on the great square where stood the Arab market of Algiers. How it happened they never knew afterwards. Three different parties of Americans coming from three different directions met near the center of the market and became tangled up. Alice, who had paused, laughing, to watch some Arabian women, closely veiled, who were buying food

that an enterprising dealer was cooking over a fire, conscious only that she heard the murmur of American voices, glanced up, and, startled, found herself among strange faces, none of her own party in sight. She looked around in bewilderment and a middle-aged, pleasant-faced American woman addressed her.

"You were with the party that came from the direction of the Mosque," she said. "They went up that street. If you hurry, you'll catch them in a few moments. The leader was a tall man with a grey beard."

The street indicated was one of the steep stair-like passages, dark and narrow because flanked by very tall buildings on each side, that led up the hill. Without pausing to think of any danger, Alice uttered a hearty, "Oh, thank you!" and, the rug held tightly under one arm and her purse in the other hand, she sped up the narrow stone steps. So intent was she on picking her way that she failed to notice on her right a narrow street that led down instead of up, where the members of her own party were even now descending. The climb was long and steep, and it was only when she reached the top and paused for breath that she found she was alone, save for a veiled Arabian woman; not an American or European in sight. Panic-stricken, she was about to turn and descend the steps to the comparative safety of the Arabian market, where she would probably find some of her own countrymen, when the Arabian woman touched her on the shoulder, and, salaaming respectfully, she pointed down another street that led away from the steps which she had just ascended. Spreading out her palms and opening them twice, she indicated that many people had passed that way. "American people," she said.

For a second Alice hesitated; then, without a word, she flew down the narrow street, unaware that the silent-footed Arabian woman was swiftly following her. A moment later she turned a corner. Here were more ascending stairs, and still no

one in sight save a few sleepy Arabs, calmly smoking as they sat cross-legged here and there on the steps. Neither they nor a small Arab boy among them, nor half a dozen women behind different windows, moved or spoke, or manifested the slightest interest or surprise as the woman suddenly seized the girl, one hand over her mouth, as, with the other arm encircling her waist, she dragged her through a low, open door on their left. The next moment the door closed behind them; and Alice, so terrified that she could not utter a sound, was forced through a pitch-dark interior to—she knew not what.

III.

Muffati, the little Arab boy who had sold the rug to Alice, was curled up half asleep on the steps of the shop. His brother had gone out, and no new customers had come in, when his father returned, and, passing the half sleeping boy, entered the store. The next moment there was a commotion, and Muffati, started to his feet, wide awake now, his heart palpitating with fear; for a thoroughly angry Arab had seized him by the shoulder and was shaking him vigorously.

"Dog," he said, "where is my prayer rug! By the beard of the Prophet, I will kill you if it is lost!"

"I don't know," gasped Muffati.

"Then it was Ali! Where is Ali?"

As if in answer to the question, the elder of the two boys entered at that moment. No, he knew nothing of the prayer rug that always lay before the sacred shrine facing the east,—the rug that was not to be sold at any price. There had been only one party of buyers in the store that morning; and he, Ali, had been all the time in the front of the shop near the entrance, where an old man with a beard like the Prophet's had bought two rugs,—one for seventy-francs, the other for forty.

The wrath of the Arab again turned on the luckless Muffati. Yes, he admitted, he had sold one rug to a lady for thirty francs—fifty centimes; but he swore she

took it from the pile at the end of the counter near the shrine.

"You lie!" screamed the rug merchant. And although Muffati, to shield himself, did lie quickly and glibly, and with protestations to Allah that it was as he said, his thoroughly enraged parent knew better; and, after beating the boy till he shrieked for mercy, he threw him out in the street, with a command to find the lady and bring back the rug by fair means or foul; otherwise he, Effendi, the greatest rug merchant in Algiers, was a ruined man.

Then, as Muffati fled, the thoroughly aroused Arab continued to storm at the imperturbable Ali. The lost treasure was the greatest prayer rug in Europe; its value was beyond silver and gold; it had belonged to the Prophet himself, and had been given by him, as Ali knew, to an ancestor of theirs who had served Mohammed in Mecca, and for good and faithful service had been rewarded with the rug on which the Prophet himself had knelt. Every Arab in Algiers knew it by sight, and now it was being carried off by a dog of a Christian, etc., etc. She had paid for the rug, and would doubtless refuse to give it up even if she was found; therefore it behooved them to get it by strategy. And it must be done quickly; for no doubt the steamer on which she came would sail away on the morrow.

So, after a consultation with his son, Effendi closed his shop, and the two descended the hill to the docks. Their plan was to loiter around near the water and watch for the party who, they were sure from long familiarity with the habits of transatlantic excursionists, would return to the ship at noon. In the crowd Ali was to jostle the girl as she was crossing from one bridge to another, with the probable result that she would fall in the water. Effendi, close behind, would seize the rug and escape; and Ali, who swam like a fish, would rescue the lady, pretending it was an accident. The plan was easily

feasible, as later in the day the tide usually made one or more of the bridges that spanned the distance from the shore to the ship drift apart, so that frequently it was necessary to take a leap from one to the other. To Muffati they gave no thought.

IV.

At the end of the dark corridor there was a door that led to a room lighted by a small window in the wall. The Arabian woman pushing Alice in, released her; and closing the door behind her, she removed her veil, displaying to view the face of a very old woman. Without uttering a word, she stood motionless as the distracted girl fled to the other end of the room, and, turning, stood at bay, with her back to the wall. Nerved by the necessity of retaining her senses, Alice pulled herself together with a mighty effort. The next moment she raised her hand and, with a well directed aim, threw her solid silver mesh bag in the woman's face. Had not David slain Goliath with a lesser weapon?

Alice's strong young arm had thrown the bag as swift and as straight as she had served a ball in a tennis tournament. Blood was streaming from the woman's face, as, with an inarticulate cry of rage, she sprang forward and tried to grasp Alice by the arms. But again the girl was ready, and this time, with the rolled-up rug in its wrapping of paper, she parried the outstretched arms. Mad with fury, the other tore the paper to ribbons as Alice struck her in the face with the bundle again and again, increasing the pain of her wound; and then suddenly the rug unrolled, and down it fell, completely shielding Alice as, breathless and panting, she still grasped hold of it, determined to keep any shield between herself and the woman, whom she now began to suspect was crazy,—as indeed was the case.

Was it a miracle from Heaven that as the rug unrolled, displaying its splendid silky length, the Arabian stood for a

moment as if stupefied, and then, with a hoarse cry, fell on her knees on the floor, her long white robe thrown over her head? Without another sound, she knelt there for some seconds; then rising, still with face covered, she backed to the door. A moment later she had vanished, closing and fastening the door behind her. As the key turned in the lock, Alice spread out the rug in front of her. Unable any longer to stand under the terrible strain, she sank down on the floor, shaking with inarticulate, noiseless sobs.

The tears relieved her, giving her fresh courage. In some mysterious way the rug had been her defence. She must now think of how, by its aid, she could effect her escape. A devout Catholic, the young girl lifted her heart in deep, importunate cries to Heaven for help. Surely the Blessed Mother would be her defence and deliverer in her great danger.

Some time later a small, veiled female figure entered and placed a plate of food in front of her and departed. To eat seemed impossible, but the necessity of keeping up her strength impelled her to the effort. A cup of dark-looking coffee that accompanied the food she left untouched: some instinct told her that it might be drugged. It must have been midnight when, wide awake, she saw her captor again enter the room; a slanting moonbeam from the narrow window at her right threw its rays full on her. For just a moment the woman remained motionless in the doorway; then once more she noiselessly withdrew.

And then Alice began to understand. As long as she was either lying upon or holding the precious rug she was safe!

(Conclusion next week.)

OUR time is like our money: when we change a guinea the shillings escape as things of small account; when we break a day by idleness in the morning, the rest of the hours lose their importance in our eyes.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

The Case of Galileo in a Nutshell.

AN excellent example of apologetic summarizing is afforded in the following paragraphs from a lecture on "Faith and Reason" recently delivered by Father Finlay, S. J., of Dublin:

Take, for instance, the case of Galileo, in the seventeenth century, which the less well-informed Protestant controversialist was accustomed to make much of as an argument against the Infallibility of the Pope. I put the bare central facts of the case: Galileo taught the Copernican theory (which we all admit to-day) that the earth not only revolves on its own axis once in every twenty-four hours, but also moves round the sun once in every year. The theory ran counter to the received opinions of the time; it was thought by many to stand condemned by the plain language of Holy Scripture, which speaks of the rising and going down of the sun, which tells us how the sun "stood still" in the heavens at the command of Josue, and which again and again represents God as "laying the foundations of the earth." The controversy was taken over by the Holy See. The Congregation of the Index, with the Pope as its president, declared Galileo's doctrine to be false, opposed to the teaching of Scripture, not to be tolerated among Catholics; and the Congregation exacted from him a retraction of his view.

We omit the details of the story, and the fables which have gathered round it. We are concerned here with one thing only: the Roman Index, presided over by the Pope, condemned the Copernican theory as false and repugnant to Revelation; and the Roman Index was wrong. The Copernican theory has triumphed: there is no one to call its truth in question to-day. But was there any conflict between Faith and Reason? Was divine faith, was Church Infallibility, involved in the controversy? Undoubtedly the Roman Index believed they were: I have no doubt the Pope himself shared the belief. But the Roman Index is not an infallible tribunal. Papal Infallibility is a personal privilege, which the Pope has no power to communicate: he can not even himself bring it into operation while he acts only as president or chairman of a Roman Congregation. In Rome itself the decision was never looked on as final and irrevocable; it was never held to be an infallible interpretation of the Scriptures; no one dreamed of maintaining that it was to be assented to by an act of divine faith. Some theologians, some Cardinals, the

Pope himself as head of a Congregation, were mistaken in the meaning which they assigned to passages of Holy Scripture; but there was no error in the Scriptures themselves; there was no exercise, and so no error, of Church Infallibility; there was no conflict of Faith and Reason.

There is the whole matter in a nutshell—a frank, succinct, and adequate exposition of the true meaning and import of the much discussed and periodically recurring “argument” against the Infallibility of the Church.

A Confessor of the Faith.

A CENTENARY passed over with little notice was that of Father John Bapst, S. J., the date of whose birth (at La Roche, in the Catholic canton of Friburg, Switzerland) was December 17, 1815. He was one of the early missionary priests of New England, and labored first among the Abnaki Indians of Maine. Subsequently he was assigned to the scattered whites of the State, with Bangor as headquarters. He had the distinction of drawing upon himself the special hatred of the bigots of his day, led by the notorious fanatic who called himself the Angel Gabriel. At Ellsworth, on the night of the 14th of October, 1854, a mob broke into the house where he was staying, robbed him of his watch and what money he had, stripped him of his clothing, covered him with tar and feathers, and putting him astride a rail, carried him two miles out of town and left him there to die. Although he fully recovered from the barbarous treatment to which he was subjected, in the last years of his long life he was sometimes haunted with dread of the miscreants at whose hands he had endured such inhumanly cruel torture.

By his Indian flock and the persecuted white Catholics of Maine Father Bapst was greatly beloved. A worthy follower of Him who said, “Blessed are you when men shall revile you and persecute you.” Dr. John Gilmary Shea did not hesitate to call him a Confessor of the Faith.

Notes and Remarks.

We heartily agree with the *New York Sun* that a study of the causes which have led to separation of those who profess Christianity, to the end that means may be found to weld them together—the object of the North American Preparatory Conference in Garden City, L. I.,—“must promote that tolerance and charity which should ever mark the upholders of the Christian religion,” although the capital design of the Conference may prove beyond its power to accomplish.

Concluding an editorial on Cardinal Gaspari's letter, setting forth the sympathetic attitude of the Holy Father in the matter, our metropolitan contemporary remarks further: “The grave difficulties that beset the path toward Christian unity are not less thoroughly understood in the Vatican than elsewhere; but within its precincts the cause in which the Conference toils, which will not fail of good fruit, though its generous ambition be beyond reach, receives quick encouragement.”

Asked, “Can you deny that Christianity has been proved by this great war to be a failure?” Father Bernard Vaughan answered briefly but satisfactorily: “Christianity is a body of doctrine and a code of morality making for the salvation of the people embracing it. Christianity has not failed, because it has not been used. It has not failed, because it has not been realized. But if Christianity had been used, had been recognized, there would have been no war at all. There would have been, on the contrary, full recognition of the brotherhood of man under the Fatherhood of God.”

We desire to remind our readers of the recurrence of the Church Unity Octave, from the Feast of St. Peter's Chair, January 18, to that of the Conversion of St. Paul, January 25. This excellent

institution of prayer is, as our readers may recall, approved by the highest authority in the Church, and already its observance has been fraught with great blessings. The following are among helpful suggestions made by the promoters:

1. Pray especially during the Octave that the Great War may soon cease, and that with the return of peace to the nations Catholic Unity may triumph over heresy and schism.
2. Resolve to do more for Foreign Missions.
3. Do a little fasting or perform some penance (e. g., making the Stations of the Cross), in reparation for the sins of Christians, which have so much hindered the extension of the Kingdom of God.

A comparison of passages of the Pope's Allocution at the recent Consistory, published by certain French papers with the official Latin text, shows that some words, necessary for the correct understanding of what his Holiness said, were omitted by the French censor or the French editors. This is not the first time since the Great War began that the Pope has been misrepresented, even by the Catholic press,—made to say what he did not say, more than he said, or something different. Another warning—which, however, should be unnecessary, so far as Catholics are concerned—against pinning one's faith to newspaper reports of the sayings and doings of the Pope, and against unofficial translations of Papal documents.

Writing of the new side chapel of Westminster Cathedral, "dedicated to the glory of God under the invocation of St. Andrew and the Saints of Scotland," a contributor of the London *Athenæum* declares that—

the interior of the Cathedral in its unfinished state is one of the most impressive interiors in the world. . . . Many people have learned to love Bentley's great church, all unfinished as it is. If art is a necessity to them, they see here the art that they desire to live with, and of which they have some understanding. It exhibits, besides, on a great scale, a fine conception of life, noble proportions and beautiful workmanship: and its bare walls lend to it a certain atmospheric quality that suggests spaciousness and solemnity. . . . It is a matter

of universal regret that Bentley did not live to complete his undertaking. Fortunately, his wishes are known, and to a great extent on record, and it is in carrying them out (and this, as every artist knows, is more than half the battle) that difficulties may arise.

Those who fear for the future of the Cathedral will do well to view the now completed Chapel of St. Andrew. Here the best craftsmen of the day, under the guidance of the architect who is perhaps better qualified than any other now living for this purpose, have wrought in precious materials a suitable lining for one of the little side chapels built by Bentley. Here we have the noble conception, the gleaming material, the fine workmanship, combining in "a little miracle of art." All artists will congratulate the architect, Mr. Robert W. S. Weir, and his collaborators on their achievement, one requiring as much patience as knowledge.

The adding of another jewel to the girdle of Westminster Cathedral is due, we are told, to the munificence of the Marquis of Bute.

There are no indications of an improvement in the conditions of Portugal. Politically and religiously, the republic is in a bad way. Though not openly expressed, there is much discontent among the people, and another revolution may occur at any time. In reference to the new head of the government, Dr. Affonsa Costa (premier also in 1913-14), the Lisbon correspondent of the London *Morning Post* writes: "His position is a very difficult one. He is faced not only by the sulking discontent of the conquered, but by the more openly expressed discontent of the conquerors, many of whom perceive too late that they have been snatching chestnuts from the fire for others to eat."

The late Prof. Victor Brants, of the University of Louvain, was one of the foremost political economists and sociologists of Europe,—one whose influence (on account of his being an active member of many important organizations, and Perpetual Secretary of the Society of Social Economy in Belgium, besides a voluminous writer) has been great in economic matters, not only throughout

his own country but in France as well. From a memorial notice of him, contributed to the *London Tablet* by the Bishop of Salford, we learn that the list of his publications occupies many pages of small type in the bibliography of the University of Louvain. His best known book—a manual of political economy, in two volumes—has been translated into Italian and Spanish. At the time of his death he was engaged upon an historical work, "Ordonnances of Philippe II." The Bishop pays a high tribute to Prof. Brants' faith, piety, amiability, and devotedness; and quotes the *Vingtième Siècle* as saying of him: "He was indeed the good and faithful servant, social and national unto the end, thanks to his profound religious faith."

It is presumably not that it hates Catholicism less but that it hates capitalism more that the *Chicago Socialist* renders this testimony:

The battle against Catholic politicians is only another means of turning the workers from their real enemies, the capitalists. By electing anti-Catholics, the workingmen frequently fare worse. This is proven by conditions in New York. Under the Catholic Governor Glynn, many progressive laws, most of them suggested by the Governor, were passed. Under the present anti-Catholic and reformer, Whitman, the legislature of New York has decreed that women shall labor twelve hours per day. . . . The capitalists use the anti-Catholic movement to enslave the working class.

That last statement may hold more of truth than the casual observer of political events is cognizant of. In the meantime all good Catholics are quite as much in favor of many social reforms as they are unalterably opposed to Socialism with the capital S.

It is said that Gen. Castelnau, Chief of Staff to Gen. Joffre (now in command of the French troops on all fronts), is one of the few generals in the Republican armies who openly avow their Catholicism. "He is devoutly religious," says the Paris correspondent of the *London Observer*, "and

will take the Sacrament [*sic*] at any hour of the night when his mission calls him to some forward move of importance and peril. It is worth while insisting on the point; for it is a certificate of the man's fearless adherence to his convictions. There was a moment when it would have hindered his career. But that is past; no one thinks of branding a man because of his politics or religion: all 'conform' to-day to the cult of country."

It is the general opinion in France that no officer better qualified for the important position to which he has been advanced could have been selected than Gen. Castelnau. A correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* declares: "He is undoubtedly the best man—indeed, the only man,—and no other consideration counts in war. No section of opinion in France, however they may look upon him politically, regard him as other than the brilliant soldier he is. He is known also as a man of sterling character."

"That insufferable nuisance and saddest of sights, 'a spoiled child,'"—strong words, perhaps too strong, but also true enough to merit most serious consideration. They are used by the Rev. Paul L. Blakely, S. J., in his excellent department of Education in *America*, where he writes of "School Discipline and the 'Fond Parent.'" Certain it is that the precocious child—precocious in the eyes of its doting parents, pert to all other observers—is one of the most difficult "cases" the browbeaten educator has to deal with. Not the least element of the difficulty is that he generally has to deal at the same time with a parent who was in his or her day also a "precocious" child. If the child is father to the man, the "spoiled child" is the direct forbear of the "fond parent." Of the latter Father Blakely writes:

These fond parents "manage" the children by allowing them to do precisely what they wish to do. Adopting an easy principle of government, not unknown indeed to modern

educators and sociologists, they suppress lawlessness at home by abolishing law. They then affect wonder and indignation when a polite note from the principal informs them that he "will be greatly obliged by the withdrawal of Cissy and Johnny from the school. Their example is harmful, and he really can not—" and so forth.

The parents' mistake began in not correcting the child's faults in cradle days,—in stimulating the child's vanity and pride by thrusting it forward in all manner of "cute" performances, and in indulging baby temper. But one must not forget—as a scant condonement of the fond parents' guilt—that there are also "fond" aunts and uncles who can spoil not less effectively than parents. A juvenile litany might well urge, "From fond relatives, deliver us!"

A long line of "blue-blooded" ancestry can add little glory to the life and work of so noble a spirit as Miss Eliza O'Brien Lummis, who passed to her everlasting reward last month. What she was, she was in her own right, and what she did was a matter of personal labor. That she was an actual descendant of Brian Boru is of far less importance than that she was the founder of the People's Eucharistic League and of the Daughters of the Faith, both widely spread associations. She was a veritable apostle of the Blessed Sacrament, and by word and example helped to spread abroad the good odor of Christ. Miss Lummis was a striking example of what one person can do, when faith is guided by wisdom and inspired by zeal. We bespeak the charitable prayers of our readers for the repose of her soul.

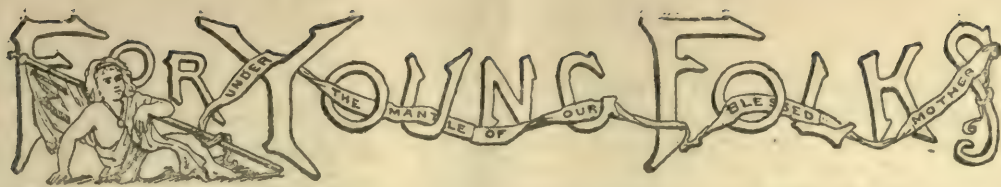
Lovers of wild nature will find delight in a posthumous volume, just published, recounting the explorations of John Muir in Alaska. The famous naturalist seems to have experienced especial joy in studying the wonders of the glaciers, and in watching the beauties of light effects in earth and sky. One summer morning

in Glacier Bay, while the Indian guides were getting ready to sail, all were startled by the sudden appearance of a red light, burning with unearthly splendor, on the topmost peak of the Fairweather Mountains. Soon the whole range down to the level of the glaciers was filled with a celestial fire, as if the ice mountains themselves were glowing with inward flame. Mr. Muir thus eloquently describes the scene:

Beneath the frosty shadows of the fiord we stood, hushed and awestricken, gazing at the holy vision; and had we seen the heavens opened and God made manifest, our attention could not have been more tremendously strained. When the highest peak began to burn it did not seem to be steeped in sunshine, however glorious, but rather as if it had been thrust into the body of the sun itself. Then the supernal fire slowly descended, with a sharp line of demarkation separating it from the cold, shaded region beneath; peak after peak, with their spires and ridges and cascading glaciers, caught the heavenly glow, until all the mighty host stood transfigured, hushed, and thoughtful, as if awaiting the coming of the Lord.

We have already commended to the charity of our readers the soul of the late Father McMahon, editor of the *Catholic Universe*, of Cleveland, Ohio. From a beautiful tribute to him by Anne Elizabeth O'Hare, a leading contributor to that journal, we quote the following passage:

Now that his place is empty and his work is done, we think less of his activities than of himself. Those who were in close association with him will mourn most the genial presence that will no more radiate kindness, humor, good cheer. They will remember him for what he was even more than for what he did, for what he tried to do more than for what he accomplished. . . . It is for such qualities, as a lovable, simple-hearted, humorous, kindly, magnanimous priest, that Father McMahon will be most tenderly remembered. His public work will not be forgotten. In his robust and active years he made sacrifices and rendered great service to the cause of religion in this section. Such ambitions as he cherished were not for any personal power or profit. No man ever thought less of physical ease and comfort or of worldly rewards. Such mistakes as he made were dearly and humbly paid for. For the rest, those mourn him most who knew him best.



The Victory of St. Anastasia.

BY IRENE MURPHY.

IMPERIAL Cæsar comes in royal state,
With all his court, to witness a base deed;
The city is adorned as for a fête,
Though 'tis a slaughter that has been decreed.

For on this day a Christian maiden fair,
Sweet Anastasia, in her stainless youth,
Her homage to the false gods must declare,
Or perish if she dare to speak the truth.

See how the great arena doors now swing
apart:

With lifted head and never faltering feet
She comes; the pagans in amazement start
To see her walking forth serenely sweet.

No horror dwells within those gentle eyes,
In her pure soul for fear there is no room;
Amid the throng one pitying woman sighs,
But Anastasia does not dread her doom.

Now banners wave, and loud the trumpets
ring;

In savage tones the pagans hiss and call;
The courtiers smile upon this cruel thing,
While from the guard the fatal questions fall:

"Wilt thou deny the Christ, thou foolish child,
And vows to Cæsar's gods before us take?"
Sweet Anastasia answers low and mild:

"Nay! Rather let me die for Christ's dear
sake."

And thus, before the throng, she makes her
choice,

And for her faith to die proves unafraid;
She prays aloud to God with gentle voice,
Then bows her head unto the soldier's blade.

Ah, happy Saint beheaded on that day,
In heaven now you hold an honored place!
Plead for me at the throne of God, I pray,
That I may have a portion of your grace.

Killykinick.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

III.—A JUDGMENT.

"DAN DOLAN!" said Father Regan,
as the reckless interloper flushed
and paled beneath his steady gaze.

"Dan Dolan!" echoed Brother Tim,
who had come in behind his honored
visitor. "How ever did he get past me!
I've been saying my beads at the door
without this half hour."

"Swung in by Old Top," ventured Dan,
feeling concealment was vain.

"Old Top!" repeated the rector. "You
dared Old Top at this height, when
scarcely a bough is sound! You must be
mad, boy. It is God's mercy that you
did not break your neck. Don't you know
the tree is unsafe?"

"Yes, Father," answered Dan. "But—
but I had to see Freddy again, and they
wouldn't let me come up. I just *had* to
see him, if it killed me."

And there was a sudden break in the
young voice that startled his hearer. But
a glance at the dizzy and forbidden height
of Old Top and Father Regan was stern
again.

"Why did you have to see him, if it
killed you?" he asked briefly.

"Because I wanted to tell how bad I
felt about letting him get hurt, because—
because he has been better to me than
any boy in the school, because—be-
cause—" (again Dan's tone grew husky)
"I just had to bid Freddy good-bye."

"O Father, no, no!" Freddy burst forth
tremulously. "Don't let him say good-bye!
Don't send Dan away, Father, please! He
won't fight any more,—will you, Dan?"

"I am not promising that," answered
Dan, sturdily. "I won't stand shoving and
knocking, not even to keep my place here."

"O Dan!" cried Freddy, in dismay at such an assertion. "Why, you said you would work day and night to stay at Saint Andrew's!"

"Work, yes," replied Dan, gruffly. "I don't mind work, but I won't ever play lickspittle."

"And is that the way ye'd be talking before his reverence?" broke in Brother Tim, indignantly. "Get out of the infirmary this minute, Dan Dolan; for it's the devil's own pride that is on yer lips and in yer heart, God forgive ye for saying it!"

"We'll settle this later," said Father Regan, quietly. "Go down to my study, Dan, and wait for me. I have a message for Freddy from his uncle."

"O Dan, Dan!" (There was a sob in the younger boy's voice as he felt all this parting might mean.) "I'll—I'll miss you dreadfully, Dan!"

"Don't!" said Dan, gripping his little comrade's hand. "I ain't worth missing. I'm glad I came, anyhow, to say good-bye and good luck, Freddy!" And he turned away at the words, with something shining in his blue eyes that Father Regan knew was not all defiance.

It was a long wait in the study. Dan had plenty of time to think, and his thoughts were not very cheerful. He felt he had lost his chance,—the chance that had been to him like the sudden opening of a gate in the grim stone wall of circumstances that had surrounded him,—a gate beyond which stretched free, sunlit paths to heights of which he had never dreamed. He had lost his chance; for a free scholarship at Saint Andrew's depended on good conduct and observance of rules as well as study; and Dan felt he had doubly and trebly forfeited his claim. But he would not whine. Perhaps it was only the plucky spirit of the street Arab that filled his breast, perhaps something stronger and nobler that steadied his lip and kindled his eye, as he looked around the spacious, book-lined room, and realized all that he was losing—had lost.

For Dan loved his books,—the hard-earned scholarship proved it. Many a midnight hour had found him, wrapped in his worn blankets, studying by the light of a flaring candle-end stuck perilously on his bedpost, after good Aunt Win had thriftily put out the lamp, and believed Danny was sound asleep preparatory to a start on his beat at break of day.

"One of the brightest, clearest, quickest minds I ever knew," Dan's teacher had told Father Regan when awarding the scholarship,—“if he can only keep the track. But he has a bold spirit, and it will be hard on him among all those 'high-steppers' of yours at Saint Andrew's. He is likely to bolt and break away."

But Dan had been too busy with his books all the year to mind "high-steppers." His patched jacket kept the head of the classes, and his stubby-toed shoes marched up every month to get the ticket, and he had helped more than one heavy-witted "high-stepper" through conditions that threatened to put him out of the race. Most of the Saint Andrew's boys were manly youngsters, with whom jackets and shoes did not count against brain and brawn; and strong, clever, quick-witted Dan had held his place in school-room and playground unquestioned. But there were exceptions, and Dud Fielding was one of them. He had disliked the "poor scholar" from the first. Dud was a tall, handsome fellow, filled with ideas of his own importance; and Dan had downed him more than once in field and class-room, to his great disgust. Worse than all, in appreciation of his careful costuming, Dan had alluded to him as "Dudey,"—a boyish liberty which, considering the speaker's patched jacket, Master Fielding could not forgive. It was the repetition of this remark, when Dud had appeared garbed in a summer suit of spotless linen, that had precipitated yesterday's fight.

Altogether, with all the restraints and interests of school time removed, vacation

was proving a perilous period to the "left-overs" at Saint Andrew's. Dan realized this as, turning his back on the book-lined room, with his hands thrust in his pockets, looking gloomily out of the broad window that opened on the quadrangle, he stood awaiting "judgment." He expected no mercy: he felt grimly he had no claim to it. Maybe if he had a rich father or uncle or somebody grand and great to speak up for him, he might be given another chance; but a poor boy who, as Dud Fielding said, ought to be "ditch digging"—Dan choked up again at the thought that, after all, perhaps Dud was right: he was not the sort to be pushing in here. He ought to be out in his own rough world, working his own rough way. All those fancies of his for better, higher things had been only "pipe dreams."

But jing, it would be hard to give up! Dan looked out at the quadrangle where he had led so many a merry game; at the ball field, scene of battle and victory that even Dud Fielding could not dispute; at the long stretch of the study hall windows opposite; at the oriel of the chapel beyond. All spoke to him of a life that had been like air and sunshine to a plant stretching its roots and tendrils in the dark.

And he must leave it all! He must go back again to the old ways, the old work! He was big enough now to drive a butcher's wagon, or clean fish and stuff sausages at Pete Patterson's market store; or—or—there were other things he could do that a fellow like him must do when he is "down and out." And while he still stared from the window, the grim, dogged look settling heavier upon his young face, Dan caught a footstep behind him, and turned to face Father Regan.

"I've kept you waiting longer than I expected, Dan, but I had great news for Freddy,—news that took some time to tell." The speaker sank into the tall stiff-backed chair known to many a young sinner as the "judgment seat." "Now"

(the clear, keen-eyes fixed themselves gravely on the boy) "I want to have a talk with you. Things can not go on in this way any longer, even in vacation time. I must say that, after the last year's good record, I am disappointed in you, Dan,—sorely disappointed."

"I'm sorry, Father," was the respectful answer, but the grim, hard look on the young face did not change. "I've made a lot of trouble, I know."

"You have," was the grave answer, "and trouble I did not expect from you. Still, circumstances have been against you, I must confess. But this does not alter the fact that you have broken strict rules that even in vacation we can not relax,—broken them deliberately and recklessly. You are evidently impatient of the restraint here at Saint Andrew's; so I have concluded not to keep you here any longer, Dan."

"I'm not asking it, Father." Dan tried bravely to steady voice and lip. "I'm ready to go whenever you say."

"To-morrow, then," continued Father Regan,— "I've made arrangements for you to leave to-morrow at ten. Brother Francis will see that your trunk is packed to-night."

"Yes, Father," said Dan, somewhat bewildered at the friendly tone in which this sentence was delivered. "I'd like to see Mr. Raymond and Mr. Shipman before I go, and thank them for all they've done for me; and Father Roach and Father Walsh and all of them; and to say I'm sorry I made any trouble."

"Good gracious," laughed Father Regan, "one would think you were on your dying bed, boy!"

"I—I feel like it," blurted out Dan, no longer able to choke down the lump in his throat. "I'd rather die, a good deal."

"Rather die!" exclaimed Father Regan,— "rather die than go to Killykinick!"

"Killykinick!" echoed Dan, breathlessly. "You're not—not sending me to a Reform, Father?"

"Reform!" repeated the priest.

"For I won't go," said Dan, desperately. "You haven't any right to put me there. I'm not wild and bad enough for that. I'll keep honest and respectable. I'll go to work. I can get a job at Pete Patterson's sausage shop to-morrow."

"Reform! Sausage shop! What are you talking about, you foolish boy, when I am only sending you all off for a summer holiday at the seashore?"

"A summer holiday at the seashore!" echoed Dan in bewilderment.

"Yes, at Freddy's place—Killykinick. I have just heard from his uncle, and he thinks it would be a fine thing to send Freddy up there to shake off his malaria. There's a queer old house that his great-uncle left him, and an old sailor who still lives there to look out for things; and all the boating, bathing, swimming, fishing a set of lively young fellows can want; so I am going to ship you all off there to-morrow morning with Brother Bart. It's plain you can't stand six weeks of vacation here, especially when there will be a general retreat for the Fathers next month. You see, I simply have to send you away."

"And you mean—you mean—" (Dan's voice trembled, his eyes shone,)—"you mean I can come back?"

"Come back, of course, when school opens."

"Jing!" said Dan, drawing a long breath. "I—I thought you were putting me out for good and all. I thought, with the fight and the climb and hurting Freddy I—I had done for myself. I thought—" Here Dan's feelings became too much for him, and he could only gulp down the sob that rose in his throat, with a look that went to Father Regan's kind heart.

"My poor boy, no, no! Put you out of Saint Andrew's for good and all! I never thought of such a thing for a moment. Of course I object seriously to fighting, to your reckless venture to Old Top; but—well, you had strong temptations, and in vacation time one must not be too severe. At Killykinick there will be

more elbow-room. Have you ever been to the seashore?"

"Never farther than the wharfs. But I can swim and dive and float," answered Dan, wisely reserving the information that, as a member of the "Wharf Rats," he had been ducked overboard at the age of six, to sink or swim.

"Good!" said Father Regan. "Then you'll have a fine time. And I am depending on you to look out for the other boys. They have grown up in softer ways, and are not used to roughing it, as it is likely you will have to rough it at Killykinick. But it will be good for you all,—for you all," repeated the speaker cheerily, as he saw in Dan's brightening face the joyful relief the boy did not know how to speak. "And you will come back ready for double 'X' work in the fall. I am looking for great things from you, Dan. You've made a fine start, my boy! Keep it up, and some day you will be signing all the capital letters to Dan Dolan's name that Saint Andrew's can bestow."

"Sure I don't know about that, Father," said Dan, his speech softening into Aunt Winnie's Irish tones with the warming of his heart. "You're very good to me, but sometimes I think—well, what I thrashed Dud Fielding for telling me: that I've no right to be pushing into a grand school like this. I ought to keep my place."

"And where is your place?" was the calm question.

"Sure, sure—" Dan hesitated as he recalled a very checkered childhood. "Now that Aunt Winnie is all broke up, I can't say, Father."

"Then I will tell you, my boy! Just now, by the goodness and guidance of God, it is here,—here, where you have equal rights with any boy in the school. You have won them in winning your scholarship: they are yours as justly as if you had a father paying a thousand a year. There may be a little rough rubbing now and then from fellows like Dud Fielding; but—well, everything that

is worth having has its cost. So stand to your colors! Be, as you said yesterday, neither a bully nor a coward, but a man. Now go to see Aunt Winnie and bid her good-bye. Tell her I am sending you off for the jolliest kind of a holiday to Killykinick."

"I—I don't know how to thank you, Father!" stammered Dan, feeling that his blackened sky had suddenly burst into rainbow light.

"Don't try," was the kind answer. "I understand, Dan. God bless you, my boy!"

And, laying his hand for a moment on Dan's sandy thatch of hair, Father Regan dismissed the case.

(To be continued.)

Insect Actors.

BY MARY KELLEY DUNNE.

IT'S quite astonishing, when you come to think of it, how little reason we have for being conceited about our superior human characteristics, we share so many of them with the very littlest of the lesser brethren. Courage, of a kind, is about the finest possession you can acquire; and to have it you must earn it, you know; so it is one of the few things that can be really yours without any strings. And yet while you must work very hard and every day to acquire courage, your littlest sisters of the air, as St. Francis called the birds, have a variety of it a-plenty.

Have you ever watched a robin mother, feathers all fluffed up, the delicate, cheerful singer turned into a little fury, attacking without hesitation the big black crow which threatens to steal her babies? And the crow will attack and rout a hawk several times her size when it comes to disrupt her home. The summer sky is the setting for any number of these fascinating, curious fights,—a single crow flying around and around the soaring hawk, trying always to reach his eyes; the hawk dipping and turning and diving,

gradually going higher and higher until he is a mere blur against the blue, surrounded by a host of black specks; for the crow mother when she attacks the hawk enemy keeps up a series of harsh calls, and other crows come from all directions and join in the onslaught upon the enemy. Only his stronger wings, which enable him to rise higher and faster, make it possible for the hawk to escape. Sometimes, no doubt, a crow, quicker than the other, manages to get in a whack at the larger bird's eyes, and blinds him. This is what the crows seem to be trying to do. Once they had injured his eyes, he would have to fall to the earth; for he could no longer see the direction to fly. Then he would be altogether at the mercy of the crow army. And wouldn't they tear him to bits! For mercy and generosity to their enemies, the birds do not share with their grown-up human brethren. Cruelty, jealousy, imitativeness, affection for their babies until they are no longer dependent upon their parents,—these and a few other qualities they certainly possess in common with their big brother man. What they do not share, and what they have that we do not share, I am going to let you think out for yourself.

Perhaps you have never thought of bugs and butterflies and toads, and such, as kin. You can understand birds. They are nice enough to be anybody's relations. But bugs! Nobody really "enthuses" about having them in the family. However, it doesn't matter a bit how you feel about it. It's just as it is with our human kin. We wouldn't have picked all of our relations if we had been consulted about it. As we were not, we have to take them as they are, and be loyal. Sometimes they are not half so bad as you thought, as you agree when you get really well acquainted. It's the same with toads. Toads and bugs and butterflies work for their living, and some of them give more than an equivalent for what they get. As for cleverness as mimics, there aren't

many big brothers who can beat the tree toad. It may be hopping about merrily when it sights an enemy, perhaps a small boy. Straightway it seems to become a part of the tree,—its color becomes that of the twig to which it clings. You may hear it calling for rain, seemingly right at your hand; but you look for it in vain. Its color and its quietness are almost perfect protection. Of course that is the reason for this capacity to change its color to match the surface on which it rests.

There are comparatively few actor bugs in our neighborhood, but India and South America have some very wonderful performers. The heavy villain parts on the insect stage are taken by the atlas moth. It strikes terror into the hearts of its associates by taking the part of a cobra. It does it cleverly, too. Its natural coat would be of little help to it were it not for the cleverness with which it arranges its costume and stage settings, so to speak. Its coat bears not the slightest resemblance to a cobra, but it plays its part amid a setting of leaves, from which it allows one corner of its wing to protrude so as to give the appearance of a cobra's head. The moth's enemies are quite willing to take the rest of the reptile's body for granted. The atlas moth will sleep in this posture for hours, and could have no better protection against its enemies; for it lives in a part of the world where the cobra is the most dreaded of animals.

Then there is the light comedy part of the "walking stick." The "walking stick" is an insect made up to look like the skeleton of a leaf or a slim twig, and its part consists in remaining perfectly still. Its coloring changes to match the leaf on which it happens to alight, and it is almost impossible to distinguish it from its surroundings.

Another remarkable actor in bugdom is the "walking leaf." It is in the insect books as *phyllium siccifolium*, and bears all the markings of a leaf, particularly of the tree upon which it feeds. It looks

so exactly like a leaf partly eaten by insects that unless you happened to see it move you would never find it.

Then there is the Kallima butterfly of India. It very strongly resembles a leaf, but it would fall an easy prey to its enemies did it not actually play the part of a leaf. It seldom moves from the tree where it feeds; but when it does start on its travels, it drifts down to the ground for all the world like a falling leaf.

South America, which has so many wonders, has a lot of actor beetles. They are hard shelled insects, and their part is to make themselves look like pebbles or a part of the rock against which they have placed themselves at the first hint of an approaching enemy.

Brazil also has a strange actor butterfly called the owl's head. The butterfly, of course, bears no resemblance to an owl. The owl's head is merely a decoration on the under side of one of its wings. When it is pursued by enemies, it makes for a tree with dense foliage and hides among the leaves so that only the fierce owl face shows. The pursuers are terrorized by the unexpected vision, and make hasty tracks for safer hunting grounds. You almost wonder if the clever insect laughs in his sleeve at their discomfiture. But of course he doesn't. There is only one animal that really laughs and wears sleeves.

These are only a few of the actor insects. Some of them even go further than to use the knack of mimicry for self-preservation in protecting themselves from enemies. They make themselves so thoroughly like their surroundings that other insects on which they live walk upon them, not observing the mimic until it is too late to escape. What was in appearance a harmless pebble or leaf turns out to be a beetle with powerful jaws lying in wait for it. So you see it may be truthfully said that many bugs not only save their lives but earn their living by acting. They escape their enemies and capture their prey by appearing to be what they are not.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The latest volumes in the Oxford Edition of Standard Authors include "Newman. Poems in the edition of 1868; 'The Dream of Gerontius,' 'Verses on Various Occasions,' 1821-1862; Poems from 'Lyra Apostolica,' 1836, not included in 'Verses,' 1868."

—The discourse, "A Plea for Peace," which the Hon. Bourke Cockran delivered before an audience of fifteen thousand persons in Chicago last November, is now issued in pamphlet form by the Home Press, 331 Madison Avenue, New York. It is a notable contribution to pacifist literature.

—"A Legal Minimum Wage," an octavo brochure of one hundred and forty pages, published by the author, is a Ph. D. thesis submitted to the faculty of the Catholic University of Washington by the Rev. John O'Grady, A. M. It is replete with interesting and well correlated information, and promises well for the larger study of the subject which the author intends to undertake in the near future.

—The Organ Accompaniment to the Parish Hymnal, compiled and arranged by Joseph Otten, reveals the master hand of the experienced organist. The book is constructed on sane and practical lines; the fantastic is studiously avoided throughout, as is becoming in a book destined for divine service. The author seldom reaches beyond the capacity of the ordinary organist, whilst he is happily suggestive of new things to the resourceful performer. This Accompaniment is sure to make new friends for the Parish Hymnal. Neatly bound in cloth. Price, \$2. B. Herder, publisher.

—A new magazine, edited by the Rev. P. B. Kennedy, O. F. M., and happily named the *Crusader*, has made its appearance in Australia. The initial number is an appeal for help for the Franciscan Fathers, who almost from time immemorial have been the guardians of the holy places in Palestine and the generous hosts of pilgrims from all parts of the world. Since the opening of the present war, the Turk has been more than ever insolent and oppressive in his rule over the Holy Land, and hence the need of this special appeal. We commend the *Crusader* to the consideration of Catholics at home and abroad.

—In thirty-seven chapters, covering two hundred and fifty twelvemo pages, Mr. Francis M. Schirp, Ph. D., gives "A Short History of Germany" (B. Herder). The survey embraces

the period from the earliest times to 1913, and is based on Guggenberger's "History of the Christian Era," although the chapters on the Reformation period are a summary of Janssen's treatment of those times. Three pages only are given to the twenty-five years under William II., and the concluding sentence of the body of the work (there are three brief appendices) is a graphic comment on the mutability of things human: "In 1913, on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the throne, he was universally praised as a *prince of peace*." The italics are the author's.

—Of exceptional interest and importance among the numerous French brochures concerning the Great War are two received from the publishing house of Pierre Téqui, Paris. The first, "Les Paroles de la Guerre" (370 pp.), is by Mgr. Gauthey, Archbishop of Besançon. The work is in two parts, the first being a series of weekly *causeries* sent by this prelate to his parish priests, to be read at the Sunday Mass; the second part embraces a number of Pastoral letters and allocutions, all bearing upon the outstanding events of the times. The other brochure, "La Guerre en Champagne" (500 pp.), is by Mgr. Tissier, Bishop of Chalons, and is a history of the war as it has affected that diocese. The stylistic charm that seems to be the birthright of French authors is markedly evident in both works.

—Volume II. of "Pioneer Laymen of North America," by the Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J. ("America" Press), is an octavo of some three hundred and forty pages, in which are discussed the careers of eight more of the men who did great things in the early days of American civilization. The Le Moyne family figures large in the book. Two chapters are given to Le Moyne de Longueuil, four to Le Moyne d'Iberville, and six to Le Moyne de Bienville. Other notables dealt with are Nicolas Perrot, Frontenac, La Salle, Pierre Gaultier de Vérendrye, and John McLoughlin. The four chapters devoted to the last-mentioned pioneer are perhaps the most interesting of the work; they are valuable as well, in that they correct the prevailing error as to McLoughlin's religious activities. The volume is a worthy successor to the first of the series, as also to the trilogy on "Pioneer Priests" by the same author.

—Of recent Australian C. T. S. publications we have received "Culture and Belief," a commemoration address delivered at Sydney

University by the Very Rev. M. J. O'Reilly, C. M.; "Spiritualism and Christianity," by the Rev. P. J. Manly; "The Church: A Mother to Love and be Proud of," by the Rev. Dr. Keane, O. P.; "The Vision of Peace," a polemic short story by the Rev. M. Forest, M. S. H.; Father P. C. Yorke's lecture, "On Ghosts in General"; "Points in Catholic Polity," author unnamed, and "Personal Prohibition Needed—not National," by the Very Rev. W. J. Lockington, S. J., with an interesting foreword by Bishop Mannix, of Melbourne; two stories; "Brenda's Friend," by Miriam Agatha, and "As We Forgive," by A. McNamara; four biographical sketches, "Peter, Prince of the Apostles," by the Rev. J. P. Conroy; "St. Francis of Assisi," by the Rev. P. M. MacSweeney, M. A.; "Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus," by the Rev. S. M. Hogan, O. P.; and "The Ven. Bernadette Soubirous," by Rev. A. Coen, O. P.; two sociological studies, "The Gospel: The Real Social Remedy," by the Rev. S. M. Hogan, O. P., and "The Church and Social Study," by Rev. M. O'Byrne, O. P.; and, finally, "Newman's Alleged Opposition to Scholasticism," by the Rev. W. J. Tucker, S. J., and "The Sacred Heart," by the Rev. M. Forest, M. S. H. Each of the foregoing is in pamphlet form, and, it scarcely need be added, is very good value for a penny.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Pioneer Laymen of North America." Vol. II. Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J. \$1.75.
- "A Short History of Germany." Francis M. Schirp, Ph. D. \$1.
- "One Year with God." Rev. M. V. McDonough. \$1.
- "Stories from Italy." Louisa Emily Dobrée. 25 cts.
- "Looking on Jesus." Madame Cecilia. \$1.75, net.
- "Sermons, Doctrinal and Moral." Rt. Rev. Thaddeus Hogan, R. M. \$1.50.
- "The Sacraments." Pohle-Preuss. \$1.50.
- "The Sweet Miracle." Eca de Queiroz. 40 cts.
- "The Little Ambassadors." Henriette Delamere. 75 cts.

- "Max of the North." Magnus A. Bruce. \$1.25.
- "The New Pelagianism." J. Herbert Williams. 75 cts.
- "The Catholic Faith." Rev. Fr. Girardey, C. SS. R. 15 cts.
- "The Life of St. Monica." F. A. Forbes. 30 cts.
- "The Camp of Copper River." Rev. H. S. Spalding, S. J. 85 cts.
- "Homilies on all the Sunday Gospels of the Ecclesiastical Year." Finco-Dunne. \$1.
- "A Manual of Apologetics." Koch-Bruehl. 75 cts.
- "The Lord My Light." Joseph Rickaby, S. J. \$2, net.
- "The Secret Bequest." Christian Reid. \$1.25.
- "Storied Italy." Mrs. Hugh Fraser. \$3.50, net.
- "Recollections of an Irish Judge." M. McD. Bodkin, K. C. \$3, net.
- "Pioneer Laymen of North America." Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J. Vol. I. \$1.75.
- "The Fair Flower of Eden." M. D. Forrest. M. S. H. 75 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. John Stariha, first bishop of Lead; Rt. Rev. Narcisse Lorrain, bishop of Pembroke; Rt. Rev. Thomas Doran, auxiliary bishop of Providence; Rt. Rev. Mgr. Dunn, of the diocese of Erie; Rt. Rev. Mgr. Trainor, archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. Stephen Stenger, O. S. B.; and Rev. A. Saulnier, C. S. C.

Sisters M. Liguori, M. Peter, and M. Mechtilda, of the Order of the Visitation.

Mr. M. J. Bolton, Mr. John Reves, Mrs. Catherine Sharkey, Mr. Joseph Mousel, Miss Elizabeth McNiff, Mr. John Lucey, Mr. Theodore Vogt, Mr. Thomas J. Brady, Mr. Edward Dalton, Miss Sarah Wallace, Mr. Patrick Callahan, Mrs. Thomas Clements, Mr. William Kane, Miss Helen Rowan, Mrs. Ellen Kennedy, Mr. William Rieser, Mrs. John Graham, Mr. Robert Shirley, Miss Teresa Saul, Mr. William Healy, Mr. Michael Sellinger, Mr. Herman Wolf, and Mr. L. P. Gibson.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the starving children in China: Friend, \$25; K. of C. Council, Niles, Mich., \$25; "Christmas gift of a friend," \$10; J. T. D., \$5. For the Belgian war sufferers: Friend, per T. N. O'T., \$3. For poor missionaries: B. J. M., \$6.80. For the Mexican sufferers: J. M. S., \$8.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. III. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 22, 1916.

NO. 4

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Mary.

BY E. M. ROFF.

SLEEP, little King,—sleep!
I watch the while
Some heavenly vision
Makes Thee to smile.

Now art Thou only
My baby Boy,
Yet I am troubled
In my great joy.

What is that circle
Crowning Thy head?
'Tis the light playing
Over Thy bed.

What is that shadow
So like a cross?
Only the boughs that
The breezes toss.

What is that shouting
Of a mad crowd?
Nazareth's taxpayers
Gossiping loud.

Banish my heaviness!
'Twas but to-day
I saw Thee riding
A palm-strewn way.

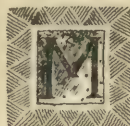
Keep Him, O Father!
Thy will be done:
Into Thine only hands
I give my Son.

THE Divine Economy permits nothing to be wasted. Every unselfish thought sends a lasting fragrance into the whole moral atmosphere of the world.

—Mrs. Craigie.

Saint Fursey, First Abbot of Lagny.

BY JOSEPH MAY.



MOST people believe that, but for their defeat at the Marne, the Germans would have taken Paris during the opening months of the war; and the almost despaired-of victory is often spoken of as "the miracle of the Marne," so overwhelming were the odds against the French in that terrible battle. In those early days, when the fate of France seemed to hang upon a thread, few places suffered more than the historic town of Lagny on the Marne, so intimately associated with the great Saint Fursey, who, although no Frenchman, is justly regarded as one of the especial protectors of the capital of France. Mgr. du Bourg includes his life in "Nos Saints de Paris," a book recently published in thanksgiving for what he regards as the miraculous protection of the city at the very moment when all seemed lost. In the preface to this interesting work, the author tells us that, as a young man, he took part in a procession through the streets of Toulouse, when the relics of the saints regarded as the celestial guardians of the town were carried in state. He adds that the words "*Custodes civitatis*" are inscribed above the crypt of Saint Sernin, where the relics are preserved. The procession was instituted in gratitude for a victory over the Huguenots, and was continued annually up to some years ago. In accordance with recent laws, however, ceremonies of

the kind can now take place only within church boundaries.

Saint Fursey, or Fursa, was one of the galaxy of Irish saints who shone like stars during the seventh century, not in Ireland alone, but in England and Scotland and on the Continent as well. Writing of him, Dr. Reeves says: "Among the Irish saints who are but slightly commemorated at home, yet whose praise is in all the churches, Saint Fursa holds a conspicuous place. With Venerable Bede as a guarantee of his extraction, piety, and labors, and above a dozen different memoirs, of various ages, which were found on the Continent in Colgan's time, the history of this saint is established on the firmest basis." And we read in the calendar of Scottish saints: "The reputation of Saint Fursey extends far beyond the limits of the Scoto-Irish Church. Not only is he one of the most distinguished of those missionaries who left Erin to spread the Gospel through the heathen and semi-heathenized races of Mediæval Europe, bridging the gap between the old and new civilizations, but his position in view of dogma is a most important one. He has profoundly affected the eschatology of Christianity; for the dream of Saint Fursœus, and the vision of Dryethelm contributed much to define the conceptions of men with regard to that mysterious region on which every man enters after death."

The visions of purgatory seen by Dryethelem, a monk of the famous Abbey of Melrose on the Tweed, are of later date than Saint Fursey's visions, and conceived in much the same style, but are more doctrinal in their purgatorial teachings. Various writers hold that the poet Dante was indebted to Saint Fursey for much of his inspiration with regard to the *Divina Commedia*. Father O'Hanlon, amongst others, points out a large number of close parallels between Fursey's vision and Dante's famous poem, which, says Douglas Hyde, "seem altogether too striking to be fortuitous"; and Sir Francis

Palgrave, in his "History of Normandy and England," tells us that "we have no difficulty in deducing the poetic genealogy of Dante's 'Inferno' to the Milesian Fursœus,"—that is to say, to Saint Fursey. It is also considered probable that the vision of another Irishman, Saint Brendan the navigator, grand-uncle of Saint Fursey, was known to Dante. Dating as it does from the fifth century, it is justly regarded as one of the earliest attempts in literature at the portrayal of an Inferno.

Saint Fursey was the son of Fintan, a prince of Munster, and of Gelgis, daughter of a chief of Breffny. When he had reached the age of manhood, he left his father's court and placed himself under the direction of Saint Meldan, abbot of the monastery of Inchiquin, close to which he eventually erected a monastery of his own. Then he passed through Munster, and fell ill during the journey. It was during this illness that he had the above-mentioned series of visions which made such an impression upon him that he resolved to devote his life to the conversion of sinners; and, instead of returning to his monastery, he wandered all over the country, exhorting the people to repentance and amendment of life. After spending about fourteen years in this way, he crossed over to England, where he preached the Gospel in East Anglia. The reigning King, Sigbert, presented him with the fort now known as Burg Castle, which he speedily transformed into a peaceful monastery. Leaving it in the charge of his brother and two priests, he soon after left Ireland for France, where he is supposed to have established himself in the year 645.

One Archambault, who was mayor of the palace under Clovis II., granted Saint Fursey the necessary permission to build a monastery on the left bank of the Marne, a neighborhood almost entirely covered with forests at that date, and apparently very damp. In fact, the name Lagny, which the spot now bears, is said to be

derived from the words *lat* and *lac*, signifying bog, or mire, in Celtic. Howsoever this may be, a stately monastery rose rapidly in the midst of fertile grounds, under the fostering care of Saint Fursey, who founded the Abbey of Foss a few years later. But it is with Lagny in particular that his name is associated, though he did not die within its walls. His death is supposed to have taken place about 648, at Ponthieu, as he was on his way back to Ireland, which, like many an Irish exile before and since, he yearned to see once more before he passed from earth. His body was eventually taken to Peronne, where he is held in great veneration, and is remembered especially on the 16th of January, his festival.

In the ninth century the Abbey of Lagny was destroyed by the Normans, and remained a heap of ruins till Herbert II., Count of Brie and of Champagne, was so struck by the desolate spectacle, as he passed the crumbling walls one day while hunting, that he appealed to the King, Hugues-Capet, for permission to have the old monastery rebuilt. To this the monarch consented, although the work of restoration was not undertaken till his son, Stephen, came into power. The new building was consecrated in 1018, in the presence of Robert the Pious, one of the holiest kings that ever filled the throne of France. He assisted barefooted at the ceremony, and presented many precious relics to the monks. These monks followed the rule of Saint Benedict, and their abbot had the title of Count of Lagny, and was invested with the customary seigniorial rights,—which, however, did not exempt him from taking an oath of fidelity to the Archbishop of Paris at the moment of his election as superior of the abbey.

In recognition of the interest taken in the restoration of Lagny by the Comte of Brie and Champagne, his successors were allowed to use the abbey as their residence whenever they passed that way.

In the fifteenth century Lagny was partially burned by the English, and the monks subjected to many indignities by one of their number,—an officer named Lacrique, who seems to have been of a hard and overbearing nature. But the patience and sweetness of the monks so touched and softened him at last that he not only ended by treating them with comparative kindness, but even repaired the injuries he had done to their chapel. The wars, however, led to the introduction of many abuses, and Prior Etienne Gentil, of Saint Martin-des-Champs, was obliged to reform the monastery of Lagny in 1516. In 1641 the rule of Saint Maur was introduced by Camille de Neuville, who was then at the head of the establishment.

It is presumed that the Abbey of Lagny was fortified even when the town itself was not; for Lagny was still a *ville ouverte* in the thirteenth century, as is evident from the fact that Philippe Auguste included it among the towns he forbade the Count de Champagne to fortify till the regency of Queen Blanche should have expired. In 1429 Joan of Arc captured Franguet d'Arras under the very walls of Lagny. A portion of the town was then taken, and the Duke of Bedford put to flight, his artillery remaining in the hands of the victorious French, who soon occupied all Lagny. The English made an unsuccessful effort to retake it in 1431. They are said to have hurled four hundred and twelve cannon balls with this object in the course of a single day, and killed only a cock,—*ne turent qu'un coq!*

The heroic defence of Lagny so humiliated the Duke of Bedford that he swore to capture it at any price, especially as its victorious garrison pursued him even to the very gates of Paris. In July, 1432, he reappeared beneath the walls of Lagny, which he again bombarded. All his efforts were in vain, however, notwithstanding that his army far outnumbered the besieged; for Ambroise de Lore, who defended the town, had only

eight hundred men at his command. De Lore and his brave followers were publicly complimented by Charles VII. after the retreat of the English.

In addition to its abbey, and various convents for women, Lagny possessed in former times three parishes—namely, Saint-Sauveur's, Saint Paul's, and Saint Fursey's, which latter was at one time the abbey church. Herbert II., the Count de Champagne already mentioned, was buried in the church of Saint Fursey, or, as it is also written, Furcy. So, too, was Thibault, surnamed "the Great," another Comte de Champagne. Several years ago his tomb was opened and was found to contain a silver reliquary with some fragments of bones, which it was presumed were relics of Saint Thibault, the Count's patron saint.

The Abbey of Lagny was so many times destroyed, either partially or altogether, that it is difficult to say to exactly what date the few vestiges remaining belong. Such as they are, they stand in the courtyard of a house in the Rue du Vivier,—or did before the war broke out. Whether they will stand there still when peace has been proclaimed is a question that time alone can answer. But meanwhile it is comforting to feel that France has not forgotten the great Saint Fursey, and to believe that he will not forget her in her hour of trial.

THE world expresses no surprise when a young artist or a young soldier endeavors to win over his friends to the camp or the studio; it always has a smile of indulgence for the rash enthusiasm which exaggerates the glories of war and the delights of art,—ignoring, with a treachery that is partly unconscious, the hardships, humiliations and deceptions with which the road of each is strewn. But if a soldier of the Cross endeavors to recruit a comrade to the service of the Divine Master, this same world is scandalized, and loudly condemns his ill-advised zeal.

—Henry Perreye.

James Harrington, M. D.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

IV.

THE plague was still talked of with a sufficiently poignant remembrance to cause a shudder of horror at the recollection; though it had now almost totally disappeared, and had never been so widespread nor so devastating in its results as the earlier epidemics. By the end of September it was possible to close the temporary hospital of St. Camille, whose direction the recently founded community of Sisters of Charity of Providence had been asked to undertake, and for which the zeal and activity of Mayor Fabre had procured the necessary funds. There had been, indeed, numberless cases of cholera and many deaths; but now Montreal seemed determined to banish that dark shadow from its brilliant sunshine by appearing at its brightest and gayest.

The coming of winter had been hailed with intense satisfaction, as likely to crush in its frozen grip the germs of that fatal malady. Mt. Royal was glittering snow-white, with only her sturdy, up-standing pines to testify that she had ever been green. The weather that December was at its best. The streets were covered with solid, well-beaten snow, which was piled up in dry, feathery masses along the roadway. The sleighing was exceptionally good; the bright hue of the robes and the trappings of the horses made spots of color in the whiteness, and the bells tinkled as merrily as though death and pestilence were unknown in a world flooded with such glorious sunshine.

On one of those December mornings Dr. Harrington wended his way down Beaver Hall Hill. He was in the best of spirits. That fiery ordeal through which he had passed had left his splendid health practically unimpaired, and his vigor but slightly, if at all, lessened. His lean,

muscular figure was more erect than ever, his eyes bright and clear, and the whole expression of his strong, clear-cut face denoting purpose, energy, a confidence in his own powers, and a firm grip of life which just then he found delightful. He was fully conscious of the wave of popularity that, since the epidemic, had swept over him; and he was slightly disdainful of it, even while enjoying its warmth. The weather, too, was exhilarating after the heat of summer, which had been intense and lasted on unusually far into the autumn.

The Doctor noted, with the glee of a schoolboy, how the frost sparkled on the panes of the windows and glistened on the branches of the trees as he walked rapidly (for it was cold) down the hilly slope of that most cheerful and popular of thoroughfares. He was kept busy returning salutes or gay greetings from men who, in their fur coats, caps and gauntlets, suggested the polar regions. Nor were the women, who smiled on the Doctor from their handsome sleighs or stopped to speak a word with him on the sidewalk, a whit behind in the warmth and richness of their furs. The older women, besides their fur jackets of seal or Persian lamb, with high storm-collars, wore large velvet hoods bordered with fur and tied under their chins; while the younger ones had for headgear coquettish little fur caps with wings of blue or scarlet, supplemented by snow-white clouds of fleecy wool to protect the neck and ears. Eyes gleamed brightly and cheeks were rosy-red from the pinch of frost.

Suddenly a magnificent sleigh came into sight. It was going at a slow pace, somewhat to the displeasure of the handsome horses, which were chafing impatiently, and shaking their bells in protest. But Beaver Hall Hill was both high and steep, and in places slippery, so that no coachman would risk anything like fast driving. Wrapped in her furs and nestling under the heavy black buffalo robes lined with scarlet, sat a woman transparently fair

and ethereal-looking, with wide-open blue eyes and fluffy, colorless hair. There was something striking in the very absence of color from her face, for the blue of her eyes was so pale as to merge into the general tonelessness. Yet there was about her a beauty which appealed to certain people, and also she had a pronounced air of fashion.

On catching sight of the Doctor, she ordered the coachman to stop; and he, drawing close to the curb, brought the horses to a standstill.

"O Doctor, I am so glad I chanced to meet you!" said the lady, in a thin, light voice that had curiously the effect of tinkling silver. "I was just going to write you a note. Can you dine with me to-morrow night? Only half a dozen people to meet Colonel Tifton."

The Doctor hesitated, regarding the lady in the sleigh with an ever so slightly heightened color. She was a wealthy young widow, and a leader, in so far as her personality would admit of such a thing, in the gayest and most frivolous of the cliques into which the society of the metropolis was divided. She had a curious fascination for the Doctor, against which he was disposed to struggle; for she was nowhere in the category of the women whom he theoretically admired. In his idea of what a woman should be and his reverence for the sex, which since the late epidemic had increased tenfold, he was essentially conservative; and conservatism is always old-fashioned.

It was a feather in the Doctor's cap, too, that this woman, who might choose whom she would, who was exclusive and fastidious to a degree in her associates, should desire nothing better than to make him prominent at all her entertainments, and, as rumor (usually unkind to the female sex) added, would have been quite willing to bestow her ample fortune and her own person, which some thought beautiful, on the comparatively poor physician.

Now, Mrs. Forrester appealed to the man before her in two ways. He was

ambitious,—chiefly, it is true, in the path of the profession which he loved, and wherein he was determined to reach the highest pinnacle; but ambitious enough, socially as well, to be flattered by the particular notice of one of the most prominent and most courted women in the city. She appealed to him, however, in another way. He rather liked her very foolishness,—for foolish she undoubtedly was at times; and her extreme frivolity was a relief to the tension of his thoughts, especially during the months past, and the seriousness of his own outlook on life,—a seriousness which was not wholly natural, but rather engendered by the stern discipline of his student days and the nature of his professional duties. Of course he was a religious man besides. His religion, a deep and silent current, was the motive power of his life, which nothing would ever disturb, and which would be certain in the end to sweep away obstacles that might arise, by its intrinsic force and by the strength of will which he had cultivated. Yet he had on another side to his nature—a keen power of enjoyment, and a faculty of reaching a sympathetic understanding with widely different people. Thus it was that this woman attracted him after a fashion; and he felt a distinct thrill of pleasure on hearing the light, silvery tones of her voice, and the little raised inflection with which she said, "Doctor!"

His eyes smiled at her now, and a smile gathered at the grimly-set corners of his mouth. He had often felt disposed to laugh at her, and to send in her direction one of those arrows of sarcasm for which he was noted. But she had always taken such onslaughts well. She was sweet-tempered, and had invariably made him feel as if he were crushing a butterfly or casting darts at a harmless humming bird.

On this particular occasion he had at once determined to accept her invitation to dinner. Her house was always pleasant. She made an admirable hostess, as such

a woman would be likely to do. Besides, Colonel Tifton, commanding a newly arrived regiment, was in every respect worth meeting; and the others who were likely to be there were all eminently desirable. To only such did Mrs. Forrester open her house. In fact, for all her silliness, she managed her parties so well and showed so much tact in the disposition of her guests that the Doctor and some others often asked themselves if her silliness were not entirely on the surface, and if there might not be genuine qualities underneath. The doubt made in itself an interesting problem.

"So you want me to come to dinner?" said the Doctor, looking down upon her with the air of one talking to a child,—an attitude which she specially liked him to assume towards her, though she would not have tolerated it from any other of her associates.

She flushed a faint, delicate pink, that scarcely disturbed the absolute fairness of her skin, as she met the kindly look in the keen eyes bent upon her, which, perhaps, she felt to mean a little more than mere kindness.

"I do want you to come," she said impressively.

"Very much?" inquired the Doctor.

"Yes, very much. It is unkind of you to ask, because you know you are always a favored guest. So don't say you are going to refuse."

"I wasn't going to say anything of the kind," declared the Doctor. "You don't want me half so much as I want to go. One does not willingly miss a dinner at Mrs. Forrester's."

"Now you are trying to flatter me, and I call that very unkind."

"Flattery," laughed the Doctor, "is the honey most of us extract from the flowers of life. But you know very well that just now I am speaking the simple truth."

He most disliked in the young widow the tone in which she had made her last observation, and the upward glance of

the blue eyes which she meant for coquetry. So he asked rather abruptly:—

"I suppose dinner is at seven, as usual?"

"Oh, dear, yes!" replied Mrs. Forrester, feeling vaguely rebuffed by the man's manner. "I never change my dinner hour, you know."

"I shall be punctual," said the Doctor curtly, stepping back onto the sidewalk and making a sign to the coachman to drive on.

"I am so very glad you can come!" observed the lady, bending forward to call out to him, since the horses had already started. "It is really very nice of a busy man like you to give a bit of your time to us frivolous mortals."

The Doctor raised his fur cap, and his farewell nod was a shade cool. Just then she irritated him. He spent the remainder of his walk down to the foot of Beaver Hall Hill trying to analyze, as though he had them under a microscope, his own feelings and the secret of Mrs. Forrester's attraction for him.

"How can a woman of her type," he asked himself, impatiently, "attract any grown-up, sensible man for an instant?"

And he was forced to answer from the depths of his own consciousness that she did, after a fashion at least, attract him. He thought of her beauty, so fragile, so delicate, it seemed as if a puff of wind might literally blow her away. Medical men were sometimes said to admire delicate women, but he himself had always professed a profound admiration for a sound mind in a healthy body.

He laughed to find himself still vexing his mind over the problem when he arrived at the Bank on St. James Street. Though comparatively young, he was one of the directors of that institution, and it was to a meeting of those responsible financiers that he was wending his way. The Bank was a dingy, old-fashioned building of grey stone, from the roof of which icicles hung and glittered in the sunshine. He wondered why they had not been taken down instead of being

suffered to remain there as mementos of the recent thaw.

"They will probably fall on somebody's head next time the south wind comes blowing up over the river," he said to himself, "and then there will be a job for one of us doctors. Carelessness and stupidity put many dollars in our pockets."

Just then a snowball struck him in the back as a friendly salute from two young men of his acquaintance. He cordially returned the civility, making up and firing the balls with a boyish keenness of delight and an accuracy of aim that caused his assailants to regret their pleasantry.

"Oh, I say, Doc, that's enough!" cried one of them.

But the Doctor continued to make and send about half a dozen more, one of which narrowly missed the rubicund nose of one of the chief directors of the Bank, who was just alighting from his sleigh. The latter eyed the Doctor rather sourly, and, with the slightest of greetings, entered the Bank.

There was a roar of laughter from the two young men.

"That was a narrow shave, Doc," said the former speaker. "You might have broken old moneybag's nose."

But the Doctor, recalled to a sense of his own dignity, and seeing some of the other directors approaching, turned with a parting wave of the hand to his opponents, and gravely entered the Bank. The principal director, who acted as chairman, in rising to call the meeting to order said:

"I think, gentlemen, we are all assembled here, including that one of our number whom I met just now disporting himself on the sidewalk."

His tone was reproofing, even acrid; but the Doctor sat with folded arms, never so much as moving an eyelash. All the others wondered what so singular an assertion might mean, and in what manner one of that distinguished body could be so comporting himself. But very soon, when financial questions were under dis-

cussion, no one present showed greater acumen or a juster appreciation of values than the youngest director, who had been, though not by name, thus openly rebuked.

In the pauses of an animated discussion on a certain economic point with which he did not feel himself concerned, and which was hotly disputed by some of the members, the Doctor found himself wondering if the snowball which had narrowly missed the pompous chairman could really have broken so solid-looking a structure as the director's nose; and he went over in his mind the delicate operation that would have been necessary to set it right again. Also he blamed himself for his indiscretion.

"Heigh-ho!" he said. "I am as mischievous a rascal as any street gamin who throws his missile and hides around the corner."

After the meeting, the younger men lingered about for a few moments, and began to inquire as to what the chairman could have meant by that strange allusion; for he, marching off in state, and with the chilliest of nods to the Doctor, had not thrown any light on the subject.

"To whom could he possibly have been referring?" said a solemn-faced young man, who was suspected of a weakness for propitiating the financial and other magnates.

"I will tell you," confessed the Doctor. "I was the offender. Times are hard, and I was out there trying to work up a little practice by injuring some passer-by with a snowball. Mr. Chairman had a narrow escape."

The solemn man looked distrustfully at the Doctor, as though he did not credit the story. But the others, delightedly guessing at the situation, burst into a roar of laughter.

Meanwhile Mrs. Forrester drew the buffalo robes closely around her, with a shiver. She had become very much chilled in leaning out of the sleigh through her eagerness to secure the Doctor for her

dinner party. She was elated at her success and gave herself up to pleasant meditation. She looked neither to the right nor to the left, lest she should catch the eye of an acquaintance. She preferred to remain immobile in her sleigh. That pose was so much more effective, and lent so much more distinction to the equipage. A warm glow of pleasure pervaded her languid frame. It would be so delightful to be sure of the elusive Doctor's company even for a couple of hours. He could not well make his escape before,—unless, indeed, some of those horrid sick calls were to come for him. She sincerely hoped, now that the awful cholera was over, that he had given up night practice and would be free to give more time to his friends. She doubly appreciated the promised opportunity of being in his society from the fact that she had seen him not at all during those terrible months when he had spent all his time down there in what she vaguely called the "slums"; though, in so far as Griffintown was concerned, nothing could be less accurate than such a description.

She wanted to impress upon him how alarmed she had been when his life was being so continually imperilled. If, like Desdemona, she loved him for the dangers he had run, that love was certainly increased tenfold by the fact that his praises were on every tongue, and that the whole town was saying what a fine fellow he had proved himself. His very strength and bravery commended themselves to her, who seemed to have so little of either. Besides, his popularity was to some extent reflected upon herself, since people invariably spoke to her of "your friend the Doctor." Her face softened as she thought of him; but it hardened again presently, and a look that was almost keen came into her blue eyes.

"There are so many women running after him," she said; "and some of them think they can catch him by being clever. But I know that he doesn't really like clever women; he can't abide them;

and, besides, he doesn't believe any of us are clever. So I shall be as silly as possible to-morrow night. Only I mustn't try to be coquettish. That annoys him."

Then she laughed her rippling little laugh, that, like her voice, resembled the tinkling of silver, as she said to herself:

"Lucy Forrester is not half so silly as you think, Doctor,—no, no, she is not half so silly!"

(To be continued.)

The End.

BY GERTRUDE ROBINSON.

"**A**YE, Lord," she said; "the day is at its noon:
Strange that I should be tired out so soon!
I had not meant to falter by the way;
My shoulders were so strong at break of day.
But now my feet, grown heavy, drag like lead."
"Give me your burden, child," was all He said.

"Nay, Lord," she cried, "I will not shift the load
To other shoulders on so steep a road!
But when the day is done, my journey past,
I may lie down, perchance, and rest at last."
She smiled and raised her burden up again:
"But Thou be with me still, O Lord, till then!"

The stranger placed a hand upon her head.
"Give me your burden: it is time," He said.
"Nay, Lord," she said. "Let me but try again;
My heart has grown accustomed to the pain;
And though I now have tarried by the road,
I shall grow strong. Oh, let me keep my load!
Others have climbed the hill."—"But thou, my
friend,—

Thou needst not climb it: lo, this is the end!"

"The end?" she whispered. "But the sun is
bright!

I thought the end would lead into the night.
Who art Thou, Lord?" The stranger paused and
smiled,

And said: "I am the Angel Death, my child!"
She opened wide her eyes, in wonder blest,
And turned and looked away into the west,
And dropped her burden and bowed low her
head.

"Lo, I am ready! Lead me home," she said.

La Povera Gemma, the Seraphic Virgin of Lucca.

BY THOMAS B. REILLY.

I.

NOT least among memories to be cherished by the Passionist Congregation will be the piety and scholarship of Father Germano of St. Stanislaus, especially in respect of that portion of his life during which it was his privileged lot to be the spiritual director of that remarkable child of the Passion, Gemma Galgani. Of that task—one that called into play the utmost reach of his brilliant mind and the inmost force of his staunch and saintly soul—the humble Passionist has left us a thrilling record.* Marvellous as the recital is, we have the author's assurance that what he sets forth is scarcely anything in comparison with the truth.

In addition to the corroborated evidence of his own senses, Father Germano had the illuminating testimony of his penitent's diary, her autobiography (which she called her "book of sins"), and her letters. Not content with his main narrative, he wrote three arrestive dissertations on the phenomena of her life. These studies, offering ample proof of the scientific attitude and sustained detachment of their author, completely shatter the supposition that this humble girl of childlike simplicity and persuasive candor was the victim of hysteria, auto-suggestion, or of spiritism.

Gemma Maria Umberta Pia, fourth of eight children given to Enrico Galgani and his wife Aurelia, was born in the little Tuscan village of Camigliano, March 12, 1878. She was baptized the following day in the church of St. Michael. A month later the father, a chemist in comfortable circumstances, transferred his family to Lucca, where at the age of two Gemma

* "Biografia della serva di Dio, Gemma Galgani, Vergine Lucchese." Tipografia Pontificia nell' Istituto Pio X. Roma. 1915. This new edition, a work of some 560 pages enriched with notes, citations, and references, and arranged by P. Gregorio dell' Addolorata, is a specially valuable record.

was sent to a private school. She was confirmed May 26, 1885. The following year her mother, a victim of tuberculosis, became grievously ill. Gemma was sent to an aunt at S. Gennaro. The mother died in the thirty-ninth year of her age, September 17, 1886. In a subsequent arrangement of family affairs, Gemma was brought back to Lucca and entered in a school kept by the Sisters of St. Zita. Her confessor at this time was Monsignor Giovanni Volpi, afterward Bishop of Arezzo. It was under his direction that Gemma at the age of nine made her First Communion.

When the girl was in her fifteenth year, her favorite brother Gino, forced, on account of his tuberculous condition, to abandon his studies for the priesthood, returned home to die. Gemma nursed him devotedly, and after his death she was taken seriously ill. On her recovery, she was obliged, under medical direction, to relinquish all school work. Shortly thereafter one of her feet threatened to become gangrenous. The attending surgeon urged an operation. The girl, refusing an anæsthetic, heroically endured the cleaving sting of the knife, as it laid open the flesh to the bone. Following this, her father fell a victim to dishonest debtors. His family was left destitute. He himself, stricken with cancer of the throat, wasted away, dying November 11, 1897.

The girl, then in her twentieth year, went to live with an aunt at Camaiore. Here, greatly taken with her comeliness, a young man fell ardently in love with her. Gemma, refusing thoughts of marriage, obtained her aunt's permission to return to Lucca—and destitution. Here she was stricken with inflammation of the spine; paralysis of the limbs followed; she lost her hearing, her hair fell out, and large abscesses formed on head and body. The doctors pronounced her incurable. At this crisis she was urged to make a novena to the Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque. She agreed, adding the promise that, if cured, she would become a religious.

After several vain attempts, she completed the novena; and on the terminating day, the first Friday in March, 1899, after a year of almost insupportable suffering, she was miraculously restored to perfect health. Nevertheless, two months later, when she sought admission to the Salesian Order, she was refused.

Her life, which had thus far been a series of sorrows, trials, losses, and disappointments, entered upon its second phase, when, during the evening of June 8, 1899, the vigil of the Feast of the Sacred Heart, on the first floor of No. 13, Via del Biscione, she received the Sacred Stigmata. In September, 1900, through the efforts of Cecilia, sister of the Cavalier Matteo Gianinni, she became a member of the Gianinni household. And it was in this house, No. 6, Via del Seminario, that she was privileged to share so fully not only the agonies of the Crucifixion but those of the Bloody Sweat, the Flagellation, the Crowning with Thorns, and the Thirst. The details of these soul-gripping phenomena may be had for the reading. Their telling would exhaust pages.

Certain manifestations were repeated every week, lasting from eight o'clock Thursday evening till three o'clock the next afternoon. Her sufferings were far from imaginary. The wounds were physical, frightful. And yet she prepared herself for their reception as one going to a feast. Friday for her was always *un giorno di gran festa*. When, under command of her ordinary confessor, the outward signs ceased, her torture became intense. She suffered in not being able to suffer. It was then that she begged Our Lord to give her a special anguish of heart. "Do not spare me," she pleaded. "You suffer, make me suffer also. You are the Man of Sorrows, I wish to be the daughter of sorrow." The love in her heart was so ardent that the fire of it was sensibly and visibly present. The skin above her heart was scorched; the pulsation of the organ at times so violent

that she felt it must leap from her breast. So great was this vehemence that three ribs became bent outward, as though to make room for the August Guest. This was not the result of disease. In spite of her intense suffering of body, travails of mind and soul, and her great loss of blood, Gemma, from the day of her miraculous restoration to health, was vigorous, of a beautiful color, in the flower of youth—blooming.

The extraordinary things that happened to her heightened the girl's natural desire for a hidden life in the cloister. For the realization of that desire she prayed ceaselessly. From certain statements made, later on, by Our Lord, she became convinced that her true vocation was to be a Passionist. The Passionist community at Corneto, however, instantly and resolutely rejected her plea for admission. It was only toward the end of her days that she was given to understand interiorly that the conventual life was not for her.

Supernaturally enlightened regarding the enormity of sin, she grieved for sinners till the last hour of her life, prayed for them, suffered for them, assailed the Heart of God in their behalf. And when Our Lord complained bitterly of the indifference and malice of men, Gemma offered herself as a victim for sinners. From that hour she literally thirsted for suffering. She would live forever that she might suffer forever. In this pass, the devil threatened her with: "Do what you will for yourself, but nothing for the advantage of sinners, or I'll make you pay dearly for it." His threats were as wisps of smoke to the heroic girl. The spirit of evil, incensed but resourceful, made craftier approach. He told her that she was foolish beyond measure to bother with the sins of others, since her own were so great that all the years of her life spent in doing penance for them could not wipe them out; that in seeking to help others she was missing any unforeseen chance she might have to save herself.

This attempt failing, the battle between the girl and her spiritual enemy became specially violent. His veiled approaches gave way to open attacks, personal violences, the marks of which were visible for days. These vicious onslaughts sometimes lasted from dusk till dawn. He sought to destroy her confidence in her spiritual director by picturing him as an ignoramus, a fanatic, a charlatan. She found her enemy in the confessional in the guise of her confessor; again as an angel of dazzling splendor; most startling of all, in the agonized form of Our Lord Himself! She was terrorized by the diabolical pronouncement that there was no longer any hope for her; that God, grown tired, had cast her off. This was a crushing experience, one before which great saints of the Church have crouched dumb and trembling.

It was toward Pentecost, 1902, when she had offered to expiate in a special manner sins and sacrileges committed against God at His altars, that she entered upon what Our Lord Himself told her was to be the third and last phase of her life—that bleak and desolate period of *La notte scura scura*. Her stomach closed. The taking of food became impossible. Nevertheless, in this state she lived for more than two months.

Under command of Father Germano she asked God to restore her to health. Our Lord assented, but with the stipulation: "For a brief space, and for this time only." September 9 she was stricken again. On the 21st she began to vomit blood. At odds as to the exact nature of her illness, the attending physicians had her removed to a nearby house, No. 17, Via della Rosa. Here, drained and withered by continued high fever, she was reduced to a mere skeleton. In this helpless plight, the powers of darkness attacked her constantly. Every diabolical effort was used to betray her into doubt, desperation, despair. Her apparent abandonment by God was used as a crushing argument against her lively faith. Years

of burning love, heroic abnegations, passionate loyalties,—all were held up to her as the dead waste of folly. She was pictured as a hypocrite, a misguided weakling, a blind follower of phantasies. Her room became a veritable chamber of horrors, the work of hell being not only audible but visible. Through this supreme test she lay without sigh or groan, without murmur or complaint, in her eyes a light of spiritual serenity, on her lips a smile of childlike confidence.

The Barbantini nursing Sisters were called in and remained with her till the end. Four or five days before she died, Gemma's body, a mere shell, became so heavy that four strong persons acting in unison could scarcely lift it. On Good Friday she suffered unspeakably. On Holy Saturday she received the Holy Viaticum, and Extreme Unction was administered. From then till the end, God seemed to withdraw Himself completely. Her mind became dark and vacant. It was at the height of this bleak and poignant pass, shaken with terrible spasms, crushed under a weight of mental and spiritual afflictions, tormented by the powers of evil, completely abandoned, that she murmured: "Now it is indeed true that I can bear no more."

Half an hour later, half-seated in bed, her head resting against the shoulder of one of the watchers, a rare smile blossomed on her lips, her head bent slowly to one side, and she was gone,—gone from the world's estranging dusk into the Kingdom of Light, the country of her soul, her *Paradiso, patria bella*. Scarcely had she died, when her wasted body resumed its natural weight. The discarded shell, holy as it was, had no interest for the outworn spirit of evil. Toward sunset of the next day—Easter Sunday, April 12, 1903—she was buried in the Campo Santo at Lucca. A fortnight later, her body was exhumed and found to be without a trace even of incipient decomposition. Her heart, which had known such passionate love-leaps, was removed,

and found fresh and flexible, still containing liquid blood. On October 7, 1908, the remains were transferred to a more suitable spot near by, where they rest to-day under a small monument, which bears a graceful Latin memorial, nine words of which are an epitome of her life:

QUÆ DIVINI AMORIS ÆSTU MAGIS QUAM VI
MORBI ABSUMPTA.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Prayer Rug.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

V.

AS the Arabian woman drew Alice into the house, closing the door after them, the spell that had held the onlookers was broken. The women behind the windows laughed, while the small Arab boy who had stood in open-mouthed interest scampered away. Two streets down the hill he ran full tilt into Muffati, who was his cousin and sworn ally, and drawing him aside he proceeded to tell him in a whisper what he had seen. Muffati's eyes grew round with excitement. A foreign lady and young; what did she look like? The small Arab boy described her as well as he could, and when he came to the silver bag and a round bundle under one arm, Muffati clapped his hands.

It was she surely, and it would go hard with him if he did not get that rug. But with the secretiveness of his race he did not share his news with his companion. As soon as possible he got rid of him and ran to the Arabian's house. His next act was to curl himself up on the stone pavement opposite and wait. For four hours he lay there never moving, and then his patience was rewarded. The door opened and a tall, graceful female figure, closely veiled, emerged from the house. Muffati's black eyes narrowed to slits as he watched her. Undoubtedly she was the one he had been waiting for—

the Arab Ali Shir's favorite wife, the head of his household, and daughter-in-law of the Arabian woman who had captured Alice.

He allowed her to pass down the street and out of sight before he arose, yawned and followed her. Once around the corner, where he could not be seen from the house, he quickened his pace to a run, and just as she reached the market square he caught up to her. In another moment he had drawn her aside, and with every cunning art to arouse her jealousy, he told her about the strange woman concealed in her house. Of the rug he said nothing, and therein lay his mistake. Had he done so Alice's rescue by one of their race would have been impossible.

VI.

The dawn was just breaking through the window in Alice's room when a hand on the door made her whole tense being vibrate. All night she had lain awake, trying to plan some method of escape. That search would be made for her she knew beyond a doubt; but how could a lost European or American be found in the tortuous maze of the Arab quarter? Well she knew that not one of the Arabs would betray a countryman to the French, who ruled over Algiers. She had formed a plan, and had decided that the next time the Arabian woman entered her room she would rush at her, the rug used as a shield, and try to make her escape through the door, trusting that the woman would not dare touch her so long as she held her talisman close to her.

But it was not the old Arabian who entered the door, nor was it the woman who had brought her meal the preceding evening. Instead a tall, slender, graceful figure, closely veiled, but a woman undoubtedly, entered; and then a low, soft voice addressed her in French:

"You are a prisoner here, and want to escape?"

"Oh, yes, yes!"

"Then I will help you. Put on this costume and follow me."

From under the folds of her long,

flowing robes she drew some white garments, and began to shake them out.

With a rapid movement, Alice rolled up her rug tightly, pinned about it a silk scarf that had been knotted around her throat, and then turned to the young Arabian, who with quick, skilful brown hands put the garments on her; and, removing her shoes and stockings, placed on her feet a pair of sandals, ending by throwing the veil over her head and face. Her hand was on the door to open it when Alice stopped her.

"Wait!" she said. "I can never repay you, but at least you must let me give you these trifles to express my gratitude."

Quickly she unclasped a gold bracelet from her arm and fastened it on the other's slender wrist; and then with rapid haste she took a diamond and emerald ring from her finger and slipped it on one of the shapely brown fingers. And, because she felt that the reward should include all she had, she followed this by pressing her silver mesh bag into her deliverer's hand. Only the precious rug, under her long, flowing garment, remained in her possession.

"*Merci!*" said the soft voice, and in another moment they were out in the hall. For a second they paused and listened; then gently the door was unlatched and a moment later they were on the street.

Early as it was, they had no sooner turned down the narrow, ill-paved passage than a small boy started up from a corner where he had lain curled on the stones for hours, and followed them. It was Muffati. With veils drawn closely so that only the eyes were visible, the two women made their way as rapidly as possible toward the market square. In height they were almost exactly alike, and their sweeping garments allowed little difference in their carriage to be noticeable; but Muffati's sharp eyes as he sped after them soon decided which was which. Their walk took exactly fifteen minutes; to Alice it seemed a long hour. Of a daunt-

less spirit, she was prepared to die, if need be, before she would, if discovered, again enter an Arabian house. But fortune favored them; and at last they came out on the square of the Arabian market-place, where already the sellers and early buyers were gathered. Then it was that the Arab, Ali Shir's favorite wife, drew Alice aside.

"It is not safe for me to go with you any farther," she said. "Even now my master's mother may have discovered your flight and may be following us, so we must part. Your best plan is to go down that street to the Mosque. Enter the door, remove your sandals, and kneel down in some corner with covered head, and remain there as if in prayer until you hear the first party of American tourists enter. Then you can join them and all danger will be past."

"Can't I go right down to the steamer dock?" asked Alice.

"Oh, no! The women of our race do not go to the docks. You would be seized before you could get to your steamer, and, unless some French officer was near, you would be lost. Your only safe plan is the Mosque. You may have to wait a long time, but no one will speak to you while you are at prayer."

"I owe you my life," said Alice, "and my everlasting gratitude."

"Farewell, and may Allah be with you, my sister!"

With a graceful movement, Fatima turned away, and simultaneously Alice began walking down the street to the Mosque. Five minutes later she was within its portals, and was kneeling, as she had seen the Arabians do, in a corner not far from the door, the sandals her rescuer had put on her feet standing on a little shelf overhead. And here, with beating heart, she waited until she heard the rustle of garments and saw a worshipper kneel down not far from her. As she raised her head she had one quick, fleeting glance at the face as the would-be worshipper lifted her veil ere falling prone

on the floor. In this one lightning-like glimpse she recognized her captor of the previous day!

VII.

Muffati waited patiently while the two women were talking; then, as the Arabian woman turned to cross the market square in the direction of a street that led down nearer the European part of the city and the docks, he darted after her. Had he not recognized the gold bracelet on her arm and the silver mesh bag that just showed below her burnous?

So he followed her cautiously until, as she turned a corner, he rushed sharply across her path, and, deliberately extending one lean little brown hand under her white robe, seized what he thought was a bundle containing the sacred rug. But the result was not what he expected. There was a sharp yelp of anger, and then two rows of sharp teeth closed over his fingers; while at the same time he received a sounding box on the ear, and a soft but angry voice scolded him in vigorous Arabic.

With a body made alert by pain, and a mind still stupefied with surprise, Muffati managed to free his hand from the teeth of the lady's pet monkey that was strapped to her waist; but ere he could take refuge in flight he was seized and shaken till his teeth chattered. Nor was this enough: a parting box on the ear that sent him sprawling on the ground ended the encounter; and the stately Fatima proceeded on her way, never doubting that the boy had tried to rob her of her pet monkey.

Muffati gathered himself together, rubbed his injured hand, and then, mindful of the fast vanishing chance of rescuing the precious rug, he sped down hill toward the steamer dock, confident that the American lady had started in that direction by a devious route. Ten minutes later he turned the corner of some bales that were piled near the wharf, and ran against a short, stout Arab, who immediately grabbed and shook him.

"Dog!" exclaimed a harsh voice. "Where is my rug?"

The luckless Muffati promptly recognized his irate parent; and near by, a broad grin on his face, was Ali. Should he tell them that even now the lady and the rug were abroad somewhere on the streets of Algiers? Smarting with wrath, he decided he would not. To find the rug was his prerogative, if he could accomplish it; and he knew more than did either father or brother of its whereabouts.

VIII.

Through the long night just past, Professor White, aided by Ronald McDonald, a score of other men from the White Star liner, and the French police, had searched the city for Alice. They had even entered at five o'clock in the morning the domicile of her captor, who was a well-known character; but the house, of course, was empty, Alice and her rescuer having left ten minutes earlier. By seven o'clock circulars in English, French, and Arabic were being distributed all over the European and native part of Algiers, describing the lost girl, offering a large reward for her discovery, and with a warning that severe punishment awaited her captors if she was being held against her will. The passengers on the *Petric* had remained up all night; and when morning brought the news that Alice was still missing, a shudder went through their midst at the thought of her probable fate.

There was to be another search that morning, directed by the *gendarmerie*. A more thorough and extended tour of the Arabian quarters would be made. Meanwhile both the American and English consuls were straining every nerve to aid the authorities.

The passengers on the *Petric* disclaimed any desire to leave the ship or engage in any more sight-seeing; but they watched with interest a party from a Cunard liner, that had come in at four that morning, as they went on shore about eight o'clock. They would go to the

Mosque first, they said. So the merry crowd went, laughing and chattering, up the steep hills till they reached the large square of European Algiers, and here their course was arrested. Circulars printed in French, English, and Arabic were thrust in their hands; and in a few moments the lost girl was the one absorbing topic of conversation, and their interest in sight-seeing was dampened. The visit to the Mosque was abandoned, and instead they began walking in the other direction conversing in subdued voices. No other vessel was in port, and Alice's chances of being rescued as Fatima had planned were lost.

The old Arabian woman had fled to the Mosque as soon as she heard the police enter her son's house. A rear passage gave her the opportunity for a hasty exit; and she rightly judged that when the young American was found (she not having discovered her flight), by far the safest place for her would be on her knees in the Mosque. The building was very quiet and peaceful, as hour after hour she knelt there. Other devotees came and went, but after a time the Arabian began to notice the motionless figure opposite. Had this worshipper, like herself, some especial reason for such lengthy orisons? Perhaps her long prayers were in fulfilment of some vow to Allah.

Eight o'clock struck from a clock high up on a tower near by, and then there was the soft swish of flowing garments. The tall figure of an Arab glided behind the old woman and paused at the door only long enough to put on his sandals; then he vanished, and the Arabian and the kneeling worshipper opposite were alone in the vast building. The fugitive was getting tired; besides, she was hungry; so presently she decided to take her chance and come out of her enforced hiding-place. Rising, she reached for her sandals on the shelf overhead; then, actuated partly by fear and partly by the spirit of devotion inherent in all

Mussulmans, she decided to make the tour of all the sacred places in the building before trusting herself once more to the street.

With slow, measured tread she began her pilgrimage, prostrating herself again and again, first before one shrine, then another, until finally she reached the one where the veiled worshipper knelt. Bowing down right behind her, she touched the floor with her forehead; and in a moment very deliberately she began to rise, so as to make another and more profound obeisance. Suddenly the black eyes narrowed and gleamed dangerously; for there, resting on the floor right in front of her, was a naked, snow-white little foot that somehow had become uncovered,—a foot that by no possibility could belong to an Arabian woman. For a second longer the Arabian stared at the unusual object on the floor; then swiftly she arose, and deliberately, but so softly that only the tense, agonized devotee in front of her could have heard the movements, she raised the ends of the long veil that covered the young girl's head; and, bending down and peeping under the veil's thick folds, she saw the gleam of golden hair. Somehow, the back of that head looked very familiar. Had she not watched it while following her for a whole block on the previous day?

All thought of the sacredness of her surroundings faded from the Arabian woman's mind. Bending still lower, she hissed some words in Alice's ear, and like lightning the girl sprang to her feet and prepared to fly. In her excitement, the protection that the prayer rug would have afforded her was forgotten, though she still held it tightly under her arm. Stiff as she was from over two hours in her cramped position, the culminating fear of her long-drawn-out watch lent wings to her feet. Now she darted behind a pillar, the woman in chase. In and out between the columns Alice ran, dodging, darting, turning on her own tracks, the Arabian in close pursuit. Alice's breath

was almost gone, her strength nearly spent, and suddenly her foot slipped on the polished floor. She regained her balance, but not before her pursuer had seized her, and, tearing the veil from her face, had forced her backward until she was pressing her close to the wall. The angry, distorted face was close to hers; and then, with fast reeling senses, her overtaxed nerves gave out, and Alice fainted,—but before darkness and merciful oblivion descended upon her she gave one sharp, piercing cry for help.

IX.

The great door of the Mosque flew open, and a young man clad in white flannels sped within its portals. Only that morning he had landed in Algiers, having cruised southward in his own yacht from Genoa. Behind him came two of his friends, and with them a French guide. All alike had heard that one last cry to Heaven for help.

The custodian of the Mosque, attracted by the same sound, and entering through a small door on the other side of the building, was in time to see the dogs of Christians speed across the sacred floor without removing their shoes. By the beard of the Prophet, he must stop this sacrilege! But the next moment he paused and gasped; for the foremost man, the tallest of the three had laid his impious hands on a tall Arabian woman who confronted him, and the sacred daughter of Mohammed was plainly his prisoner.

Almost at the same time the custodian made out that beneath one of the shrines, motionless and apparently senseless, there lay the white-robed figure of another woman. Her golden hair was unbound and falling over her white garments, making her look (had he but known it) like some pure angel. Even as he took this in, he saw the tall European lift her up and carry her outdoors; the while the other men led out the Arabian. Then the guide, who, he saw, was an official of the government, espied him,

"Water!" he thundered. "Get water, you dog! Be quick!" And the custodian, all his ideas of law and order completely upset, fled to execute the official command.

Ten minutes later Alice opened her eyes to see her deliverer's handsome, sunburned face bending over her; and involuntarily she reached out and grasped his hand and for a moment held it tight. With a shudder, she remembered all that had happened, culminating in that last supreme danger. Then her eyes, which she had closed again from sheer weakness, opened once more. Her head was resting on her rescuer's shoulder, and his voice was telling her she was safe now, and had nothing to fear.

As tenderly as if he had been a woman, the strong man rubbed her cold hands, and presently one of the younger men held a glass to her lips and made her drink. The stimulant had its effect, and in a few moments she was able to sit up. Little by little, with returning strength, she told her story in outline, and begged to be taken at once to her ship. So a cab was called; and, reaching the dock, the young yachtsman, Richard Speedwell, gave her in charge of his two friends, the while he himself lingered behind for a moment to give his name and address to the police, who had taken the Arabian into custody, and who wanted his testimony on the morrow.

X.

Petrified with amazement, Effendi and his son Ali beheld the usual spectacle of a white-robed Arabian woman, only partly veiled, advancing along the dock, accompanied by Europeans. Surely the Christians had not bought her as a slave to convey across the seas? But it was Muffati who recognized her. She passed him by, and had stepped upon the first of the chain of floating docks that formed a bridge to the ship; and beyond, at the beginning of the second, Muffati's quick, restless eyes saw a yawning chasm fully half a yard wide, where the tide had

drawn the first and second bridges apart.

Should he let the sacred rug slip from his grasp? There it was, rolled up under her arm. Five minutes later it would be out of his reach forever. By Allah, he would get it! And in a moment his bare, brown feet were speeding down the wharf, darting in and out of the motley gathering of people who were walking this way and that, until he was only a yard behind her, and she was just about to step across the chasm. There was a flash in the blazing African sun of long, thin little brown arms: lean little fingers seized the precious bundle, while the other free hand gave the girl a shove; and because the boy was quick, agile, and nerved by desperation, at the same time he put out his foot and tripped up the young man who was supporting her. There was a cry and a splash, and Muffati, the rug under one arm, was darting like lightning through the amazed crowd, most of whom were unaware of what had happened.

The young man who had been thrown into the water with Alice was a good swimmer; nor had his wits in the sudden and unexpected emergency forsaken him. So even as they fell he seized her, and in a moment boatmen and native swimmers had come to their aid, and they were safely drawn out of the water.

Muffati had counted on speed, the crowd, and the momentary surprise of the public to enable him to get safely away; but he had reckoned without any knowledge, casual or intimate, of the ways of an American university's star graduate in athletics. Mr. Richard Speedwell had won many prizes at college for running and high jumping; and he happened to be about half a dozen yards behind Alice and her escort, with his eyes fixed on the young girl, when Muffati executed his *coup*.

The Arab boy had hardly started to run when Mr. Speedwell was in pursuit. A stout and very choleric old gentleman had for a moment obstructed his path so that Muffati had successfully passed

him; but with unalterable purpose the other gave chase. The boy passed his astonished father and brother, shouting to them as he ran. Quick as a flash Effendi comprehended, and with a dexterous flank movement he pushed a handcart piled with fruit (which he had brought with him as an excuse for being on the dock) across the narrow path Muffati had taken. It led between some bales of cotton that had just been landed from a New Orleans steamer, forming a long, narrow lane. With a flying leap, Notre Dame's star hurdler rose in the air and cleared the cart in a manner that caused Effendi to gasp. The next moment the American laid angry and sinewy hands on Muffati's terrified and wriggling little body.

And so the precious rug was rescued; and the French officers, who were just descending the road to the wharf, and who had seen all that happened, took into custody Effendi and his two sons; and, disregarding their united cries that the rug was theirs, handed them over to the police; for the Oriental reputation for lying was their undoing even when, as happened in this case, they told the truth.

Contrary to what might have been expected, Alice's sudden and unlooked-for bath acted as a "bracer"; and two days' rest in the stateroom before the *Petric* reached Naples completely restored her. Her vigorous, healthy young body quickly threw off the strain of her terrible adventure, and then she heard an explanation of her strange experience. The old Arabian woman, sane on every other subject, was unbalanced and irresponsible in regard to one. Five years earlier her only daughter had mysteriously disappeared, and the mother had become obsessed with the idea that she had been stolen by a European. She had seized the chance to capture Alice, seeing in her a white woman, member of the hated Caucasian race. Her motive was probably murder, to avenge her daughter's loss; but so long

as the sacred rug was in sight she did not dare carry out her purpose. Alice had the comfort of hearing that the French authorities placed the woman in an asylum for life.

Five years later Ronald McDonald met the Professor in Boston, and the latter's first inquiry was for Alice.

"I suppose," he said, "your cousin took the rug home and that it is her most cherished possession."

"She took it home to St. Louis," replied Ronald. "But Alice is a good Catholic, and her first act after she got home was to give the rug to a convent, where it now lies before a shrine of the Blessed Virgin. She did this in fulfilment of a vow, and because we found that the rug had a remarkable history."

"How interesting!" said the Professor. "What was the story?"

"It is a story stranger than the tales of the Thousand and One Nights. The rug was stolen by one of Mahomet's followers from a Christian church in the East. The thief presented it to Mahomet, who in turn gave it to an ancestor of Effendi, the rug merchant. Every Arab in Algiers knew its story; and regarded it as sacred, as the Prophet had knelt on it; but my cousin believes it had been sanctified by Christian use, and that in some supernatural way it was her shield in her hour of danger."

"It is really most poetic," said the Professor. "Of course, under the circumstances, the rug had to go back to a Catholic shrine."

"And after that," continued Ronald, "there was a story-book ending to the episode. Alice married the man who saved her and her rug, and of course they have 'lived happy forever after.'"

(The End.)

HATH any wronged thee, be bravely revenged. Slight it, and the work's begun; forgive it, and 'tis finished. He is below himself that is not above an injury.

—Quarles.

"Catholic" and "Roman Catholic."

AN unsigned leading article on this subject, in THE AVE MARIA of January 8, seems to indicate a change of policy. When Father Hull was conducting a campaign against "Roman Catholic" in the *Bombay Examiner*, THE AVE MARIA seconded his efforts. Some fifteen years ago I took advantage of a visit to Rome to get inside information. As a young priest, Don Paulo Leva had been a recording secretary at the Vatican Council. At the date of my visit he was rector of the Bohemian College. Now, in his old age, he is one of the Canons of St. Peter's. He kindly allowed me to examine his Vatican Council notes in manuscript, and the following is a translation of memoranda which I noted at the time:

"In the Dogmatic Constitution (chapter i.) de Fide, the Fathers of the Council discussed the form proposed by the Theological Commission. This form began with these words: *Sancta Romana Catholica Ecclesia credit et confitetur*, etc.

"Thirty-six bishops objected to this form of words. The first (an archbishop) said: 'I should like to omit the word "Roman"; but if the Fathers wish to retain it, then I move that other words, such as "Apostolic," be added, and so arranged that it may be evident that we are not here giving the distinctive name of the Church, but a description of the Church, or an enumeration of the notes of the Church. We should not favor, or even seem to favor, the error of those who teach that the Catholic Church consists of three separated branches, each of which should be called Catholic. Besides, it is a cogent argument in favor of the Catholic Church that we retain in daily use the very name used in the Apostles' Creed.'"

I need not give the various arguments used by other bishops. The important point is that the amendment moved by the first was adopted and embodied in the *Constitutio Dogmatica de Fide*. So far as supreme Church authority goes in

the matter, it is all on the side of those who reject "Roman Catholic" as a name. The Holy See does not use "Roman Catholic" in referring to the whole Church. The confusion which does exist in some minds arises largely from a neglect of the distinction pointed out by the archbishop who moved the amendment. He pointed out that a distinctive name is one thing, and a description is quite another. A distinctive name may have no meaning at all. It is not of the essence of a distinctive name to have a meaning. What does "America" mean as a name? Of course many distinctive names have meanings apart from their use as appellatives. It is useful to know that the name Peter, for instance, has a descriptive meaning as well as an appellative use; but very few ever think of the former. THE AVE MARIA article assumes that a question of names can be decided by discussing the meaning. There is really no sense in discussing the primacy of Peter in connection with a name which the British Government succeeded in introducing among English-speaking Catholics. A better argument could be urged in favor of calling ourselves Apostolic Catholics.

✠ N. McNEIL,
Archbishop of Toronto.

The Rationale of Religion.

ANOT insignificant sign of the times in the matter of religious thought and action is the publication in the *Fortnightly Review* of "The Rationale of Prayer," an anonymous article in the form of a dialogue. The participants are Cathcart, an agnostic; Tremaine, a Catholic; and Lewis, a Jew. We quote the concluding paragraphs. Tremaine has just been citing a passage from Ste. Beuve to this effect: "It seems that when we put ourselves in unison, by belief, by confidence, by prayer—and still better, by the sacred rites which are like established channels—with the great soul of the world, we find assistance, harmony, peacefulness. . . ."

LEWIS. Anyhow, it is fine and it is true. I was much struck by the words: *Les rites sacrés qui sont comme des canaux établis*,—"The sacred rites which are like established channels." Apart from all theory, there is something very impressive, very touching, about the public offices of religion, the collective prayers and praises of the people, in the old liturgical forms which are part and parcel of Christianity. Nothing moves me more—Jew as I am—than to go into a church where Mass is being said. There are in human nature needs not to be satisfied by physical enjoyment or intellectual pleasure,—needs which transcend the lust of the flesh and the lust of the eye and the pride of life. The necessity of religion is abiding, and here as elsewhere the law of solidarity holds. No man liveth to himself in any sphere or department of his life. We can't do without a common cult.

TREMAINE. Renan, I remember, expressed the same view in his "Conférences d'Angleterre." His words, if I rightly recall them, were: "Let it not be thought that we can do without religion and religious associations. Every step forward made by modern societies renders their need more imperious."

CATHCART. I think the signs of the times bear him out. Certainly, to speak of only one, since I can remember, the Church of England has been wonderfully vivified. . . :

LEWIS. And surely this revival of Anglicanism is well, from all points of view. Even Huxley confessed that "the religious feeling is the essential basis of conduct." Is it not good for all of us, the wise in our own conceit as well as the ignorant and foolish,

That we may lift from out the dust
A voice as unto Him that hears,—
A cry above the conquered years,
To one that with us works; and trust,
With faith that comes of self-control,
The truths that never can be proved:
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul?

In so far as the revival of Anglicanism means the eventual entrance of numerous Anglicans into The Church, we agree that it is well, indeed; and in so far as the world-war has turned the thoughts of a materialistic generation to God and the things of eternity, it is not an entirely unrelieved horror. There is superabundant testimony that religion—practical, concrete religious thought and act—has become in the last year and a quarter an actuality in the lives of many to whom it formerly meant a mere abstraction.

Notes and Remarks.

The pacificists are extremists. They are right, of course, in opposing war, but wholly wrong in opposing preparedness. It would be well for these worthies to read the speech of Senator Williams, of Mississippi, on the subject, and try to get themselves in accord with sane, sober public sentiment. The Senator is for national defence, not for aggression. But let us quote his words—the most weighty of them: "We want adequate preparation for defence. Mark you, nothing else. An army may be a preparation for defence, but it may also be a temptation to attack an enemy. I see no reason to spend money upon land forces, with the exception of trained and equipped officers who will be competent to train soldiers. To do this if necessary, there should be more schools like West Point and Annapolis, and courses for officers should be made a part of the curriculum of the State universities. I would guard every dollar of money spent upon the army and put more into the navy. Our navy would be our first line of defence. If strong enough, it would be our sufficient line of defence. I would have the second navy in the world,—the second because it might shortly grow to be first. . . . I would have a prayer for us that we may not be so weak as to be trampled upon or oppressed, and that we may not be so strong as to trample upon or oppress."

Senator Williams is as much opposed to jingoism as to pacificism. In the former he sees a tendency to greed; in the latter, a lack of gumption.

In the course of a thoroughly practical address delivered not long ago to the Catholic Union of Great Britain, Cardinal Gasquet touched on the question of schools, and among other things said: "To me it has always been a puzzle to understand how those who are responsible for law and order in the State will not

welcome and support any teaching which makes for law and order. Whatever they may think of our religious beliefs, there can be no dispute as to the fact that they teach that self-restraint which is necessary for the well-being of society. A parson or a priest is worth at least three policemen, as the latter will be the first to declare."

The disinclination of so-called statesmen to countenance the introduction of religious teaching in the school is a puzzle to many another besides the Benedictine Cardinal. In our own country, the growth of juvenile delinquency and the spread of criminality among the "instructed" but not "educated" graduates of Godless schools should teach our public men a needed lesson on the futility of mere ethical, as distinguished from religious, training in preparing really worthy citizens for the republic.

If there is one attitude of unfaith with which we have less patience than with any other, it is that of so-called educated persons—often they are professional men—who challenge the character and scope of Christian faith as if it were a creation of yesterday, and not the heir of the long ages. Of course it can be only upstart intelligence that assumes this attitude. The Church is at least one of the great facts of history, and accordingly has a right to demand that she be known. We have no obligation to apologize and explain her position; apology and explanation are due from those who are ignorant of her place in the affairs of men. We are glad to see this point ably emphasized by our Anglican contemporary, the *Holy Cross Magazine*, in which a contributor writes:

It is at best a poor warfare that is waged constantly on the defensive; and nothing gives more strength and assurance than to throw the burden of proof on the enemy. After all the splendid centuries of Christianity, after all that the world knows, and must reckon with, of Christ, present and all-powerful, reigning in His Church, it is late in the day for us to be called upon to prove the truth of His mission.

Demand that men shall take the truth of God for granted, and utter a challenge not less strong because full of love. Defy objectors to prove the contrary; standing squarely on this principle, move straight forward, and the force of your confidence will break down the opposition; and those who had come out to strive will be shamed into silence, if not led into faith.

Often do we see men, ignorant and unlearned, who have a far-reaching spiritual influence among their fellows. They have neither the mind nor the learning to understand or produce an argument; but they present what they conceive to be the truth straight from the heart, and with so great a faith that men can not choose but hear.

Alas that this clear-eyed philosopher should think he is writing of The Church, whereas he can have in mind only one of the many sects outside the Fold!

An excellent suggestion was made by Monsignor Luke Evers at the opening recently, in New York city, of a suite of Notre Dame University club-rooms. The Monsignor, who is himself a graduate of the University, said that in and around New York there were three hundred Notre Dame men, dissociated chiefly because, up to date, there had been no common meeting place. If this is true of the graduates of a Western school, think how many Catholic college men in general there must be in the metropolis. These all should have a union club-house, the Monsignor suggested, which might cement more closely together the ties that really make us one. A capital suggestion, and we hope to see a steady approach to its ultimate realization.

Sir John A. McDonald, the oldtime Premier of Canada, used to say that the clergy of Lower Canada (Quebec) were "the finest moral police in the world." That the French-Canadian clergy still deserve that appellation seems to be clear from the volume dealing with Canada's criminal statistics for the year 1914. Ontario, very largely Protestant, with thirty-two and a half per cent of Canada's population, has forty-one and

two-thirds per cent of her criminals; whereas Quebec, very largely Catholic, with twenty-six and a fifth per cent of the population, has only sixteen and three-quarters per cent of the criminals. It used to be popular in Ontario to compare the supposed illiteracy of Quebec with the enlightenment and culture of her non-Catholic sister-Province; but we have not remarked any Ontario journals emphasizing the glaring contrast in the respective criminal records of the two commonwealths.

A life of singular devotedness and fruitfulness was that of the late Sister M. Aloysius, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, who passed to her reward last week. For forty-two years she was in charge of the Minim Department of the University of Notre Dame, and to hundreds of little boys was the best of mothers; in many cases supplying the place of both parents, as only one of her talents and virtues could. A woman of the strongest faith and the tenderest piety, gifted with remarkable qualities as a teacher and disciplinarian, there is no estimating the amount of good she must have accomplished. Men in every rank of society, all over the country, will recall the years spent under her beneficent tutelage as the happiest and best of their lives. *R. I. P.*

A distinct social service has been rendered by the Catholic Employment Bureau of Chicago. Though it has been in existence only nine months, it has already a splendid record of achievement to its credit. Its aim, according to a writer in the *New World*, is "to place both men and women in office, factory, stores, and houses. There is of course some difficulty in securing enough positions; but every day adds to the number who call upon the Bureau when they are in need of workers. On the other hand, the applications for work are numerous, particularly because absolutely no charge is

made either to employer or employee. In the nine months of the Bureau's existence, over 4000 men and women have applied for work. Of this number 1500 have been placed in positions. The last month's report of the work is likewise interesting and more detailed. There were 310 new applications for work filed, while 717 reapplied. Of this number it is positively known that 130 were placed in positions, while 70 were told of openings which they were fitted to fill, but from these no report was received as to their success or failure to receive work.

"When a man applies for work he is made to fill an application. Therein he states his age, whether he is married, what work he is skilled in, where he was last employed, the salary he expects, etc. The application must then be signed by his pastor. This is in the nature of a recommendation. The application is placed on file, and as soon as a suitable position is found the applicant is notified."

For a new undertaking, this strikes us as a very good justification of both its institution and its method of procedure. A Catholic employment bureau would be a valuable asset in all our cities.

The following excerpts are from an educational article in a Southern Methodist organ, the *Texas Christian Advocate*:

If any one thing exclusively is the college, that one thing is the teacher. And it is remarkable with what increasing unanimity of opinion educators to-day are saying this very thing. Recently ten college presidents wrote on "five essentials in the selection of your school or college," and six of the ten either put in the first place or emphasized the personality of the teacher. . . . "I make no doubt," says President King, of Oberlin College, "that the prime factors in a complete education are always persons, not things, not even books. Character-begetting power is the great qualification of the teacher, and we can not begin in character-making with a fraud. The teacher's highest qualification is this—power to inspire other men to their absolute best. Character and religion are always rather caught than taught."

Were we choosing a college now, we should wish to know about that almost indefinable

something which we call atmosphere. For, indeed, next in importance to the faculty itself is the atmosphere of an institution. Of the ten educators mentioned a moment ago, a majority reckon the atmosphere of a school as of supreme importance.

The foregoing reflections apply to the school with still greater force than to the college, since the younger the pupil, the more impressionable he is, and the more powerfully is he influenced by precept and example. It is scarcely necessary to point out to our readers that, in the personality of its teachers and in its prevalent atmosphere, the Catholic school or college is distinctly superior to its "public" or State competitor.

A knight indeed and a stalwart champion of the Faith was Capt. John J. Lambert, Knight of St. Gregory, philanthropist, soldier, pioneer, editor, statesman, who died recently at Pueblo, Colorado. Captain Lambert's was a life *sans peur et sans reproche*. The record of his benefactions would be a lengthy tale. Of his more intimate life, the *Denver Catholic Register* has this to say:

Captain Lambert was one of the most influential citizens of Colorado in every sense of the term. His personality dominated his newspaper at all times when he was actively connected with the *Pueblo Chieftain*, which he founded in 1869. He had an unassailable reputation for square dealing, business integrity, and honor above all things. He was appointed receiver of the United States land office in Pueblo, May 14, 1890, which place he served for four years. Thereafter he devoted himself almost exclusively to his paper work. Since his retirement from active service in the newspaper field he has given his time to doing charitable deeds and living up to every commandment of his Faith.

Captain Lambert was such a perfect man, friend, husband, brother, and led such a life of holiness, that words fail to give even an outline of his wonderful traits of character. He was often called by his friends "a saint on earth," and such he seemed to be; for at any time of the day one might enter the Sacred Heart Church and find the Captain praying before the Blessed Virgin's altar. The only pleasures he seemed to have during his last days were in his church, by attending Mass

and receiving Communion every morning.

His home was distinctive for many things, but especially that he always kept an American flag visible in one of his front windows, and inside there were no pictures except holy ones,—those of Christ, the Holy Family, and many Madonnas. In a niche in his staircase was found a statue of the Blessed Virgin and Child, and in nearly every room were holy water fonts and holy pictures. His was a true Catholic home.

May his soul rest in peace!

A person going under various names—we don't know which one he is using at present—is victimizing institutions and individuals all over the country by offering a two years' subscription to four Catholic periodicals for \$10. He claims to be an agent of the Lincoln Subscription Co. of Minneapolis, which, however, has no knowledge of him, though it would be glad to learn his address and have a good description of him. He has been much sought after of late, but he does not appreciate such attention. Preferring a warm climate at this season, he is probably now somewhere in the South. When last heard from he was in New Orleans, but for obvious reasons he never tarries long in one place. Prompt news of his arrival anywhere should be sent to the Periodical Publishers' Association, 156 Fifth Ave., New York, which organization offers a reward of \$25 for the arrest and conviction of fraudulent canvassers. The one of whom we write makes a specialty of Catholic institutions and has met with considerable success.

It turns out that Prof. Victor Brants, of the University of Louvain, is not dead, in spite of numerous obituary notices of him that have appeared in the foreign press. He himself has written to a correspondent in Switzerland denying the report of his death. Of course he is in a position to know the truth of the matter, and to bear witness to it. He may have the rare pleasure of reading his obituary in many languages. We hope there will be no need of another for many years to come.



An Adventure among the Esquimaux.

BY NEALE MANN.

ON a large fishing barque whose ochre-colored sails were fast carrying her towards Iceland there were two young midshipmites, Jeannek and Pierrick, both of them natives of the same Breton village, and the closest of friends. Suddenly an unexpected cold spell set in while the barque was still far from her destined fishing ground. Great icebergs, veritable mountains of snow and ice, came floating down from the North Pole, and the temperature grew lower and lower.

"That's nothing," said the captain. "The winter isn't setting in yet. All the same, we must be careful; for it's just possible that we might be blocked in by the bergs."

Accordingly, he steered his vessel into a little harbor, off a small island entirely settled by Esquimaux, proposing to remain there until warmer weather should prevail. It was a good thing he did; for the temperature still sank until the cold became intense. All along the shores, ice formed into regular fields; and then the snow began to fall in great flakes, just as if it were winter indeed.

One night Pierrick awoke with a start. It seemed to him that he had heard a distant cry break the silence. He sat up in some agitation and listened. Yes: there it was again,—a plaintive cry, sounding as if somebody was desperately in need of assistance.

"Jeannek!" he whispered in the ear of his comrade, who, with his fists clenched, was sound asleep. "Jeannek, listen!"

Jeannek sat up in his bunk, listened for a moment, and said:

"What can that be?"

The boys waited for a few minutes, looking at each other anxiously; then the cry was repeated, apparently more desperate than ever. Pierrick jumped down from his bunk and going to a port-hole, looked out. All he could see was an immense stretch of white. The snow had ceased falling, and the stars glowed brilliantly.

"That cry came from the sea," he said to his companion.

"It probably came from a man under whose tread the ice gave way."

"Suppose we go out and see? We might save a life."

"I'm with you! Come on!"

The midshipmites accordingly put on their warmest clothing—bearskin coats and caps,—and, taking two lanterns, an axe, and a small coil of rope, went upon deck.

"Where are you youngers going?" asked the sailor on watch.

"Say, Ivon, didn't you hear the cries a while ago?"

"Yes, but I didn't care to wake up the men in order to try to save some cheap Esquimaux who is probably drowning."

"What difference does it make if he is an Esquimaux?" said Pierrick, indignantly. "He's a man, anyway, and we ought to help our neighbor,—so, at least, our curé at home, old Père Jamais, teaches us."

"Bah! Go ahead if you want to. As for me, I shall not budge."

The two boys, without further parley, got over the side of the barque; and, reaching the ice, found that it was covered with five or six inches of soft snow.

"Which direction shall we take?" asked Jeannek.

"That one," replied Pierrick, pointing to the northwest. "There's where the cries came from,—I'm quite sure they did. Listen!"

Sure enough, the cries began again, but now they were less distinct: they seemed to be the lamenting of a child.

"Off we go!" cried Jeannek. "Pierrick, you're the chief of this expedition: you lead and I'll follow."

And so, in the dark, the two midshipmites went forward into the unknown, brave and resolute. Their only thought was to save somebody who was perishing. The farther they went, the more difficult grew the walking, as the snow was becoming deeper and deeper. At the same time the cries seemed to be nearer; and now they sounded like the shrieks of a child wild with fear.

"It's there!" said Pierrick, pointing to a hillock of ice a few yards ahead of them.

They boldly set forward and climbed the small hill; but when they reached its summit, they stopped short, their mouths open, and their eyes wide with surprise. Before them sat on its haunches an enormous white bear, moving its head from side to side, while its cruel eyes were fixed on a body half covered with snow, to which body a small child was clinging in terror.

Pierrick and Jeannek drew back. But the bear had heard them and he now turned his glance towards them, still keeping up the rolling movement of his head.

"I have my revolver," - whispered Pierrick to his companion. "But perhaps we had better try to drive him away by some other means. If I fire and don't kill him, we are lost."

"What shall we do?" inquired Jeannek. "Let's try to frighten him with our lanterns."

Forthwith they turned the lights of their lanterns on the bear and began swinging them, just as railway guards do when a train is approaching a station. The bear was rather astonished and retreated a little. It evidently did not know what to make of these moving lights; so although hypnotized by the glow on which it kept its eyes fixed, it

gradually drew back as the boys slowly advanced towards it.

"You see, my trick is succeeding," said Pierrick.

But he spoke too soon; for just then his foot slipped, and he fell flat, dragging Jeannek with him.

At this spectacle the bear stopped: then leisurely approached the midshipmites, who, feeling that they were doomed, were struck with horror. It was a critical moment. There was no time to get up and run. All they could do was to follow the advice they had once heard their captain give: "Pretend you are dead, and hold in your breath just as long as you possibly can." Accordingly, they closed their eyes and remained quite motionless. A moment later they felt a warm breath on their faces, and found it difficult not to cry out with terror: the bear was examining them at close quarters. The poor boys thought that their last hour had come; and, being good Breton Catholics, they sent up silent petitions to Our Lady for help in their extreme need.

Their prayers were answered. The bear, attracted by the lanterns, which were still lit, although upset, turned from the midshipmites to investigate these new-fangled things which he had never before encountered. He struck them with his paw, apparently desirous of putting out the light; but, as they persisted in burning, he first rolled them about in the snow, and then, deliberately taking one of them in his teeth, slowly walked away.

The boys, who had opened their eyes and anxiously watched the movements of their enemy, could scarcely repress a cry of joy as they saw him go; and Pierrick did not repress an exclamation, "Saved!"

Once the bear had retired, the boys hastened to the child, which, exhausted with fears and tears, had fallen asleep on the body, half buried in the snow.

"It's a little Esquimaux," said Pierrick.

"Yes," replied Jeannek; "and I suppose that is its mother lying there."

Kneeling down, they soon removed the snow from the inanimate form before them, and disclosed a woman, her face livid and her teeth clenched.

"Perhaps she's dead," suggested Pierrick.

Jeannek laid his ear on the woman's breast for a moment, and answered:

"No: her heart is still beating. She's only overcome by the cold. We must carry her at once to the vessel," he added as he got up.

"No: first of all we must rub her with snow. They say that's the best way to restore the half-frozen."

They both set to work, vigorously rubbing the woman's face and hands, and soon had the satisfaction of noticing that her breathing became stronger and more regular. In the meantime, the baby girl who had woke up was watching them silently with wide-eyed astonishment. Her mother presently opened her eyes, too, and looked anxiously about her, murmuring some words unintelligible to the midshipmites, but not to the baby who forthwith sprang into the woman's arms and covered her face with kisses.

"She is saved!" exclaimed Jeannek.

"And now," said Pierrick. "We must hurry back to our vessel and get help."

They started on the return trip. Night had vanished before the dawn and the sky was rose-colored. Great birds zig-zagged their flight across the heavens, uttering loud cries. The temperature had suddenly become much milder.

"There's a thaw coming, soon," remarked Pierrick.

Five minutes later, the boys discovered to their dismay that the thaw had already set in: they found themselves shut off from the shore by a wide channel of open water in which blocks of ice were moving freely about.

"Jeannek," said Pierrick, "the ice-bridge which bound this berg to the others is broken. Our retreat is cut off."

"Let's follow the edge of our solid ice, anyway," suggested Jeannek.

They did so, but in the course of an

hour found that they had returned to their starting-point. As a matter of fact, they were on an ice-island, their berg having become isolated. And, standing on a large block that dominated the surrounding level, the boys saw the immense plain of snow become an equally immense plain of water beneath the warm rays of the sun.

"What is to become of us?" sighed Pierrick.

"We are prisoners," said Jeannek in an equally lugubrious tone.

Thinking the matter out, they concluded that to attempt swimming to the shore was folly. And, anyway, they could not abandon the mother and child whom they had rescued.

A sudden shake interrupted their reflections. The berg was yielding to the movements of the current, and was soon moving along, and with considerable swiftness, too.

"Well," said Pierrick cheerfully, "there's nothing for it but to await developments. Let us go back to the Esquimaux."

They found the mother completely come to her senses, and the little one clasped in her arms. The woman made signs that she was suffering from hunger, and the boys ransacked their pockets for something she could eat. Two halves of biscuits rewarded their search, and these proved more than welcome to the famishing mother and child.

A tour of exploration on their floating island resulted in their discovering the broken hull of a ship imbedded partially in the ice, and they rapidly procured wood enough to make a roaring fire.

"Now, all we want is some meat to make a roast," remarked Pierrick, as he watched the flames spring up.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when a fierce growl made him turn around with a start. The bear had reappeared. Like the boys, he had found his retreat cut off; and, abandoning his lantern, he was wandering around the island looking for a meal. At sight of him the baby

uttered a cry of fright and hid her face in her mother's bosom. The bear seemed to be angry and looked ravenous.

"Here's a dangerous neighbor," said Jeannek.

"Yes," replied Pierrick; "and we're going to eat him."

"What in the world do you mean—what are you going to do?"

"You'll see. I have my revolver and you have your axe. That's quite enough. Come on. Keep cool. The odds are all in our favor. Hold your axe ready."

As he spoke he resolutely approached the bear, which, seeing that a fight was imminent, immediately rose on his hind legs and growled viciously, showing at the same time formidable teeth. Then, Pierrick threw himself flat on the snow and remained motionless. The bear, thinking that his enemy had fallen, came towards the prostrate form to smell it. That was just what Pierrick was waiting for. Keeping perfectly cool, he waited until the animal's muzzle almost touched him, and then discharged his big revolver, aiming directly at the bear's heart. Not behindhand, Jeannek rained blows with his axe on the animal's head,—and the victory was complete.

It did not take long to procure several juicy steaks, which were speedily broiled; and all four of the icebound travellers partook of a welcome and an especially hearty meal.

They were still engaged at it when a joyous shouting attracted their attention; and, looking around, they were delighted to see the barque's longboat coming to their rescue.

There is no need of relating all that followed, or of telling how the daring young midshipmites became the heroes of the Esquimaux village. Suffice it to say that when their barque left the island, Pierrick and Jeannek were the happy owners of the finest fur suits on the vessel, and, moreover, possessed collars made of the teeth of the rarest animals to be found in the Arctic Circle.

Killykinick.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

IV.—AUNT WINNIE.

IT was a delighted Dan that bounded down the broad staircase and took a flying leap from the stone portico of the great hall door.

"Hello!" said Jim Norris, who was lazily stretched on the grass, reading. "Is that a jump or a kick out?"

"A jump," answered Dan, grinning: "though I was primed for the other sure. How is Dudey's nose?"

"Coming down," said Jim, who was an easy-going mixer, whom everybody liked. "About the size and shape of a spring radish to-day. My, but he's hot against you, Dan! Look out for him! Snake in the grass is nothing to Dud Fielding on the boil. Won't even rattle fairly before he strikes."

"Wouldn't take the glad hand if I stretched it out to him and said I was sorry?" asked Dan. "Just now I feel like being at peace with everybody."

"Not much!" said Jim, impressively. "Or if he did there would be a snake sting ready for you, all the same. I know Dud Fielding. He'll get even with you if he dies for it."

"All right!" was the cheerful reply. "Let him get even, then. Have you heard about Killykinick, Jim?"

"Yes: Father Regan told me. I don't know what or where it is, but I'm ready for a start if it's a cannibal isle. Anything is better than dying of dulness here. Where are you off so fast, Dan?"

"To see my aunt. She—she—" There was a moment's hesitation, for Dan knew all the admission meant to boys like Jim. But he added boldly: "She is at the Little Sisters', you know, and I want to bid her good-bye before I leave."

"Of course you do. These old aunts are great," said Jim, with a friendly nod. "I've got one myself up in the country. Wears bonnets and gowns that look as

if they came out of the Ark. But, golly, she can make doughnuts and apple pies that beat the band! I'd rather spend a week at Aunt Selina's than any place I know. Going to walk or ride, Dan?"

"Walk," was the answer. "I generally do. It's good for my health."

"Not on a day like this. I've got a pocketful of car tickets," said Jim, shaking a dozen or so out on the grass. "We'll have no use for them at Killynick. Help yourself."

"No," said Dan, sturdily. "Thank you all the same, Jim! But I don't mind walking a bit. I'll match you at a game of tennis when I get back, and do you up."

"All right!" answered Jim, who, though slow and lazy and a bit dull at his books, was a gentleman through and through. Three generations of Norrises had cut their names on Old Top.

And, lighter hearted for this friendliness, Dan kept on his way by short cuts and cross streets until he reached the quiet suburb where the modest buildings of the "Little Sisters" stretched long and wide behind their grey stone walls. He was admitted by a brisk, kind little old woman, who was serving as portress; and, after some parley, was shown up into Aunt Winnie's room. It was spotless in its cleanliness and bare save for the most necessary articles of furniture. There were three other old ladies about in various stages of decrepitude, who seemed only dully conscious of Dan's appearance; but Aunt Winnie, seated in her armchair by the window, started up in tremulous rapture at sight of her boy. Despite her age and infirmity, she was still a trig little body, with snow-white hair waved about a kind old wrinkled face and dim soft eyes, that filled with tears at "Danny's" boyish hug and kiss.

"It's a long time ye've been coming," she said reproachfully. "I thought ye were forgetting me entirely, Danny lad."

"Forgetting you!" echoed Dan. "Now, you know better than to talk like that, Aunt Win. I'm thinking of you day and

night. I've got no one else to think of but you, Aunt Win."

"Whisht now,—whisht!" Aunt Winnie sank her voice to a whisper, and nodded cautiously towards the nearest old lady. "She do be listening, lad. I've told them all of the grand, great college ye're at, and the fine, bright lad ye are, but I've told them nothing more. Ye're not to play the poor scholar here."

"Oh, I see!" said Dan, grinning. "Go on with your game then, Aunt Win."

"I'm not looking to be remembered," Aunt Winnie continued dolefully. "What with all the French and Latin ye have to study, and the ball playing that you're doing, I can't look for you to think of a poor lone lame woman like me."

"Aunt Win!" burst forth Dan, impetuously.

"Whisht!" murmured Aunt Win again, with a glance at the old lady who was blinking sleepily. "Don't ye be giving yerself away. And I suppose it's the fine holiday that ye're having now wid the rest of yer mates," she went on.

"Yes," said Dan, feeling he could truthfully humor the old lady's harmless pride here. "We're off to-morrow for the jolliest sort of a time at the seashore. Freddy Neville, the nicest little chap in college, has a place up somewhere on the New England coast, and four of us are going there for the summer."

And Danny launched into eager details that made Aunt Winnie's eyes open indeed. But there was a little quiver in her voice when she spoke.

"Ah, that's fine for you,—that's fine for you indeed, Danny! We can talk plain now; for" (as a reassuring snore came from her dozing neighbor) "thank God, she's off asleep! It's the grand thing for you to be going with mates like that. It's what I'm praying for as I sit here sad and lonely, Dan, that God will give ye His blessing and help ye up and up, high as mortal man can go."

"And you with me, Aunt Win," said Dan, who, seated on the footstool of the

chair, was smoothing her wrinkled hand.

"Ah, no, my lad, I don't ask that! I'm not asking that at all, Danny. I'll not be houlding to ye, and dragging ye down while ye're climbing. And whisper, lad, while there's no one listening: it's naither wise nor best for ye to be coming here."

"Why not?" asked Dan, for he knew that he was the light of poor Aunt Win's eyes and the joy of her old heart.

"Because—because," faltered Aunt Winnie, "though it's fibs I've been telling about yer grandeur and greatness—God forgive me that same!—the old busybodies around will be wondering and prating about why ye lave me here, Dan,—because I might be a shame to ye before all the fine gentlemen's sons that have taken ye up,—because" (Aunt Win's voice broke entirely) "a poor old woman like me will only hurt and hinder ye, Dan."

"Hurt and hinder me!" echoed Dan, who, with all his cleverness, could not understand the depths and heights of good old Aunt Winnie's love.

"Aye, lad, hurt and hinder ye; for ye're on the way up, and I'll not be the one to hould ye back. I do be dreaming grand dreams of ye, Danny lad,—dreams that I don't dare to spake out."

"Whisper them, then, Aunt Win," urged Dan, softly. "Maybe I'll make them come true."

"Ye couldn't," said the old woman, her dim eyes shining. "Only God in heaven can do that. For I dream that I see you on His altar, the brightest place that mortal man can reach. I'll ne'er live to see that dream come true, Danny; but I believe it would make my old heart leap if I was under the sod itself."

"O Aunt Win, Aunt Win!" Dan lifted the wrinkled hand to his lips. "That is a great dream, sure enough. Sometimes, Aunt Win, I—I dream it myself. But, then, a rough-and-tumble fellow like me, always getting into scrapes, soon wakes up. But one thing is sure: you can't shake me, Aunt Win. Dreaming or waking, I'll stick to you forever."

"Ah, no, la d,—no!" said the old woman, tremulously. "I'd not have ye bother with me. Sure it's the fine place I have here, with my warm room and nice bed, and the good Little Sisters to care for me, and the chapel close to hand. But I miss our own little place, sure, sometimes, Danny dear! I miss the pot of flowers on the window (it's against the rule to grow flowers here), and me own little blue teapot on the stove, and Tabby curled up on the mat before the fire."

Aunt Winnie broke down and sobbed outright, while Danny was conscious of a lump in his throat that held him dumb.

"Poor Tabby!" continued Aunt Winnie. "I hope the Mulligans are good to her, Dan. D'ye ever see her as ye pass their gate?"

"I do," answered Dan. "Molly Mulligan has tied a blue ribbon around her neck, and she is the pride of the house."

"And she has forgotten me, of course!" sighed Aunt Winnie. "But what could I expect of a cat!"

"Forgotten you? Not a bit! Molly says she steals into your room upstairs and cries for you every night."

"Ah, it was the sore parting for us all, God help us!" said Aunt Winnie, brokenly. "But as long as it brings you luck, lad, I'll never complain. This is the holy place to die in, and what could a poor old woman ask more?"

"A lot—a lot more!" burst forth Danny, passionately. "You should have a place to live and be happy in, Aunt Win. You should have your own fire and your own teapot, and your own cat in your own home; and I mean to get it back for you just as quick as I can."

"Whisht! whisht!" said Aunt Win, nervously, as the old lady nearby roused up, startled from her nap.

"It's time ye were going, Danny; for ye're a long way from college, and I wouldn't keep ye against rules. I hope ye'll have a fine time at the seashore, with the fishing and boating and all the other grand sports. Good-bye and God bless ye, lad, until we meet again! Good-bye."

Danny dear!" And, realizing from the wide-open eyes of the old lady near him that all confidential communications were over, Dan kissed Aunt Win's withered cheek, and, his heart swelling with feelings he could not speak, took his way back to Saint Andrew's, all his dreams, hopes, ambitions for the future strangely shaken.

Aunt Win,—gentle, loving, heartsick, homesick Aunt Win! Aunt Win, with her soft, low, trembling voice begging him to give her up lest she should hurt and hinder him in his opening way! Aunt Win sighing for the little place she had called home, even while she was ready to give it up forever and die silent and lonely, that her boy might climb to heights of which she could only dream and never see! Dear, faithful, true-hearted, self-forgetting Aunt Win! Dan felt his own eyes blurring as he thought of all she had done, of all she was ready to sacrifice.

And—and—the other thought followed swiftly: he could give it all back to her,—the little attic rooms over Mulligans', the flowerpot in the window, the blue teapot on the stove, Tabby on the hearth-rug,—he could give it all back to Aunt Win and bring her home. It would be long, long years before the higher paths into which he had turned would yield even humble living; but the old ways were open to him still: the "ditch-digging" with which Dud Fielding had taunted him, the meat wagon, the sausage shop, that he had been considering only a few hours ago. What right had he to leave the good old woman, who had mothered him, lonely and heartsick that he might climb beyond her reach? And yet—yet to give up Saint Andrew's, with all that it meant to him; to give up all his hopes, his dreams; to turn his back on those wide corridors and book-lined rooms for counter and cleaver; to give up,—to give up! Quite dizzy with his contending thoughts, Dan was striding on his way when a hearty voice hailed him:

"Hello! That you, Dan? Jump in

and I'll give you a lift." And Pete Patterson's ruddy face looked out from the white-topped wagon at the curb. "I was just thinking of you," said Pete, as Dan willingly sprang up to the seat at his side; for Pete had been a friendly creditor in the days of the little attic home when credit was sometimes sorely needed. "Are you in with the 'high brows' for good and all?"

"I—I don't know," hesitated Dan.

"Because if you're not," continued Pete—"and what tarnation use a sturdy chap like you will find in all that Latin and Greek stuff I can't see,—if you're not in for it, I can give you a chance."

(To be continued.)

My Dogs.

BY FRANK WILLIAM HOLSLAG.

I HAVE three dogs, and love them all:

There's Spot and Rove and Jack.

If I just throw a stick or ball,

Spot runs and brings it back.

He is a dandy dog, you bet!

He'll do 'most any trick:

He'll sit right up, or give his paw,

Or even jump a stick.

Once I fell in the river,

With none around but Jack,

And he leaped right in after me

And brought me safely back.

Ma often pats him on the head,

And pets, and calls him "dear!"

And says if it were not for him

That I would not be here.

Old Rove, he is a fighter;

He won't do tricks or play,

But if a strange dog comes around,

He sure drives it away.

And when strange folks come up to me,

He growls, with all teeth bare.

Pa says, "Ma needn't worry

So long as Rove is there."

Pa sometimes says they'll make him poor

(That's when he's feeling bad);

He says if the whole pack, was gone

That he'd be mighty glad.

But when some stranger wants a dog

And comes around to see,

Why, he just shakes his head real hard,

And then says, "No-sir-ree!"

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The half-yearly index to *THE AVE MARIA* (July-Dec., 1915) is now ready for those who bind the magazine.

—Our learned English contemporary, the *Athenæum* (probably on account of the dislocation of labor caused by the Great War), is to appear henceforth as a monthly instead of a weekly.

—"The Dream of a Soldier Saint" is an excellent rendering of the story of St. Ignatius Loyola, by Leo H. Mullany, S. J. It is a tale calculated to strengthen the feeble knees. Published in brochure form by the Loyola University Press.

—The essays contained in a new book by Fr. Vincent McNabb, entitled "Europe's Ewe-Lamb," just published by R. & T. Washbourne, have been written with the purpose of defending Belgium. They include: "A Christmas Letter to the Children of Germany," "On Hate," "The Insult to the Belgian Clergy," and "The Holy Father and the Invasion of Belgium."

—"Belgium and Germany" is a large octavo brochure of 132 pages, containing texts and documents destined to set forth the case of Belgium at the bar of history. The foreword is by the Belgian Minister for Foreign Affairs. Copiously illustrated and supplied with facsimiles of important letters and other documents, the brochure is one of unusual interest. Published by Thomas Nelson & Sons, London.

—Nothing in Christianity is of higher value than the view it affords of the most awful moment of life, the moment of its closing. In "The Blessed Peace of Death" that view is presented in most consoling form, arrived at by a variety of considerations. The book is adapted from the German of the Rev. Augustine Wibbelt, and is sub-titled "A Little Book of Good Cheer." The adaptation is rather liberal, we should judge, as there are frequent quotations of poetry from such writers as Cardinal Newman, Father Ryan, and Father Tabb. It is published by Joseph F. Wagner.

—Yet another edition of "Moondyfe Joe," by John Boyle O'Reilly, has appeared, P. J. Kenedy & Sons being the publishers. There is no need to commend this powerful and intensely interesting novel to the middle-aged among our readers,—they know it of old; but it may be well to tell our younger ones that the tale is eminently worth while, as was abundantly

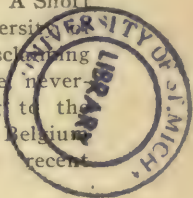
acknowledged by the critics three and a half decades ago when it first appeared. The most notable thing about the present edition is perhaps its price: only seventy-five cents for a bound volume of more than three hundred pages.

—"The Smile" and "How to Add Ten Years to Your Life," both by S. S. Curry, Ph. D., Litt. D., are slender twelvemos that come to us from the School of Expression, Boston. The books purport to be honest endeavors to furnish a key to self-study, self-control, and a help to a truer realization of the point of view of others. We have found much in both of them to interest and inform us; but we fear that many a reader would throw them aside as extravagant,—the overridden theories of a hobbyist.

—"Chaff and Wheat," by the Rev. Francis P. Donnelly, S. J. (P. J. Kenedy & Sons), is a neat sixteenmo of 266 pages, containing forty brief essays on a variety of topics. These papers—or "gentle flailings," as their author calls them—have already appeared in the columns of *America*, and will accordingly be known to many readers as being thoroughly readable, more especially by the educated or cultured. As in the author's former volume, "Mustard Seed," there will be found in the present one abundant food for thought and moral instruction.

—The appearance of a work by G. L. Apperson dealing with "The Social History of Smoking" (London, Martin Secker) recalls, of course, the "graund nicht" when Tennyson and Carlyle sat in the kitchen of the house in Cheyne Row opposite each other for hours, smoking in solemn silence. Also the school-boy's account of the first English smoker: "Sir Walter Raleigh introduced tobacco into England, and when smoking it in this country said to his servant: 'Master Ridley, we are to-day lighting a candle in England which, by God's blessing, will never be put out.'"

—The name of Léon Van der Essen, Ph. D., LL. D., professor of history in the University of Louvain, is sufficient guarantee of the scholarship which has gone into the writing of "A Short History of Belgium," which the University of Chicago Press has just published. Disclaiming to be a "war-book," this pithy volume nevertheless, has its special appeal, owing to the great conflict now waging. Yet it is the Belgium of history alone that is considered; recent



events, as the author well observes, are not yet history. It is in their ethnical and cultural, rather than political, character that the people of Belgium are here considered, the author making them out to be a synthesis of the best elements of Romance and Teutonic forces. On this basis he presents an illuminating, succinct and impartial study.

—An exceedingly interesting volume, and exceptionally well planned, is "Strength of Will," by E. Boyd Barrett, S. J., Ph. D. (Louvain), published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons. It is not a volume of moral or moralizing, but a study in applied psychology, so to speak. Of course its findings have a moral bearing; but that is, so far as the present work is concerned, merely by the way. The will can be trained: how? It is in Fr. Barrett's answer to this query that the chief value of his study and experiments consists. Of the more important chapters in this handsome volume of over two hundred and sixty pages, those entitled, "The Awakening of the Will," "The Sick Will," "Causes of Will Maladies," "A New Method Explained," "A Tentative Scheme of Exercises," and "The Will and Habit," will be perused with most interest and profit. The entire book, however, is fresh and powerful. More than one sanitarium would be emptied of its "patients" if these could be induced to adopt Fr. Barrett's system of exercises for strengthening the will.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Blessed Peace of Death." Rev. Augustine Wibbelt. 75 cts.

"The Smile." S. S. Curry, Ph. D. \$1.

"Chaff and Wheat." Rev. Francis Donnelly, S. J. 60 cts.

"A Short History of Belgium." Léon Van der Essen, Ph. D. \$1.

"How to Add Ten Years to Your Life." S. S. Curry, Ph. D. \$1.

"Strength of Will." E. Boyd Barrett, S. J. \$1.35.

"Pioneer Laymen of North America." Vol. II. Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J. \$1.75.

"Looking on Jesus." Madame Cecilia. \$1.75, net.

"A Short History of Germany." Francis M. Schirp, Ph. D. \$1.

"One Year with God." Rev. M. V. McDonough. \$1.

"Stories from Italy." Louisa Emily Dobrée. 25 cts.

"Sermons, Doctrinal and Moral." Rt. Rev. Thaddeus Hogan, R. M. \$1.50.

"The Sacraments." Pohle-Preuss. \$1.50.

"The Sweet Miracle." Eça de Queiroz. 40 cts.

"The Little Ambassadors." Henriette Delamare. 75 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Richard Scannell, bishop of Omaha; Rev. Robert Johnson, of the archdiocese of Boston; Rev. John Carden, archdiocese of Chicago; Rev. Philip Herckes, C. S. C.; Rev. John Hemens, S. J.; and Rev. Thomas Shaw, C. M.

Sister M. Dominica, of the Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Aloysius, Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister M. Stephana, Sisters of the Holy Names.

Capt. John Lambert, Mr. Dominic Buchowitz; Miss Sarah O'Connor, Mr. Joseph Haefner, Miss Adele Lebrun, Mr. Denis O'Brien, Mr. Edward O'Neill, Mrs. Katharine Leis, Mr. Edward Sullivan, Miss Fannie Randall, Mr. P. H. Degnan, Mr. Charles Britton, Mr. Bernard McEntee, Mrs. M. J. Daniels, Mrs. Catharine Conlan, Mr. George Bothe, Mr. Christopher Clarke, Miss Katharine Henry, Miss Elvina O'Brien, Mr. Andrew Donnelly, Mr. Joseph Bunyan, Mr. Daniel Early, Miss Alice Cloran, Miss Elizabeth O'Donnoghue, Mr. John H. Crowley, Mr. Herman Granicke, Mr. J. C. Grewe, Mrs. M. Kane, Mrs. Norah Campbell, Mr. H. C. Jeter, Mr. Joseph Klaes, Sr., Miss Frances Goodier, Mr. James Kiernan, Mr. James Donnelly, Miss Annie Isherwood, Miss Mary Isherwood, and Mr. George Meier.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the starving children in China: Friend, 50 cts.; Friend (Athens), \$5; J. R., \$10; S. M. F., \$1.05; J. V., \$2; M. K., \$2; N. B., 50 cts.; N. O'C., \$3; Friend, \$1; H., \$5; F. J. B., \$1; C. L. M., \$1. For the Foreign Missions: Mrs. M. B., in honor of the Holy Family, \$2. For the Polish war sufferers: M. A. S., \$5. For the Mexican sufferers: J. M. S., \$8.



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NO. 5

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Mater Christi.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

MOTHER of Christ—then Mother of us all.
Mother of God made Man, of Man made
God.*

The thornless garden, the immaculate sod,
Whence sprang the Adam that reversed the Fall.
Mother of Christ, the Body mystical—

Of us the members, as of Him the Head:

Of Him our life, the firstborn from the dead;
Of us baptized into His burial.

Yes, Mother, we were truly born of thee

On Calvary's second Eden—thou its Eve:
Thy Dolors were our birth-pangs by the Tree

Whereon the second Adam died to live—

To live in us, thy promised seed to be,

Who then his death-wound to the snake didst
give.

Fabre, the Insects' Homer.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

IN the din of battle that now
fills the larger part of Europe,
the passing away of the great
French entomologist, Jean
Henri Fabre, was comparatively unnoticed
by his contemporaries; yet the man
whom Victor Hugo hailed as the "insects'
Homer" was universally recognized as
the most eminent entomologist France has
had, the pioneer of a hitherto imperfectly
known region. He had, moreover, the
rare gift of being a poet as well as a

scientist. His descriptions of the insects'
loves and hates, manners, customs, and
transformations, have extraordinary grace
and power. In addition to his mental
gifts, he had the crowning merit of a
pure, honorable, laborious life, touched
by suffering and ennobled by privations.

Jean Henri Fabre came of peasant stock.
He was born in a little village of Rouergue,
a mountainous district of Central France,
on Dec. 22, 1823. He spent the first
years of his life in another tiny village
of the same wild district, Lavaysse,
where his grandmother lived. His people
were poor, and he remembered how, to
save fuel, they used to spend the winter
evenings in the stables, which were lighted
by a branch of pine stuck into a piece
of slate; while, outside, the wind roared
through the mountain passes, and the
wolves howled close by.

Fabre's love for and observation of the
insect world seemed a matter of instinct;
his people were ordinary folk, absorbed
by their hand-to-hand fight with poverty—
people whose mental level was in nowise
superior to that of their neighbors. Yet
the little lad, when barely six years old,
was a close and enthusiastic observer of
flowers and insects; the voice of Nature
called him, and he was fascinated by her
mysteries.

Henri, as he was called, was ten years
old when his father settled at Rodez. His
education benefited by the change; for he
followed the classes of the little college
there. His parents being too poor to
pay for his schooling, he served Mass on
Sundays in the college chapel, and this

* *Deus factus est homo, ut homo fieret Deus.* (God became man, that man might become God.)—*St. Augustine.*

service was accepted as return for his lessons. From Rodez his parents removed to Toulouse, thence to Montpellier. The lad continued to pursue his studies, at intervals, with indomitable perseverance. At a moment of dire poverty, he worked on the railroad line near Nîmes, and sold lemons at the fair of Beaucaire.

It is wonderful, considering the difficulties which lay before him, that Henri Fabre ventured to enter a competition for a free post at a training college for schoolmasters at Avignon. He passed the ordeal successfully; and eventually, at the age of nineteen, was appointed schoolmaster at Carpentras, a picturesque little town in the ancient Papal possessions of Comtat. Elementary education was then at a low ebb, and the schools were not the spacious buildings they have since become. Fabre retained a melancholy impression of his first post.

He married, in 1844, a young girl named Marie Villard, who was a native of Carpentras; and the birth of his first child, while it increased his responsibilities, only stimulated his longing to improve his position. He owned that he stifled in the narrow circle of an elementary school; and, although he was essentially a modest man, he was obliged to recognize the fact that he could do better than teach the idle, rough and mischievous little urchins of Carpentras. He continued, therefore, to work assiduously; and, having passed the required examinations, he was appointed professor of physical science at the government college of Ajaccio.

His stay in Corsica marks a turning-point in the career of Henri Fabre. He was a self-made scholar, and the degrees that he had conquered one by one had enabled him to rise from the obscure station of master in an elementary school to the post of professor of physics in the college of a large city. But this success, the result of incessant labor, did not satisfy him. He now realized that his real vocation was entomology, a branch that was then regarded with contempt in the

official world of science. But his poverty obliged him to keep his government position until he had made enough money to win independence and leisure; then only could he hope to give himself entirely to the pursuit that was to make him famous.

His work in Corsica brought him into touch with men of culture, whose companionship developed his love of natural history. Their influence only increased his resolve to specialize in his vocation—the study of the insect world, but this study, so passionately loved, could count only as a private pursuit so long as Fabre's poverty obliged him to follow the official programme.

When, on leaving Ajaccio, he was appointed professor at the government college of Avignon, he added to the diplomas that he already possessed one of natural science. Here he stood on familiar ground, and his knowledge of a science that was reputed useless and uninteresting amazed the professors of the Toulouse University. As for his beloved entomology, it was then almost unknown ground. Since Réamur and Huber, only one Frenchman, Léon Dufour, had worked in this *terra incognita*; and his limitations fired Henri Fabre to fresh discoveries.

Certain characteristics of Fabre's personality explain why, in spite of his extraordinary gift of observation, his mental superiority and strength of will, his career was not, in a worldly sense, a successful one. He was, as we have mentioned, a poor man, dependent on his personal efforts to support a wife and five children; he was timid and sensitive, independent and disinterested, contemptuous of ceremony and formalism. The twenty years that he passed at Avignon were, on the whole, a continual struggle with poverty and also with misconception and official neglect.

In 1856, however, a scientific report on certain curious insects, the "sitaris," attracted the attention of the French Academy, and the obscure professor of

Avignon was awarded an important prize. Absorbed as he was by the duties of his task as professor of physics, Fabre could devote only his holidays to his favorite occupation of studying the insects in their own sphere. But a few pupils who shared his tastes were permitted to accompany him on these occasions, and they kept an undying remembrance of their experiences. Some of Fabre's companions have since attained a high position in the world of science, and they remember their old professor's enthusiasm when, lying in the hot sun, regardless of fatigue, he discovered some curious and unforeseen development in the habits of the insect world.

These days of open-air researches in the sunshine of Provence were Fabre's days of relaxation and pleasure. He was at home among the insects, and he felt more and more keenly, as time went on, that this comparatively unknown realm was full of mysteries waiting to be solved. He realized that entomology was his real vocation, the task that he alone could accomplish.

Victor Durny, Minister of Public Instruction under the Second Empire, who at that particular moment enjoyed considerable influence in official circles, seems to have been one of the few, besides Pasteur, who appreciated Fabre. He invited him to Paris, obtained for him the Legion of Honor and presented him to the Emperor. Had Durny remained in power, his *protégé's* history might have been a different one; but when the Minister fell Fabre's hopes of becoming famous were for the time being at an end. Moreover, certain chemical experiences, upon which he counted to bring him in a modest competence, utterly failed, leaving him as poor as ever. This period of his life was full of suffering.

At last, irritated at being unappreciated, he broke with the University of Avignon and retired to Orange. He was then miserably poor, and the Franco-German war considerably increased his

embarrassment. His only friend at Avignon was an Englishman, the philosopher Stuart Mill, who had bought a small house close to the cemetery where his wife was buried. Fabre, who was too proud to make friends easily, felt he could trust this stranger. He made his difficulties known to him, and Stuart Mill came to his assistance without wounding his pride,—a kindness of which the old man always spoke to his intimates with profound gratitude.

The few years that Fabre spent at Orange were filled with strenuous labor. A new field of activity had opened out before him. A Parisian editor, Delagrave, suggested that he should write a series of scientific books for the use of the young. The idea was adopted and proved successful. The little books were clear, learned, and yet picturesque. Fabre had a marvellous gift of imparting knowledge. His own children had benefited by his lessons in chemistry and botany, and, when on his own ground, he gave life and interest to even the most abstruse subjects. His books for the young—"Le Ciel," "La Terre," "La Chimie de l'Oncle Paul," etc.—form a series of classics that one of his most qualified critics regards as "wonderful." These little volumes sold well, and the money that they brought their author enabled him to realize the dream of his life, and to devote his time and attention to the study he loved above all others: entomology.

At the end of the year 1878, he published the first volume of his marvellous "*Souvenirs Entomologiques*," upon which his celebrity chiefly rests; and about the same time he was able with the returns from his books, to buy a small property in the village of Sérignan, a few miles from Orange, in the heart of Provence. Fabre's cottage was situated outside the village, and close to it extended his open-air observatory, the "Harmas,"—an expanse of rough, uncultivated ground, where plants of lavender, laurel, holly, thyme, cactus, etc., grow in wild profusion. This

enclosure, where all the wild flowers of Provence are gathered, is the kingdom of the insects that the great scientist grew to know so intimately. Here, and in his indoor observatory, he spent long hours bending over the tiny creatures, whose life and death had in his eyes the interest of a drama.

Fabre's faculties, no longer cramped by official routine and formalism, expanded freely among his new surroundings. His "*Souvenirs Entomologiques*," the ten volumes which have made him famous in many lands, breathe a vigor, a poetry, an originality that are the direct consequence of his emancipation. He had hitherto studied and taught according to an accepted programme: now he studied harder than ever, but on lines of his own choice, in a kingdom where he felt his superiority. His work was pure enjoyment, and the difficulties he encountered when he unravelled the mysteries of the insect world only stimulated his efforts.

In his family life Fabre was severely tried. After losing a son, who seems to have been an intelligent companion in spite of his youth, he lost his wife, soon after arriving at Sérignan. He was, like many scientists, essentially unpractical, and two years later he married a young woman, whose activity and tact contributed to the peace and usefulness of his declining years. In her hands the modest household prospered; an atmosphere of order and quiet, that was absolutely necessary to his full development, reigned round the famous entomologist, who, when age weighed more heavily upon him, found the assistance he required in his wife and her three children.

Like Mistral, whose home was near his, among the olive trees of Provence, Fabre clung to his modest house, and seldom left it even to visit the friends who claimed his presence at Carpentras. The studies he pursued required the constant contact of nature; and in his Harmas without, and his study within, he spent long hours bending over the almost invisible

creatures that live before us in the "*Souvenirs Entomologiques*."

Fabre was an original writer as well as a keen observer. His discoveries in the insect world interested him passionately; hence it was natural that he should describe them in vivid language. The very picturesqueness of his style made certain critics doubt his accuracy. "Some critics," he writes, "have found fault with my language, because it has not the solemn and dry tone that is supposed to be academical. They fear that a page that can be read without fatigue can not be the expression of the truth. If I believe them, only obscure writers can be deep. Come here, insects that I have studied! Plead my cause. Tell my critics how intimately I live with you, with what patience I observe you, and with what scruple I note your movements."

Fabre's insight into the insect world was considerably aided by the knowledge of botany and mineralogy that he had never ceased to acquire since the distant days when he first made acquaintance with Nature in the mountains of his native Rouergue. But the charm of the "*Souvenirs*" lies chiefly in the ardent interest that he brought to bear upon his studies, even more than in his vast amount of knowledge so laboriously acquired. At an early hour in the morning, with a piece of bread and an apple in his pocket, he would start on a voyage of discovery, either in his Harmas or in the mountain close by; and, after hours spent in solitary contemplation of some tiny creature, he returned radiant, having added another observation to those that fill the ten volumes of the "*Souvenirs*." He often, says one of his disciples, sat up at night to be present at the marvellous resurrection of the butterfly. No sight, he wrote, can equal this prodigious transformation.

Although he was, above all, a scientist, he had, as we have observed, a poet's soul; and the spectacle of a sunrise on the Mont Ventoux, for instance, always

drew from him expressions of ardent admiration. This appreciation of the grandeur and beauty of Nature gives warmth and picturesqueness even to his scientific observations. The evolutions of an insect, the transformations of a silkworm, the habits of an almost imperceptible creature, call forth his enthusiasm, and he writes of the customs of the insects with a pathos or a tragedy that carries away his reader. Every one of these observations is the result of months, even of years of study. Fabre was a patient searcher; and, being a poor man, his scientific instruments were of the simplest description. He was also a sincere searcher; and when, as sometimes happened, he was puzzled by phenomena that he could not explain, he simply confessed his inability to clear such or such a point at issue.

Thanks to his patience and conscientiousness, Fabre's "Souvenirs" are at once, says his most eminent disciple, "a school for observers, a manual of mental discipline, a real lesson of method, and the most instructive, interesting, living and familiar course of teaching that has ever been published." When for the first time an intelligent reader opens the "Souvenirs," he has, writes another of Fabre's critics, "the sensation that a magician of science opens before him the portals of an unknown world." The tiny creatures whose customs, passions, crimes and virtues are revealed to him, soon become familiar acquaintances. The cruel *ammophila*, the skilful bee, the tiny *thomisus*, who dies that her family may live; the careful *lycosa*, that places its eggs in the sun during the daytime; the cruel wasps, that mercilessly murder the invalided members of their community,—thousands of other creatures, some almost imperceptible to the naked eye, become the actors of a drama that is often horrible, but always regulated by unknown laws.

In spite of the efforts made by certain scientists to claim Fabre as a disciple of

Darwin, there is, on the contrary, clear evidence to show that he did not hold Darwin's doctrines. During more than half a century, he lived face to face with the mysteries of Nature in the insect world; and the result of his patient researches was to bring him closer to the infinite wisdom and power of God. One of Fabre's most enlightened and distinguished critics, after a careful analysis of his works, thus sums up his opinion on the subject of the great scientist's mental attitude towards the supernatural: "It is not enough to say that Fabre is a spiritualist: his work, taken as a whole, is religious in the strict sense of the word, and inspired by a Christian spirit. This is certain. What dominates it, what he asserts most clearly, is his reprobation of anti-religious science." Some verses in Fabre's little poems, written in the sonorous Provençal language, are convincing on this point. He bitterly condemns the "criminals" who would fain persuade beings created by the hands of God that they are the "noble descendants of gorillas."

It was Fabre's close observation of the instinct of the creatures which were the object of his lifelong study that led him, by a logical sequence, to recognize the existence and action of God. He owned that entomology had taught him more than any philosophy. He recognized the prodigies necessary to secure the development of the tiniest insect, of the most obscure worm. He marvelled at the infallible regularity with which, at a given date, these transformations take place; but he also acknowledged that the insect's instinct is a blind force,—that it proceeds from an unseen source. To this enigma atheism replies by the negation of a superior power and the glorification of hazard or chance; Darwin's disciples, by the theory of evolution, that makes man merely an improved animal.

Neither of these doctrines could be approved by Fabre. To a visitor who solicited his opinion on these topics, the

old man, with the simplicity and directness that characterized him, answered by these noble words: "After eighty-seven years of thought and observation, I do not say that I merely believe in God: I can even say that I *see* Him. Without Him I understand nothing,—all is darkness. Not only have I kept this conviction *in spite* of my studies, but it has become stronger and deeper *because* of the same studies. Every epoch has its fads: atheism is, in my opinion, one of the fads of the present day." And he added, smiling: "I should rather be flayed alive than relinquish my belief in God."

As an example of the minute and complicated evolutions that the great scientist followed so closely, we will quote the curious story of the sitaris, a tiny insect that invariably lays its eggs at the entrance of the nest of a small bee. The newly born sitaris attaches itself to the bee, and is carried by it into the sunshine. It even goes into the nest where the bee lays its eggs, glides upon these eggs, devours them, and also the honey that the bee has laid close by as a provision. Then the murderous and rapacious sitaris sinks into a deep sleep, during which it accomplishes its final transformation and becomes fully developed. Fabre was the first to trace this curious story; and his account of what he called the "hyper-metamorphose" of the sitaris drew the attention of the world of science to his work, at a time when he was still unknown to fame.

Few scientists worked so hard as Henri Fabre. A self-made man, he had, during the first half of his life, to fight against poverty at home, prejudice and formalism abroad. He was the pioneer of a science—entomology—that, when he began his studies, had no recognized place in the classical cycle of university teaching; and, like all pioneers, he was misunderstood. When, after many disappointments, Fabre was able to break through his trammels and live his own life, he continued to work as hard as ever; but his

Harmas and his laboratory brought him intense enjoyment.

His life in his hermitage was consecrated to labor; but, barring some years towards 1912 when the grip of poverty became real pain, it was the life he loved. He rose early, and ate his frugal breakfast walking to and fro in his kitchen; then, after an excursion to his Harmas, he shut himself up in his laboratory; and when he came to his midday meal, his drawn features betrayed the fatigue of extreme tension of mind. In the afternoon he returned to the Harmas, and on bits of paper he often noted his observations. He spoke little, seldom during his meals, when he ate only vegetables and fruits; and his favorite solace was his pipe, which he smoked almost incessantly.

Fabre was devoted to the local customs of Provence, to its language and traditions. Himself of peasant origin, he was in close sympathy with country sights and sounds; yet the natives of Sérignan, among whom he lived, did not appreciate the man who made their village famous. His extreme reserve led him to shun the contact of strangers; and he was voted "odd" by the peasants because he was often found lying full-length on the ground, watching the evolutions of a tiny fly through his magnifying glass. He remained to the end of his long life an enemy of notoriety, and was far from encouraging visitors to his hermitage. Those who came merely from curiosity were made to feel that their presence was undesired; but to the scientists who solicited his advice and appealed to his superior knowledge, he willingly gave the information they sought, and his luminous explanations were a revelation never to be forgotten.

Although he generally loved and cultivated solitude, Henri Fabre permitted a few humble friends to break through the intimate circle in which his life was spent. The schoolmaster of Sérignan, Louis Charrasse, and a blind workman named Marius, were, in spite of their humility, associated with the scientist's

work. The former was thoroughly versed in the Provençal language, the sonorous idiom that Fabre's illustrious neighbor, Mistral, glorified in his wonderful verses. Fabre himself occasionally wrote short poems in Provençal, and delighted in reading them to Charrasse, a competent critic. Blind Marius was a musician born, and so intelligently devoted to Fabre that he seemed to grasp his meaning and his wishes before they were expressed by the old man, over whom his sightless assistant watched with filial devotion.

Surrounded by these humble companions, whom a few disciples and admirers from the outside world were sometimes allowed to join, Fabre used to converse freely; and the favored listeners of these delightful talks will never forget them. One of his disciples in particular was often permitted to join the little circle that in the winter evenings gathered round the fire, while the "mistral" swept the plain. He records that the old man's talk was always serious, scientific and picturesque.

He had studied the Book of Nature so thoroughly that he instinctively quoted examples taken from the insect world in support of his views on general subjects. Thus the bees and the ants were to him examples of self-sacrifice, devotedness to others, and of industry. His own ideas on social subjects were thoroughly healthy and reasonable. He highly prized honest work, energy, frugality, and patience. Indeed, his own life was an example of these sterling virtues. Of peasant stock, he advocated a country life and country pursuits. He was a believer in the value of tradition and had a supreme contempt of vanity and show. He loved work for its own sake. When eighty years old, he wrote to his brother: "I continue my researches on the insects as if I had a long future before me."

The grip of poverty, that sorely handicapped his youth, again weighed on Fabre's old age. In time the sale of his books diminished considerably; the charm of novelty wore off, and they became less

popular. Moreover, it must be remembered that his science appealed to a select few rather than to the public at large. In 1908 his financial difficulties were such that he foresaw the moment when he would actually want for bread; and, in spite of his innate pride and reserve, he was induced to confide in his great countryman, the poet Mistral, who visited him for the first time, and whose prosperous career contrasted with the scientist's hand-to-hand struggle against adverse circumstances. Mistral's initiative induced the Consul Général de Vaucluse "to vote a small yearly stipend to the man whose science had added to the honor of his country."

Two years later, in 1910, a group of Fabre's disciples organized a "fête" in honor of his jubilee, with the secret hope of breaking through the wall of oblivion and neglect that had arisen between him and his contemporaries. The "fête" was a complete success. The old man, who could hardly walk, but whose memory was as faithful as ever, and whose big black eyes—the eyes of a "seer"—had lost none of their brightness, opened wide on that day the gates of his hermitage. Many of the villagers among whom he had lived for thirty years then visited their illustrious neighbor for the first time. From distant parts of France came letters and telegrams. Among the admirers who were prevented from honoring Fabre in person must be mentioned the poet Academician, Edmond Rostand, the faithful friend of one to whom he never failed in loyalty and admiration.

Fabre thus unwittingly became not only celebrated but even popular at the close of his long life. During the year that followed his jubilee, the "*Souvenirs Entomologiques*" sold as they had not sold for twenty years, and hundreds of letters came to Sérignan from unknown admirers. Visits came, too; and the strictly closed door of the Harmas opened to let in tourists who, after visiting Mistral at Maillane, held it a duty to visit Fabre

at Sérignan. Three years later, the President of the French Republic, who was making an official tour through the south of France, visited the "Virgil and the Homer of Provence,"—Mistral at Maillane, and Fabre at Sérignan.

His second wife was now dead, but between his eldest daughter Aglae and a nursing Sister, always in attendance, Fabre was carefully watched over to the end. He loved to hear the Sister read the Gospel aloud and he encouraged the visits of his *curé*, with whom he was on intimate terms. The latter writes that he prepared himself for death with the earnest attention that he brought to bear on all the important actions of his life. The summons came on October 11, 1915. The dying man received the last Sacraments with perfect consciousness; he grasped the meaning of every ceremony, and was fully alive to all that went on around him. He had often expressed a desire that his *curé* should be with him at the last, and during his peaceful agony he kept the priest's hand tightly clasped within his own. The same priest, who knew Fabre intimately, writes that the heart of the distinguished scientist was as great as his genius,—no unworthy homage coming from one to whom the old man's daily life was as an open book.

Let us add that, owing to an arrangement made two years ago, the cottage where Fabre died and the Harmas where he worked became the personal property of the mayor of Sérignan, a warm friend of the entomologist. They will ultimately be made over to the State; but for the present the dead man's daughter Aglae is the faithful guardian of this unique museum. Thanks to the happy initiative of the mayor, who was a devoted admirer of Fabre, it will be reverently preserved as a standing memorial of an honorable, hard-working, modest scientist, who, in these days of self-advertisement, gave a rare example of disinterested sincerity and patient labor, crowned by the death of a loyal son of the Church.

James Harrington, M. D.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

V.



HE Doctor arrived when the party were about to sit down to dinner. He came in, glowing with health and vigor, from the clear, frosty air outside and the rapidity with which he had walked.

"We gave you a full quarter of an hour's grace," said Mrs. Forrester, smiling radiantly at him. For, in truth, she had been sorely afraid that he had been prevented from coming at all.

"My most humble apologies!" responded the belated guest. "And I hope you will believe that it was not my fault."

"Oh, these busy men,—these busy men!" exclaimed the hostess. "If only they could be idle for a while, how delightful it would be!"

Nobody said anything. Mrs. Forrester's sister-in-law, Mrs. Ross, a clever and shrewdly sensible woman, thought the remark and the manner in which it was made trivial and absurd. She looked over at the Doctor to see the effect; but he was smiling—not, indeed, at his hostess nor at what she had said, but at his partner, a distinguished-looking girl who was credited with being both bright and witty, and of whom people were in the habit of saying she would be an ideal wife for the Doctor. The remark had been repeated to him on more than one occasion; and he suspected that it had also reached the ears of Miss Wharton, raising between them a barrier of constraint, which effectually prevented any approach to intimacy, though they met quite frequently.

"I was afraid I had drawn a blank in the dinner lottery," said the girl, with the peculiarly bright smile that was the charm of her animated countenance.

"Perhaps you have done even worse, Miss Wharton," the Doctor suggested.

"That is not one of the things one

says," the girl returned. "It is always safer to keep to conventionalities."

"Some curious doctrines are being preached here to-night," laughed the Doctor,— "idleness and conventionality, which mean artificiality."

"Society must be artificial," argued Miss Wharton. "Otherwise it could not go on for a year."

"Oh, what is that you are saying?" cried Mrs. Forrester, who always had her ears open for any conversation in which Dr. Harrington participated. "And you don't mean a word of it, my dear Mabel! You are so painfully sincere yourself!"

"Then my utterances," jested the girl, "have a particular value."

"But one can't be sincere and artificial too," declared the hostess.

There was a chorus of assent and dissent from half a dozen light feminine voices, none of which, however, rose above a well-bred murmur. It reminded the Doctor of the chirpings of little birds in that garden adjoining his house. He sat, looking satirical; and, having finished his soup, waited for the fish, which he was prepared to enjoy with a hearty appetite. But masculine voices suddenly took up the chorus in deep basses or light tenors. A dinner party are so glad to get hold of a topic, especially when the guests have just sat down and there is danger of dullness.

The sallies on either side of the discussion became quite brilliant, and soon passed far beyond the bewildered hostess, who sat toying with her fork and looking from one speaker to the other. Her sister-in-law, Mrs. Ross, shone, and so especially did Miss Wharton. It was soon evident that the latter had made some impression on the lion of the evening, Colonel Tifton, a wealthy and eligible widower, who had lately come to Montreal in command of one of the regiments in garrison there. He was a well-set-up man, of soldierly bearing; and he was so highly amused at Miss Wharton's original views and her witticisms that he gave but scant attention to his hostess, beside whom

he sat, or to any one else at the table.

Dr. Harrington felt vaguely annoyed. He was also more sorry than ever for poor little Mrs. Forrester, who, he thought, was looking prettier than usual in her soft and becoming dress of pale blue satin, with a covering of some gauzy material. Her feminine friends decided that, like most of her costumes, it was somehow ineffectual; but the distinction was too subtle to be discerned by masculine eyes.

Mrs. Forrester, glad to have secured the Doctor's undivided attention for a few moments, hastened to inform him that Colonel Tifton was most anxious to meet him, and that she must really contrive to throw them together after dinner.

"He has heard of you, of course, over there," said Mrs. Forrester, vaguely flattering. "And, besides, some one has told him that you have a wonderful record as a snowshoer, and have won all sorts of races. So he never gave me any peace till I had you to meet him at dinner."

"You should have asked my snowshoes instead," suggested the Doctor; but his smile as he looked into her eager, if somewhat vacuous, face was very genial.

"Oh, I am so stupid!" cried the little woman, ruefully. "I always 'put my foot in it' with you clever people; and I think that Mabel Wharton is the only woman really clever enough to talk to you."

"Or, rather, who is too clever to want to talk to me at all," corrected the Doctor, which remark caused the anxious hostess to recall the erring Mabel to a sense of her duty.

"So you have been complaining of me," said Miss Wharton. "Well, that's what comes of sending ill-assorted couples into dinner together—"

"Rather two brilliants which can not scintillate together," interposed Mrs. Ross, from across the table, with some malice. She was not particularly fond of Mabel Wharton, who met her on her own ground. Colonel Tifton thought the remark very droll, and laughed a great deal at it. The

Doctor, who was enjoying his dinner, disclaimed any wish to scintillate.

"My partner," he said, "is a planet who draws all lesser lights around her."

At the other end of the table, the talk was all of a grand military ball which was soon to be given by the officers of the Rifle Brigade,—not, however, Colonel Tifton's regiment. A young subaltern, who was prospective heir to an earldom, was detailing the plans for that event to a small, pale girl who had been but lately introduced into society, and who had been asked specially on his account. Mrs. Forrester did not usually trouble her head about débutantes. She always declared that they spoiled her parties, because they could not talk. But in this case, as she explained to the Doctor, she had relaxed her rule.

"Because, you see, I had to be civil to that boy. His father, the Earl of Huntwell, used to be out here with his regiment when I was a girl. You remember, surely? He was a great deal at our house."

"Oh, yes! I knew him, of course,—Charlie Hibbard. That was some time before he came into the earldom. So that is his son?"

And Dr. Harrington looked down the table at the young man, with that interest with which a person who is even remotely approaching maturity regards whatever may suggest a link with the past.

"A nice-looking lad."

"Yes, isn't he? His mother was so good-looking,—Lady Sylvia Swan. She never came out here, you remember. He used to say the climate was too severe for her. She and the Earl were very kind when Mr. Forrester and I went to England; so I told the boy this house must be his home."

After dinner, Mrs. Forrester took the ladies away and left her brother to do the honors; taking pains, however, to bring the Colonel into touch with the Doctor. They fell into an animated discussion as to the merits of various kinds

of skates and toboggans, and talked of the different snowshoe clubs, their members, and the records they had made. The Doctor received a cordial invitation to dine very soon at the Mess, where, in fact, he had always been a favorite guest with the various regiments.

Though Mrs. Forrester had previously dilated on the Doctor's professional skill and his ever-growing eminence in the medical fraternity, as well as on the heroic work he had done during the late epidemic, not one word was said upon those topics by the Colonel during the course of the after-dinner chat. What he wanted to know from the Doctor were particulars concerning those snowshoe races he had run, the number of miles he could walk in any given space of time, and his opinion of outdoor skating as compared with that in closed rinks. To see those two men engaged most earnestly in what had the appearance of a portentous conversation, none could have guessed the subject,—which might well, however, have suggested that neither had outgrown his school days.

When they and the other men returned to the drawing-room, where the ladies were assembled in various little knots, Dr. Harrington went over and seated himself beside Mabel Wharton, making a determined effort to throw down that barrier of constraint which had arisen between them, and which on the girl's part amounted almost to hostility. He felt that it would be a distinct victory achieved if he could meet her at least on friendly terms. He admired her greatly, and in many respects she was the very type of girl of which he most approved. But that so far he had gone no further than admiration, and probably never would, was a fact very patent to himself.

"Judging by her present frame of mind," he reflected, "the experiment would be a hazardous one, but interesting, like any other difficult operation,—climbing an Alpine glacier, for example."

Mrs. Forrester meanwhile fluttered about

the room amongst all her guests like a pretty, distracted butterfly, casting occasional covert and wistful glances in the direction of the Doctor, who appeared to be completely engrossed by Miss Wharton. Although again and again her heart sank, she continually strove to reassure herself with the reflection that her specially favored guest did not like clever women, and that it was only out of politeness he remained so long with that particular girl. She herself had not had very much opportunity, so far, to display that silliness (which, it must be owned, came very naturally to her) for the physician's benefit. But she had done her best with the rest of the company, some of whom had been indulgently tolerant to what they called her stupidity; while others, even there in her own house, had been ill-naturedly critical.

While Dr. Harrington still sat beside Miss Wharton in the hope of establishing a better understanding with her, the latter suddenly asked him:

"Tell me, Doctor, you who know Griffintown so well, what kind of a person is Gianetta Maloney?"

Now, the Doctor could not tell for the life of him why the sudden mention of that name came with the force of a bombshell. Perhaps it was merely because, with a sudden and violent reversion, it brought his mind back from the scene of open and undisguised frivolity to those terrible experiences with which the summer had been filled, and notably that first memorable evening when he had been called to a fatal case of cholera at the Maloney household. Also he was reminded with curious unpleasantness of that episode of some days before, when the girl had shown such bitterness towards himself. That the question had somehow proved disconcerting to her companion, Miss Wharton's quick intuitions perceived. But she went on, with only the very slightest possible pause, and without giving him time to answer:

"Her name struck me as being such

an odd combination. Her mother, she told me, was a Mexican."

"And where and how," inquired the Doctor, "did you make the acquaintance of Miss Gianetta Maloney?"

It seemed to the listener that there was in his voice an odd intonation which suggested no very flattering opinion of that young person.

"She came to our house to ask for work," explained Miss Wharton. "She tells me she is very good at plain sewing."

"Well, I could scarcely be expected to be a judge of that," said the Doctor, with his quizzical smile.

"No, of course not," returned Miss Wharton, hastily. "But you do know something about her?"

"I have attended her brother's family for some years," declared the Doctor; "and her late sister-in-law was my first cholera patient."

"How singular!" said the young lady. "But this Gianetta—where does she live?"

"Since Mrs. Maloney's death, she lives at her brother's house," answered the Doctor, with clouded brow, thinking how unfortunate it was that such should be the case.

"And she tells me she goes out to do plain sewing?" persisted the inquirer.

"She used to support herself partially in that way," said the Doctor, slightly nettled by the close questioning; "but she is now supposed to keep house for her brother and to look after his children."

"But why should she ask for work, then?" said Miss Wharton.

"Why, probably she tries to do it to the exclusion of those other duties," responded the Doctor.

"Do you think I should employ her?" was the next point-blank inquiry.

"Oh, yes! Why not, if she is bent on doing sewing?" was the equally direct answer.

"But your opinion is that she should not do it?"

"I never said so," replied the Doctor, somewhat sharply; "though I thought

the understanding was that she should only take in work at the house."

He was bitterly reflecting that she wanted more than Hugh Maloney could possibly afford for the showy dress of which she was so fond.

"She is an odd-looking girl," Miss Wharton remarked further; "and I can't say I was very much prepossessed in her favor."

"Is that so very necessary in a seamstress?" returned the Doctor, carelessly.

"But you have not really told me anything about her."

"Have I not? Why, I thought I was most explicit. Well, so far as I know, the girl is all right. The Maloneys are decent people, and she is probably very handy with her needle."

"It seemed to me," said Miss Wharton, "that you had some other thought in your mind."

The Doctor looked at her in surprise.

"I may have been thinking" (and there was decided irritation in his voice this time) "that she would have quite enough to do if she stayed at home and looked after those orphan children. But I fancy the oldest of them, Susan, though only ten years old, can do it."

He was thinking, too, but he did not put the thought into words, that she could do it really better than her mercurial aunt, and that the little ones would be more sure of kindly treatment.

"And now," concluded the Doctor, "don't you think we have had enough of Miss Gianetta Maloney?"

"I don't see why you should resent my inquiries about her," said Miss Wharton, dryly. "I thought you would be likely to know the Griffintown families, and the girl certainly spoke as if she knew you."

"So she does," said the Doctor, impatiently; "though I have never spoken more than a dozen words to her, on the one or two occasions when I met her. Try her with your sewing by all means, and let us talk of something else."

But a more than usual constraint had

fallen between them; and, with a sense of having ignominiously failed to establish a good understanding with his late dinner partner, the Doctor presently got up and strolled away to where Mrs. Forrester was sitting on the sofa with the young subaltern, of whom she presently got rid in the kindest and most adroit manner, and to their mutual relief. The Doctor gave her a half hour of unmixed delight by talking to her in his best vein, kindly and genially, and without a hint of sarcasm. Her face, which had been so bright and smiling earlier in the evening, looked worn and tired, and he had again that feeling of being sorry for her. So he listened with sympathetic attention to her troubles with servants and milliners and dressmakers,—about whom, however, she did not vex his soul too long. She artfully brought the conversation round to himself, to his late exploits, to his many-sided knowledge, and to the eulogistic opinions which she was constantly hearing of him and from the most unexpected quarters.

"Your friends are all so proud of you," she said,—"even poor little me!"

Now, the Doctor, being human, and the more especially as he was just then feeling rather irritated after the last conversation with Miss Wharton, could not but be conscious of a pleasant glow of warmth at his heart when he listened to all this praise, which he knew on the speaker's part to be sincere, and which was uttered in a childish, half-lisping voice, by this woman who was looking so fragile and pretty in her evening gown, and who was, moreover, the mistress of this charmingly appointed house, which, in its luxuriousness and general air of fashion, surpassed almost any other of which Montreal at that epoch could boast. The Doctor was perfectly well aware that there were plenty of young men, with time to waste, who would desire nothing better than the privilege of dropping in any afternoon at the tea hour for the cup of delicately flavored

pekoe which Mrs. Forrester dispensed with so cordial a hospitality. Almost any one among them, too, would have delighted to occupy the post of chief favorite, which the Doctor had neither the leisure nor the inclination to fill. On that evening he came nearer than he had ever done before to losing his head and allowing the conversation to verge towards the sentimental. Fortunately or unfortunately—he was not quite sure which as he reviewed the situation later,—their tête-à-tête was interrupted.

He often asked himself afterwards what would have been the result if he had been allowed to follow the drift of their talk,—if he had actually proposed to Lucy Forrester and had been accepted by her. He never for a moment permitted himself to assume that she would have replied in the affirmative; though, without being anything of a coxcomb, it was difficult for him to avoid feeling that her answer would have been favorable. Then of course would have come in the question of religion; and, perhaps, in the depths of his heart he may have been tolerably sure that she would not have allowed that to remain an insuperable obstacle between them. She professed to have no settled form of belief, and she was continually asking him questions about the Catholic Church, and proclaiming her admiration for priests and nuns and the few lay Catholics whom she knew intimately. In any case, her change of religion would have been a *sine qua non*; for, apart from his own deep convictions, and his strong objection to mixed marriages, he felt that he could never go into his mother's presence and tell her that he was asking her to accept a non-Catholic daughter-in-law. He could fancy the look in that mother's eyes at such an announcement, and the manner in which, without wasting many words, she would make him feel that he had fallen short of his own ideals. Had he made a declaration that night, and had he received a favorable answer, as might then have

been expected, it is probable that in one important particular, at least, the current of events would have been altered. By so trifling a circumstance is the course of a destiny shaped.

The determining factor just then was the surrounding of the two upon the sofa by a laughing group. Some of these had merely come to make their adieux and proceed upon their homeward way; while others, including Miss Wharton and Colonel Tifton, lingered to indulge in a stream of gay badinage, in which the Doctor was presently taking a leading part. The subject of conventionality, which had occupied the earlier part of the evening and supplied the first topic of conversation at the dinner table, came again to the surface; and each harked back to a formerly expressed opinion, or to that of some one else.

"There are people," said Mrs. Ross, "so conventional that they are literally afraid to breathe."

"Or if they breathe," added the Doctor, "they must be sure that it is in the right company."

"I am the champion of conventionality," declared Mabel Wharton. "It is so safe, and it keeps people from doing all sorts of absurd and, perhaps, even wrong things."

The Doctor, with raised eyebrows, looked at her and quoted sarcastically:

"And many were afraid of God,
And more of Mrs. Grundy."

Mabel flushed, and cast a smiling, half-defiant glance at him as she cried:

"Long live Mrs. Grundy!"

Somehow, that glance and smile, as the Doctor thought a little remorsefully afterwards, made him feel glad that he had not proposed and been accepted by Lucy Forrester, but that he was still free to accept those inspiring challenges and to enter the lists against Mabel Wharton. But his remorse was rather increased than lessened when in walking home, as far as his way went, with Colonel Tifton, the latter broke out into enthusiastic eulogies of the girl from whom

they had so lately parted, when both had escorted her to her sleigh.

"By Jove, she is a stunning girl, that Miss Wharton!" the Colonel said heartily, and he began to laugh and to repeat with evident relish some of her witty sayings.

It smote upon the Doctor that there was not a word about the poor little hostess, who had laid herself out to be very charming to everyone, and had really displayed much patience and good humor in being so constantly outshone by her brilliant guests. He remembered one of her wistful glances which he had intercepted, and he felt disposed to take up the cudgels for her and to do battle like some knight of old. Instead, he presently turned the conversation away from Mabel Wharton, and made some observation in praise of Mrs. Forrester's hospitality and her self-effacing gifts as a hostess, with all of which Colonel Tifton cordially agreed.

This duty done, the Doctor, with a somewhat lighter conscience, bade the other good-night and strolled down homewards in the clear, cold starlight, with curiously fluctuating thoughts and emotions. He caught the radiance of a single, particularly bright star just above Mt. Royal; and it seemed to him that it was the star which he had seen upon that other night, looking out from Maloneys' door, and which, though he did not know it, had been looking in through the parted curtains of his mother's window at the sleepless vigil she was keeping for his sake.

He put the latchkey into the door; and from the hall, where there was a dim light burning, he entered the surgery, which was perfectly dark. By the light from the hall he saw a small white object lying upon the table. It was a letter. He picked it up and stepped out into the hall to read it, turning up the gas for the purpose. He found to his surprise that the paper upon which it was written was soiled, the words ill spelt, and printed rather than written, in a stiff and stilted hand. He naturally supposed that it was

from one of his patients, though they were, as a class, not much given to letter-writing. But as he read, his brow contracted, his cheek flushed, and he crushed the paper into a ball and threw it into the unlighted fireplace.

It was neither more nor less than a warning that there were those in Griffintown who wished him ill, and that he had better beware how he put weapons into their hands. Of course it was anonymous, and of course the Doctor was contemptuous. But after he had said good-night to his mother, who called out a cheery greeting from her room, he could not help feeling annoyed as well as mystified. It was certainly about the last thing he might have expected to hear from Griffintown, for the salvation of which he had spent so many weary days and sleepless nights. But his habitual philosophy came to his aid, and he dismissed the matter from his mind, and was soon wrapped in a sound and dreamless sleep.

(To be continued.)

The Passing of the Old Year.

BY NELLIE C. MAGENNIS.

AT the gate I have waited long:

The warder is old and grey;

He chants the words of a song,

As the hours steal swift away.

Silver and gold in the sky

Float in a dreamy mist,

And trail, where soft clouds lie,

A path by starlight kist.

And Time, with his age of years,

Has masked the rose and thorn,

Has stretched his hand to dry the tears

Of the Old, ere the New is born;

Has stopped the loom of night,

Whose shuttle wove threads of gold

Through seas of silver light,

For the mystic year, now old.

At the gate I have waited long:

A shadow—and then a tear!

A cross, a crown and a song,

And the passing away of the year.

La Povera Gemma, the Seraphic Virgin of Lucca.

BY THOMAS B. REILLY.

II.

TRUE child of her sunny race, Gemma Galgani was extremely vivacious and of a very sanguine temperament. Her inclinations were strong and eager; she denied them remorselessly. A striking reluctance of tongue and eye, together with a marked spirit of recollection and a sustained indifference to worldly interests and conventions, led at first to a variety of suspicions, among them timidity and dulness, and even pride. Fear, moral or physical, was, however, quite alien to her nature. Stupid, from the world's viewpoint, she certainly was. As for self-esteem, it had no place in her life. In her own estimation she was on a par with the dish-rag of the kitchen. Between a moment's pride and an agonizing death her choice would have been instantaneous.

Before her own unworthiness, her baptismal innocence unsullied, she stood abashed and humbled. Her slightest fault, rising mountain-like between God and her soul, kept her heart aflame with penitential fervors. The note of expiation flashes up in all her letters. This spirit of self-abasement was present even in ecstasy.

One of the sharper tests of her humility, and one that had strange issue, was brought about by a formal order of her spiritual director. Gemma, at command of her ordinary confessor, had been keeping a daily record of her spiritual graces. Father Germano, for reasons of prudence, caused her to abandon this, and in its place to write a detailed account of all the sins of her life. Shrinking and fearful, she obeyed. The devil shamed, mocked, and threatened her. Nevertheless, assisted by her guardian angel, she accomplished the difficult task. The result was the priceless autobiography, "*Il Libro de' Miei Peccati*,"—the book of her sins,

wherein with exquisite art she eliminated herself, hiding under the shadows of simple faults the beauty of her gem-like virtues, the astounding familiarities of Heaven, and the wonderful graces of God. The writing completed, it was, under orders from Father Germano, securely placed under lock and key by the Signora Cecilia until he might have an opportunity to receive it in person. This book, some ninety-two pages, was openly taken by the devil, and restored only under the compulsion of exorcism.* Its pages, the writing still legible, were found to be all scorched and smoke-stained, in parts toasted dry, as if it had been exposed to raging fires.

Gemma's spirit of detachment was pronounced, but her characteristic passion was love of suffering. She forewent the innocent pleasures of childhood with the same fortitude that, later on, supported her in rigorous disciplines and penances,—a heroism that reached its climax in her endurance of those indescribable agonies of the Passion. In this immolation of flesh and blood she found spiritual freedom, without which there could have been no genuine love. Our Lord Himself early impressed this fact upon her mind. "Would you truly love Me?" He asked; adding: "Learn first to suffer. Suffering teaches one how to love." "*Gesù, mio*," was her tender avowal, "*vi vorrei amare tanto tanto!*"—a plea that instantly recalls the passionate cry of her saintly contemporary, Sœur Thérèse of Lisieux (1873-1897): "*Je voudrais tant l'aimer!*" By seemingly opposite paths, each of the simple creatures was moving straight toward the Bosom of God. The motive force, however, was the same—a whole-hearted, impassioned love. The wind was tempered for the shorn lamb. The crosses were lovingly weighed and measured. It

* "*Il demonio*," writes Father Germano,—"*il demonio apparendo visibilmente, lo rubbò; e non lo rese che a forza di esorcismi, a capo di parecchi giorni.*" Vid. Note 2, page 28, "*Letters and Ecstasies*," third edition.

was not the wounds but the hearts that Heaven pondered.

Some of the tenderest and most illuminating thoughts of this lowly Lucchesian stigmatist were called forth by the Holy Eucharist, which she termed the School of Paradise. A daily communicant, she assisted at two Masses,—one of preparation and one of thanksgiving. From these moments, from the height of ecstasy, she would return home, to seek self-effacement in the most menial task of the hour. Gifted in music, poetry, French, and designing, she never even referred to these accomplishments after having left school, preferring scrubbing-brush, dishcloth or needle to piano, pen or pencil. She was never heard to indulge her racial passion for song, not even in the most stressful moments of her love for God and the Blessed Mother. Spiritually reasoned, her five and twenty years of constant and conscious suffering were song beyond translation.

She lived in constant association with the supernatural. The presence of her guardian angel, whom she saw with her *bodily* eyes and touched with her hands, was for her the most natural experience in the world. The affectionate familiarity of brother and sister existed between them: she gave him commissions to execute, tasks to perform, letters to deliver. Between the Blessed Mother and this humble orphan passed the tenderest of confidences, intimacies so touching as to be startling.

An obvious proof of her humility lies in the fact that spiritual obedience alone brought to the light of day her astounding privileges. In revealing the many strange things that happened to her, the girl was abashed and fearful,—apprehensive lest, in some manner, they redound to her credit; trembling lest, mistaken herself, she lead others astray. In the beginning, this dread was heightened by the natural doubts of her confessor, and she suffered torments in the fear that she was a prey to presumptuous fancies or was victim-

ized by the devil. It was only after several chidings, reassurances, and indisputable proofs from Our Lord Himself that she overcame the disheartening dread.

Her greatest martyrdom was the occasional and apparent withdrawals of God, which left her in baffling darkness. In answer to her sharp complaint of this terrifying experience, Our Lord said: "I test you in this way for My greater glory, for the delight of the angels, for your own profit, and as an example to others. . . . If you truly love Me, love Me even in darkness. . . . When I seem to be farthest from you, I am nearest. . . . Rest assured that if I keep you on the Cross, I love you." (*E stai sicura che se ti tengo in croce, ti amo.*) That Cross, the mere sight of it rapturing her soul and body! On a wall of the Gianinni dining-room there hung a crucifix.* It was little less than life-size, and was irresistible to the eyes and soul of Gemma. She sought countless occasions to pass through this room, that she might kiss the torn and blood-stained feet. There were times when, craving to kiss the wounded side, she was raised from the floor that her wish might be fulfilled. And it is written that on one occasion the sacred image became transformed into the person of Our Lord Himself, who, loosening His right hand, embraced His love-spent victim. Little wonder that the sound of blasphemy leaping from human lips caused her to weep tears of blood!

As to her confidence in God, it was boundless. "So much confidence have I in Thee," she was heard to say in one of her ecstasies, "that even were I to see the gates of hell open and find myself on the brink of the abyss, I would not despair. And even were I to see heaven and hell against me, I would not be diffident of mercy, because I would trust in Thee." She evoked complete confidence

* Into this hallowed room, where the crucifix still hangs, not only those of lesser rank but eminent princes of the Church deem it a privilege to enter.

in all that were privileged to know her. There was about her a perpetual serenity; something of the calmness of eternity. Her presence was a spiritual enticement, irresistible, inspiring. Said a venerable prelate, a dweller for a time in the Gianinni household: "I would have no difficulty whatever in making my general confession to this child, of confiding to her the inmost secrets of my heart and conscience."

The simplicity and clearness of the girl's mind, the springtime freshness of her soul, the upsweeping fires of her love, her whole-hearted humilities, heroisms, obediences, were singularly contagious. In her letters, she had a faculty of presenting her ideas with the utmost simplicity. At times, under stress of emotion, her expressions are vivid and flash-like, illuminating whole reaches of thought. And through them all runs a thread of fire—her flaming love for God. Her ecstasies are a field apart, a study in themselves. The thoughts and expressions therein revealed rival those of the great mystics of the Church.

So hidden was the life of this humble maiden that, alive, she was scarcely known outside the home of her benefactors; dead, the fame of her wonderful virtues spread wind-like over lands and seas. To-day her name is a household word in many countries. From all parts of the world there flows into Lucca a chorus of praise, wonder, and thanksgiving. The favors, spiritual and temporal, received through her intercession are innumerable. Her biography first appeared in 1907; her letters and ecstasies in 1909. To read these authentic records of a human soul is to have one's mind cleared of much of the laboriously gathered rubbish of self-pity, secret pride, spiritual compromises, and comforting fictions of the flesh. One is swept upward to levels where thought yields to realizations, where, in flashes of soul-searching light, one stands hushed with horror before the malice of sin; panic-stricken

at sight of the tenacious malevolence of hell; thrilled with something akin to fright before the shoreless sea of divine mercy.

It was unquestionably an astounding life, in privileges, circumstances, and revelations. Few of the known stigmatists have so fully shared the Passion of Our Lord as did this lowly orphan of Lucca. In few instances have the divine manifestations been so perfect. It was a career rounded out not in the seclusion of a cloister, but in the busy and practical affairs of a large, modern household. In the reading of that extraordinary life, the most fervent Catholic will find new strengths and rare fervors, while for the world at large its many lessons are especially pertinent.

In this, as in every generation, each the mirror of its own tumultuous nothingness, God led forth a simple creature to make known a certain measure of His thought and a special pleading of His Heart: to see in our own lighter crosses not His anger, but His love; to heed afresh that thrice uttered cry of Our Lady of Lourdes, "Penance, penance, penance!" And for our own land and time, distraught between the appetites of paganism and an acute spiritual hunger, with hostile lights openly searching the things of God and the faith of souls, the message of so rare a life as that of this privileged child of the Passion is strikingly opportune. It was among the briefest of lives (some five and twenty years), but full to overflowing,—a visible *Via Dolorosa*, with a Calvary which was a veritable dereliction.

(The End.)

No Place for God.

BY E. CROMBIE.

THOUGH angels and stars obeyed His call,
And Wise Men westward trod,
'Twas only in an ox's stall
That there was room for God.

The War Godmother.

"HELLO, Spider."

No reply.

"Hello, Spider! Are you deaf?"

A head became visible at the top of the trench.

"No," answered the owner in a surly tone. "But there's no reason why we shouldn't all be deaf with this infernal noise."

"Here," said the corporal, extending his hand.

"What is it?"

"A letter,—don't you see? You must be blind also."

The "Spider" shrugged his shoulders, and presently appeared on *terra firma*, his long body and limbs betraying the reason of his sobriquet.

"Not for me," he said. "I never got a letter in my life. Who would write to me?"

"This letter is addressed to Paul Faire. There is no one else of your name in the company. Will you take it?"

The soldier put out his fingers gingerly, and accepted the letter from the hands of his superior, as though he were afraid it might burn or infect him, or possibly conceal an instrument of death in the thin enclosure. He looked at the address, turned it upside down, and then with his huge finger and thumb began to tear it open. His comrades gathered around him. He turned away and once more sought his trench.

As the soldier unfolded the paper his fingers trembled a little, but at last he managed to read:

MY DEAR PAUL FAIRE:—I have heard, through your wounded comrade Langlois—who can not return to the front because he has lost an arm, and who is now in the hospital in Paris,—that you are all alone in the world, without father, mother, brothers, or sisters, or any relatives whatever, so far as you know. That is why, I suppose, you were always so gloomy and silent, not speaking to any one, or hardly looking at a person. The

thought made me feel very sad. It is terrible to be a soldier away from home and friends; yet such a one has something to remember, and something to look forward to.

But in a case like yours it is still more terrible. No one to be interested in you; no one to send you packages of tobacco or chocolate; no one to grieve if you are wounded or killed. And not a soul will ever learn of your bravery under fire; or if you should distinguish yourself in battle, as I hope you will. It is too sad to think of.

This is why I have decided to write and ask you to let me be your "war godmother." I will send you letters often, and you must reply. From time to time I will also send you little gifts; and if you should feel particularly sad and discouraged, you must write and tell me. It will relieve your mind. Think it over and let me know if you agree. But I am sure you will, dear godson!

Your devoted godmother,

ELISE.

The address was Mademoiselle Elise Dore, Rue de Rivoli, Paris.

Paul read the letter a second time before trying to guess the identity of the writer. Then he set himself to solving the riddle. It was all true what the letter had said. A foundling, cast early upon the charity of a great city, he had met there but little human kindness. Not clever, without education or ambition, he had gone from one avocation to another, usually dismissed by his employers on account of his sullen disposition and lack of interest in the work he had undertaken. He had no bad habits, however, which, from the manner of life he had always led and the kind of people with whom he had been thrown, was rather singular. He had lived alone in an attic room,—one of hundreds dwelling in a large tenement house in the Rue de Rivoli, whence the letter had come. Mobilization and the war which followed had not roused any enthusiasm in his soul, and he was

no more sociable in camp than he had been in his Paris garret.

Indeed, in his life of twenty-two years he had never felt such an interest in anything as he did at this moment in learning the identity of the writer of the letter on his knee. Could it be Marie Boileau, the old wine-seller at the corner who had set before him his solitary glass each evening as he returned from work? Hardly; he could not associate the thought of that puffy red face and goggle-eyes with the sentiments he had just read. Or perhaps one of the little *grisettes* who worked at the wholesale millinery where he had been assistant porter only last year. He dismissed the thought; every one of them had been altogether indifferent to him, as he to them. Perhaps some kind old maid or some gentle grandmother, herself without ties, had heard of him through Langlois, in the hospital, and had written out of goodness of heart. Again he reasoned: "No." How could Langlois have been talking of him to such people?

What if some girl had seen him when at home, and had actually felt an interest in him—for himself! At this suggestion he laughed aloud. This supposition could not be entertained for an instant; vanity was an unknown quantity in the composition of our former abandoned waif and now awkward and indifferent soldier. He could find no solution to the problem. But the words, "Dear godson," "Your devoted godmother," kept ringing in his brain and would not be silenced.

Later, when the cooks made their rounds, bringing stew, bread and wine, Paul Faire with unwonted politeness approached his comrade Gaintrue, a fellow whose friends sent him weekly packages and who always had a plentiful supply of paper on hand, and said to him:

"Gaintrue, if you will let me have a couple of sheets of writing paper, envelopes and pencil, I will give you my portion of wine for to-day."

And Gaintrue, honest man, had replied:

"Certainly, certainly,—all you need. And I do not want your wine. Drink it yourself."

It took Spider a couple of hours to indite the following letter, not because of its length, but of the difficulty of making it what he desired it to be.

DEAR MADEMOISELLE:—With all my heart I agree to what you propose. It is true that I am not among the happiest of all who are here with me in the trenches. But war brings misery to everybody,—more, it seems to me, to those who are left behind than even to the men at the front. And no one can tell when it will be over. You would like me to tell you of some brave thing I may have done. I have never done anything brave, Mademoiselle, nor am I likely to do so. I do what I am commanded to do,—that is all.

Do not deprive yourself of anything to send me tobacco, as we hear so many women have done. One can always get a pipeful. But if there is no sacrifice, and you would like to send it, very well.

With every good wish, Mademoiselle, I subscribe myself

Yours gratefully,

PAUL FAIRE.

Beginning with that day, Spider was a different man. To know that he had a godmother who belonged to himself alone—something in which neither his captain nor the corporal, nor even Gaintrue, who seemed to have everything, had any interest or claim,—the idea was delightful.

At first he spent considerable time in wondering who or what she could be, and in imagining her personality, as was, under the circumstances, entirely natural. Finally he wavered between a rich old lady with a very compassionate heart, and a young girl very *chic*, very sweet, and very much interested in the war and its instruments, the absent soldiers. And then the rich old lady faded from his imagination. The writing, though good enough, was not, he felt assured, that of a woman of education, nor the paper

such as she would employ in her correspondence. So the young girl continued to hold the first position for some considerable time, until she became a vision rather hazy; and when he reflected on the identity of his newly-found "god-mother" he imagined only a hand holding a pen,—a gentle, generous hand belonging to a good, kind heart.

Very soon after his letter had been written and dispatched a package came for the fortunate Spider. Inside the paper wrappings was a pasteboard box, containing a beautiful pipe, a brick of smoking tobacco, and a hundred cigarettes.

Besides these there was another box wrapped in linen, on opening which a pound of delicious chocolate was disclosed. As the soldier, surrounded by his companions, arranged these articles on a mound of earth beside him, a smile which soon broadened into a happy laugh irradiated his grave and sullen features.

"Boys!" he exclaimed, gaily—they had never heard from his lips before such a friendly expression,—“boys, it is good to have friends at home, isn't it? Come help yourselves.”

Gladly but not greedily they availed themselves of the invitation. Afterwards one of them said to his comrade:

“Gaintrue himself has never had a better layout than that. And did you see how pleased Spider was when we took him at his word?”

“Yes. He is a queer fellow. You know how he would never partake of our good things, except now and then, when he was famishing for a pipe of tobacco.”

“Yes. I think now it was because he did not want to take when he could not give in return. Not a bad fellow, after all.”

“It is a dangerous job,” announced the lieutenant. “I want a volunteer for it. Some one light of foot but sure; no bungler, no noisy lout. And it had better be a man without others depending upon him,—a single man. Who offers?”

A dozen sprang to their feet, all young, all eager. But Spider was a step in advance of his comrades.

“Let me go, lieutenant!” he exclaimed. “I have no ties, I am lithe, long-legged, and quiet. I can creep,—I can creep stealthily; you will see.”

The officer looked at him attentively.

“No ties?” he inquired.

“None, but a godmother,—a ‘war god-mother,’ and I owe it to her to prove that I am not a coward.”

“Has she suspected you of being one?” asked the lieutenant.

“No, no, but she said she would be glad to hear of some brave deed of mine. Let me go.”

The lieutenant put his hand to his lips to conceal a smile.

“A queer fellow!” he thought; but something told him the queer fellow might be depended upon. “Very well. Come,” he said.

Spider followed him.

It was a matter of reconnoissance. The soldier performed his work well, with the result that the next day the village was once more in the hands of the French, with the enemy routed. But the ball which had entered Spider's breast had touched the lung, and the surgeon shook his head doubtfully.

“It will be one of those slow recoveries, if he gets through at all. Send him to Paris,” he said.

And to Paris Paul went with several hundred others.

Fever ensued; for days he was delirious. Afterwards he felt very weak, scarcely conscious of his surroundings. Then as he lay there, half dozing, but very comfortable, came the thought of his god-mother. All the long night it returned to him, during waking intervals. In the morning, a priest, making his daily rounds, stood by the bedside of the wounded man.

“Well, my boy?” he said. “You will soon be ready for confession, eh?”

“Confession, Monsieur? I have never been to confession.”

"Never? Then it is time to go."

"I don't need it. I have done nothing very wrong."

The priest looked at him silently.

"To-morrow we will speak of it again," he said, and sat down by the cot.

"Where are your friends?" he inquired kindly.

"I have none. I never have had any—but one."

"No family?"

"No: I was a foundling."

"Ah! You have one friend, you say?"

"Yes, Monsieur: a godmother,—a war godmother."

"Where, my boy?"

"Here in Paris, and I would like very much to write to her."

"I will do it for you."

"Thanks, Monsieur! But when, may I ask?"

"Now—this moment."

The pallid face brightened.

"Thanks, thanks, Monsieur!"

The good priest sat down at the little table between two beds, and wrote as follows at Spider's dictation:

DEAR GODMOTHER:—These few lines are to tell you that I have been wounded by a bullet, in an affair of a village which we recaptured from the Germans. If I could see you, I would tell you all about it, and how, having you for a friend, and your faith in me, made me brave and full of joy to serve our country.

I shall be very glad to make your personal acquaintance.

Your godson,

PAUL FAIRE.

"Now the address," said the priest, when the note was ready.

Spider gave it.

"You do not know your godmother, then?" he said.

"No, Monsieur."

"You have never seen her?"

"Oh, no, Monsieur!"

"I am acquainted with her," continued the Abbé, with a peculiar smile. "She is a very good person."

"No doubt of that, Monsieur. She must be a fine woman."

"Have you ever pictured her to yourself?"

"Oh, yes, often!"

"What do you think she is like?"

"At first, Monsieur, I thought of her as an old maid, lonely like myself; then as a young girl. But I soon dismissed that idea; for I knew that no young girl would have been interested in me. Finally I arrived, I fancy, at the real truth."

"And what is that?"

"She is a sweet-faced old lady, with stooping shoulders and soft white curls,—I am sure of it."

"You may be disappointed, my boy."

"No, Monsieur. Even if I am wrong, I shall not be disappointed."

"I shall see that your letter reaches your godmother at once," said the priest, and he left him.

He appeared next morning at an early hour.

"How do you feel to-day, my brave fellow?" he asked.

"Not very well, Monsieur," replied the wounded man. "My breathing was hard all night, and towards morning I spit some blood. I'm afraid I'm in for it."

"I will speak to the doctor," said the Abbé. "You must be permitted to see your godmother, who will be here this afternoon at two."

As the big clock near the open door marked the hour of two, the doctor entered, side by side with a pretty blonde little girl of twelve, whose beautiful hair covered her shoulders like a mantle of gold. They came nearer and nearer, pausing beside the expectant Spider.

"Ten minutes!" said the doctor, hurrying away.

The child (she was nothing more) touched the thin, bony hand on the coverlet with two of her soft white fingers.

"I am your godmother," she said shyly. "Don't you remember me?"

The eyes of the wounded man opened wide.

"You, my godmother?" he exclaimed. "Of course I remember you—the granddaughter of the concierge at the Rue de Rivoli."

"And didn't you know all the time it was I?"

"Not at all. That is how—Langlois spoke of me. Then you remembered me, Mademoiselle?"

"Of course I should not have written you if you had been altogether strange. I am good at writing letters. I have written many for the neighbors. It was no trouble,—no indeed: a pleasure. For you must have been so lonely."

"I was. And you made a man of me. You gave me something to live for—and to die for. But such a child! I never dreamed of it."

"I thought you knew all the time. I am glad if I have given you some happiness."

"Well, well! I can hardly believe it. What a fine scholar you are,—what a fine scholar at your age!"

"My grandfather is my teacher. He was not always so poor as now. He has been a schoolmaster. I am very proud of my godson."

"You must be an angel, Mademoiselle!"

"Far from it," she replied.

"If I could only do something for you, who have done so much for me!" he said.

"You can, and it will be for yourself at the same time."

"What is that?"

"Père Dufond tells me you are very ill. It is dangerous, you know, when the lungs are injured."

"I know it,—I feel I am done for; but I don't mind. Indeed, I am quite happy to go."

"There is confession,—the Sacraments, you know."

"I am quite at sea about all those things. I was only a gamin, Mademoiselle."

"But you can soon learn. If you must go, let it be to God, *mon ami*!"

"It will please you?"

"Oh, beyond anything!"

"Then let the Father come."

"I am so glad! You are a good boy."

He shook his head feebly, but his wan lips smiled.

"Here is the doctor," she said. "I must go."

"Will you come again?"

"Surely,—perhaps to-morrow."

"Do, then. And your grandfather?"

"He will be glad to come."

"That is good. I was often very gruff with the poor old man."

"Oh, that is nothing! He has such a kind heart!"

Then she was gone, her graceful little form passing down the long ward beside the doctor.

"Good-bye, godmother!" murmured Spider under his breath,—*"good little godmother! And I had pictured her an old, old lady with white hair!"*

The priest came again in the morning, and the godmother for a short time each afternoon. So it went on for several days, Spider growing weaker every hour. But the soul had been made ready for the great change, while the little godmother brought now a crucifix, again a Rosary, and then a small silver statue of the Blessed Virgin, placing it under the pillow of the dying boy. He was not able to speak, but he knew her and smiled.

"It will be over in an hour," whispered the nurse to the grandfather, who had accompanied her.

"Come, my dear!" said the old man. "We can do nothing here."

The child bent over and lightly pressed her lips upon the damp forehead. The boy looked up at her with an expression of infinite peace and joy which she will never forget. Dying eyes followed the pair as they traversed the passageway between long rows of beds. Then Paul Faire turned his face to the wall, and in a moment all was over.

IN character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.—*Longfellow.*

Catholic Participation in Public Affairs.

Notes and Remarks.

AS we have frequently urged Catholic participation in civic as well as State and federal affairs, we note with gratification that there has recently been organized "The Catholic Municipal Association of Toronto." Its objects, as set forth in its constitution, are: "To promote and encourage the study of civic administration in the system of government and in the administration of civic affairs; to procure wise and progressive legislation, and to do all that is possible to insure a strong civic government, composed of representatives pledged to efficiency consistent with economy, and to promote, discuss and support measures relating to the welfare of the city and the citizens." Branches are to be organized in all the wards of Toronto, and to keep in close touch with all the Catholic voters in their vicinity. Municipal measures are to be carefully studied, and an especial effort is to be made to develop public speakers within the association, "so as to fit members to meet their fellow-citizens on equal footing in public life." "All questions, measures and grievances," it is also interesting to note, "shall be discussed with the idea in view of the betterment of all classes and creeds that go to make up the population of the city; and matters taken up shall be dealt with in the spirit of broad Catholic charity, without heat; and all personalities and all unfounded statements shall be eliminated." The assurance contained in the concluding clause of this last sentence is gratifying, and for the good of the Association and the furtherance of its objects, we trust that it will never be belied.

On the whole, such action as that indicated is immeasurably more sensible than a supine passivity or indifference, that is heedless of civic legislation or activities until personal rights or privileges are touched, and then inveighs against abuses which should have been, and easily could have been, forestalled.

Cardinal Gibbons spoke the simple truth in saying that 'the ultimate destruction of all authority in Mexico is the logical result of the policy of the present Administration from its very inception.' Only partisans or those who are hopeless blockheads will gainsay this; and it should be borne in mind.

How unlikely the deplorable condition of Mexico is to improve under the rule of Carranza is plain from his acts and his words. He is a wily rascal. In order to placate the United States for the murder of its citizens down there, and to ward off intervention (which will come in the end), he issued a decree empowering any citizen to shoot on sight Villa—the gentleman with whom our Government was holding diplomatic relations only a few months ago. And to think that those fellow-citizens of ours were put to death with ammunition furnished by their own country for the purpose of helping to crush the only leader that gave any proof of determination and power to put an end to the revolution that has crushed religion in Mexico, besides laying the country waste and ruining it financially for many years.

A sage word that needed utterance has been spoken by Bishop Keating, of Northampton. In this neutral country of ours, as well as in lands directly interested in the Great War, there has been not a little flippant criticism of the action of Christians who, in opposing camps, are earnestly soliciting the King of kings for victory over their opponents. Says the English prelate:

Unbelievers mock because devout Catholics under either flag are storming Heaven for the boon which, granted to one, must be denied to the other. It is a specious but a shallow gibe. No doubt all of us alike are persuaded of the justice of our cause, and believe it worthy to be crowned with success. It is a laudable prejudice inspired by loyalty to prince and country. But our common and supreme loyalty

is to the Kingdom of Our Lord and of His Christ. For the advancement of that kingdom—that it may “come,” and that God’s will may be done on earth as it is in heaven—we shall know how to resign ourselves if necessary to national, as we have resigned ourselves to actual personal and domestic, calamity, in unshaken confidence that our sacrifices, whether in victory or defeat, will not have been in vain; that no life patriotically surrendered will have been wasted; that no misery penitentially endured will have been fruitless; that no prayer of a humble and trustful soul will have been spurned. Winners and losers alike in the subordinate contest may place themselves as “pieces” under the invincible hand of God, who will “play” them with unerring skill, whether they be knights or bishops, kings or simple pawns.

That is the truly Christian attitude of God-fearing belligerents of any and every nationality: God’s holy will be done—with nations as with individuals.

Gov. Ralston, of Indiana, said a good thing in a recent address to the business men of Huntington. “In the last analysis and the long run, good morals are as essential to a successful community life as to a successful individual life. There can be no permanent prosperity anywhere if the primary virtues of honesty and honor are violated. For these high virtues and the homely ones of industry and moderation lie at the very base of all true civilization, and they may not be ignored except at the price of ultimate disaster.”

The Governor disclaimed any intention to preach on the occasion; however, he might have ventured to insist that virtues of any sort are not to be inculcated without instruction and example. It is the most natural thing in the world—and the commonest—to transgress the natural virtues unless the seeds thereof have been sown in youth. And the base of the only civilization that will endure is Christianity.

Whatever may be the difficulties of applying principles in the complex industrial situation of the day, it is gratifying to find what seems a firm and sincere belief in the wisest principles, expressed by

such a capitalist as Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in the January *Atlantic*. “Labor and Capital—Partners” is the title of his broad and illuminating article. To quote:

Most of the misunderstanding between men is due to a lack of knowledge of each other. When men get together and talk over their differences candidly, much of the ground for dispute vanishes. In the days when industry was on a small scale, the employer came into direct contact with his employees, and the personal sympathy and understanding which grew out of that contact made the rough places smooth. . . . The fact is that the growth of the organization of industry has proceeded faster than the adjustment of the interrelations of men engaged in industry. Must it not be, then, that an age which can bridge the Atlantic with the wireless telephone can devise some sort of social X-ray which shall enable the vision of men to penetrate the barriers which have grown up between men in our machine-burdened civilization?

One’s memory need not be raked to find examples wherein this necessary base of understanding was wanting between Labor and Capital, while one hopes that such an article as Mr. Rockefeller’s will advance the time of its future general establishment.

The editor of the *North American Review*—whose sympathies, by the way, are decidedly pro-British—repeats two harrowing stories which he declares were related to him by the British officer who was the principal actor in them. As is generally the case, name, date, and place are not given; and Col. Harvey refrains from comment, which we shall not. The stories run thus:

Seven of my boys went in a heap, and we were in a bad way when some fresh lads came up and gave ’em the steel. When it was over we had twenty-four white feathers on our hands quite ready to slip over to nice, comfortable quarters around here, and receive bouquets and chewing-gum from Lord Haldane’s friends. And, mind you, they were my prisoners. We found the reversed bullets in their guns all right, remember that! Well, I took one glance at that sickening mass at my feet, and looked into the eyes of my boys, and they looked into mine. I didn’t want to get them into trouble, and my chances were better than theirs, anyway.

All I had them do was to stand those twenty-four up in a row, and then, one after another and without any particular hurry, I dropped every man in his tracks dead as a doornail. Oh, it's war all right! . . .

I bided my time, which was not long in coming. A score or so of Germans lay writhing in a heap after a futile assault, and I got the range for my eighteen-pounder and waited. Sure enough, in twenty minutes or so out came an ambulance with, I guess, a dozen soldiers as nonchalantly as you please, and feeling safe as a clock, as they had every reason to feel safe as a clock. They got their wounded aboard and were just starting back when I blew the whole d—

As a rule, stories like these, thus told, bear their own refutation. We discredit both, on the same grounds that we discredit similar accounts of atrocities on the part of German officers and soldiers. No doubt deeds of horror have been committed during the present inhuman conflict, and in all probability they were not confined to either side. But to refer to such unverified tales as Col. Harvey has related as material for future history is to the last degree absurd. No historian worthy of the name will pay the slightest attention to much of what is now being published about the Great War. History! It has been well defined by an anonymous writer as 'the miscolored picture of the convulsions of mankind.'

Writing in a recent issue of the New York *Freeman's Journal*, the ever-interesting Father John Talbot Smith makes the point that the magnitude and importance of the Catholic educational system, on its advertising side, has appealed in the first instance rather to outsiders than to those directly responsible for the scope and power of that organization. He writes:

The religious school system of the Catholic body is winning increasing attention. Its advertising pays both parties. A most conspicuous illustration of this fact was the educational supplement issued last August by the New York *Sun*. I have seen in my time many surprising incidents in metropolitan journalism, but that educational supplement was a regular

phenomenon, a portent. It meant that the advertising patronage of Catholic schools paid, that Catholic readers of the *Sun* were still numerous, as in the days of Charles Dana, and that it paid the Catholic schools and colleges to advertise. This last fact will not be so patent to the heads of Catholic schools and colleges, who are the poorest advertisers in the world,—first, because they have no ready money; and, second, because they do not all believe in the worth and necessity of advertising. Yet one glance at the *Sun* supplement would be enough to change that idea.

The lesson of these observations is plain—one element of the Catholic school system should be systematic and continuous advertising.

Our attention has been called to the following specimen of humor, appearing in a secular periodical which has eminent Catholics among its contributors, and doubtless many Catholic readers:

The logic of one Mrs. Murphy is not lightly to be disputed. As she stood gloomily in the back door, a friend of her sleeping husband leaned over the fence and hailed her loudly:

"Good-mornin', Mrs. Murphy! And is Pat at home, sure?"

"Sure, where are your oyes? Isn't that his shirt forenenst ye hangin' on the loine?"

Catholics of other nationalities may smile indulgently at this specimen of humor, and agree that Mrs. Murphy's logic is indisputable; but how any Irishman or Irishwoman, or any son or daughter of Irish parents, can pass over insults of this kind and continue to patronize periodicals which indulge in them, is past our comprehension. It was one without a drop of Irish blood in his veins who declared: "A slur on the children of St. Patrick is generally a sneer at the religion they profess."

Among the many substitutes for old-time appliances which the Great War has necessitated, is sphagnum moss, or peat-moss, instead of cotton wool or the like material in the dressing of wounds. The *Westminster Gazette* tells how the substitution originated. "One day in a

peat-moss litter works, some distance from Kiel, a worker met with a serious injury. His companions had not at the works the appliances to deal with the case, but they did the best they could. They took a quantity of the article which they manufactured, peat-moss litter, and, laying it on the wounds, they tied bandages over it. The injured man was then conveyed to Kiel, and taken to a hospital. When the doctors undid the bandages, and found the dirty-looking moss litter in the wound, they were horrified, and declared that the injured limb would have to be amputated. Very soon, however, their horror gave way to surprise. They found that, far from the poisoning which they had anticipated, the injury had been beautifully cleaned by the rude emergency dressing, and had actually begun to heal." As a result of this accidental discovery, works for the preparation of peat-moss for surgical purposes have recently been established in Edinburgh.

We find the following interesting item in the fine art gossip of the current issue of the London *Athenæum*:

The present war has provided what is probably the first occasion on which an archæologist has received the Military Cross for Valour for gallantry in the excavation for antiquities. This honor has just been deservedly obtained by Père Dhorme, professor at the College of St. Joseph, Beyrout, who at Gallipoli for many weeks persistently rescued from the trenches a collection of Greek vases and statuettes, whilst subject to heavy rifle and shell fire. As the troops had already come across antiquities, the French general and Père Dhorme decided to make excavations, assisted by four Poilus, some of whom were wounded, while one was struck down by sickness. Père Dhorme for many weeks persisted in his explorations with most happy results. Besides statuettes and vases, at least five splendid sarcophagi, a fine cup representing horsemen and warriors, and some jewelry were discovered.

A sorry falling off in the sum total of contributions in behalf of the Catholic Indian Mission Schools, for the past year, may possibly be chargeable to other

causes than diminution of Catholic interest in this most important work; for last year was in many ways a "bad year." However that may be, there is no like excuse to be made this year, and the cry of the stricken Indian children must be heard and heeded by the Catholic public. In the words of their devoted and indefatigable patron and defender, the Rev. Fr. Ketcham:

In 1914 we received, in answer to our appeal, more than \$3000 less than we had received in 1913. During 1915 our appeal has brought in \$458.71 less than the year before. On the other hand, during the past year we have suffered many losses. We call attention to one of these. The Comptroller of the United States Treasury Department has rendered a decision depriving four of our Oklahoma schools of \$27,000 annually, which the Indians have heretofore most cheerfully contributed out of their tribal moneys.

The Indian is helpless. He is fettered by the laws and regulations of the Government, which supervises the expenditure of his tribal and, to a great extent, his personal moneys. His helplessness should appeal to you. Must he stand by and see his little ones dragged down to hell by the tyrannical legal interpretations of narrow-minded Government officials?

Place yourself in spirit in his condition. If you were in his place would you not expect your more fortunate brethren to hasten to your relief? What answer will you make on Judgment Day to the charge that you refused to heed the despairing plea of the persecuted and the helpless?

What answer indeed, in this land of plenty and of peace?

Prof. Overman, of the College of the City of New York, is of opinion that the world needs a new religion; and, having realized this need, he would doubtless be willing to supply it if called upon. Like many other learned professors, Dr. Overman is shortsighted. There are too many religions now. The world's greatest need is not another religion but more people who live up to the religion they already have. Any one that gives Christianity a fair trial finds it fully satisfying,—real Christianity, that is, not the travesties of it, or the fragments thereof.



The Deaf Boy.

BY WILLIAM B. GREY.

I CAN not hear the robin's song,
The lark I can but see;
The music of the winds that blow
Is ever lost to me.

The bells are always silent, too;
The rain no patter brings;
I long to hear my mother's voice,
I know how sweet she sings.

Yet would I never change my lot
Had I my own free choice,—
One day these soundless ears shall hear
The music of God's voice.

Killykinick.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

V.—A "CHANCE."

"I CAN give you a chance," repeated Pete, as he turned to Dan with his broad, ruddy face illumined by a friendly smile. "It's a chance I wouldn't hold out to everybody, but I know you for a wide-awake youngster, as honest as you are slick. Them two don't go together in general; but it's the combination I'm looking fur just now, and you seem to have it. I was thinking over it this very morning. 'Lord, lord,' sez I to myself, 'if Dan Dolan hadn't gone and got that eddycation bug in his head, wouldn't this be the chance for him?'"

"What is it?" asked Dan; but there was not much eagerness in his question. Wide and springy as was the butcher's cart, it did not appeal to him as a chariot of fortune just now. A loin of beef dangled over his head, a dead calf was stretched out on the straw behind him. Pete's white apron was stained with blood. Dan

was conscious of a dull, sick repulsion of body and soul.

"Well, it's this," continued Pete, cheerfully. "You see, I've made a little money over there at my corner, and I'm planning to spread out,—do things bigger and broader. There ain't no sort of use in holding back to hams and shoulders when ye can buy yer hogs on the hoof. That's what I'm in fur now,—hogs on the hoof; cut 'em, corn 'em, smoke 'em, salt 'em, souse 'em, grind 'em into sausage meat and head-cheese and scrapple, boil 'em into lard. Why, a hog is a regular gold mine when he is handled right. But I can't handle it in that little corner shop I've got now: there's no room fur it. But it's too good a business there fur me to give up. So I'm going to open another place further out, and keep both a-going. And I can't afford no high-class book-keeper or clerk, that will maybe jump my trade and gobble all my profits. What I want is a boy,—a bright, wide-awake boy that knows enough about figguring to keep my accounts, and see that no one 'does' me,—a boy that I can send round in the wagon to buy and sell 'cording to my orders,—a boy that will be smart enough to pick up the whole business from a to izzard, and work up as I worked up till I kin make him partner. That's the chance I've got, and I believe you're the boy to take it."

"I—I would have to give up college of course," said Dan, slowly.

"Give up college!" echoed Pete. "Well, I should rather say you would! There ain't no time fur books in a biz like mine. Now, Dan, what's the good of college anyhow fur a chap like you? It ain't ez if you were one of these high mug-a-mugs with a rich father to pay yer way through, and set you up in a white choker and swallow-tail coat afterwards. What's the

good of a strong, husky fellow fooling along with Latin and Greek, that will never be no use to him? You'd a heap better spiel plain strong English that will bring you in the spondulics. Why, look at me! I never had two years' schooling in my life. It's all I can do to scrawl 'P. J. Patterson,' so folks can read it, and thump out the rest on a second-hand typewriter. But that 'ere same scrawl will bring five thousand dollars out of the bank any time I want it. If I had as much eddycation as you have, Dan, nobody couldn't keep me in any school in the land another minute. It's dead waste of time and money."

"What would you pay me?" asked Dan, as the big loin of beef above joggled against his shoulder.

"Well, let me see!" considered Pete. "I ain't paying any fancy price at start, fur I don't know how things will work out; but I won't be mean with you, Dan. What do you say to four dollars a week and board?"

"No," answered Dan, promptly. "I don't want your board at all."

"Ye don't?" said Pete in surprise. "It will be good board, Dan: no fancy fixings but filling, I promise you that,—good and filling."

"I don't care how filling it is," answered Dan, gruffly. "I'd want my own board, with Aunt Winnie. That's all I'd come to you for,—to take care of Aunt Winnie."

"Ain't they good to her where she is?" asked Pete, who knew something of the family history.

"Yes," answered Dan; "but she is not happy: she is homesick, and I want to bring her—home."

And something in the tone of the boyish voice told Pete that, with Aunt Winnie and a home, Dan would be secured as his faithful henchman forever.

"I don't blame you," he said. "I've got an old mother myself, and if I took her out of her little cubby-hole of a house and put her in the marble halls that folks sing about, she'd be pining.

It's women nature, specially old women. Can't tear 'em up by the roots when they're past sixty. And that old aunt of yours has been good to you sure,—good as a mother."

"Yes," answered Dan, a little huskily, "good as a mother."

"Then you oughtn't to go back on her sure," said Pete, reflectively. "Considering the old lady, I'll make it five dollars a week, if you'll agree for a year ahead, Dan."

"A year ahead!" echoed Dan, thinking of all that year had promised him.

"Yes," said Pete, decidedly. "It must be a year ahead. I can't break you in at such a big figger, and then hev you bolt the track just as I've got used to you. I wouldn't give five dollars a week to any other boy in the world, though I know lots of 'em would jump at it. It's only thinking of that old mother of mine and how I'd feel in your place, makes me offer it to you. Five dollars a week will bring your Aunt Winnie back home. And, between you and me, Dan, if she ain't brought back, she'll be in another sort of home before long, and past your helping. Mrs. Mulligan was telling me the other day that she had been out to see her, and she was looking mighty peaked and feeble,—not complaining of course, but just pining away natural."

"When will you want me?" blurted out Dan, desperately. "Right off now?"

"Oh, no, no!" was the hasty answer. "I haven't got the other place open yet, and this 'ere hot weather ain't no time fur it. I'm just laying my plans for the fall. What were you thinking of doing this summer?"

"Going off with a lot of fellows to the seashore. But I'm ready to give it up," answered Dan, gulping down the lump that rose in his throat.

"No, don't,—don't!" said Pete. "I haven't got things fixed for a start yet. Won't have them fixed for a couple of months or so. I ain't a-hurrying you. Just you think this 'ere chance over, and make up your mind whether it ain't

wuth more than all that Greek and Latin they're stuffing into your head at Saint Andrew's. And then come around somewhere about the first of September and see me 'bout it. I won't go back on my offer. It will be five dollars cash down every Saturday night, and no renigging. I turn off here," concluded Pete, drawing up as they reached a busy corner. "You'll have to jump down; so bye, bye, Dan my boy, until I see you again! Remember it's five dollars a week, and a home for Aunt Winnie."

"I'll remember," said Dan, as, half dazed, he jumped from the wagon and took his way back to Saint Andrew's.

He entered the cross-crowned gateway that guarded the spacious grounds, feeling like one in a troubled dream. He could shape nothing clearly: his past, present, and future seemed shaken out of place like the vari-colored figures of a kaleidoscope. To give up all his hopes, to shut out the beautiful vista opening before him and settle down forever to—to—"hogs on the hoof!" And yet it was his only chance to cheer, to gladden, perhaps to save gentle Aunt Win's life,—to bring her home again.

But would she be happy at such a sacrifice? Would she not grieve even at the fireside she had regained over her broken dreams? And Dan would come down from his dreams and visions (which, after all, are very vague and uncertain things for boys of thirteen) to Tabby and the teapot, to the fluttering old hand in his clasp, the trembling old voice in his ear.

The sun was close to its setting; supper was over, he knew; and Jim Norris was waiting impatiently for his promised game. But he could not think of tennis just now; still less was he disposed for a meeting with Dud Fielding, whose voice he could hear beyond the box hedge at his right. So, turning away from tennis court and playground, Dan plunged into the quiet shelter of the walk that skirted the high, ivy-grown wall, and was already growing dim with evening shadows, though

lances of sunlight glinting here and there through the arching pines broke the gloom.

Pacing the quiet way with feeble step was an old priest, saying his Office. Father Mack's earthly work was done. He could no longer preach or teach; he was only lingering in the friendly shadows of Saint Andrew's, waiting his Master's call home; his long, busy life ending in a sweet twilight peace. Sometimes at retreats or on great feasts, when there was a crowd of juvenile penitents in the college chapel, Father Mack, gentle and indulgent, had his place in a quiet corner, where he was rather avoided by young sinners as a "dying saint."

But Dan, whatever might be his month's record of wrong-doing, had taken to Father Mack from the first. Perhaps it was something in the Irish voice that recalled Aunt Winnie; perhaps some deeper sympathy between souls akin. Though they seldom met, for the old priest had his room in a building remote from the students' quarters, Father Mack and Dan were fast friends. His presence here was most unlooked for; and Dan was about to retire without further intrusion, when the old priest closed his book and turned to him with a kindly nod.

"You needn't run off. I'm done, my boy. These long, hot days are a bit hard on me; but I like to stay out here in the evening to say my Office and watch the sunset. Did you ever watch the sunset, Danny?"

"Yes, Father," answered Dan. "It's great."

"What do you see in it, Danny?" was the low question.

"Oh, all sorts of things, Father,—domes and spires and banners of gold and red and purple, and pillars of cloud and fire—"

"And gates," broke in Father Mack. "Don't you see the gates, Danny,—gates that seem to open in the shining way that leads to God's Throne? Ah, it's a wonderful sight, the sunset, when your day is near done and you are tired and old,—too old to be picturing and dreaming. I'll

soon see—beyond the cloud and the dream, Danny,—I'll soon see."

The old man paused for a moment, his dim eye kindling, his withered face rapt. Then suddenly, as if recalled from some cloudy height to earth, his look and voice changed into fatherly interest.

"Were you looking for me,—were you wanting to talk to me, my son?"

"No—yes—no," faltered Dan, who had not thought of such a thing. "Well, yes, I believe I do. I'm all muddled up, and maybe you can set me right, Father Mack. For—for," Dan blurted out without further hesitation, "I can't see things clear myself. Aunt Winnie is grieving and pining and homesick at the Little Sisters. She is trying to hide it, but she is grieving, I know. She broke down and cried to-day when I went to see her,—cried real sobs and tears. And—and" Dan went on with breathless haste, "Peter Patterson, that keeps the meat-shop at our old corner, has offered me five dollars a week to come and work for him. To give up Saint Andrew's—and—and—all it means, Father Mack, and work for him."

(To be continued.)

Ampersand.

The word "and" in Latin is *et*, and in old times some writers used to curl the tail of the *t* backward in an ornamental flourish, so that *et* looked very much like &. This arbitrary character came to be used in writing English as a substitute for "and," so much so that it was added to our alphabet. Children were taught to conclude the recital of the alphabet by saying "X, Y, Z, and, *per se*, and"—that is, "*and* by itself." Most boys and girls will readily understand how, in rattling off the names of the letters, the children used to run the sounds together, and accordingly will see how "and, *per se*, and" became in actual pronouncing "ampersand." And ampersand is now one name for &.

A Trick with Dominoes.

Do any of our young folks nowadays play dominoes? It used to be a popular indoor pastime when we were young folks ourselves; and, for all we know, it may be so still. In case it is, and that our readers are familiar with it, here is a good trick.

To play the trick, you take a box of dominoes and upset the twenty-eight pieces on a table. Next, you tell some one else to arrange the pieces just as if he were playing the game—that is, by matching the pieces in a line by the corresponding ends,—the three-spot of one piece, for instance, being placed next the three-spot of another. You explain that he may arrange them in any way he pleases, provided he follows that rule of the game; that, while he is doing so, you will go out of the room and will not watch him; and that, all the same, when he has finished placing them, you will tell him from outside what are the terminal numbers,—that is, the number of pips or spots at each end of the line.

When he tries it, and you tell him, without looking, the correct numbers, he is likely to say that you made a lucky guess, but that it was *only* a guess. Then have him try it again, shifting his arrangement, or let him try as often as he likes; and you succeed every time, just as if you could see through the wall.

How you succeed is this way. When you upset the boxful on the table, you keep one piece in your hand—any one you like except a double-piece (double-blank, double-one, etc.). The numbers at the end of the line your friend arranges will invariably be the numbers on the piece that you have kept. Suppose, for instance, that you have kept the six-three: then at one end of his line there will be a six and at the other a three. As no one is likely to count the dominoes, it is a safe trick. When you try it a second time, you change the domino you keep, so as not to excite suspicion.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A new book of essays, entitled "Counter Currents," by Agnes Repplier, is promised by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

—"Conditions on the Flathead and Fort Peck Indian Reservations," by the Rev. William H. Ketcham, is a slender octavo of 93 pages, replete with information concerning two communities of "the wards of the nation."

—"Through South America's Southlands," by the Rev. Dr. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., author of two previous books of South American travel and exploration, is announced for early publication by D. Appleton & Co.

—"Clerical Colloquies" is the title of a forthcoming book by the Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C., author of "Priestly Practice," etc. It is described as "a volume not too bright or good for human clerics' daily food."

—The Countess de Courson is to be congratulated on the best tribute to Jean Henri Fabre that has yet been published, at least in English. An eminent scientist to whom we submitted the proofs of her article declares that it should prove entirely satisfactory to general readers.

—Further issues of "Pages Actuelles" pamphlets received from Bloud et Gay, Paris, are: "Le Soldat de 1914," by Rene Doumic; "L'Héroïque Serbie," by H. Lorin; "Le Général Joffre," "Le Général Gallieni," and "Le Général Pau,"—all by G. Blanchon; and "Le Général Maunoury," by "Miles."

—A pamphlet—an *Amerika* print,—entitled "A Unique Celebration in a Catholic Family," tells how on Christmas Day the grandmother of a Jesuit Father celebrated her one hundredth birthday. The grandson said Mass in the home of the venerable centenarian, two of her great-grandchildren made their first Holy Communion; there were speeches and plays and visits from distinguished friends, among them his Grace of St. Louis, in which city the celebration was held. It was such a commemoration as one associates with the Ages of Faith.

—The cruelty of war seems to have rendered the *Athenæum* more kindly in its treatment of minor poets. It does not, of course, praise heavily their strongest and most promising productions, but is more tolerant of imperfections, and even disposed to overlook slips in grammar. Of a new collection of Irish poems our learned contemporary says: "Not much

originality will be found here, and but little strength; nor is the poetic faculty of more than a moderate degree of excellence, apart from mere facility. Still, the characteristic Celtic charm is by no means lacking; and we fancy that her little poems will be genuinely liked by many lovers of verse and of simple sentiment whom nature, or the habit of criticism, has not made tiresomely exacting."

—The Catholic Truth Society of England has issued in neat brochure form an excellent compilation of "Hymns from the Roman Breviary." The translations have been made by various competent hands, including the Rev. E. Caswall and Dr. Neale; and the arrangement of them is by Alban H. Smith, B. A., who also furnishes a thoughtful Introduction. The object of this work is the extremely practical one of getting the faithful to cultivate a liturgical sense and to worship liturgically. The paper-bound issue may be had for threepence, the cloth for six.

—"Is Schism Ever Lawful?" by the Rev. Edward Maguire (M. H. Gill & Son; B. Herder), is a handsome octavo of 343 pages. A thesis for the Doctor's degree of Maynooth College, the work is a study in primitive ecclesiology, with special reference to the question of schism, and will be found readable by cultured laymen as well as by ecclesiastical students. The Introduction, with its elaborate analogy between civil society and the Church, and the final chapter in which the author discusses Church membership, the soul of the Church, etc., we have found exceptionally interesting.

—"Inside Finishing" is a recent volume in King's "Woodwork and Carpentry" series. Though it is a book directly intended for the student of carpentry and joinery, yet it is one which contains much information the average student should have. "Principles of Cooking," by Emma Conley, is a scientific and eminently practical study of domestic cooking, rendered concrete by diagrams and pictures. "Sixty Lessons in Agriculture," prepared by Burt C. Buffum, M. S., and D. C. Dearer, "practical farmer," is excellently adapted for study in the school or at home. These three volumes are issued by the American Book Co.

—The name of Monseigneur Bougaud, Bishop of Laval, is sufficient guarantee for both the orthodoxy and the authoritative character of the "Life of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque,"

which is now translated from the French by a Visitandine of Baltimore and published by Benziger Brothers. Though fairly well known, the story of this venerable servant of the Sacred Heart makes perennially instructive and edifying reading, and in the fulness of detail with which it is here narrated there is a character of freshness which is very welcome. An appendix of notes and documents indicates the care with which this volume of four hundred pages was prepared. The translator has rendered an important service to the cause of devotional literature in English.

—A further batch of the Australian Catholic Truth Society's penny pamphlets includes several that are reprints of the London C. T. S., already noticed by us, and several others dealing with matters of local interest at the Antipodes. There are "Dermot Biérne" and "A Lost Holiday," by Agatha Le Breton ("Miriam Agatha"), and a third bit of fiction, "Sister Etheldreda's Experiment," by M. Elizabeth Walton; "The Blessed Eucharist: Belief of the Early English Church," being two lectures by Archbishop Carr; a rubrical paper, "The Consecration of a Bishop"; two political essays, "Democratic Government," "The Referendum"; and "The Vocation of the Celt," by Father Kane, S. J. The publications of the Australian C. T. S. now number some two hundred and fifty.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Is Schism Ever Lawful?" Rev. Edward Maguire. \$1.80.
 "Life of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque," Mgr. Bougaud. 60 cts.
 "The Blessed Peace of Death." Rev. Augustin Wibbelt. 75 cts.
 "The Smile." S. S. Curry, Ph. D. \$1.
 "Chaff and Wheat." Rev. Francis Donnelly, S. J. 60 cts.
 "A Short History of Belgium." Léon Van der Essen, Ph. D. \$1.
 "Strength of Will." E. Boyd Barrett, S. J. \$1.35.

- "How to Add Ten Years to Your Life." S. S. Curry, Ph. D. \$1.
 "Pioneer Laymen of North America." Vol. II. Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J. \$1.75.
 "Looking on Jesus." Madame Cecilia. \$1.75, net.
 "A Short History of Germany." Francis M. Schirp, Ph. D. \$1.
 "One Year with God." Rev. M. V. McDonough. \$1.
 "Stories from Italy." Louisa Emily Dobrée. 25 cts.
 "Sermons, Doctrinal and Moral." Rt. Rev. Thaddeus Hogan, R. M. \$1.50.
 "The Sacraments." Pohle-Preuss. \$1.50.
 "The Sweet Miracle." Eça de Queiroz. 40 cts.
 "The Little Ambassadors." Henriette Delamare. 75 cts.
 "The New Pelagianism." J. Herbert Williams. 75 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—НБВ., xiii, 3.

Rev. Joseph Vahr, of the archdiocese of St. Paul; Rev. John Brennan, diocese of Cleveland; Rev. T. J. Cox, archdiocese of Chicago; and Rev. Joseph McAuliffe, C. M.

Mr. J. W. Holland, Mr. Matthew Erskine, Mrs. Catherine Malone, Miss Teresa De Bano, Mr. J. Donnelly, Mr. Crawford Street, Mr. F. X. Claffey, Mr. B. M. Chambers, Mr. John McSorley, Mr. James Sheridan, Mrs. J. J. Flahive, Mrs. E. J. White, Mr. Thomas Wilson, Miss Estella Sullivan, Mr. William H. Kane, Miss Sarah Stapleton, Mr. John W. Smith, Mrs. Ann McPhillips, Mr. Francis McKenzie, Mrs. Jennie Cauffield, Mr. Patrick Kelly, Mrs. Helena Peckstein, Mr. Joseph Haefner, Mr. Patrick Condley, Mrs. Mary Buckley, Mr. James Murnane, Mrs. W. J. Blake, Mrs. O. H. Dunn, Mrs. Julia O'Donnell, Mr. William and Mr. George Morgan, Mrs. Catherine Evans, Mrs. Mary Wall, Mr. Herman Puthoff, Mr. Edwin Smith, Mrs. Dennis Madigan, Mrs. James Brennan, Mr. John Hildner, Mr. J. P. Rice, Mrs. William Ford, Mrs. Catherine Murray, Mr. Robert Brown, Mr. Sebastian Gararagna, and Mr. John T. Holmes.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the starving children in China: Friend (Omaha), "for a favor," \$1; E. A. B., \$15. For the Foreign Missions: Mrs. P. H. F., \$8.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. III. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 5, 1916.

NO. 6

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Our Lady of Light.

BY HENRY MCLEAN.

AT Candlemas, when all the world is white,
And solitary stands
The green-clad fir,
We honor her
Who carries in her hands
The Gift of God, the wondrous Light of light.
The singing nations tell—their candles bright—
The joyous antiphon:
Our Lady brings
The King of kings,—
God's own begotten Son,
Who triumphs over sin and death and night.

Our Goodly Heritage.

PAPERS ON SOME CATHOLIC DOCTRINES.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

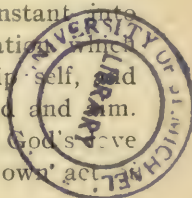
The lines are fallen to me in pleasant places; for my inheritance is goodly to me. (Ps. xiv, 6.)

I.—GOD'S PLAN.

GOD'S plan for us is deep and wide,—deep and wide and all-embracing as the love with which He made us. It takes in at once His own glory and our supreme happiness. Divine love was the motive that determined God to create the race of men,—that we might fill the thrones left vacant by the rebel angels, who, madly misusing the noble faculty of free choice, threw away, knowingly and deliberately, their proffered bliss, because they would not give to their Maker that service which is more honorable to the giver than sovereignty over worlds.

All-sufficing to Himself, needing none other for His own perfect and illimitable happiness, yet God willed that others also should have a share therein. Loving first and foremost His own infinite goodness and beauty—since, being All-Perfect, He must needs love first and supremely the All-Perfect that is Himself,—seeking, therefore, as the All-Perfect must needs seek, His own glory and praise, He willed to make the supreme happiness of creatures (attainable by the knowledge, love, and possession of Himself) the means by which His glory should be manifested and attained not only within the circle of His Triune Deity, but in a created universe also; and that His love, already and from all eternity communicating itself,—as is the very nature of goodness—within the adorable Trinity of Persons in the one Godhead, should be communicated to, and should draw to itself, other beings, created by Him to enter, as closely and intimately as divine power can make the creature enter, into His own divine life and most blissful activities.

This is the reward of those countless hosts of angels who stood faithful under trial: who did not, in the madness of self-love and self-worship, vainly try to be sufficient to themselves, foolishly seeking happiness and good apart from the Author of their wonderful being. Those who made this rash attempt fell that instant into the wretchedness and degradation which lie in wait for all who worship self, and place in self their ultimate end and aim. Hurlled away and apart from God's love and God's goodness by their own act.



insensate pride, 'drawn down to the lowest hell by infernal ropes'*—the ropes of their own obstinate and unalterable hatred of God; their eternal, unchangeable choice of self and self alone as the object of their worship,—they suffer, together with the loss of God and of all good, and the extreme misery that they are to themselves, the just infliction also of most dreadful divine chastisements for the punishment of the insult they put, and by their wilful obstinacy continue to put, upon the Divine Majesty, and for that due vindication of God's glory and holiness which may not be foregone.

To take the place of these fallen ones, God made man, 'a little lower than the angels,' to 'crown him with glory and honor.† That man might come to the vision of God, to eternal participation in the divine life and joy, his Maker endowed him, in the person of our first parents, with supernatural gifts of grace, raising him to the capability, otherwise beyond all powers of created nature, of final union with God in heaven in the Beatific Vision. In the first intention of God—first, that is, in the order of the divine plan, though, being conceived in the eternal divine mind, not to be thought of as if first in order of "time,"—these supernatural gifts and graces were to have come down to all of us by inheritance as children of Adam.

But sin, through the weakness of Adam and the malice of the devil and his angels, entered into the world. By sin grace was instantly lost; and with the loss of grace came the loss of heaven. So man was deprived of the twofold heritage of grace here and of glory in the world to come. God's plan (to speak in human fashion) was changed. From the depths of the Eternal Wisdom, which foresaw the fall of man, came forth the plan of restoration, the marvellous scheme of salvation, that should undo the evil of sin, build up again the ruin of our race, give back, enhanced by the wonder and

beauty of the manner of its restoration, the lost inheritance, bringing out of the woe and evil of sin a greater good to man and greater glory to God than if the fall had never taken place.

O felix culpa! sings the Church on Holy Saturday in the "Exultet," with what seems to us almost startling boldness,—*"O happy sin of Adam, which merited to have such and so great a Redeemer!"* For now men and angels were to wonder and worship at the sight of a redemption beyond all dreams of magnificent mercy and loving-kindness, and marvel at the spectacle of God Incarnate coming to the rescue of His creatures. Human nature was to be taken up into the God-head, and, in the Person of Christ, sit at the right hand of Deity enthroned. The wonders of saving grace were to be set at work and a new song, the song of Christ's redeemed ones, now re-echoes and shall re-echo for all eternity through the golden vaults of our heavenly home regained.

This, then, is our inheritance; our "goodly heritage," once lost, but now restored,—the sight, the possession, the love of God forever. He Himself, and none less, is our reward exceeding great. But for that reward in its fulness we must wait till we are in heaven. Yet here, too, on earth and in this life, we Catholics, as Catholics, have a precious heritage; for there has been given back to us through Christ the heritage of grace; we have, according to God's plan of redemption, all the means of attaining that unending life in God for which we were created. Nay, more: we have, through God's appointment, the beginning, the inchoation, the living seed of life everlasting.

By Revelation, by the doctrines of life to be found in the Church, we have this beginning of eternal life; for "this is eternal life, that they may know Thee, the only true God; and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent."* We have it by the gifts of grace, of faith and hope and

* II. St. Peter, ii, 4.

† Ps. viii, 6.

* St. John. xvii 3.

divine charity; for by these things we are inheritors of those "most great and precious promises,—'that by these we may be made partakers of the divine nature';* we have it by the Food of Life distributed to us in the Church, God's house: for "he that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath everlasting life." †

It is of our inheritance in the Church of God, by membership of which we are made "sons of God; and, if sons, heirs also; heirs indeed of God, and joint-heirs with Christ," ‡ that precious heritage here below which is the pledge and assurance of our eternal inheritance in the heavens,—that I wish to treat in these papers: of some chief doctrines of Holy Church; of the means of grace; of the wonderful system of the divine religion given to us by God Himself. That religion, the expression and revelation of God's eternal counsels, embodies and makes known to us, efficaciously promotes amongst us and in us, God's plan for the salvation of men. In this introductory paper we have considered this divine plan in a general way; in future papers we will, with God's help, descend to a more detailed consideration of its chief component parts. God, the Adorable Trinity, the Incarnation of the Second Person, the system and means of grace, the final state of mankind,—these may be said to sum up the matters on which we shall meditate.

And all through, for the keynote of our thoughts upon this grand and inexhaustible subject, we will keep in mind this great foundation fact—that we were made for God, brought into existence by divine love to the end that, fulfilling the conditions that He has laid down, and making use of the abundant means of grace that He has given us in His Church, we may love Him now, and eternally love Him and be loved by Him in heaven, where He shall be glorified and His love be satisfied by our most blissful praise and love.

James Harrington, M. D.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

VI.

IN that part of St. Antoine Street which converges into Craig there had stood from time immemorial, in so far as the neighborhood was concerned, a stone house, which, after the pattern of many others, had the door in the centre, with windows on either side of it. Though no observer could have explained exactly why, there was something sinister in the appearance of that edifice,—something which suggested the shadow of a mystery, possibly of crime. For many years it had stood empty, and by popular report was credited with a ghost. Some phantom was said to appear there periodically, and it was rumored that strange noises broke the silence of the midnight.

Public curiosity, especially in that vicinity, was strongly aroused when, a few years previous to the cholera epidemic, it was learned that the "haunted house" had found a tenant. The shutters, long closed, were thrown wide; and various efforts were made, with fresh paint, soap and water, and clean curtains, to offer a new front to a world that was still disposed to pass on the other side of the street, and to look askance at that dwelling over which visitants from beyond the grave had been supposed to hold sway.

Despite those initial efforts to put a new face upon the old, the new occupant of the stone house rather increased by deliberate effort than sought to dispel the cloud of mystery that enshrouded the place. He lived there alone, save for one old woman who did the work—a wizened hag of unearthly paleness and infirm temper,—and, save in the way of his avocation, he mingled but little with his fellows. He was a tall man, slightly stooping in the shoulders, with spots of vivid color on either cheekbone, eyes that were

* II. St. Peter, I. 4. † St. John, vi. 53. ‡ Rom., viii. 17.

(To be continued.)

unnaturally bright, and hair of a glossy darkness that suggested recourse to the dye pot.

He appeared to be comparatively young, somewhere in the thirties, and was thought to be either a bachelor or a widower, none knew which. Nor could it be guessed with anything like exactitude whether he was rich or poor. For, though (owing to its unsavory reputation) the house in St. Antoine Street was purchased for a song, he was always handsomely dressed, and wore in his necktie a large stone which some believed to be a gem of fabulous price, and others assumed to be of glass. A man of few words, those were spoken with a slow deliberation that was intended to enhance their value.

For some time conjectures were rife as to this personage's avocation or means of support; but all remained a secret until he began, very carefully and cautiously, to prescribe for some of the poorer inhabitants of Griffintown. He circulated amongst them a kind of "cure-all" specific which he himself had compounded. He always supplied the bottle of this infallible medicine, which, he declared, no chemist could prepare, since he alone had the formula, which was given to him by an Eastern sage during his travels in Oriental countries. The medicine was dispensed with so much of solemnity, and with an implied admixture of the occult, even the supernatural, that it the more effectually imposed upon a large number of dupes. Thus, though the vender of the compound never said in so many words, that he had dealings with beings of another world, he left it to be inferred that in some inexplicable fashion they were at his service. For the rest, his specific had chanced, in certain cases, to prove at least apparently beneficial. Its originator had some knowledge of drugs, which he had gained by a few months' employment in a manufactory for chemicals. And he did not scruple to employ at will the strongest, the most drastic, even the most pernicious drugs, though these latter in

such small quantities as to preclude any immediately harmful effects.

The fame of such cures as were wrought spread with lightning-like rapidity, though secrecy was specially enjoined with each bottle of the precious medicine that was sold. While to have dealings with this mysterious Mr. Jackson seemed something of which people ought to be ashamed, still the number of those who claimed his help was ever growing. The man, to do him justice, disclaimed altogether the title of "doctor," and was as ignorant of the science of medicine as he was of the ethics of the profession. He substituted instead the more indefinite label of "Professor." Dark hints of various kinds were thrown out against him, and assertions were made which, though never proved, were never disproved either. They were sufficient to keep the better class of Griffintown from having anything to do with him, and caused them to regard the haunted house, since his occupancy thereof, with greater repulsion than when it had been given over exclusively to the habitation of ghosts.

His patients were not, however, confined exclusively to Griffintown. There were a number who came in closed carriages, the ladies wearing thick veils, and the men with coat collar turned up and hat pulled down. These had heard of the "cure-all" remedy and had come hither to test it,—not openly in the light of day, but secretly, as though it were a shameful act. The quack (so he was contemptuously designated by those who kept away from him) uttered short, fragmentary sentences, and helped on the effects of his medicine by many vague references to spirits, disembodied presences, and the like.

For a time his credit had been seriously shaken by his conduct during the cholera epidemic. When news had reached him that the disease was really in Griffintown, that Mrs. Maloney had been stricken and had succumbed to the dread visitant, and that there had been other cases in

the vicinity, Professor Jackson had forbidden his housekeeper to answer any sounding of the knocker on his front door, or to permit any one to enter. He had retired to his bedroom, with the pale hue of fear on every feature. His bright color had faded to a sickly pallor; and, shaking from head to foot, with great drops of perspiration on his forehead, he had packed his valise and hurried away by the first train leaving for the United States. It soon became known, of course, that he had thus mysteriously disappeared. As Dr. Harrington remarked, "Whatever might be the case with disembodied presences, there was one *embodied* presence missing from the haunted house just then." The house, in fact, was closed to all comers; and the door was rarely and very grudgingly opened by the wizened old woman, and only to be slammed again in the face of the too persistent inquirer, with the information that Professor Jackson was out of town and she had no idea when he would be back.

Once the epidemic was safely over, he had the unblushing effrontery to return, to discourse more blatantly than ever, in those short, impressive sentences of his, on the infallible nature of his remedy, which cured all ills and lengthened human life. One day when he was discoursing thus on the wharf, near the Bonsecours Market, to a little group of his supporters who had gathered about him, Andy Larkin, who was known from one end of Griffintown to the other as a wag, chanced to pass by and stopped to listen.

"Arrah, then, Mr. Jackson," he cried, "it's a thousand pities that you didn't stop at home to put an end to the cholera epidemic!"

The Professor gave him a malevolent look, which was completely wasted on the stalwart young Irishman. But he proceeded to explain to his listeners, with his most mysterious air, that he was not permitted to use his sovereign specific in defiance of the dispensation of the

Almighty, and that he had consequently betaken himself away from the city, lest he should be tempted to exert a power which he had been warned by intimations from the other world must not be thus employed.

Some there were whose faith in the man and his dealings was shattered for evermore, and they laughed at themselves, or good-naturedly submitted to the raillery of their friends, for ever having been imposed upon by such a charlatan. But there were a certain number of others who, only too glad to snatch at the straw offered them, put aside any doubts that might have arisen in their minds as to the man's claims to all but supernatural powers, and accepted this vague explanation as genuine. The Professor, on his part, redoubled his efforts and strove to increase the number of his dupes, to supply for those who had abandoned him.

One November evening he sat in his dining-room, where the wizened woman grudgingly set before him a small but fairly luxurious dinner. He removed the covering of silver plate from every one of the viands, and even as he partook of them criticised their preparation very freely. Meanwhile the woman, who was always so fierce to the outside world, answered this man in the cowed, subdued tones which bespoke terror or subjection of some kind. When he turned his head, as he occasionally did, and looked at her with those unnaturally bright eyes, she cowered and shrank back into a corner, plainly affrighted.

It was with visible relief, that evening and every evening, that she received the order to leave the room. She retired at once, muttering sullenly, but glad to have escaped from the dread presence into those dreary, rat-infested lower regions, where she was dragging out the respite of a life that her employer had of late done his best to make miserable. She had come thither some years before fresh from the police court, where she had been convicted of theft, but where Pro-

fessor Jackson's influence had been exerted to procure her release. He had thus provided himself with a weapon which he mercilessly wielded. No one else, as he said, would have employed her, and she would have had to beg or steal again to procure any means of support. Gloomy, indeed, had been her meditations during those long years, especially at night, when she listened to the rats scudding about in the walls, or took the stick which she always placed near her bed to drive them away when they appeared.

The Professor, sitting at his table alone, drank more or less deeply. He did not expect to see any one that night. He cast glances, furtive and uneasy, around the room or over his shoulder, as if those presences which he was so fond of invoking for the benefit of the credulous were lurking somewhere in its shadows. It was a grim and bare apartment, with scarcely a hint of comfort or a human touch in its appointments. As he sat thus ruminating, and smiling occasionally (it was a grim, sardonic smile, which had no mirth in it, but seemed the result of some inward convulsion rather than of the amusement which he felt at the simplicity of some of his customers), the knocker of the door was sounded sharply.

The man did not at first disturb himself. He was aware that the old woman, Martha, would presently mount the stairs from below, to answer the summons, and would admit any one at her peril. But the knocker was sounded loudly a second time,—a sharp, decisive rat-tat-tat,—which convinced the listening Professor that it was none of his humbler clients who stood without. Not one of those from whom he had taken the last farthing of compensation for services which he was perfectly well aware were valueless would have dared to sound the knocker like that. Therefore he expedited old Martha's progress upwards by stamping on the floor. Acting upon this hint, the old woman, whose step upon occasions could be swift as well as stealthy, was heard to

reach the top of the stairs and to pass along the hall to the door. The listener, hoping from his heart that this was not one of the few cases in which Martha had orders to rescind all rules, lent both ears intently to what was going on at the door. After a brief parley, the Professor, to his consternation, heard some one come into the hall and a voice say:

"He need not disturb himself. I will go straight to where he is."

Jackson quickly put the decanter, from which he had been replenishing his glass, behind him on the sideboard; though he did not, in truth, believe that Martha would allow any one to penetrate thither. Rising with some haste from his chair, he advanced into the hall. He wanted to make assurance doubly sure that a visitor with that step and that voice should not find him sitting over his nuts and his wine. The hall was none too well lighted; but those bright eyes of his were keen of vision, and the Professor stood momentarily transfixed with astonishment. For the visitor whose voice at the door and whose step in the hall had effectually aroused him from his lethargy was the last person in the world he would have expected to find crossing his threshold. Nor could he even guess what that visit might portend.

Certainly in this case it was neither ignorance nor credulity, no half-belief in the occult, no whole-hearted faith in the "cure-all," that had led the visitor to that number on St. Antoine Street. With an inward tremor, the Professor called upon Martha to light the gas in the front parlor, whither he motioned the unexpected guest.

The old woman seemed long about the lighting of the gas. She fumbled with the matches, lighting one and allowing it to go out, and nervously lighting another, and looking from under her brows with hasty, furtive glances at the stranger. She as well as her master knew him well by reputation, but she had other memories connected with him. Neither of the men

spoke, but stood and waited, until the Professor impatiently took the matches from the old woman's hand, lit the gas, and banished her from the room. She stood just outside the threshold of the door, which had closed upon her, with an expression of rage upon her face. She remained in a listening attitude for a second or two. The Professor suspected her, and suddenly, on some pretence, opened the door. Then she hurried away to the end of the hall, and descended perforce to the kitchen. The parlor door was closed again and the conference proceeded. The master of the house broke the silence with the query:

"Whom have I the honor of addressing?"

"Mr. Jackson," replied Dr. Harrington, with a slight emphasis on the prefix to the name—for he would have none of the "Professor," nor of the chicanery to which that title opened the way,—"the inquiry is quite needless, since you know me perfectly well."

The other, accepting the challenge laid down in the form of address, and preparing for instant battle, put another and still more suave question:

"Your visit, I would hope, is not connected with any need you may feel of my professional services. Your appearance would indicate quite the contrary."

He spoke with an insolence which had some relation to the wine that had supplied him with a kind of Dutch courage; for he was really afraid of the personality by which he was now confronted.

The visitor was eyeing him, with a kind of grim humor lurking about the corners of his mouth. The audacity of the man and the whole situation struck him as humorous.

"You have remarkable—shall I say it?—assurance, Mr. Jackson," he observed,—"yes, quite remarkable."

"Praise from Sir Hubert is praise indeed," quoted the Professor, bowing ironically.

"I have come here this evening," said the other, the humor dying out of his

face and leaving it very stern, "on an errand which will not permit me to mince words."

"Will it permit you to take a chair?"

"That will scarcely be necessary. What I have to say can be briefly said. It is this: that you will continue at your peril to practise your chicanery on any of my patients."

"And Dr. Harrington's will must be law," replied the Professor, mockingly; though his red cheeks flushed a deeper crimson, and there was an ominous glitter in the bright eyes.

"I do not know," said the Doctor, "whether you possess any remnant of conscience to which I can appeal, but at least I may try the experiment. I have in mind one particular case—that of a young woman at No.—McCord Street. She is in a critical condition and has barely a fighting chance for life. Now, that wretched nostrum which you have persuaded her to take may, and will, diminish the one chance which my treatment offers of saving her life. One at least of the ingredients in your compound will mean, if she continues to take it, certain death for her."

For an instant a startled look crept into the man's face. It passed like a flash, leaving the habitual expression. Then the Professor said, with his lips contracting into his sardonic grin:

"You are a pessimist, Dr. Harrington, and a stickler, moreover, for established forms. Like most of your fraternity, you are jealous of any success that is attained by us outside men, and are, consequently, unwilling to admit our claims."

"If that woman dies," said the Doctor, sternly, "I shall hold you morally responsible."

"And yet you yourself have admitted that, even with your treatment, she has barely a fighting chance for life."

"If she continues to take your compound, she has none. You blow out the flame of a flickering life."

Once again it seemed for a brief moment

as if the quack could be moved. He bent his head; and the Doctor, seeing in his attitude something which might possibly denote pity or at least fear, exclaimed impulsively:

"Why in the name of conscience, man, do you not devote yourself and your abilities to some honest work? I, for one, will stretch out a hand to help you."

He saw in an instant, however, that this or any other appeal to the man before him was worse than useless. His manner regained all its coldness, and he looked straight into the glittering eyes that were intently regarding him as he said slowly:

"I have given you this warning, and I have pointed out the responsibility you incur; so it only remains for me to repeat that I will suffer no interference with any patient of mine. As for the rest of your dupes, let them take the consequences of their folly."

"You dare to speak to me in that way!" cried the Professor, clinching and unclenching his hand. "You dare to come into my house to insult me!"

With a wild, fierce expression in his eyes, he raised his right hand as if to strike a blow; but the Doctor remained calmly regarding him, his own hand thrust into his coat pocket. That instant seemed to reveal in an almost startling fashion the difference between the two men. The Doctor, with his high ideals, his belief in the sacredness of his profession, his rigid notions of honor, and an integrity that no man had ever questioned; and the quack, to whom honor was an empty word, to whom lying was a fine art to be carefully cultivated, and the preying upon his fellowmen a right, almost a duty.

"You dare to come here," repeated the latter, "and to insult me in my own house!"

"I shall do more than that, Mr. Jackson," said the Doctor, calmly. "I shall publicly expose you and put an end once and forever to the imposition you

have been practising on a long-suffering people."

For an instant it seemed as if the fellow thus addressed would spring; indeed, there was something curiously suggestive of a wild beast in his whole attitude and appearance. But the Doctor, paying no heed whatever to his movements, bade him once more take note that he would be given no further warning, but mercilessly dealt with as his impostures deserved.

As Dr. Harrington, thus speaking, passed out into the hall, it seemed to him that he caught a glimpse of a vanishing figure, and that the white and wizened face of the old woman had peered at him a moment from the cellar door. Her hand was raised to her face, and he could have sworn that she was giving some signal, or else making some threatening gesture. And as he opened the front door he caught the Professor's murmur, which resembled nothing so much as the hiss of a serpent:

"I defy you to do your worst! I have forces on my side with which you can not cope."

"Your spirits, I suppose," the Doctor turned back to say, with a laugh,— "which are as little to be relied upon as you are yourself."

"No," replied the other, who had dropped all shadow of pretence with his visitor. "Those forces are ignorance, credulity, fear."

The Doctor, acknowledging the potency of those forces, answered nevertheless, with his high courage and in a tone that sounded almost gay:

"And those forces I shall fight to the death."

"An unequal fight," muttered the other, as he closed the door on the departing figure, and securely bolted it, "as you shall see, my fine Doctor, for all your degrees and for all your high notions!"

(To be continued.)

THE way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.—*Socrates*.

A Boy Forever.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

NOW that the little boy we loved is dead,
 The happy and the holy life he led—
 With thoughts of this our hearts are comforted.
 Now that his soul has passed beyond our ken,
 Now that we know that in this world of men
 Never we'll see his fair young face again,
 The thought of how he lived in heaven's smile,
 Frank, loyal, generous and free from guile,—
 'Tis this sustains our stricken hearts the while.
 Hard though the blow, and bitter though the test,
 Surely God's wisdom knew what thing was best
 When from our side He took him to His breast.
 For who can tell how youthful feet may range?
 Who knows what follies may the heart estrange?
 But now he'll never grieve us, never change.
 And ever as we come to where he lies,
 Faith, like an angel pointing to the skies,
 Will still reveal him to our loving eyes,
 Forever young, and happy with a joy
 That nothing can diminish or destroy:
 Forever as we saw him last—a boy!

The Religious Songs of the Middle Ages.

BY FATHER CUTHBERT, O. S. F. C.

WHEN Richard Lederede, who was Bishop of Ossory in the first half of the fourteenth century, wrote his "*Cantilenæ*," or songs to be sung by his clergy on feast-days and holidays, the literary result was hardly inspiring. The Bishop was no poet, though he seems to have been a good Bishop. His motive in writing his songs was to induce his clergy to cease from singing "secular and theatrical ditties" when they met to make merry. How far he succeeded we do not know, but the interest of his song-making lies in the fact he wrote his religious verses to be sung to the popular airs which were already in use. Moreover, he was a Franciscan friar.

In view of the assertion made by a

recent writer, that a large number of the popular religious songs which were sung in England at this period were "probably written by the friars,"* Bishop Lederede's method of writing religious songs to popular airs, as well as his motive, may point to a tradition in his Order. Certainly, about the same time the Franciscans in Italy were producing song writers whose songs were caught up by the people and passed into common use, and entered largely into the friars' work of evangelizing the multitude. These songs were written sometimes in Latin, but more often in the dialects of the Italian people. It was the vernacular songs, however, which became household treasures, and it is in these songs, too, that the heart of the people found utterance. Into them the singers poured a simple human feeling which could hardly find expression except in the language of everyday life. The mysteries of the Faith were thus taken home to the people's affections, and became the object of their warm emotions of love or pity, of wonder or gratitude, and these emotions found expression in their song. The Latin hymns were, for the most part, an assertion or exposition of the dogmatic truths themselves; and with a few glorious exceptions, were stilted and without inspiration in their expression of the human emotions. Only when the singers took as their medium of expression the language of the people did they find their freedom; and then it was that Mediæval devotion found its true voice in song.

How delightful that song could be may be learned from the book already referred to, where for the first time we have a collection of English Mediæval songs and poems, modernized so that the ordinary reader may enjoy and understand. Be it remembered that these songs were, most of them, in common use: they were the people's songs. When we bear that in mind, they tell us much the sort of

* Vide "*A Mediæval Anthology*," by Mary G. Segar. Longmans, Green, & Co. Introduction.

people our Mediæval forefathers were: how the Faith entered into the very fibre of their souls and cast a glamour over all their thought, and sanctified their joy and sorrow in life. Their Faith was not a thing apart from their common daily life. The love of Nature which was characteristic of the Mediæval English, their strong domestic affections, and the new feeling for romance which lit up existence in the later Middle Ages,—all entered into their religious devotion and made their religion at once intensely human and sublimely divine. Never did Catholic devotion express more practically and simply the mystery of the Incarnation, in which it is founded. And that is the instructive thing about these Mediæval songs. See, for instance, how sincerely the mystery of motherhood is voiced in the songs of the Nativity:

A lovely Lady sat and sang,
And to her Son did say:
"My Son, my Lord, my dear Darling,
Why liest Thou thus in hay?
Mine own dear Son,
How art Thou come!
Thou art my God verely.
But never the lesse
I will not cease
To sing: By, by, lully, lullely!"

One is reminded of Fra Jacopone's hymn *Stabat Mater Speciosa*, which begins:

Stood the Mother sweet and holy,
Joyous by the manger lowly,
Where she loving vigil kept;
O'er her soul, its measure filling
With a glad, ecstatic thrilling,
Floods of purest rapture swept.
Oh, how blest, how transport-laden
Was that fair, unsullied Maiden,
Mother of the Holy One!
How she joyed, her vigil whiling,
All entranced by that beguiling
Vision of her newborn Son!

There is the same human mystery of motherhood commingling with divine worship in Our Lady's gaze as she nurses her Child. It was a new theme in Catholic devotion, finding expression in Italy and England and wherever the friars went, popularizing the new mystic worship of Our Lord's sacred humanity.

The Gospel story entered into the intimacy of the people's life. Common human relationships and emotions were transfigured as they were seen investing Our Lord's own earthly life, and drew men upwards towards the purer, diviner life which Our Lord had brought to men. It shamed men when their thoughts went back from the divinely human life of Our Lord to the more earthly life of the worldling. That was the great moral and spiritual value of the Catholic Humanism of the later Middle Ages which the Renaissance supplanted by a pagan Humanism.

As with the human affections, so too with the Mediæval Englishman's love of Nature: it intermingles with his Faith and becomes with him a sort of sacramental channel of his Faith. He looks out on the Maytime, with its verdure and flowers; and, drinking in the beauty he sees, he must lay it in homage at the feet of Our Lord or Our Lady, as in the song "The Flower of Jesse":

I pray ye flowers of this country,
Where'er ye go, where'er ye be,
Hold up the flower of good Jessè
Before your freshness and beauty,
As Fairest of all
That ever was and ever shall.

Or, again, he must share with Our Lord the joy he has found; or it may be the sadness which true lovers of Nature often find in their communing with her. Into this joy or sorrow in Nature his Faith comes, determining the theme of his song, as in "A Song of the Passion," written in the Springtime—the time of Lent:

Summer's come and winter's gone,
The days begin to lengthen;
All the birdies everyone
With joyous song bestir them:
Yet does hard grief hold me in bond
Though all around me thrills the sound
Of gladness.
'Tis all for the sake
Of a Childe so sweet,
My sadness.

The "Childe" is Our Lord, of course, and the song goes on to tell of His adventure for man's redemption.

The Nativity and Passion of Our Lord were, indeed, the great themes upon which the Mediæval religious singers poured out the wealth of their poetic imagery and emotion. But, as connected with the mystery of Our Lord's earthly coming, Our Lady is the Queen of their song, both in her motherhood and in her perpetual virginity. All the chivalric worship of womanhood passes into these songs as the singers look upon her in the glory of her marvellous purity and her high dignity. Indeed the passion for purity thrills in all the singers' praise of her. Yet always it is a purity warmed with a divine pity for common human-kind; for she is the Virgin Mother of man's Redeemer, and so to her they take confidently their confession of sin and petition for grace. Here is a characteristic rhythmical prayer:

Mary, Mother and Maiden
 Ever well be thee!
 Mother and Maiden mild,
 Mary, think on me!
 Mary mild, that mother art
 And maiden whole and clean,
 Shield me now and ever
 From sorrow and heart-tene.*
 Mary, out of sin
 Ever keep thou me.

Thus it was that the religious singers of the Middle Ages built up the Faith of the people by songs simple and sincere and frequently touched with the beauty and glamour of true poetry. It is sometimes said that we have lost the instinct of true religious poetry and song. That is not altogether correct. Yet our Catholic singers might gain much from an acquaintance with the song of the Middle Ages. Meanwhile it is a gain that a choice collection of the Mediæval English songs, which were born of the Catholic Faith and English poesy, may now be placed in the hands of the Catholic reader, that he may learn something of the beauty of that vital devotion which the world at large lost with the sad incoming of the new paganism in the fifteenth century.

The Message to Mère Beauvais.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

IT was early in the afternoon of a typical August day, hot and clear and very still. As his horse toiled up the steep road, Dr. Dumourier noted that leaves and rosy fruit hung motionless from the apple trees, and in those fields which had been planted the grain stood erect and motionless. He was forcing his unaccustomed eyes to observe such details,—each farmhouse as he passed it in its turn, the cattle in the fields, the noisy little streams, the flowers, the rugged hills and narrow, placid valleys; for it would have been useless, he knew, to anticipate the painful task before him. But, again and again, what he saw served as a reminder. How could he forget the war and the untold misery it had brought—the homes made desolate, the hearts broken or about to break,—seeing a frail woman toiling alone in one field, an old man and a child busy in another, a third uncared for? How could he forget, passing close to old men and little boys at work in the orchards, while women toiled, sweating, in the vegetable gardens?

Westward he rode, up hill and down, more and more slowly. His horse was jaded, and he dreaded the end of the journey too much to press her. But it was useless, he found, to try to think of indifferent things; and after a time he began, instead, to make little plans as to what he had best to do when he reached La Rocher. The thought clearest in his mind was that he had been foolish to promise to come. A letter would have answered the purpose as well, perhaps better. Then, too, he was weary after his long, close service in the army hospital, and this trip to La Vendée was cutting in two his week's leave of absence.

It was nearly three o'clock when a turn in the road brought him, unexpectedly, to the edge of the village. He drew rein

* Heart-tene. heart-care or trouble.

and sat for a few minutes looking about him. There was but one street, narrow and winding. In the shade of a tree some children were at play. An old woman sat at her door, knitting. Near by, a young woman stood with a baby in her arms. Here and there a feeble man could be seen busy in one of the shops or lounging outside, poring over a newspaper. A few chickens scampered about; a few dogs dozed in the sun. The houses, small and unpretentious, but substantial, were grouped about a Gothic church, centuries old, the pride, the joy, the love of the people generation after generation. The storms of five hundred years had beaten against its walls, the armies of the Revolution had scarred them, but both had failed to mar its tranquil beauty.

Having singled out as the *curé's* the house closest to the church, Dr. Dumourier was making his way towards it when a man hailed him,—a white-faced man on crutches, with one sleeve empty below the elbow.

"Anything new down there?" he asked eagerly, jerking his head in the direction where, weary month after weary month, the awful struggle lasted. He was pausing from the effort it had cost him to try to reach the doctor's side.

Dr. Dumourier looked compassionately at him and shook his head.

"The same old story. You know what that means," he said, and his voice was tired and sad. Then, a little more briskly, he asked: "Is that the *curé's* house beside the church?"

"Yes, but the *curé* is not here. He left this morning for Angers."

"The *curé* is not here?" Dr. Dumourier asked in dismay.

Several children, shy but friendly, had crowded close to his horse, and one explained, with a little air of importance: "He's going to stay for three days. He told us so."

"He's going to stay till Saturday," a tiny girl chimed in. "We go to confession on Saturday."

Smiling, Dr. Dumourier patted their dark little heads, but almost instantly was serious again.

"I took it for granted that I should find him at home. I hardly know what to do," he said to the man, who explained again.

"He was never away before. His nephew was killed at Rheims, and he has gone to comfort his sister."

A woman, standing by, overheard all that was said, and with an anxious heart's quick intuition guessed what was the doctor's errand in the village. Brushing aside the children, she laid a trembling hand upon his knee.

"It is sad news for one of us!" she said. She did not ask: she knew.

Dr. Dumourier's voice was husky as he replied: "Yes, sad news for—where does Mère Beauvais live?"

The look of horror on the woman's face lightened, though she cried compassionately:

"Poor Mère Beauvais! Poor old soul! Is Philippe—is he wounded—or dead?"

"Dead!" Dr. Dumourier replied tersely. By this time twenty or twenty-five people had gathered about him, and they burst into a chorus of sorrowful exclamation. "Poor mother!" "And Philippe was so good to her—so good to everyone!" "He was all she had. What will become of her?" The news was a grief to each one. All were friends in the village, where, year after year, they lived almost as one family, and far from the rest of the world. It was the greater grief, because every heart ached with a loss yet new, or lived in terror of what another hour might bring. There were tears on more than one cheek and one old woman was sobbing.

"And you came to tell Mère Beauvais!" exclaimed the crippled man who had first spoken to him. He was marvelling at the doctor's courage.

"I promised to come,—I promised on the spur of the moment; and afterward—I hoped the *curé* would help me."

"That's where Mère Beauvais lives," one of the children told him, pointing to a very small house at the end of the street.

"Look at the garden beside it!" some one else said. "See how well it looks! She is old and not strong now; but she has worked in it, a little while at a time, every day this summer. Philippe was proud of his vegetables; he always sold them for a good price in the market-place at Cholet; and his mother wanted all to be nice when he came home. This—it will break her heart! He was all she had."

The doctor looked at Mère Beauvais' little house and wondered how he could—if he could go there.

"When did it happen?" one of the women asked.

"Three days ago," he told her.

"I was talking to his mother this morning. She was anxious because she had had no letter for a week. She expected one yesterday, and it did not come; and this morning she was disappointed again—of course."

"He was good to her, so gentle, so kind! She will be lonely now," a little old woman said, wiping tears from her eyes. Dr. Dumourier noticed that she wore a bit of black pinned on her white coif.

"Did you know him, sir?" the crippled man asked; adding: "He and I were in the same company—before I got hurt."

"No, I did not know him. I am a surgeon—off on a week's leave just now. I saw Philippe Beauvais for a minute at the last, but there was nothing any one could do. The chaplain could not get away, and he was loath to write it all to Mère Beauvais, so I promised to come."

"Oh, Philippe had a priest! How good God is!" some one cried; and every face brightened except the doctor's. His task was hard indeed.

"So you never knew Philippe!" an old man said pityingly. "A fine lad, and all his mother had. There was once another son,—a younger son. Jean was his name,—not grave and gentle and kind like Philippe, but everyone in La Rocher loved him.

He was gay, always laughing; he was big and handsome and strong. But, ah! he was wild,—a little wild; and years ago he got tired of church, and then he got tired of our village and our little farms and our quiet hills, and he went away to the city, and never came back again, or wrote, or sent any message."

"That it was broke Mère Beauvais' heart! Philippe's death won't hurt like that," one woman said; and she knew whereof she spoke.

Dr. Dumourier glanced at his watch. He had arranged to get back to Cholet by six o'clock, and found that he had not a minute more to dally.

"I must go and tell her at once, unless one of you—" He looked pleadingly at those about him, but all shrank back. "I had hoped the *curé*—" he began, but they interrupted him with the encouragement,

"But he had a priest!"

"Yes, and he died a hero!" said Dr. Dumourier, solemnly.

"A true Vendean!" one of the men exclaimed with pride; but the women's eyes filled with tears.

Dr. Dumourier had the simple faith of a child, but it was not often that he allowed it to be seen. Accustomed to live with unbelievers, he was wont shyly to enclose it within his heart as something too sacred to be flaunted; but among a people so Catholic, it was natural for him to suggest:

"Go into the church, will you not, one and all, and pray for Mère Beauvais—and for me? I must go at once to tell her, God helping me!"

Women, old men, rosy boys and girls promptly trooped into the church, and, heavy hearted, Dr. Dumourier went towards Mère Beauvais' house. He knocked twice at her door before she heard him, while he waited looking sadly at the garden, so pathetic in the care it showed. She came at last, and he stood face to face with an old woman, once tall but bent by age and hardship, with

a face heavily lined, strong of feature, but tender as only mothers' faces ever are. Her hands, he saw, were stained and hardened by toil, her clothing neat but of the poorest.

Seeing him, Mère Beauvais grew white. She tried to speak, but at first no words came; she trembled from head to foot. Every other woman in La Rocher, finding a stranger at her door in those sad days, would have trembled, too.

"You have news for me!" she whispered, controlling herself quickly. "You have news of Philippe!"

Dr. Dumourier could say nothing; he could only nod his head. Not daring to look again into her face, he followed her into the house, placed the armchair for her, and sat on a small chair near it. Though he did not look at her but into the fireless hearth, he knew that she covered her face with her hands and he heard her sobs. Soon she was quiet again; and, venturing to glance at her, he said with infinite gentleness:

"Shall I tell you now?"

"Tell me all!" she whispered. She let one hand fall into her lap, but shielded her face with the other.

"It was near Arras," Dr. Dumourier said. "An assault had been made at the spot two days before by another company. It had failed. The second was failing, too, and the men were ordered back. As they came, a sergeant, big and strong and brave, saw a poor fellow lying in a ditch, wounded and bleeding and covered with mud. He had lain there for two days. And the sergeant—he was Philippe, Mère Beauvais,—the sergeant went to him, though shells were falling all around. The stranger was dying and he begged—*begged*—for a priest. He had not been to confession for years, he said; he could not die so. And Philippe lifted him to his back and struggled on with his burden. He knew there was a priest in the rear with our hospital corps. Then!—a shell came. It burst near them, and—and Philippe was wounded."

Dr. Dumourier saw the lean old hand on her lap clench tightly and he paused; at once she looked at him.

"Go on!" she said. "And Philippe was wounded, and then—"

"Philippe was a hero, Mère Beauvais. There was a soul to be saved. He could not walk, but he could crawl; and crawl he did, on hands and bleeding knees, with the stranger still on his back. He crept on all the way to the hospital tent. There our eager hands quickly eased him of his burden, and he had hardly gasped the Abbé Dumont's name before we called him. The Abbé knelt beside Philippe. 'Make your confession at once, my son,' he said. 'You have no time to lose.' But, smiling a little, weak and bleeding as he was, Philippe said: 'No, no, *mon Père*—the other fellow first! I went to confession yesterday—he long ago.' So the priest heard the stranger first, then Philippe. And Philippe sent you—all his love and—and—"

Again Mère Beauvais put both hands before her quivering face. The doctor hurried on:

"After five or ten minutes, when all was over, and Philippe was at rest, the chaplain went back to the first man. He was dying fast from wounds and exposure. The Abbé Dumont asked if he wished to send messages to any one, and he said, yes, to *his mother*, to tell her that he had made his peace with God, and to beg her to forgive him. And, Mère Beauvais, it—it was to you that he, too, sent his message. You see, Philippe saved a soul, and the man was his brother."

Mère Beauvais did not grasp it all at once. Dr. Dumourier watched her, fearful that her old and weary heart could not stand the strain of such grief. When at last she did understand, raising her arms towards Heaven, she said—and the doctor never forgot the tone of her voice or the triumphant smile upon her face—she said:

"Thanks be to God, Jean is safe! O good Jesus!"

A Little Light on a Large Subject.

THERE is a complaint among sectarian clergymen of all denominations of a falling off in church attendance, and they declare they don't know how to account for it. Some assert that there is quite as much religion of the zealous, self-sacrificing sort as there was thirty years ago: a deep interest in religious questions, a general demand for Bibles and the literature that used to be classed as "divinity." But—the sad fact remains that people can't be induced to attend church unless a revival is going on.

One prominent preacher has expressed a desire to have light on the subject from any source. He insists that appearances are deceitful; that people may talk a great deal about religion and yet have little or no personal interest in it; and he maintains that if the present generation of Americans were as religious as they are supposed to be, they would attend church better than they do.

Ministers of the Gospel are generally credited with goodness, but they do not, as a class, enjoy a reputation for good sense. It is astonishing how unwise these pious men sometimes prove themselves to be. They complain of empty pews, and yet they themselves are the cause of it. It is true that many persons have no real use for religion, and, seemingly, no belief in a hereafter. But it is also true that grace is superabundant—like water and air and sunshine. And preachers ought to remember that grace is oftentimes wondrously swift in its action. Like St. Paul's jailer—who was ready to commit suicide one minute and was on his knees the next, crying, "What must I do that I may be saved?"—countless persons who are entirely taken up with worldly affairs for six days of the week are sometimes eager to hear the Gospel preached in all its sternness when the seventh comes round. But, instead of taking advantage of these good dispositions, and reminding their flocks of the hereafter, and the

judgment that awaits them, too many ministers discourse on secular subjects, thus emptying the pews which they complain are not full.

A non-Catholic gentleman of our acquaintance once sent us a clipping from one of the Chicago papers of Monday having this headline in bold type: "Five Leading Pastors on Foremost News Topics of the Day." Dr. Jackson talked on politics, the Rev. Mr. Salter discoursed on strikes, Brother Lazenby expounded his views on the war, etc. Not one of these pious men preached on the Gospel or gave out what the Scotch call a "comfortable Scripture." The audiences hungered for bread, and the speakers reached them a stone.

As a rule pulpit discourses that are entirely appropriate are entirely too long. The preacher who aims at exhausting his subject is sure to exhaust his hearers. There is no bore like a long-winded preacher. His auditors are at his mercy. To get away they can not, to sleep they are ashamed. Instead of exercising patience, as they should, they are apt to execrate the preacher, as they should not.

The wonder is not that so many Protestant persons seldom go to church, but that they go to church at all.

The American Ambulance Hospital of Paris.—A Vindication.

SOME weeks ago, on the authority of a Catholic nurse who claimed to know the American Ambulance Hospital at Neuilly-sur-Seine from the inside, we animadverted on the anti-Catholic spirit in which it was said to be conducted, quoting statements made by the nurse to this effect. It is gratifying to have the assurance of the Abbé Klein, the distinguished and much beloved chaplain of the Hospital, that no such spirit prevails there. In a letter dated Jan. 7, but received too late for publication last week, he writes:

I have read with an even greater interest than usual the number of December 11 of THE AVE MARIA, which contained two articles on our American Ambulance. The first (p. 743) by one of your collaborators, M. Barry O'Delany, is full of interesting and perfectly correct details. The Ambulance Committee, as well as I myself, thank you most sincerely for having published this article. The second, on the other hand (p. 759), gives a very false idea of our Hospital in stigmatizing it as a "very anti-Catholic spot," where "one by one they got rid of every influential Catholic connected with it."

Permit me, dear Father Hudson, to correct in the minds of your readers a statement which is so entirely contrary to the truth and so unjust, and which, at the same time, is so capable of injuring the sacred cause of our suffering wounded. As I joined the American Ambulance as chaplain at the very beginning, I may reasonably be considered in a position to appreciate the attitude of the institution towards religion. The slightest obstacle has never been raised to my ministrations to the wounded, the sick or the dying. Night and day I have the freest access to our patients; and I visit all of the fifty wards, on an average, every two days, and more frequently those wards in which dangerously wounded men are under treatment. Doctors, nurses, orderlies—in fact, everyone has always welcomed me, and many have even become my personal friends. The personnel are appointed without in any case considering what may be their religious faith, and, in the large majority of cases, the Executive Committee do not know whether they are Protestant or Catholic.

In so far as concerns religious service, whilst it is true that the great increase in the number of wounded has led the Committee to assign a part of the chapel for surgical work, there is nothing surprising in this during war time; and the chapel, which is the largest room in the building, remains quite open for the service of Mass, which is celebrated every morning.

But, in truth, I do not believe it is necessary to give further and more detailed explanations, and no one should believe that our Ambulance is a "very anti-Catholic spot", when the contrary is stated by a priest who has lived there since the very beginning, and who has always enjoyed the most perfect and complete liberty of action.

It is a pleasure to publish this vindication of the American Ambulance Hospital at Neuilly, and we are sincerely grateful to its devoted chaplain for setting us right in regard to it.

A Missionary's Thanks.

SOMETHING of a novelty in the matter of expressing gratitude appears in a letter from Father Rossillou, a missionary of twenty years' service in the diocese of Vizagapatam, British India. The letter is published in *Les Missions Catholiques*, and its concluding paragraphs are addressed to such readers of that interesting weekly as have assisted the missionary's good works. We translate:

"With my best wishes for the New Year, what gifts shall I proffer you? The beggar whom a Bengali poet introduces in a famous ballad gives me an idea. 'A poor beggar,' runs the ballad, 'I had left my wretched dwelling in order to go with outstretched hand from door to door, when, like a marvellous dream, a golden car appeared in the distance, and I asked myself what king of kings was approaching. My heart full of hope, I foresaw the end of my days of ill-fortune. Without my asking them, thought I, such generous alms will be showered on me that gold will fall around me like rain. When it drew near me, the car stopped. Its occupant got out of it with a smile. I felt that at last the hour of my good fortune had arrived. But suddenly the stranger stretched out his hand towards me, saying: 'What are you going to give me?' Alas! what royal act was this—to beg alms of a beggar? In my confusion I hesitated a brief moment; then slowly from my knapsack I drew a little grain of corn, which I gave him. Now, that evening, when I emptied my knapsack on the floor of my chamber, what was not my surprise to find among my provisions a little nugget of gold! Full of regret, I wept bitterly for not having had the generosity to give him all I possessed.'

"The beggar—'tis I. His knapsack is my heart. The little nugget of gold is all that it holds: sacrifices, 'mementos,' and prayers. And 'tis this nugget, dear friends of the mission, I offer you as my New Year's gift. Deign to accept it."

Notes and Remarks.

The glaring improbability of any speedy dawn of a day of universal peace detracts nothing from the force or the appositeness of the following passage from an address recently delivered by Senator Sheppard, nor is its interest lessened by the circumstance that the address was given in a Methodist church in New York:

It has remained for two of the lesser nations of the earth to give mankind the most beautiful example of all time. In 1900 the adjoining republics of Chile and Argentina were on the brink of war. In the endeavor to calm the passions of the hour, Bishop Benavente, of Argentina, in a memorable appeal on Easter Sunday, pointed the angry peoples to the example of the Galilean, and urged the erection of a statue of Christ on the frontier uniting the two countries. The appeal was not in vain. Both countries joined in the erection of a colossal statue of Christ on the loftiest summit of the mutual boundary line that traverses the crest of the Andes. The statue was made of bronze and melted cannon. Inspiring thought! God hasten the breaking of the day when, on the boundary line of every nation of the globe, a similar figure shall lift its warning finger to teach eternal love, unchanging brotherhood, and everlasting peace!

If that day ever does break, it will be because the world-peoples will hearken to the White Shepherd of Christendom, even as the South Americans did to his representative, Bishop Benavente. More's the pity that they still turn a deaf ear to his repeated exhortations!

The term, a "saintly life," seems to have literal application to a life which closed in January this year,—that of Cæsar Pesci, member of St. Vincent Ferrer's parish, New York city. A scholar of distinction, the scion of a noble family, he was above all things else a man of God. To live out that relation was his only aim in the hurly-burly existence of this material world. And he succeeded to an eminent, almost an heroic degree. Prayer was the chief instrument of this success. Outside the duties of his pro-

fessorship, and three hours allotted to sleep in a chair, he gave his entire day and night to communing with God. Beginning his day in the church with Holy Communion and as many Masses as he could attend, there, too, he closed it, as his director relates: "Every evening, after his frugal repast, he accompanied his wife to St. Vincent Ferrer's Church, and there they remained unfailingly, every night of the year, until the church doors were closed. Saying good-night to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, however, did not mean that converse with Him was ended for the day. The writer, whose privilege it was to direct this chosen soul, exacted a promise from him less than two hours before his death that he would stop all prayers at midnight! To us, with our modern-day hurry and crowding in of duties that exclude the Lord, it seems almost incredible that there was one amongst us with perfectly balanced mind, praying practically from 7 o'clock in the evening until 2 or 2.30 in the morning! And these were not occasional practices, but daily habits covering many years."

Besides prayer, there were austerities and charities that rounded out a life of selfless service,—one that truly approached the perfect stature of Christ. May his rest be with the saints!

In the course of a suggestive article on "Prayers for Children" contributed to the *Downside Review* by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Butt we find a plea for rhymed prayers, the value of which, to our mind, is too little appreciated. "Children delight in rhymes," says the Bishop; "and most of the modern prayer-books now and then 'drop into poetry,' which necessarily means taking trouble. But it must be borne in mind that, while children's prayers in prose entail much labor if they are to be successful, verse requires still more. The pitfalls are more numerous. It is necessary to be as straightforward and definite as 'Jack and Jill.' Inversions

which confuse the child, sentiment which leaves him cold, allusions to which he has not the key, and (it may be added) inanities which for some obscure reason are supposed to be in place in hymns for grown-up people, must all be rigidly excluded. Even when this has been done, the use of some word in an unaccustomed sense may be found to have spoiled the whole thing."

The trouble of composing suitable rhymed prayers for the use of our children is so well worth while that we hope no one with the talent for verse-writing and an understanding of the child mind will be deterred by difficulties which ordinary painstaking and perseverance would soon overcome.

An upheaval like the French Commune, rather than an invasion by a foreign foe, is the menace of the United States. The seeds of revolution are being sown on all sides, and in due time will inevitably produce such harvest as they have yielded elsewhere. Unequal tax burdens, rapid absorption and centralization of wealth, class distinction, non-enforcement of laws, leniency towards criminals, envy of those who are powerful, contempt and oppression of those who are not, extravagance on the part of the rich, improvidence on the part of the poor,—these and other degenerating and disintegrating influences are in operation among us, to an extent of which few seem to have any realization. According to the editor of the *Lexington (Ky.) Herald*, "we have already degenerated into a nation of weaklings. Money-changers and traffickers have supplanted the pioneer and home-builder. These are not idle words; they are not extravagant expressions. Between the extremes of poverty and riches that exist in our centers of population there is going to be a day of reckoning. Either to foes without or foes within we must pay the toll. Just as certain as seedtime produces harvest, just that certain does wrong produce retribution. Nothing short of a

miracle of grace can save this nation from the throes through which Europe is passing to-day, if we do not change our course and bend our energies towards something higher and more ennobling than the mere acquisition of wealth. We refuse to make preparation for the moment of supreme trial, which will as certainly come as night follows day. . . . Meantime the toll we must some day pay grows larger and larger."

No, these are not idle words or extravagant expressions. The influential men of the nation should ponder them, and exert themselves to remedy evils which unquestionably caused the French Commune.

A recent bulletin of the Catholic Theatre Movement affirms: "In a most subtle manner, and under many guises, indecency upon the stage is exploited and made profitable. There are those who steal the livery of heaven in which to serve the devil, and with specious pretexts put forth a propaganda in behalf of doctrines subversive of morality and religion. So insidiously are such positions assumed, with attractive shibboleths like 'art for art's sake,' that Christians of intellect and position are often deceived."

The immediate application of these affirmations is to a certain importation of abandoned talent, which for unmitigated degeneracy would seem to put even paganism to the blush. If Catholics are so weak-minded or weak-kneed as to be led by the advertiser's subtle scheming, or the "everybody-goes" argument, to attend these orgies of "artistic" profligacy, it is hard to see how they can escape spiritual ruin.

Systematic order and method are businesslike qualities which are perhaps not so common among professional persons generally, or clergymen in particular, as are slipshod irregularity and more or less chaotic topsy-turviness. The directors of the Vicariate Apostolic of Western Che Kiang (China) are, however, as

systematic as the most precise of business men. In proof thereof we have before us, on a single typewritten page of foolscap, a thoroughly adequate and comprehensive statement of the material and spiritual condition of the Vicariate during 1915; and, for comparative purposes, that of 1914 as well. Such outstanding features as may be of interest to our readers can be briefly summarized. The Catholics in the Vicariate number some 16,000 among a pagan population of 9,000,000. They are attended by twenty-nine priests,—twenty of them Lazarist Fathers, the others belonging to the parochial clergy. Forty-two Sisters, of three different communities, give their services to schools, hospitals, and orphan asylums. There is one seminary with six students, and two preparatory seminaries with an attendance of forty-four. Baptisms during 1915 numbered 2700, and during the same year 226 persons were confirmed, and 136 couples were married. Throughout the Vicariate there are scattered six large churches, ninety oratories, and ninety-eight chapels. The Catholic population shows an increase in 1915 of 1000 over that of the preceding year.

In chronicling a few weeks ago the passing of a French Captain of Industry, M. Léon Harmel, we took occasion to applaud his solution of the vexed question of Capital and Labor. It is gratifying to know that in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in our own country, there is a town, Beverly, where the same vexed question seems to be working itself out with much the same success. To the officials of the United Shoe Machinery Co. Governor Walsh (as reported in the *National Magazine*) recently said:

No man can rise one inch without being subject to abuse. No great industrial organization can rise one inch without being subject to abuse. You must expect it. But bring these men to your plant; show them the conditions here; show them your payroll; show them the clean, intelligent men and women; and that is the answer to all abuse that comes to your

corporation. No man who has the ability to rise can be freed from the criticism of his fellow-man; and you, my friends, who know as well as I the frailty of the whole human family, know that the successful man is always a mark for calumny. But what care you!

The consciousness that you have protected your employees and stockholders, as has been done nowhere else better, must be your reward. May the strength, vitality and energy of you older men, who organized this great concern, descend, with your ideals unimpaired, to the younger men who are to succeed you! And so I have no criticism but words of praise, because, as I say, I wish that all Massachusetts could see what its Governor has seen here to-day—clean human beings working in contentment. You have reasons to be proud; and if the State temporarily appears not to note what you have done, the consciousness that you have done well, that you are doing your best, which, sadly enough, is lacking too often, is immediately visible on the faces and in the surroundings of your workers; and that must be your solace.

In such intelligent action as is visualized at Beverly, and not in any fantastic Socialistic community, will be found the genuine, the Christian solution of the many-sided Labor question.

Dr. James J. Walsh set himself a congenial task in the discussion of "Invention and Progress" in a recent issue of *America*. The saying of the late Bishop Hedley that every material advance may be made at the cost of some spiritual gain is suggested by Dr. Walsh's exposition of his subject. For example, discussing time-saving devices, he writes:

Literally the drudgery and imprisonment of mankind has been increased by our industrial era of which we are so proud. Men and women worked hard before, but worked, as a rule almost without exception, outside in the free air of heaven, amidst reasonably healthy surroundings; they slept well (not in the slums created by factory conditions), and fed on simple things abundantly, and were much better off than our manufacturing populations. We are improving these sad conditions, but not nearly so much as a great many people think. Occasionally when I talk of the lack of progress of mankind, men say to me that if there was nothing else but the amount of time we are saving by our fast express trains, our telegraph,

our telephone, and, above all, by all our industrial system, that alone would represent a very great improvement and real progress and definite advance among mankind. One of the telegraph companies announced, not very long ago, that the telegraph alone had probably saved men thousands of years of time.

To this argument and question there is just one response, which is very telling, it seems to me, and that consists in taking the Irishman's privilege of answering a question by asking another. I ask, then: Do you know any one that has any time? We are saving so much time! Where is it all? Everyone that I know is on a rush, not only without any time to spare, but not even to do things that he thinks absolutely necessary to do. Above all, no one in the cities has any time. I may confess that I do know a very few people who have some time. They live far away from the telegraph office or a telephone, and miles away from an express train or a trolley service—out in the country,—and they have some time.

The rest of us are veritable Marthas, alas! seldom with her motives for industry; and we fuss and potter from one trifle to another, and all the while the great clock of Time strikes on, and will soon strike for us no more. It is a thought to give us pause.

We are indebted to the *Liguorian* for as apposite an anecdote with which to point a moral as could well be desired. Here is the story:

In the early days when the Mississippi was the great freight and passenger thoroughfare of the central United States, a weatherbeaten old sailor applied for the position of pilot on one of the finest steamships.

"Do you know where the shoals and sandbanks are?" inquired the captain.

"No, sir, I don't," replied the tar.

"Then how can you dare," shouted the captain, with a burst of profanity,—“how can you dare to offer yourself to pilot a boatload of passengers?"

"Well, cap'n," said the man, quite unperturbed, "when you asked if I know where the shoals and sandbanks are, I said, No. But, cap'n, I know where they ain't, and that's where I intend to do my steering."

As for the moral, it clearly is that a knowledge of the shoals and sandbanks of life—knowledge acquired by reading dangerous books, frequenting promiscuously

patronized dances, attending dangerous theatres, accompanying slumming parties, and so forth—is quite unnecessary to Catholic youths or maidens. These young people, supposing them fairly well instructed in their Catechism, know quite well where life's shoals and sandbanks "ain't," and should be cautioned to steer their course only in safe channels.

The robust sanity which its habitual readers have learned to look for in the editorial utterances of the *Antigonish Casket* is conspicuously evident in its recent discussion of the European war and journalistic comment thereon. Elementary principles of genuine morality, and of Christian dogma as well, have apparently been forgotten by a good many of the writers and speakers who have delivered themselves on the stupendous conflict going on in Europe; and it is well to have the common-sense of some phases of the subject set forth in the fashion of this paragraph from our Nova Scotia contemporary:

God is not bound to cause the just to prosper. He has permitted the unjust cause to prosper a thousand times, so far as human triumph goes. . . . He has permitted the best of men to be enslaved by the worst. The absence of fundamental Christian knowledge among many of the ablest journalists of the day is a much more serious matter for them than a German bullet or a British bayonet. Death is not the great moral evil. The great moral evil is sin. Let us clear away some of the fog from before our eyes. Thousands of the Russians, Austrians, Germans, Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen, Frenchmen and Belgians who have died in this war will meet in the presence of the only King who can do no wrong, and with Him will live forever in the kingdom where there will be perpetual peace.

The passing of the English compulsory Enlistment Bill gives timeliness to a declaration recently made by the editor of the *London Catholic Times*, to the effect that conscription of men might very equitably be followed by conscription of wealth. "We could wish for nothing better," says the *Times*, "than to see the

Liberal press proclaim that if the Government come to a poor man and order him to sacrifice life or limb in the service of the country in which he was born, they should go also to the rich man and order him to sacrifice lands and money in the service of the country in which he enjoyed his wealth. And if our Government will seize the wealth of the rich to pay for this war, they will bring about the end of war and establish permanent peace. Wars are caused by the rich and fought by the poor. Shove all the autocrats into the trenches where the shells fall, give them the glory of death and wounds, afford them the pleasure of seeing their lands taken and their stocks sold to pay for the war,—in a word, let wars be fought by the rich and paid for by them, and there will be no more wars. Conscript money equally with men, and rulers and diplomats will shriek against the very thought of war and weep for peace."

The project of wealth-conscription has already been made the subject of an inquiry in the House of Commons, and it may well happen that it will again force itself to the front of national attention. In the meanwhile the man in the street is likely to declare that the foregoing editorial is "good horse sense."

The number of women engaged in making implements of warfare, especially shells, and the fact that many factories are kept going day and night, Sundays included, deepens one's impression of the frightfulness of the international conflict now in progress, and seemingly far from cessation. In one establishment of the Allies covering several acres, which were green fields not many months ago, hundreds of women and young girls are employed. The work is particularly dangerous; but the toilers are animated by the spirit of the trenches, and feel that they are helping in the war,—that every shell they turn out is a shot at the enemy. Meantime is heard the unceasing demand: "Munitions,—more munitions!"

Notable New Books.

The "Summa Theologica" of St. Thomas Aquinas. Part II. (First Part.) Literally Translated by the Fathers of the English Dominican Province. Third Number (QQ. XC—CXIV). Benziger Brothers.

To many readers the present volume of this invaluable work will probably prove one of the most interesting of all, containing as it does the treatise on law complete: (a) In General: Of the Essence of Law; Of the Various Kinds of Law; Of the Effects of Law; and (b) In Particular: Of the Eternal Law; Of the Natural Law; Of Human Law; Of the Power of Human Law; Of Change in Laws; Of the Old Law; Of the Precepts of the Old Law; Of the Moral Precepts of the Old Law; Of the Ceremonial Precepts in Themselves; Of the Causes of the Ceremonial Precepts; Of the Duration of the Ceremonial Precepts; Of the Judicial Precepts; Of the Reason for the Judicial Precepts; Of the Law of the Gospel, Called the New Law, Considered in Itself; Of the New Law as Compared with the Old; Of those Things that are Contained in the New Law.

Any reference to the value of the doctrine of St. Thomas Aquinas or to its authority in the Church is altogether needless. Nor need we repeat what we have already said in praise of the skill and care with which the English Dominicans are performing a task the difficulty of which is considerable, and the importance of which it would be hard to exaggerate.

Life of the Rev. Charles Nerincks, Pioneer Missionary of Kentucky and Founder of the Sisters of Loretto at the Foot of the Cross. By the Rev. W. J. Howlett. Mission Press S. V. D., Techy, Ill.

This deeply interesting biography would be well worth while did it only exonerate its saintly subject from the charge of Jansenism. The accusation has been made so repeatedly that one rejoices all the more over its triumphant refutation. No doubt Father Nerincks was what would now be termed "rigidly orthodox," and, like his less lovable contemporaries, Badin and Gallitzin, a strict disciplinarian; but his writings and the testimony of those who knew him best prove that his spirit was rather that of St. Francis de Sales than Jansenius. If not a saint, he was unquestionably a very holy priest and a most zealous, self-sacrificing missionary. Father Howlett not only presents a pen-picture which impresses one as being true to life, but sets forth a considerable amount of information no less edifying than interesting,

much of which was inaccessible to the authors whom he quotes, and doubtless would have remained hidden had it not been for his patient and persevering research. Not a few of the books consulted by him are now out of print, and comparatively unknown to the present generation of readers.

The value of this volume is enhanced by a number of illustrations, of which, however, there is no list. Some typographical errors should be corrected in the next edition; and when it is demanded we hope the author will decide to supply a bibliography. A work of such historical value as this should be complete in every detail. No price is stated.

The Student's Handbook to the Study of the New Testament. Translated from the Thirteenth French Edition of Augustus Brassac, S. S., by Joseph L. Weidenhan, S. T. L. With Seventy-four Illustrations and a Map. B. Herder.

In the translator's foreword to this well-printed and stoutly-bound octavo of six hundred pages, the statement is made that "we possess, in the whole realm of English Catholic literature, no reliable and scholarly Introduction to the New Testament." Irrespective of the accuracy or inexactness of this assertion, such of our clerical readers as are familiar with Father Brassac's erudite and well-balanced work, "*Les Evangiles*," will rejoice to see it placed at the disposal of those who are unfamiliar with French. The task (no easy one) of the translator has been done exceptionally well. The few changes made here and there are inconsiderable, and in no case affect the substance of the original. Incorporating some of Father Brassac's footnotes in the text, and relegating some portions of his text to the footnotes, will be found the most notable of such changes, if we except the revision of the bibliographical list, undertaken with the laudable view of furnishing the reader with a conspectus of the best English authorities.

The scheme of the work comprises a General Introduction to the New Testament, the Gospels (Part I.), and Jesus in the Gospels (Part II.). Besides a chapter on each of the four Gospel narratives, Part I. contains three further chapters: The Mutual Relation of the Synoptics or the Synoptic Problem, The Historical Value of the Synoptics, and The Relation of the Synoptic Gospels to the Fourth Gospel. Part II. consists of three Books, treating of The Life of Jesus Christ, The Supernatural Works of Jesus Christ, and The Teaching of Jesus. A chapter preliminary to this second part deals with Palestine in the time of Our Lord (its geography, political and religious situation), and the chronology of

our Saviour's Life. The *Commissio Pontificia de Re Biblica* with which the work concludes is dated June 26, 1912. The seventy-four illustrations are varied and excellent, the table of contents and index are satisfactory; and the work bears the *imprimatur* of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Freiburg.

The Life of Father de Smet, S. J. (1801-1873.)

By E. Laveille, S. J. Authorized Translation by Marian Lindsay. Introduction by Charles Coppens, S. J. P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

This handsome octavo of 422 pages makes an appropriate typographical setting for as entertaining a biography as has come to our table in years. The one regret indeed which remains with us after our perusal of the work is that the story's typographical dress is too handsome—or, what comes to the same thing, its price is too high—to permit of its being as widely circulated as is desirable. Let us say at once that we trust the publishers will see their way, later on, to the issuing of a popular, cheap edition of so interesting and valuable a work.

As for the biography itself, it contains a surprise on its very title-page,—in its dates, 1801-1873. So swift is the lapse of decades in this country, and so phenomenally rapid the transition from pioneer conditions to the facilities and comforts, not to say the luxuries, of long-settled communities, that the ordinary reader is inclined to think of Father de Smet as of a missionary who lived and labored about a hundred and fifty or two hundred years ago; and can hardly realize that his life-work terminated less than five decades back. A multiplicity of stirring events in a new country furnishes a perspective which an old one gets from the years alone; and so this Jesuit missionary of the Middle West, this Apostle of the Rocky Mountains, who died only forty-three years ago, impresses the popular imagination as a hero of the sixteenth or seventeenth century rather than a zealous worker of the middle nineteenth.

Born in the old Flemish town of Termonde in 1801, Peter de Smet spent the first two decades of his stirring life in his native land. As a boy and young man, he was noted rather for his strength, activity, and love of outdoor sports than for any particular fondness for study. His sister Rosalie, four years his senior, wrote, in later years, of his boyhood days: "He was a sort of Hercules, the terror of his class,—high-spirited, a fighter, and always in trouble"; and no doubt there were not wanting prophets to predict that the boy would surely come to a bad end. The nickname Samson given to him by his companions seems to have been appropriate enough, if we judge from his act

when asked by a friend for a souvenir as he was leaving home for America. "He took a copper coin from his pocket, bit it in two, and gave one of the halves to his friend."

On reaching the United States, young De Smet entered the Jesuit novitiate, first at Whitmarsh, near Georgetown, and then at Florissant, Missouri. Ordained priest in 1827, he at once entered upon an active educational and missionary career, which continued almost unabated for the following four decades and a half. The story of these decades as told in this volume unites the charm of a good novel with the intellectual pleasure derived from reliable history. And of thoroughly reliable history of many Catholic activities in the Middle West and on the Pacific Coast, more especially as regards Indian missions, the volume is full. Through it all the figure of the hero-sized Black Robe, the young Samson of Termonde, moves vigorously and undauntedly, a tower of strength to the Red Men, and an inspiration to all loyal Catholic hearts who knew him then or who read about him now.

It should be added that the volume contains half a dozen good illustrations, and that it is provided with an excellent table of contents as well as an adequate index.

Poetical Works of Lionel Johnson. The Macmillan Co.

The publication of the complete Poetical Works of Lionel Johnson means that criticism is but fairly beginning to be concerned with the achievements of this high genius. He has had no boom. If devoted friends were his who knew the value of his poetic legacy, they were not hucksters who filled the market-place with crying of his wares. And it is well. The world will not willingly let die such beauty and such truth as this poet revealed; and now, fourteen years after his noiseless death, he achieves an edition in which even his most fugitive pieces are preserved. Time begins to be just to him.

The contents of two volumes published during the poet's life, with what additional poems were later contributed to the magazines, make the measure of this book. There is no Introduction or memoir; there are no notes. Only two boyish portraits help to interpret these lines. We like it so, and the more as we have been given to understand that the English edition—for which the firm of Elkin Mathews is responsible—advances a memoir which has no demonstrable right to be. The Macmillan Co. are to be commended for this virtue of omission.

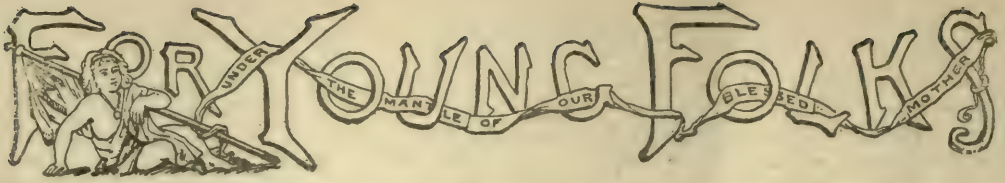
Faith, patriotism, friendship, gave inspiration to the muse of Lionel Johnson. Oddly enough, his patriotism was chiefly for Ireland, not the country of his birth; though he was, first and

last, English, by education, temper, cast of mind, and all. He was not insular English, but universal, by reason of that diviner birth which the great poet owns. And great he assuredly was. Dying young—at thirty-five,—he produced verse that, for quality in its amount, is equal to that of any poet in the language. Citation in proof of this judgment is idle. His whole work stands for proof. He thought highly, felt rightly, wrought finely, in matters of faith, of country, and of friendship. And a certain personal stamp of austere loneliness gives his work a touch of sanctity.

Spiritual Director and Physician. From the French of the Rev. Fr. V. Raymond, O. P. Translated by Dom Aloysius Smith, C. R. L. Benziger Brothers.

The great majority of priests who examine this work with a care at all commensurate with its antecedently estimated importance will probably agree that it is a very valuable contribution to that branch of clerical science known as pastoral medicine. The volume, a substantial duodecimo of some three hundred and fifty pages, discusses the spiritual treatment of sufferers from nerves and scruples. The author, who is chaplain to the Kneipp Institute at Woerishofen (Bavaria), writes from a long experience obtained both by his personal suffering and by his attentive observation of numerous other patients. Apart from experimental grounds, his doctrine is founded on theology, the teaching of saints and masters of the spiritual life, and also on the latest developments of the best medical practice as to such matters.

Part I. treats of Suffering, with sub-sections on neurosis, hysteria, and psychastenia; Part II. deals fairly exhaustively with scruples; and Part III. is concerned with such subjects as the choice of a confessor, submission to the will of God, the danger of discouragement, prayer as a help towards cure, etc., etc. An observation concerning neurosis, or nervous diseases, is worth while reproducing as a hint to those who are happily free from such maladies: "What adds to all these afflictions—at least with a certain number of persons—is the impossibility of conveying to others precisely what they endure. Unless their neighbors have, themselves, gone through the same state, no amount of charity or good-will will enlighten them. . . . There is not, and there never will be, any real appreciation of the sad lot of those suffering from nerve disorders except by those that have experienced them." Accordingly, their relatives and friends may well show more sympathy than in many cases the poor sufferers receive. We cordially recommend this work to all pastors.



A Riddle in Rhyme.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

TWO shining little windows
Within a mansion fair;
The world therein is mirrored,
The world looks out from there.
Behind them sits a painter:
His brush is his delight;
He paints each glowing picture,
Green, purple, crimson, white.
He is a true magician:
Whate'er the earth contains
He flashes on one canvas,
Its frame the window-panes.
And be he sad or joyous,
If you should pass him by,
Straight through the little windows
His mood you may descry.
And when in that fair mansion
The owner goes to rest—
Which should be when the twilight
Drops purple in the west,—
Within that sheltered dwelling
No need has he of light:
The windows close, the curtains drop,—
Sweet sleep has shut them tight.

The Mill that Would Not Turn.

BY RENÉ BAZIN.*

MASTER HAMEAU'S mill turned so fast and so well, both day and night, in all sorts of weather, that everybody wondered, and the miller himself in a short time grew very rich. It stood high up on a hill and was solidly built on a foundation of masonry. And what a fine structure it was, to be sure! Resting on the firm foundation was a single upright beam, turning on a pivot. To this were fastened heavy timbers,

curving upward and serving as a framework for the mill, the roof and the wings.

The timber had been cleared away for miles around; and, as the country was level, this mill could be seen at a great distance. The least breath of wind, strong enough to bend the growing grain, would make its white wings move around; and during a gale they fairly flew. In winter, when the north winds howled, the miller had to take off all the canvas, leaving only the bare sticks of chestnut-wood; and these were sufficient to make the stones turn.

Master Hameau had already earned enough to make him the most important personage in the country around. All the week he was only a miller, white from head to foot; but on Sundays and holidays one would take him for a gentleman of leisure, so fine were his clothes and so easy his bearing.

No one bore him any ill-will for his good fortune. He was honest; but, unfortunately, as he grew older he became a trifle miserly. Riches seemed to harden his heart; he showed himself more exacting toward creditors who did not pay promptly, and less kindly to the poor who had neither horses, carts nor mules, and who brought their bags of grain on their backs.

One day, when a fresh breeze blowing over the fields of yellow stubble made the four canvas wings fly around merrily, the miller and his daughter stood leaning on the windowsill, chatting about the future; and, as always happens, they pictured it more beautiful than the present. The girl was very pretty; and, being spoiled by her parents, she had acquired the habit of judging the world from the height of her mill,—that is to say, from a trifle too lofty a standpoint.

"Jeannette, business is good now."

* Translated for THE AVE MARIA by H. Twitchell.

remarked the miller. "I am sure that I am right in refusing the small lots of grain, which are as much trouble to grind as the large ones, and which bring in so little. I don't want the patronage of poor people any more. Let them go somewhere else. Isn't that so, my daughter?"

Instead of replying, the girl looked down a grass-grown road which ran along the valley until it met a stream, whose course it followed like a green furrow as far as the eye could reach. As she looked she saw a black spot in the distance which gradually moved nearer. Finally she exclaimed:

"There's the Guenol widow coming now! She has her son with her, and they are carrying bags of grain on their backs. She's a fine customer."

The girl laughed so merrily at the thought that the wings of the mill seemed to whirl still faster.

"She's a beggarly gleaner. You shall see what a reception she will get!" answered the miller.

He still stood leaning on the sill, with his head thrust out of the window, when the old woman and her boy began to toil up the slope. They were bent under the weight of their bags of grain. The woman stopped to rest three times before she reached the top of the ascent, and when she at last threw down the bag she gave a sigh of relief.

"I'm so glad our journey is at an end!" she said. Then, looking up and seeing the miller at the window, she called out: "How d'ye do, Master Hameau! I've brought you some fine wheat to grind. There isn't very much of it, but it's prime quality."

"Well, you may carry it right back again," replied the miller. "My mill doesn't turn for a bushel of grain. It needs larger mouthfuls."

"But you ground for me last year."

"Yes, but I won't do it again. Do you understand?"

The poor woman understood so well that she was already weeping, as she

stood looking sadly down at her bag of grain. Could it be possible that they would have to carry it back again? The miller would not be so cruel. He surely must be jesting. She turned around as if to go, saying:

"Come, Jean: Master Hameau is going to take our wheat and give us back some nice white flour."

She took the boy's hand and started down the hill. She had not gone far, however, when the angry miller came out of the door, and, thrusting his hand into the bag, took out great handfuls of grain and threw them after the two.

"There's your wheat! Come back and get it,—unless you want it all thrown after you, you wretched beggars!"

He kept on throwing the wheat down the hill. He was so angry and used so much force that one handful went up as high as the mill, falling upon the roof and rattling down the sides like hail. A grating sound was heard and the wings stopped. The miller did not notice this at once, for he went inside; and the widow sorrowfully took up her partly empty sack.

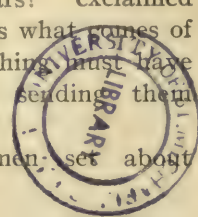
Jeannette still stood at the window, laughing; and the poor old woman and her son were soon out of sight. The miller and his daughter then noticed that the mill no longer turned. The wings fluttered as if they were impatient to start on; but the pivot-beam, upon which all was suspended, resisted the wind.

"I'll put on the canvas," said the miller: "the breeze has died down."

He unrolled the sails which he used when the wind was feeble; then the entire foundation shook; the walls of the mill trembled, and one of the wings snapped off under the violent pressure of the breeze.

"The miserable beggars!" exclaimed Master Hameau. "This is what comes of listening to them! Something must have happened while I was sending them away."

The next day workmen set about



repairing the mill. Master Hameau then spread his canvas, and listened from the interior for the creaking of the timbers which told that the wings were beginning to turn. But he had to gather in his canvas in haste for fear of accident. The long arms bent like bows, but nothing turned.

"These village workmen are clumsy botchers," grumbled the miller. "I'll get some from the city, and then we shall see."

He sent for skilled workmen, who tore down the roof and replaced the four wings, at a great expense to the owner; but still nothing would move.

Meanwhile patrons went elsewhere, and Master Hameau began to have lawsuits on account of failure to keep his promises. Both the miller and his daughter now began to lament.

"I can't understand what has happened," said the girl; "but I believe those Guenfols have something to do with it. We offended them and perhaps they know the reason why the mill doesn't turn."

"If a fine present would make them remove the ill-luck hanging over us, I would willingly give it," replied the miller.

"Go to see them, father, and be very gentle with them; for perhaps our fortune may depend upon them."

Master Hameau always obeyed his daughter even when she was not right, but in this case he did well to listen to her. He started off for the Guenfol cottage, walking along the grassy road which bordered the stream. When he reached the low ground, the air was heavy with dampness; frogs croaked in the marsh, and the odor of the rank vegetation oppressed the miller, who was accustomed to the pure air of the heights.

He soon came in sight of the moss-grown cottage, standing under some trees on the river-bank. Tall weeds grew around it, reaching up to the very roof. The miller saw Jean Guenfol spading in the little garden.

"So that is all the ground they have to keep them alive!" thought he; then he called out: "Halloo, Jean!"

The boy turned around, recognized the miller, and replied without stopping his work:

"What do you want, Master Hameau?"

"My mill has not turned since the day you and your mother came to get your wheat ground, my boy."

"I can't help that."

"Perhaps you can and perhaps you can't. My daughter has taken it into her head that the wings which stopped on seeing your back might start again on seeing your face."

"My mother is dead and there is no one to tend the garden except me, as my grandmother is too old; so I can't go with you."

"If you will come and find out what the trouble is, I will give you enough flour to last all winter," said the miller.

"I haven't time; besides, I am sure that I couldn't find out."

"If you will come and try to do so, I will build you a new house at the foot of my hill, and I will give you one of my fields which is three times as large as yours."

This last promise decided the boy: he threw down his spade and followed the miller. When the two came in sight of the mill, the wings did not turn, as Jeannette had expected. The boy went up the ladder, followed by Master Hameau and his daughter, who, having no other hope, called out entreatingly:

"Look closely, Jean: examine every corner and try to find out the trouble."

The boy peered into every nook and cranny, but saw nothing. He wanted to climb up to the pivot, so the miller bent over and let him stand on his shoulders.

"I can't see anything," said the boy at last; "but I can smell wheat."

At these words the miller was so disturbed that he nearly fell backward. He leaned against the wall, and said:

"Jean, I promise—"

Before he could finish his remark the boy had already thrust his hand into the opening where the beam had once turned so freely upon its pivot. He ran his little finger around the edge of the circle and found some grains of wheat and two or three tiny pebbles, which had fallen there when the miller threw the widow's grist after her with such force. Jean picked them up carefully and immediately the wings began to fly around, making the whole foundation tremble.

There was no more trouble after that. A new house now stands at the foot of the hill; it is surrounded by a field of waving grain; its only shade in summer is furnished by the four wings of Master Hameau's mill.

Killykinick.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

VI.—FATHER MACK.

"GIVE up Saint Andrew's!" repeated Father Mack in a low, startled voice. "You, Dan! Give up! Oh, no, my boy,—no!"

"Aunt Winnie will die if I don't," blurted out Dan, despairingly. "Pete Patterson says so. And I can take her home and give her back her little rooms over Mulligans', and the blue teapot and Tabby, and everything she loves. And Pete says I can work up to be his partner."

"His partner,—his partner! In what?" asked Father Mack, anxiously.

"Meat business," answered Dan. "He's made money, and he's going in for it big,—corning, smoking, sausage, everything. I—I could take care of Aunt Winnie fine."

"Meat business, sausage? I don't think I understand," said Father Mack, in bewilderment. "Sit down here, Dan, and tell me all this over again."

Dan took his seat on a broken slab that had been a gravestone before the old

college cemetery had been condemned and removed beyond the limits of the growing city. It was a very old slab, bearing the Latin title of some Brother or Father who had died fifty years ago. The sunset fell through a gap in the pines that showed the western sky, with its open gates, their pillars of cloud and fire all aglow.

"Tell me slowly, calmly, Dan. My ears are growing dull."

And Dan told his story again, more clearly and less impetuously; while Father Mack listened, his bent head haloed by the setting sun.

"I can't let Aunt Winnie die," concluded Dan. "You see, I have to think of Aunt Winnie, Father."

"Yes, I see,—I see, my boy," was the low answer. "And it is only of Aunt Winnie you are thinking, Dan?"

"Only of Aunt Winnie," replied Dan, emphatically. "You don't suppose anything else would count against Saint Andrew's, Father. I'd work, I'd starve, I'd—I'd die, I believe, rather than give up my chance here?"

"Yes, yes, it's hard lines sometimes," said Father Mack. "You may find it even harder as the years go by, Dan. I heard about the trouble yesterday."

"Oh, did you, Father?" said Dan, somewhat abashed. "Dud Fielding did stir the old Nick in me for sure."

"Yes," said Father Mack. "And that same fierce spirit will be stirred again and again, Dan. Despite all your teachers can do for you, there will be pricks and goads we can not help."

"I know it," answered Dan, sturdily. "I'm ready for them. Saint Andrew's is worth all the pricks and goads I'll get. But Aunt Winnie, Father,—I can't forget Aunt Winnie. I've got to take Aunt Winnie back home."

"Would she—wish it, at such—such a cost, Dan?" Father Mack questioned.

"Cost!" repeated Dan, simply. "It wouldn't cost much. The rooms are only a dollar a week, and Aunt Winnie can make

stirabout and Irish stews and potato cake to beat any cook I know. Three dollars a week would feed us fine. And there would be a dollar to spare. And she could have her teapot on the stove again, and Tabby on the hearth-rug, only—only” (the young face clouded a little) “I’m afraid, great as it all would be, she’d be grieving about her dreams.”

“Her dreams!” echoed Father Mack, a little puzzled.

“Yes,” said Dan. “You see, I am all she has in the world, and she is awful soft on me, and since I got into Saint Andrew’s she’s softer still. She thinks there’s nothing too great or grand for me to do. My, it would make you laugh, Father, to hear poor old Aunt Winnie’s pipe dreams about a tough chap like me!”

“What does she dream, Dan?” asked the old priest, softly.

“I suppose she’d get out of them if she were home where things are natural like,” said Dan; “but now she sits up there in the Little Sisters’ dreaming that I’m going to be a priest,—a rough-and-tumble fellow like me!”

“Stranger things than that have happened, Dan,” said Father Mack, quietly. “I was a rough-and-tumble fellow myself.”

“You, Father!” exclaimed Dan.

“The ‘roughest-and-tumblest’ kind,” said Father Mack, his worn face brightening into a smile that took away twenty years at least. “I ran away to sea, Dan, leaving a gentle mother to break her heart for me. When I came back” (the old face shadowed again) “she was gone. Ah, God’s ways are full of mystery, Dan! I think it was that made me a priest.”

Father Mack was silent for a moment. His dim eyes turned to the sunset, where the cloud curtains were swept asunder, the pillared gates a glory of crimson and gold. Something in his old friend’s face hushed Dan’s questioning until Father Mack spoke again.

“That was a long time ago,—a long time ago. But the thought of it makes me understand about Aunt Winnie, Dan, and

how hard it is to give you up. Still—still—even of old God asked the firstlings of the flock. Sacrifice! sacrifice! It is the way to heaven, Dan. Heart, hopes, tears, blood,—always sacrifice.” And again the old speaker paused as if in troubled thought. “How soon must you make your choice, Dan?” he asked at length.

“My choice? About leaving, you mean, Father? Oh, Pete Patterson doesn’t want me until the fall. And I haven’t any place to go this summer, if I give up now. Father Regan is going to send us off tomorrow with Brother Bart for a summer at the seashore.”

“A summer at the seashore! Ah, good, good,—very good!” said Father Mack, his old face brightening. “That will give us time to think, to pray, Dan. A summer! Ah, God can work wonders for those who trust Him in a summer, Dan! Think what He does with the seed, the grain, the fruit. It is not well to move or to choose hastily when we are in the dark as to God’s will. So say nothing about all this to any one as yet, Dan,—nothing this summer.”

“I won’t, Father,” agreed Dan.

“And I promise that every day you will be remembered in my Mass, Dan.”

“Thank you, Father! That ought to keep me out of trouble sure.”

“And now where is this seashore place?” asked Father Mack, quite cheerfully.

“An island called Killykinick, Father.”

“Killykinick?” echoed Father Mack, startled. “You are going to Killykinick? God bless me, how wonderful!”

“You know the place, Father?” asked Dan, with interest.

“I know it indeed,” was the answer. “I was wrecked there in the wild days of which I told you, Dan, sixty years ago. The ‘Maria Teresa’ (I was on a Portuguese ship) went upon the rocks on a dark winter night, that I thought was likely to be my last. For the first time in my reckless youth I really prayed. My dear mother, no doubt, was praying for me, too; for I learned afterwards that it was

on that night she died, offering with her last breath her life for her boy. Well, we held together somehow until morning, and got off to the shore of Killykinick before the 'Maria Teresa' went down, loaded with the golden profits of a two years' cruise."

"And did they never get her up?" asked Dan, quite breathless with interest at this glimpse of a "dying saint's" past.

"Never," answered Father Mack,— "at least never that I heard of. It was soon afterwards that I turned into other ways and lost sight of my old mates. But I always have remembered the friendly haven of Killykinick. It was a wild place,—only a few deserted fishermen's huts on the rocky shore, where we lived on fish and clams until taken off by a passing ship. But that same rocky shore meant safety, shelter, life. And so in the after years I have always blessed Killykinick. And you are going there to-morrow! You will find it all changed,—all changed, I am sure," said Father Mack, as he slowly rose to his feet, for the sunset was fading now. "But I will think of you there, Dan,—think of you frolicking over the rocks and sands where I wandered so long ago a shipwrecked boy. Now it is time for me to go in, for my old blood chills in the twilight; so I must say good-bye,—good-bye and God bless you, my boy!"

And, laying his hand for a moment on the boyish head, the old priest turned away into the deepening shadow of the pines, leaving Dan, who was beginning to feel vividly conscious that he had missed his supper, to make a rapid foray into the refectory, where Brother James could always be beguiled into furnishing bread and jam in and out of time,—having been, as he assured the belated ones, a boy himself.

There was another belated one this evening. Seated before a tempting spread of milk toast, demanded by his recent convalescence, was Freddy Neville, a little pale and peaked perhaps, but doing full

justice to a third creamy slice, and ready for more.

"Why, hello, Fred!" greeted Dan, dropping into the chair beside him. "You down?"

"Yes," said Fred, spooning his dish vigorously. "I'm well, all right now. Temperature gone, Brother Tim says. Can't I have a little more toast, Brother James, please? I'm not half filled up yet. Supper tastes twice as good down here. I've been out with Brother Bart buying shoes and things to go to Killykinick, and I'm hungry as a bear."

"Wait a bit then, and I'll bring ye both in some strawberry jam and biscuits," said Brother James, good-humoredly. "It's the black fast Brother Tim puts on sick boys, I know. When they came down after the measles I couldn't get them enough to eat for a month. There now!" And the good man set forth supplies liberally. "I know what it is. I've been a hungry boy myself."

"Jing, it's good to be up and out again!" said Freddy, as both boys pitched into biscuits and jam. "I felt down and out this morning sure, Dan, and now everything is working fine. We're going to have the time of our lives this summer, after all. Even Dud Fielding is cooling off, Jim Norris says, now that his nose has gone down, and he has heard about Killykinick."

"Who told him?" asked Dan, who did not feel particularly cheered at these tidings; for Dud's "cooling off" was by no means to be trusted, as he knew.

"Father Regan, of course. He couldn't send the boys unless they wanted to go. But when they heard about the old house uncle made out of his ship, and the row-boats and the sailboat, and the bathing and fishing, they just jumped at the chance to go. And Jim says there is a fine place not far off, where Dud spent the season two years ago with some tip toppers, and he's counting on getting in with them again. So he is tickled all around. But I'm not caring about Dud or what he likes, so long as I've got you,

Dan. "I wouldn't want to go without you."

"Wouldn't you, kid?" asked Dan, softly; for, after all the troubles and perplexities of the day, his little chum's trusting friendship seemed very sweet to him.

"No-o-o!" answered Freddy, most decidedly. "But I sort of wish Brother Bart was not going. He'll keep me such a baby!"

"No, he won't. I'll see to that," said Dan, with a twinkle in his eye. "If there's any way of giving you a good time, I'll do it. And I won't let you get hurt again either,—no sir! I've had my scare about that. I'm going to look out for you right. It may be for the last time, but—"

"The last time," interrupted Freddy quickly. "Why will it be the last time?"

"I mean I may never have a chance at such a jolly holiday again," answered Dan, suddenly remembering his promise to Father Mack. "But we'll make this one a hummer. If Killykinick is half what I think it is, we'll make this chance a hummer you'll never forget."

(To be continued.)

A Hoaxer Rebuked.

Persons who are fond of hoaxing others and playing practical jokes, telling, for instance, fictitious news or stories just to test the credulity of the listeners, do not perhaps reflect that such action on their part is really a transgression of the Eighth Commandment. St. Thomas Aquinas once brought this fact home to a young friend of his with considerable emphasis. His friend cried out to him one day: "Say, look at that flying ox!" St. Thomas began to look around in astonishment to see where so strange an animal was, but of course couldn't see it anywhere. His friend burst out laughing, and remarked that he didn't think Thomas could be so credulous. His laughter ceased, however, when the saint and future Doctor of the Church made answer: "It is much easier to believe that an ox can fly than that a Christian can tell a lie."

A Motto by Chance.

Many years ago there was need of a new clock in the hall of the famous Temple of London. The clock was made and set up in due time, but there was one thing it lacked: an inscription under it. At the time the clock was ordered, its maker had been told to go to the Benchers for a motto when it should be needed; but he had gone again and again, to find the old fellows busy or lazy, or, at any rate, indisposed to give him instructions. He was a persevering man; and at that period a clock was not complete without some pleasant saying or phrase of warning to meet the eye of him who glanced upward to learn the hour. So he tried once more, and arrived at a most inopportune hour, the old Benchers being about to sit down to dinner, a very important function with them.

"The motto, if you please, kind sirs?" said the clockmaker. "Have you thought of one?"

"This is really intolerable!" responded a crusty veteran, with one eye on the savory dishes which were in readiness. "To the mischief with your tiresome old clock!" he added, impatiently.

The clockmaker sat down to wait. He was tired of all this procrastination, but resolved to be patient.

"Master clockmaker," called another, "go about your business!"

"Ah, thank you, sir!" answered the workman,—*"the very thing!"*

And, going home, he inserted in its proper niche at the bottom of the clock, "Go about your business!"—a motto which, the old Benchers afterward declared, could not have been improved upon if they had thought until their heads ached.

The very same story is told of the old sun-dial in Temple Garden, in which Lord Bacon takes the place of the impatient Benchers, and his pertinacious querist is an idle student instead of an industrious builder of clocks.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—An ably written paper on "The Ethics of War," by the Rev. Edward Masterson, S. J., published in the *Irish Messenger Social Action Series*, may be had of the International C. T. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. Fr. Masterson sets forth the views of moral philosophers on the subject of which he treats.

—A valuable little treatise on "Prayer and Contemplation," by the late Bishop Hedley, edited by Abbot Cuthbert Butler, has been issued in neat booklet form by the English C. T. S. The work is a study of Father Baker's well-known "Santa Sophia." It is sold for 3d. in paper covers, and for 6d. bound in cloth. A precious little work.

—Book One of the Catholic edition of the Progressive Music Series, edited by the Rt. Rev. Joseph Schrembs, D. D., is now ready. The contents are suited to children of very tender age. The patient teacher will no doubt find many enthusiastic performers among the youthful songsters, and thus perchance pave the way for future Haydns and Mozarts. Neatly bound in cloth, and published by Silver, Burdett & Co. No price is mentioned.

—"Orbis Catholicus" is the title of a new year-book for which we predict a wide welcome. It is edited by the Very Rev. Canon Glancey, of Birmingham, England, and supplements in many ways all existing annuals of its class, at least in our language. The work is divided into three parts, the first of which deals with Rome and the Government of the Church; the second, with the official Church outside of Rome; and the third, with personal details concerning the hierarchy. The information thus afforded is full, varied, and accurate. As Bishop MacIntyre says in his preface to the first issue of "Orbis Catholicus," "it is indispensable to an intelligent interest in ecclesiastical life and movement." The Courier Press, Leamington.

—The Devotional Series of the English C. T. S., which includes a great variety of most excellent works, has been increased by the following penny booklets: "The Duty of Prayer," by Dom Roger Hudleston, O. S. B.; "The Beatitudes," by the Very Rev. Monsignor Benson; "Vespers for Sundays," with a preface by the Rev. Dr. Adrian Fortescue; "A Short Treatise on Prayer, being a Selection from Instructions of St. Frances de Chantal on the Manner of Conversing with God, Based on the Teachings of St. Francis de Sales"; and "His

Comings: Simple Meditations for Advent," by Mother, St. Paul, of the House of Retreats, Birmingham. Like all the penny publications of the English C. T. S., these booklets are of convenient size, neatly printed on good paper, and sewed with thread. It is regrettable that this literature, so superior in every way and supplying so many needs, is not better known outside of England.

—Though acknowledging the general nobleness of the life and character of Socrates, one is not prepared to go to such lengths of admiration as does Mr. William Ellery Leonard in "Socrates, Master of Life." (The Open Court Publishing Co.) And yet the chief objection to his performance is not that Socrates is raised so high, but that Another should be brought so low as to have His divinity ignored, if not denied. For in this work the Greek philosopher is put on a practical par with the Redeemer of the World. We fear that the author knows Socratic philosophy better than he does Christianity.

—Among text-books issued by the American Book Co. we note a "Laboratory Manual in General Science," by Bertha M. Clark, Ph. D., a companion to the same author's "General Science," and containing eighty-nine experiments; "Manual of Experimental Botany," by Frank Owen Payne, M. Sc., a twelvemo of 272 pages, designed for a complete high school course; and "Essentials of Physics," by George A. Hoadley, C. E., Sc. D. This last-mentioned work is, both figuratively and literally, the weightiest of the trio. It contains 536 pages of paper sufficiently heavy to insure excellence in the numerous illustrations. A cursory examination of its contents impresses one with the idea that it is unusually well adapted to the purpose for which it is intended.

—An important service has been adequately rendered by the Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C., in the presentation of Cardinal Newman's true mind on the subject of "Knowledge in Relation to Religion," the famous discourse VIII. in "The Idea of a University." In this discourse occurs the definition of a gentleman, so often quoted and so generally misunderstood. What the great writer meant to convey is shown in a text-book by Father O'Donnell, entitled "Newman's 'Gentleman,'" just published by Longmans, Green, & Co. Though primarily intended for students of English literature, it will be no less useful to many general readers.

The discourse is first analyzed section by section, in order to show the relation of the passage in question to the discourse as a whole; then follows the complete text, which is supplemented by several pages of notes affording further illustration of Newman's meaning, and thus completely crushing an error calculated to beget a false tradition. As to externals also, this work leaves nothing to be desired; in every respect it is a model text-book.

—We have received from the press of Joseph Wagner "Addresses at Patriotic and Civic Occasions, by Catholic Orators," 2 vols. The editor (who, by the way, is anonymous) says in his preface: "The aim in publishing this collection of addresses is chiefly to place at the disposal of Catholic readers valuable material for ascertaining the position of the Church in regard to momentous questions of modern times, and for the vindication of the claims and the policy of the Church against absurd and fallacious charges of her antagonists." With this purpose as a guide, the editor has selected here and there from the public utterances of eminent ecclesiastics and prominent laymen, and put together in readable if not too scholarly form, a body of Catholic principle and reflection which fairly well represents the attitude of the Church toward problems and situations in our country. An index would have added greatly to the serviceableness of these handsome volumes for which there will doubtless be a general demand.

The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

- "The 'Summa Theologica' of St. Thomas Aquinas." Part II. (First Part.) Literally Translated by the Fathers of the English Dominican Province. Third Number (QQ. XC.—CXIV.)
- "The Life of Father de Smet, S. J. (1801-1873)." E. Laveille, S. J. Authorized Translation by Marian Lindsay. \$2.75.
- "The Student's Handbook to the Study of the New Testament." Translated from the Thirteenth French Edition of Augustus Brassac, S. S., by Joseph L. Weidenhan, S. T. L. \$3.25.
- "Spiritual Director and Physician." From the French of the Rev. Fr. V. Raymond, O. P. Translated by Dom Aloysius Smith, C. R. L. \$1.75.
- "Newman's 'Gentleman.'" Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C. 35 cts.
- "Addresses at Patriotic and Civic Occasions." 2 vols. \$3.

- "Poetical Works of Lionel Johnson." \$2.25.
- "Is Schism Ever Lawful?" Rev. Edward Maguire. \$1.80.
- "Life of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque." Mgr. Bougaud. 60 cts.
- "The Blessed Peace of Death." Rev. Augustine Wibbelt. 75 cts.
- "The Smile." S. S. Curry, Ph. D. \$1.
- "Chaff and Wheat." Rev. Francis Donnelly, S. J. 60 cts.
- "A Short History of Belgium." Léon Van der Essen, Ph. D. \$1.
- "Strength of Will." E. Boyd Barrett, S. J. \$1.35.
- "How to Add Ten Years to Your Life." S. S. Curry, Ph. D. \$1.
- "Pioneer Laymen of North America." Vol. II. Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J. \$1.75.
- "Looking on Jesus." Madame Cecilia. \$1.75, net.
- "A Short History of Germany." Francis M. Schirp, Ph. D. \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. James Smith, of the archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. Edward Boone, S. J.; and Rev. James Cregan, C. S. V.

Sister M. Luca, of the Sisters of Mercy; Mother M. Josephine, Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister M. Thecla, Order of the Visitation; and Sister M. Laurentia, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

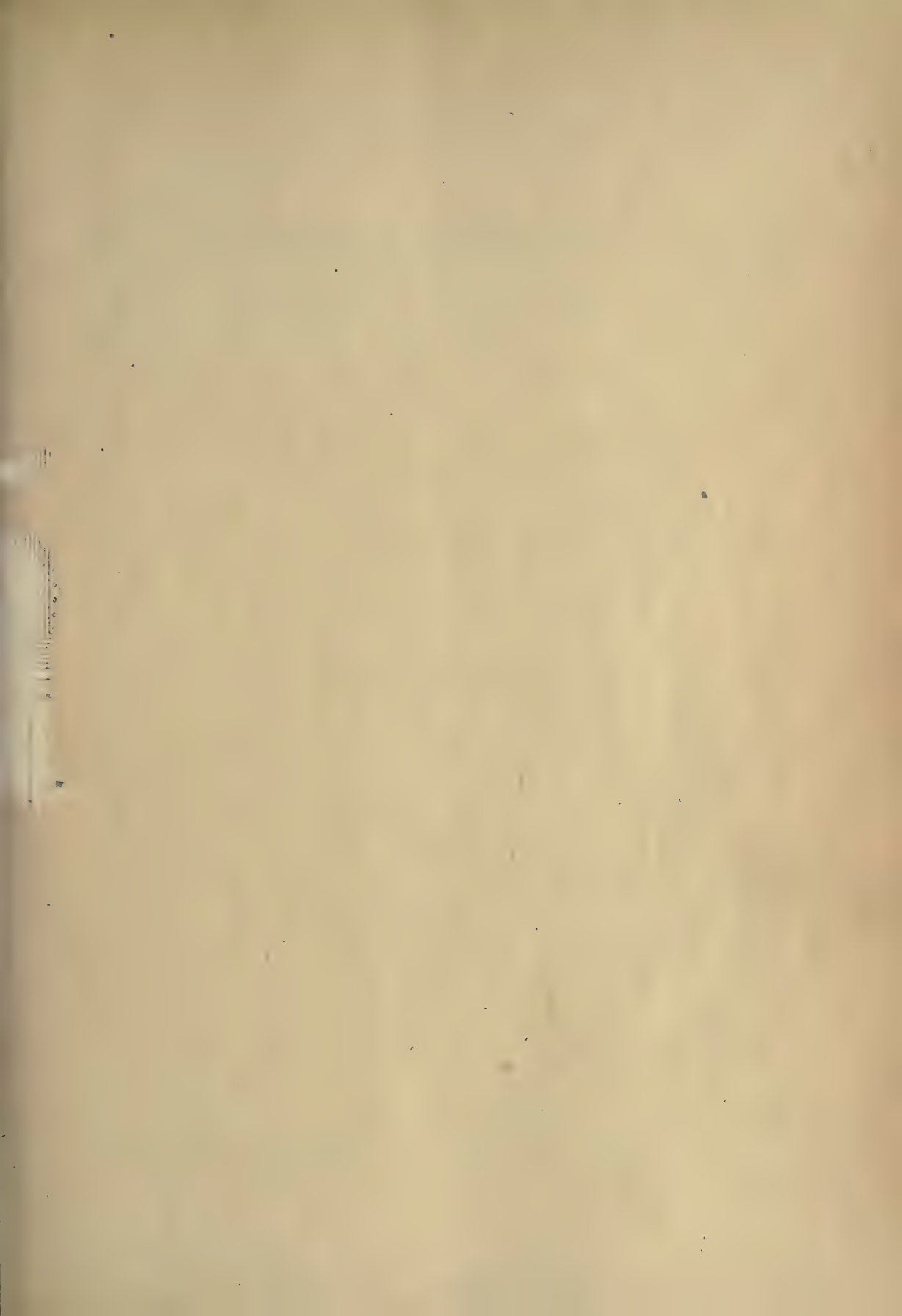
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Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the starving children in China: E. C., \$2; A. M. C., "in honor of our Blessed Mother," \$1; Mrs. C., \$2; Mrs. A., 50 cts.; Mrs. E. J. A., 50 cts. For the Foreign Missions: E. M. H., \$5. For the Polish war sufferers: C. H. M., \$5; Friend (Cleveland), \$3. For the Indian Missions: E. R. (Ionia), \$2; A. M. E., \$2.





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VOL. III. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 12, 1916.

NO. 7

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The Grey Country.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

I DREAMT a dream on November Night
Of the dear souls that wait in pain
For the full Vision, the Delight,
Beauty that shall not change nor wane:

The grey country's to Heaven close,—
Not Heaven, but almost Heaven's twin,
As a grey rose to a gold rose,
As stars in water, faint and thin.

In the grey land were bliss enough,
Did not the Vision shine and gleam,
Turning the softest ways' to rough
Until they might attain to Him.

Mary walking in Heaven's bower,
Heard the sighing after her Son:
Give me Thy sceptre for an hour,—
Thou who wert once my Little One!

Mary came with stars in her hair,
The new moon was under her feet;
In the grey world so still and fair
The heart of the world began to beat.

Some were clinging beside her skirt,
Soul on soul, like a flock of birds;
Others nested—oh, past desert!—
On the heart that had seven swords.

Mary gathers them one and all—
Many a one late home from war,—
As they were children tender and small,
Sweetly gathers them all to her.

As a green tree in a bird's flight,
I saw Mary amid her flock,
Carrying souls in her veil white,
Hiding them warm in her blue cloak.

The Green Cross Association.

BY WILLIAM P. H. KITCHIN, PH. D.



THAT trifles frequently initiate the most momentous changes, and produce the most far-reaching results, is so often evidenced that it requires no demonstration. Let but the imperceptible seedling fall on the good ground, and the hundredfold harvest is a mere matter of time; and let the pregnant idea arise in the enthusiast's brain, and it will inevitably blossom forth into myriad forms of noble endeavor. The Green Cross, which came into being in Paris shortly after the declaration of the present war, exemplifies, I do not hesitate to say phenomenally, the immense results obtainable from the most insignificant means. Its birth was in this wise.

In the first weeks of mobilization, when all the railways were taxed to their utmost capacity transporting regiments to the front, a Parisian lady, Mme. Bayard, found herself one evening at Gare Montparnasse, witnessing a departure. The immense enclosure was packed to suffocation with soldiers of all ranks, and their relatives and friends assembled to take leave of them and wish them Godspeed. But here and there, isolated among the warm family throngs, and looking all the more lonely in consequence, she saw desolate lads—social outcasts, so to speak—who apparently had no one to care for them or take the slightest interest

in their fate. Her own son had already left for the firing line, and her heart went out to these motherless boys, for whom no one, it seemed, had time to think or plan. She felt she would like to give them a meal or, if necessary, a bed while in Paris; she longed to "mother" them and pour kindness on them for the brief space of time they would be within touch of her. A friend of hers, Mme. Monmory, was of like mind, and the very next day the two ladies began their work. The station-master of Montparnasse gave them a small storeroom, scarcely larger than a cupboard; in this they placed a gas stove, and thus, almost unconsciously, they ushered into being the Green Cross and its first work, the "Accueil."

So little did its foundresses think of it, and so modest were their first ambitions, that they declined to accept any monetary assistance, and thought their own purses would amply suffice to defray all necessary expenses. But the project supplied a real want, it appealed irresistibly to the soldiers, and before a fortnight was out the ladies were glad to accept all the help that was offered. The shopkeepers of the district vied with one another in supplying them with provisions; large cash contributions came unsolicited; and numerous recruits presented themselves, eager to give their time and their services to the new association. To-day the Green Cross counts its members by thousands; and the Canteen of Montparnasse alone has distributed since its inception more than \$20,000 in food, drinks, medicines, and various comforts.

From five in the morning until midnight, groups of ten and twelve ladies succeed one another at the station. Pinned on their breasts is a small cross of brilliant green, and they generally wear veils of the same color; and all day long and even a good part of the night they distribute soup, sandwiches, and coffee to the arriving and departing soldiers. The short intervals between the trains scarcely

suffice the ladies to wash up the dishes and replenish the larder, for the average number of soldiers fed by them is five hundred a day. Those men who, for reasons of health or duty, are obliged to spend a day or two in Paris are received by the Green Cross workers in their own homes.

Succès oblige. The Green Cross felt that they could do something more than attend to the homeless and friendless soldiers. In the autumn of 1914, refugees from Belgium and Northern France began to pour in thousands into Paris. Many eye-witnesses have described the shocking destitution and pitiable mental state of these unfortunate people; infinite horror lurked in their staring eyes, infinite sorrow in their dejected gait, and the little children all crying for bread. Catholic Paris, frivolous in prosperity but heroic in adversity, rose to the occasion. Hundreds were sheltered at the Cirque de Paris; hundreds of others, at the former Séminaire de St. Sulpice; and for these the policemen of Paris provided, contributing the magnificent sum of \$5000 a month from their modest salaries; others again, at the so-called "Floating Village," which consisted of several large barges anchored in the Seine near the bridge of Tolbiac.

But the ever-increasing number of the refugees having exhausted the resources of all these organizations, the Green Cross came forward and undertook the "Welcome of the Refugees." As the trains steamed into the stations bringing their sad freight of spiritless and bewildered victims, who but yesterday had been independent and self-supporting, the ladies of the Green Cross met them and gave them a sympathetic welcome to the city and a comfortable meal. And if such action should appear, to some, rather insignificant, let them remember that on arriving in Paris most of the refugees were literally starving; as a rule none had eaten anything for twenty-four hours; very many had been without food for even twice as long. In six months the

Green Cross has served 10,000 meals to these unfortunates; in addition it has established and maintained a special restaurant where they are given free meals; still more, it has opened a clothing bureau wherein the refugees may obtain the garments they need most. This section has clothed 10,000 persons exclusive of soldiers, and spent 50,000 francs in the purchase of garments. In addition to thus clothing and feeding the many homeless victims of this present awful war, the Green Cross has also taken steps to remake the homes destroyed by the invasion. With this object it has acquired large quantities of domestic furniture, which it lends to the refugee families that it has succeeded in placing in private apartments; at the conclusion of peace, the home so made will be all ready for transference to the natal district.

The Green Cross also seeks and obtains employment for injured soldiers, who can never again return to the colors. This section is entitled "The Bread-Earner of the Maimed." The Association acts as intermediary between the employers and the soldiers, and it endeavors to obtain at once suitable work for the maimed, and wages commensurate with the duties discharged by them. The situation as between employers and employees of the above class is, it seems, somewhat delicate. The men do not like to feel that they are receiving charity; for, notwithstanding their heavy handicaps, they are able to do certain kinds of work just as well as their more fortunate brethren; and the employers' offers have been sometimes lower than the market value of the duties performed. Moreover, the disabled soldiers have been so lionized in Paris that there was a disposition on the part of many of them to remain longer in the capital than was either just towards their families, or advisable for their own welfare. The tactful ladies of the Green Cross try to obviate these difficulties by obtaining suitable employment at an equitable wage for each veteran in his own district.

Yet another charitable undertaking of the Green Cross, which has been operating only since last May, is the visitation of hospitals. This section, like the beginning of the original movement, came into being almost without the knowledge of its foundress, and in the most unlikely way. A young married lady, Mme. Muston, had heard no news of her soldier husband for several months. She worried so much over him that she lost her health, and was rapidly becoming dispirited from fretting. Her mother, Mme. Ambroise-Thomas, to rouse her and furnish a sort of safety valve to her pent-up grief, proposed that they should visit the hospitals, bring little presents to the patients, and render these latter whatever little services might be in their power. Mother and daughter set themselves to work, but they never dreamed that Providence had chosen them to initiate a widespread movement, productive of untold good. They both became enthusiasts, who were able to communicate to others their fever of benevolence; and the younger lady lost sight of her own troubles, so absorbed did she become in aiding the wounded and convalescents; friends and recruits joined them, and this branch of the Green Cross activities has also expanded marvellously.

It is to the poor hospitals—for there are many such in the distant suburbs of Paris—that these ladies devote themselves principally, and for these Mme. Muston has turned her home into an outfitting depot. On their rounds they bring the patients all kinds of presents according to the whim and fancy of each; the principal gifts are tobacco, cakes, candy, perfume, soap, pens and writing materials.

How hard the ladies of the Green Cross work is best proved by the fact that in the short space of four months they visited four thousand wounded soldiers, to whom they gave eight thousand small presents, and sent in addition boxes of toys to their little children at home. And, not satisfied with this, the Green

Cross workers arrogated to themselves the right, laborious though it was, of supplying outgoing patients with linen and underclothing. Hitherto this want, crying though it was, had been almost entirely overlooked in face of more pressing necessities, and many soldiers on being discharged from the hospital were without the most essential articles of clothing. These ladies perceived the need, and set themselves at once to remedy it. Of course such an undertaking meant money, and they felt that they really could not ask their friends for any further cash donations; but they were not daunted, and after some hesitation they struck on an ingenious and characteristically feminine method of procuring funds.

Mme. Ambroise-Thomas is, it seems, quite an artist; and from her friends and the public generally she collected all the old kid gloves they could muster. Her preference was for the long kid gloves that ladies wear at balls and receptions, because these afforded her a wider field for the exercise of her talent. However, she was not too exacting as to the species: anything of the genus glove she received thankfully. These old cast-offs she proceeded to paint in different tints and fashions, skilfully adapting her treatment and pigments to the shades and discolorations of the worn kid. Thus, by delicate painting, and further deft manipulations, which it would be the height of folly for a mere man even to attempt to describe, she transformed these old gloves into charming little hand-bags. The fancy took immediately in society circles, and high prices were realized for these trifles. Mme. Ambroise-Thomas and the pupils trained by her naturally improved with practice, and were able to execute more difficult and artistic designs, which of course brought higher prices; indeed, it seems, that already there are to be found among their productions articles, so to speak, of *virtu*—namely, gloves adorned with Eastern imagery and Arabic proverbs; and more particularly gloves that had

belonged to well-known persons in the political, social, artistic and literary world and signed with their names. These latter are greatly sought after, and realize extraordinarily high prices. The practical result of the venture is that the ladies have transformed something like nine hundred pairs of old gloves, and provided thereby eight thousand suits of underclothing for destitute soldiers.

One can not but admire the admirable self-sacrifice and unselfish ingenuity of the Green Cross ladies. Stricken most of them in their tenderest affections, they still have the valor to forget their own griefs and wrongs and losses in lessening the pain and suffering of others. As ministering angels, they tend on all who have need of their care; they are unwearied in visiting and soothing the sick; and the very fads and frivolities of society are transformed by them into levers wherewith to accomplish more good. Most of their work is obscure and hidden; it lacks the backing that comes from prominent action and conspicuous endeavor. But it is known and appreciated in all its sincere self-forgetfulness by our Father who sees and rewards in secret; and His reward is the only one ambitioned by the ladies of the Green Cross.

WHEN I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed,—the brief pulsations of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the tears of regret, the feebleness of purpose, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends; the scorn of the world, that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, a threatening voice within; happiness gone; even hope, that stays longest with us, gone,—I have little heart for aught else than thankfulness that it is not so with me, and would fain leave the erring soul of my fellowman with Him from whose hands it came.—*Longfellow.*

James Harrington, M. D.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

VII.

HE quack, left to himself, had pondered long and deeply on the problem which the Doctor had presented to his mind, especially as to the young woman in McCord Street, who was the wife of a day laborer on the canal. It must be owned that the fellow had to fight a hard battle with himself. The remnant of good which lingers in what has become almost wholly evil in humanity urged him to interfere in that case,—to remove from the arena of that death struggle his own pernicious influence, and the compound which he had flattered himself was in the main innocuous, but which he had now been warned was in this particular instance—perhaps in many others—harmful. He could easily, on some pretext or another, withdraw from the case; but he would thus run the risk of destroying his own prestige, not only in that household but in the whole of Griffintown.

And, then, there was that hated Doctor, with his haughty airs of superiority, the contempt which he had openly shown for him and his pretensions, and his threats of exposure. He had provoked the fight: let his own weapons be used against him. The woman was surely dying. She could not possibly be saved by the treatment of Dr. Harrington or of any one else. The Doctor had claimed no more than that his treatment might offer her a fighting chance for life. That meant little, and he was not going to risk his own future for so slender a probability; so let things take their course. And as the words that the Doctor had said to him burned into his mind, the forces of evil gained in strength, and urged him to contest at every step the knowledge, the science, and the integrity of the other. Then, as a sudden thought occurred to him, he shook all over with

sardonic merriment, that never gave forth a sound but simply convulsed him.

"I'll arrange matters in such a way," he said, "that, whether she lives or dies, I can strike a blow at my fine Doctor. If she lives, why, then it will be Professor Jackson who stepped in at the right moment. If she dies, then it will be owing to the interference of Dr. Harrington."

Now, all this time Martha Craney was intensely curious to know what could have brought Dr. Harrington to this ill-omened abode, and what dealings he could have with the Professor. Driven from her listening attitude before the door, she had stood quietly at the end of the hall, but had been unable to hear anything. Neither of the men had raised his voice, and Martha's hearing was not so acute as it had been. Once they had come out into the hall, she had disappeared down the cellar stairs; and, in fact, had thought it prudent to retire to her bedroom before the Professor came stealing down to see what she was about, and to peer, as he always did at night, into the tins of groceries, the flour barrel, and so forth, to be sure that the old woman was not using things prodigally, or giving them to outsiders. This last fiction of his, which he chose to keep up for the greater tormenting of Martha, was, he well knew, quite unnecessary, since she had not a friend nor even an acquaintance left in the whole wide city who would have come to commune with her at the haunted house.

That night, departing from his usual custom, the Professor did not go down to the cellar at all. He was wrapped in gloomy meditation; and the old woman heard his step in the dining-room, above her head, pacing to and fro. It was a stormy night, and she could hear, too, the wind sweep down the street and round the corners of the house. It rattled the loose tiles upon the roof; it sent boxes or barrels or other unattached articles rolling down over the wooden pavement; or it shook the doors as if it were determined to force an entrance. It was a

gloomy, haunting sort of wind, awaking the echoes of those mountain-tops, where, in the cemeteries, lay the dead in their graves or in the vaults. But Martha Craney gave little heed to the wind or its vagaries: her mind was altogether occupied with that problem as to the reasons which had led Dr. Harrington to cross the Professor's threshold. She scented trouble for Mr. Jackson; but she also felt convinced that her employer would leave no stone unturned to injure the other; and she tried to puzzle out a variety of means by which she might help, if help were needed, and prove an efficient, if humble, ally of the Doctor.

The young woman in McCord Street, whose name and history are by no means vital to this narrative, died. She and her relatives, who belonged to the poorest and most ignorant class of the population, were much impressed by Professor Jackson's mysterious references to the disembodied spirits, who assisted him in his ministrations. They had come to the conclusion that Dr. Harrington had failed to restore the patient, and they began to repose a blind faith in the Professor and in the efficacy of his "cure-all." This compound the woman swallowed eagerly, with a firm certainty that it would make her well. Dr. Harrington had warned those in charge of her that one, at least, of the ingredients of that nostrum might prove fatal. He had taken from the mantle-shelf in the sick room the box of pills which were intended to accompany and supplement the bottle of "cure-all" syrup, and had caused the husband and the sister of the sick woman to smell them. They had both done so, and had been impressed for the moment when the Doctor had told them the name of the drug; and they had hardly objected at all when he had thrown the box of pills into the hall stove.

Later, however, that act was denounced in no measured terms, and was made the ground of complaint against "the outrageous conduct of the rich people's Doctor."

At the earnest request of the sick woman, a second box of the pills was procured from the quack. He had given it with a certain show of reluctance, while at the same time with grim malevolence. He had rejoiced that the physician had thus played into his hands. He had given utterance to half a dozen pithy sentences as to professional jealousy and the lengths to which it would carry even reputable men like Dr. Harrington, who would be willing to risk the life of a patient rather than allow her to take efficacious remedies at the hands of an unlicensed practitioner. These pronouncements, together with the Professor's unctuous lament at the delay in taking his curative medicine, which had been caused by the Doctor's "violent act," had rapidly spread from one end to the other of the district. In the meantime the man had gone home to salve his conscience with the reflection that the woman was dying anyway, and that she could not be kept alive by any treatment, nor her death hastened by anything she might take.

In vain had the priest, who was called in only at the last hour (for the family had long given scandal by the careless and indifferent lives of its members), reasoned with those in charge of the sick room and with the dying woman herself, on the folly of preferring the nostrums of a quack, to the advice of an experienced and capable physician. He had further pointed out that, whereas the Professor charged high for his prescriptions and his medicines, Dr. Harrington had not only given his services but his remedies gratis.

They held to their own opinion, and even after the woman's death loudly declared that she might have lived but for the jealousy of the "rich people's Doctor," who would not permit the unlicensed physician of the poor to prescribe. These opinions passed from mouth to mouth, and even some of those who would not permit the Professor to cross their thresholds had a certain sympathy with them.

After the woman's death, however, finding that the Professor's mischievous and pernicious interference with his practice still continued, Dr. Harrington instituted against the former a regular campaign. He called to his assistance the clergy of St. Patrick's, and their influence in some of the disaffected quarters was all powerful; and he so effectually employed against him the weapon of the law that presently the Professor's house was closed. Although his housekeeper still remained there, it was currently believed that he had shaken the dust of Montreal from his feet, and had gone, with all his attendant spirits and his nostrums, to prey upon the good people of a border town in the United States.

Now, were this brief narrative a full story of the Doctor's life, many pages might be written of the manner in which that campaign was conducted, and how it was regarded in various quarters, together with the underhand fight that was maliciously waged against him. All that would have constituted an interesting study in psychology. But since these are, as it were, only a few loose sheets from the story of the busy and eventful existence of this popular and successful physician, it will not be possible here to do more than note that the Doctor's part in the warfare was of the open and honorable sort that becomed his character. He gave the Professor warning of every step he had taken, or was about to take, and thus provided him in many instances with a weapon of which he was not slow to take advantage.

The fight would, indeed, have been unequal and absurdly long drawn out had those forces which the Professor claimed as allies—namely, fear, credulity, and ignorance—been more largely represented in Griffintown. The majority of the dwellers in that more or less thickly populated quarter were of the better class of Irish people. They were sensible, clear-headed, and God-fearing; they had distrusted the Professor and his methods

from the beginning, and had persistently held aloof from him. That charlatan had only disgusted most of them with his talk about spirits, which, as one old Irish-woman tersely put it, could be "only evil spirits, the Lord save us" and every one from their power!" To which Andy Larkin had added laconically: "Sure all the sperrits that's in it are shut up in a bottle and labelled 'Fine ould Hinnessy.'" To that section of the people, who were as intelligent as they were virtuous and God-fearing, the Professor and his doings were, therefore, eminently distasteful; and they loved him none the better for his attempts to injure Dr. Harrington, who, since the cholera epidemic, was more than ever loved and respected amongst them. It must be owned, however, that Dr. Harrington in making his round, found in many places traces of the slime of the serpent even amongst those who believed in him and had confidence in his skill. Many of these people had heard what they vaguely described as "things," though they were at one in the belief that these "things" could not be true.

In any event, the front shutters of the Professor's house were again closed; and it was currently reported that old Martha was remaining there, alone with the ghosts and the rats, only until a tenant could be procured. It was easy to understand, in any case, that Mr. Jackson would have been by no means anxious to transplant so venerable a fossil as his housekeeper to the new and stirring life of the Republic. It was surmised that he had kept her all this time because she was the only one who would inhabit so dismal and ill-reputed an abode; and also because, having neither friends nor cronies in the neighborhood, she would be altogether unlikely to gossip. It could be readily believed that her harsh and forbidding manner would keep even the most inquisitive at bay; whereas in the new pastures whither it was presumed the quack had betaken himself, Martha could be only a hindrance. It was

shrewdly conjectured that the man had rid himself of her by offering her house-room until his lease should have run its course, with the promise that he would return as soon as the storm had blown over.

Meantime, under the solitary régime of the old woman Martha, the haunted house of Professor Jackson became more ghostly and more dismal than ever. The fresh paint, which was cheap and had been unskilfully applied, began to peel off again under the stress of the weather; it had lost its vivid color and grown dingy. The curtains had been taken down and folded away against that indefinite time when the Professor should return, and the window-panes stared blankly at the street. Cobwebs were seen to gather on the front door, where they would not have been detected by Martha's purblind eyes even had she passed that way, which she never did; for on the rare occasions when she left the house at all, it was by the kitchen door in the rear that led into the lane. Thence she could make such few purchases as she required. The orders for her daily rations had been given by the Professor himself, with the stern intimation that they were not to be exceeded. These small amounts of food were brought to the kitchen door by the milkman and the butcher and the baker.

Life was, therefore, extremely monotonous for Martha Craney, who in her young days had been comely enough to the eye, and had had a sweetheart. This latter had gone off and had been swallowed up in the great Napoleonic wars. The waves of oblivion had rolled over him, and Martha had been unable to give him a successor. She had "lived out" for some time in various of the larger houses, after which she had gone to work in a big public laundry, and continued for a time to be both honest and respectable. But it was there that temptation had assailed her,—the temptation to put away sundry sums, in addition to her wages, for the "rainy day" that was inevitable. It was just

as her hair had begun to whiten and her cheeks to become wizened that she had been caught stealing. It was her first public offence; though she herself could have rendered an account of various minor peccadillos, by which, since her employment in the laundry, she had made a small profit and given herself various little comforts. Worse still than having been convicted in that particular case was the fact that Professor Jackson, posing as a philanthropist, had rescued her.

She was desperately afraid of being sent to jail. She could never forget the terror of that one night's experience in a cell together with the appearance of the judge, her accusers, and her fellow-prisoners. That terror had burned into her very soul; and, though it would probably have prevented her from committing any crime in the ordinary course, it would also have induced her, if occasion offered, to commit any crime rather than go back to prison. Added to that was the fear of her rescuer, and this last almost dominated the first. Jackson had systematically and deliberately terrorized her, that she might be the more amenable to his influence and useful for his purposes.

Martha had, however, a sort of passion of courage in another direction. She was not in the least afraid of the empty house, nor of anything connected therewith. She was too utterly devoid of imagination to have any fear of the supernatural, of which, indeed, she knew little, save some vague, far-off memories of a religious nature in her early youth. Some of those belonging to her had been Methodists. As to other terrors, she felt fully convinced that the utter poverty and the evil repute of the dwelling would in themselves be a protection. For the Professor had, with great ostentation, removed from those precincts everything of the slightest value to the predatory.

Martha did not care at all for reading, though she had been taught to read in her youth; nor were her eyes good enough for either sewing or knitting. She had

but a few resources; and one of these, apart from the brewing of pots of tea, which she consumed at irregular intervals during the day and night, and her small and intermittent cooking, was to sit crouching over the stove. As there was a good supply of wood about, she kept up a warm fire, and enjoyed the odor of the burning maple more than all the perfumes of Araby. There she sat, with the door open, her anæmic body revelling in the heat, her wizened face glowing bright red and taking on strange contortions in the blaze, her dull eyes gleaming scarlet in the firelight.

The blaze fell likewise on a little papier-maché box which at such times she held in her hand, its contents being a small supply of peppermints. The firelight, catching the inner glow of the pearl on its cover, caused it to turn deep crimson and glow like an ember. That box was the only present Martha Craney had ever received from her sweetheart, or from any one else in all her fifty odd years, and she had never parted from it. Had it fallen under the notice of Professor Jackson, he would long ago have deprived her of it, for the sheer love of tormenting her. But she had always kept it concealed when he was about the house. It afforded the old woman singular pleasure to hold it in her hand, and to abstract from it once in a while, a lozenge of crude, strong peppermint. For her dull, poor romance and her creature comforts being thus combined, she strove in a feeble, half-hearted way to bring Tim Ryan back from the past, and to fancy that he was sitting beside her. Usually the effort was not very long sustained. Her old head grew tired, and she dozed off or fell to pondering on some more recent happening.

Another of her resources, which afforded her considerable enjoyment, especially on the milder evenings when she could forsake the stove, was to go boldly upstairs to the dining-room and sit in the master's easy-chair at the table. She

would then simulate his lordly air, and drink her tea, and order about some imaginary servant; or she would lie down upon the lounge, or rest her feet on a cushioned stool, and in every possible way display her independence. She otherwise occupied her time by roaming about the house, often at the most unearthly hours, with a feeble, glimmering light, which, shining out through the uncurtained windows, no doubt aided in keeping up in the imagination of the passers-by the fiction that the place was haunted. She peered into every crack and cranny of the various rooms. She opened every drawer, and dived into the farthest recesses of the master's cupboards. She ransacked his desk,—not that she hoped to find a treasure: she very well knew that he was far too cautious to leave anything there. Nor was she unduly curious.

She cared little what his past life had been, or what he was doing at the present time. If he were a criminal, as in certain directions she had some reason to believe he was, why, so was she; and he always told her it would be in his power any day to send her back to jail; whereas she could not have convicted him, even if she had not been too lethargic to make the attempt. So, as an assertion of her liberty, she simply rummaged amongst the scattered papers that were left in the desk. Occasionally, when thus occupied, she would be seized with panic. Suddenly there would come into her mind a memory of the unnaturally bright eyes and ruddy cheeks, of the tall figure and stooped shoulders of the master, and she would hurry shivering downwards to her own regions.

Once she got a terrible fright. She was sitting in the dining-room, with her feet resting on one of the very best cushioned stools which the Professor had picked up cheap at an auction, when, suddenly turning her head, she could have sworn that she saw the man himself looking in at her through a small side window which gave upon the lane. She hurriedly ex-

tinguished the light, and hastened with her peculiar, stooping run to the top of the kitchen stairs and downwards, without a pause. She was shivering all over, with a dread that set her teeth chattering. Needless to say, it was many days before she had courage to indulge again in those daring pastimes. And she was careful to procure from one of the cupboards a coarse and heavy bit of sheeting which she made into a curtain for the side window.

Now, to Martha all the happenings of the outside world, big and little, were as nothing. Wars and rumors of war, disasters by sea or land, even if any news of them penetrated her solitude, left her totally undisturbed. The cholera epidemic, which some months shook Griffintown and Montreal entire to its centre, found Martha Craney quite serene. She merely appreciated it as a circumstance which had for the first time sent Professor Jackson away from home and left her free to do as she pleased. She had been almost sorry when its fury abated and her employer returned to his ordinary haunts.

All the men and women outside the house, save those before mentioned who brought her her supplies, were 'idle as painted ships upon a painted ocean.' There was one exception, and that was Dr. Harrington. A queer idea had entered into her dazed mind that he resembled what Tim Ryan had been in his stalwart youth. Nothing could be further from the truth, although both had been tall and rather spare of frame. But it was a figment that gave the old woman comfort, and caused her to invest the physician with something of a halo. Besides, he had attended her when she was in service for several months at Mrs. Forrester's, and before that in her father's house. He had done the same when she first got the situation in the laundry, and had been very kind, refusing to accept any compensation for his services. He had also interested himself to the extent of

procuring for her higher wages. Then he had lost sight of her, and no doubt forgotten all about her; and later she had stolen and had been rescued.

So it chanced that the distinguished practitioner was this old creature's sole link with the world of humanity. She always cherished the hope that he did not know she had been brought into the police court and convicted,—and such, indeed, was the case. Her name had long slipped from the Doctor's mind, even if he had thought of reading the police court intelligence. Nor had he recognized an old acquaintance on the occasion of his visit to Professor Jackson. The intervening years and the "philanthropy" of her employer had so changed and aged her that she was truly unrecognizable. So, while she fumbled with the matches in the parlor, she had been divided between a hope that the visitor might remember the woman he had befriended and a fear lest the Professor should unpleasantly recall her to his remembrance. But, in truth, the Professor knew nothing at all of any connection between her past fortunes and those of the eminent physician; and if he had, he would hardly have been anxious to promote that good understanding.

(To be continued.)

Faith.

BY MARION MUIR.

"**H**ELP, Lord!" cried the woman alone,
 Asking for place in the crowd of them
 That mocked her tremulous moan—
 Till the touch of Thy garment's hem
 Gave power to stand again
 And smile at the wrath of men.
 Thou hast made the sun and the sea,
 And set the mountain summits high,
 And the strength of Thy name shall be
 As a tower to such as I,—
 Though the stars may fall like the rain
 And the rocks be riven in twain.

Our Goodly Heritage.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

II.—MAN'S KNOWLEDGE OF GOD.

MAN has two sources of knowledge concerning things divine,—the one natural, the other supernatural. These may be summed up in the two words "Reason" and "Revelation." By the use of reason, exercised upon the created works of God, every man endowed with ordinary normal human faculties can come to the knowledge of his Maker. By Divine Revelation, which is the supernatural source of our knowledge of divine matters, there are made known to us "mysteries hidden in God," to which reason alone never could attain.

The Church has always strenuously maintained the possibility and the fact of man's knowledge of God in the natural order,—the knowledge, that is, which he gains from the contemplation of created things; and she has ever insisted upon the validity of the reasoning which argues from the created effects to the Uncreated Cause. Rightly so; for it is this argument that gives to supernatural religion its rational basis, and proves that faith is not a blind, unreasoning act. Only when it is certain—as it is certain—that human reasoning, rightly exercised upon the "things that are made," inevitably and truly proclaims a Creator and Ruler of all things, can supernatural religion be placed upon an unassailable foundation in the minds of men, and the specious arguments of those who say in their hearts, "There is no God," be exposed (by a universally valid appeal to the common-sense of mankind) in their true character as empty of all real force.

It is true that other proofs of God's existence, power, and rights over man, are available. God Himself, apart from supernatural revelation strictly so called, has intervened in human affairs all through the world's history in an unmistakable

manner. By miracles and mighty works perceptible to man's natural faculties; by answers to prayer, by the punishment of the wicked, by "special providences" of one kind and another, God has made Himself known to men, confirming and continuing in this way the teachings of reason. He uses these means also, and especially miracles and the fulfilment of prophecies, for the authentication and ratification of His supernatural revelation given through Jesus Christ and the Church. But this fact does not do away with the knowledge of Him gained by contemplation of the created universe.

There are those who set themselves against all belief in miracles, prophecy, or special acts of the Providence of God. Such things will not convince them. If, on the other hand, they will use their own reasoning powers rightly, they will be led to a knowledge of God. Further, such divine interventions as have been mentioned do not occur in every age or in every place,—at least not so as to shine out before the mass of mankind. Hence some universal means of coming to the knowledge of God is a necessity. Man must know his God, and his nature calls out for knowledge of his Maker. His intelligence is given to him for this purpose, as his will is given him to love his supreme Lord and Creator. The insatiable desire for knowledge and the irresistible desire and striving for more secure and more perfect happiness of which all men are conscious, even though with many that consciousness may seem but dim, are the groping and reaching out of our human nature towards the Infinite Truth and Goodness and Beauty for which we were made.

The whole purpose, indeed, of this visible universe in which we live is not known to us. Its immense variety; its hundreds of thousands of different species of beings, animate and inanimate, many of which, doubtless, are still to be discovered; its astonishing fecundity, often seeming to run to sheer wastefulness; its

presentment at once of the most minute and the most gigantic phenomena, from the life and activities of the tiniest of microscopic forms to the swift course of unnumbered heavenly bodies hurling their vast bulk through the realms of space; the order and regularity of its cycles of movement, of generation and decay, of death and revival; its secret laws, its underlying unity of purpose,—all these fill the human mind with wonder and admiration.

As has been said, however, the whole purpose of this wondrous machinery of the universe is not fully understood by man. Creation presents many puzzles, and we do not perceive all its functions in the Divine Plan. Yet one thing we do know: we know that "the heavens show forth the glory of God, and the firmament declareth the work of His hands. Day to day uttereth speech, and night to night showeth knowledge. There are no speeches nor languages where their voices are not heard. Their sound hath gone forth into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world."* Nature, then, is at once a mirror which reflects its Maker, and a veil which conceals Him from direct vision: to all men Creation speaks of God. This much of the mysterious divine purpose in the marvellous universe of which man forms a part is clear. So the Vatican Council has defined as follows: "Holy Mother Church doth hold and teach that God, the Beginning and End of all things, can be known with certainty from things created."†

This is but putting in short form the teaching of Holy Scripture and the Fathers of the Church. With special force and clearness this doctrine is taught in the Book of Wisdom (chapter xiii), and by St. Paul in his Epistle to the Romans (chapter i). "Men have sought the Creator through the creature," writes St. Augustine; "for through the creature He can be found, according to the clear words

of the Apostle: 'The invisible things of Him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made; His eternal power, also, and divinity: so that they are inexcusable, because that, when, they knew God, they have not glorified Him as God.'"* By the use of reason, therefore, in which we may include the voice of conscience, man can come, and is morally at fault if he does not come, to the knowledge that there is a God, the Maker and Ruler of all things, and that he owes to God worship and service. This knowledge is, indeed, elementary and undeveloped in the mass of men; but it is certain, as far as it goes; and is reached by so simple a process of deduction from effect to cause that it may be described as instinctive.

But the human mind, even unaided by supernatural revelation, is, absolutely speaking, capable of more than this elementary knowledge of God. By painful labor and study, by careful training of the intellect, those few who have time and opportunity can go on to deduce rightly from Creation, and particularly from the consideration of the mental and spiritual faculties of the human soul, a considerable knowledge of God's Nature and attributes. Thus it can be demonstrated by reason that God is one, infinite, a personal Being endowed with intelligence and will (though not that He is three Persons in one God); that He is eternal, immutable, self-existent; the Supreme Goodness, Beauty, and Truth; omnipotent, omnipresent. But it is given to a few only to accomplish this; and even for those, truth is liable to be mixed with fantastic and gross error.

Hence it has pleased Almighty God in His mercy to include in divine supernatural revelation, and to propose to us as objects of faith, many truths about Himself (such as those just mentioned) that are not wholly beyond the reach of human intelligence in its best representatives. So

* Ps. xviii, 1-5.

† Session III., ch. 2

* Rom., i, 20.

the Vatican Council points out that there are included in Divine Revelation itself two kinds of truths, "mysteries hidden in God," unattainable by human thought; and other truths, not impossible of discovery, yet very difficult of attainment; and, indeed, *morally*, though not absolutely, impossible for the great mass of men to acquire. "To Divine Revelation," declares the Council, "it is to be attributed that those things which, in divine matters, are not of themselves wholly unattainable by human reason . . . may be known by all, easily, with firm *céritude*, and without admixture of error."* Thus it is that now, by means of revelation, the Catholic child knows without fear of error what it took philosophers of old a lifetime to discover.

To sum up, then, we have two sources of the knowledge of divine things: Reason and Revelation. Reason, exercised upon Creation around us and within us, teaches man that God is, and that he owes to God certain duties made known to him by the voice of conscience. Cultivated reason, absolutely speaking, can go further and deduce many truths about the Being and the Attributes of God; so far as these things are mirrored in Creation. Supernatural Revelation goes far beyond all this, making known to us by the voice of God Himself mysteries of the Divine Being which have no image in creation by which we could know them. At the same time, by reason of the difficulty and the moral impossibility for the great mass of mankind to attain anything but an elementary and undeveloped knowledge of divine things, there are included in Revelation high truths not wholly unattainable by man's intelligence; so that these may come easily and with certainty to the knowledge of all, even the most uncultured and ignorant.

* Session III., ch. 2.

(To be continued.)

COMMIT a sin twice, and it will not seem to thee a sin.—*Talmud*.

A Woman of France.

BY ROSE CORDAIN.

SHE stood at the great iron gate of the Chateau de Fernand and wildly cheered the passing recruits. They were unarmed and un-uniformed, yet they marched stiffly and in step; their expectant eyes turned toward Chantilly, where they were to join the regiment and take the train for the North. She tore flowers from the vases near her and flung them at the soldiers.

"Good-bye, Antoine, Jean, Père Dufeu! Fight bravely and come back victorious! Au revoir!"

As the soldiers passed, they stopped, waved their hats and shouted: "*Vive la France!—Vive Madame de Fernand!*"

She knew them all,—her tenants and the peasants of the country about Raville.

"Pierre, André! Ah, Louise, do not cry!" she said.

The old servant beside her stepped forward to look at the two soldiers who had stopped an instant to smile a farewell to her.

"My sons! They will be killed, and what will become of the little grandchildren! God have mercy!" she wailed, as the two men turned and faced the backs of the comrades before them.

"You should be proud, Louise," Madame de Fernand comforted, "to be able to do so much for France. And, then, you have Louis left to you."

The line of march closed with ten boys all under twenty. Their sparkling eyes and elastic step moved her.

"Brave men!" she called. "France will reward you! Protect her with your lives!"

The boys cheered, and went on. When the last one had disappeared behind a bend in the road, Madame de Fernand turned to her young son. He had stood far back, hiding his disappointed face behind a pillar.

"Is it not splendid, Raoul?" she said, as they walked back to the house, her arm on his shoulder. "Those men have gone to the noblest of duties. It is the life for a man."

"And it is the life that I desire." The boy looked up to her with ardor. "I shall feel like a coward to be left behind with the women and children."

"But you are so young, Raoul; and you can serve France in other ways, as your father did." Her voice shook a little and she drew the boy nearer to her.

In the salon they found Captain la Touche waiting for them. He was a strong, handsome man of about forty, famed for his bravery. He arose as they entered and bent over her hand.

"I have come at your command, Madame," he said.

"You are here promptly, Captain. I did not expect you till this afternoon."

"I received your note only a few hours ago, Madame. It is twenty-five miles, but my Rochet goes like the wind."

"You are the more welcome, Captain. And what does Paris think of the war?"

"There is much excitement and wild talk of a second siege; German dirigibles, and aerial bombardment; but all this is submerged in the silent and swift movement of men and artillery to the front."

"The peasants here, too, in the villages are aroused. Did you see the men from Raville?" asked Madame de Fernand.

"Yes, I watched them starting as I came through the town."

"Their submission and patriotism is wonderful," she said, her face glowing.

"It is accountable with such women as you to inspire them, Madame," he replied gallantly.

"Ah, it is but little we women can do in such times as these!" she sighed.

"But you can give your men to France."

"And that I can not do now." (She looked at Raoul standing before a window.) "I have read in the newspapers that you are to organize a private company, Captain."

"Yes," he answered. (Raoul turned and came a little nearer.) "I shall gather together about a hundred of my friends and former associates. Dr. Armand has already agreed to furnish part of the equipment."

Madame de Fernand leaned forward.

"Captain, it is my desire to assist you in this undertaking. I, too, wish to do something, as all the rest of France is doing. Will you allow me to furnish the rest of the equipment?"

The Captain looked up in surprise and was silent for a moment.

"You honor me highly, Madame," he said with emotion.

"The only compensation I shall ask" (her voice quavered) "is that you and your men fight bravely."

"Your generosity affects me deeply, Madame," La Touche replied. "Let me assure you that my men will do their utmost when they think of you and your noble offer. That alone will serve to make them fight valiantly."

The temporary headquarters of Captain la Touche were turbulent with excitement when Madame de Fernand and Raoul came to see the preparations.

"We have received orders to leave on the 15th," La Touche explained; "and the men are eager to move."

"Is your company complete?" asked Raoul.

"As complete as it shall be; although, thanks to Madame's kind gift, we have equipment for a few more."

"I have heard that Henri Colfeau, the artist, has joined your company?" said Madame de Fernand.

"Yes, and with him came Jean Routard from the Academy. We shall have the finest men in Paris."

"The very men that mean her life and her progress."

"They have asked that you speak to them on the day of the departure. It would be a pleasure to all, if you are willing."

"Oh," she exclaimed, surprised, yet pleased, "I should add but little to their enthusiasm if I did!"

"You will do more, perhaps, than you think. May I tell them you will?"

"Yes, but do not expect an oration. I have never done anything of the sort before."

The Captain explained his plans and proceedings to Raoul; and Madame noticed how eagerly he listened as La Touche spoke of battalions, howitzers and tactics; which to her were unintelligible. The Captain had been Raoul's idol since his return from an exploring trip in Africa five years ago.

"I must leave now," she said, "to see M. Lalande on an urgent matter. You will remain here, Raoul?"

"Yes: I wish to see everything before the Captain leaves," replied Raoul.

"I shall stop on my way home then."

Madame de Fernand returned to the barracks in high spirits. She walked rapidly toward La Touche and Raoul, who were talking very earnestly, it seemed to her. Her approach was unnoticed; and when she stepped beside them, their conversation stopped abruptly.

"One would think," she laughed gaily, "I had just stepped into the midst of an intrigue."

The Captain laughed a little disconcertedly.

"Madame is back soon," he said.

"Yes: M. Lalande readily acceded to my plan."

"And yet it is said that he is quite obstinate."

"I have never found him so."

Raoul had walked to the car, and Madame de Fernand soon joined him.

"We shall see you on the 15th, Captain. Adieu!"

On the morning of the 15th Madame de Fernand arose with haste, for the day was to be filled with events. She thrilled at the thought of speaking to La Touche's men.

Louise entered with the morning coffee. Her eyes were red and her face swollen, and Madame was slightly annoyed.

"Louise, you have been crying again!"

"Yes, Madame," she replied. "All night I have lain awake and prayed to the Virgin Mother that this terrible war might stop and my sons return home safe."

Her mistress was irritated. For the last two weeks she had heard the continual whimpering of Louise over the war.

"And did you not think, Louise, to pray for the victory of France? To-night light a candle for that intention."

As Madame de Fernand drove to the little corner of the Bois de Boulogne, which was to be the scene of the temporary encampment, she thought of the happenings of the past few weeks,—events which had suddenly, it seemed, turned a world from the indifference of peace to the turmoil of war. She thought of the men who to-day would leave for the conflict, many of whom would never return; but they would be heroes, and France would never forget them. The mother country needed her sons now, and it was the duty of all to give them readily and uncomplainingly. She thought of Louise and of her reproof that morning. Perhaps she had spoken too sharply. Faithful old Louise, whose very life was wrapt around her sons and the little grandchildren! She thought of her own son. He had gone off early that morning to be with La Touche till the last moment. What a man he was growing to be!

A crowd had gathered at the park, and a cheer arose as her car stopped before the tent in which were the Captain and his officers. She trembled a little when, standing beside La Touche, she looked at the expectant faces before her. They were all familiar,—men who had been associates of her husband, and in whose society she had moved for many years.

She spoke to them of bravery and courage. She pictured to them their

country honored if they fought valiantly, or crushed if they shirked their duty. She denounced the enemy fiercely and with all the prejudice born of partisanship. She spoke to the women and lauded the privilege which was theirs in rendering their service. "You are giving noble men to a noble cause! Do it in a noble manner."

Again the soldiers cheered. They would do all she asked, and give their very life-blood for France; and, as the cheer died away, the hustle of the departure began. Gray-jacketed figures with silver buttons snatched a final kiss or hand-pressure from the women standing stolid and unflinching. Madame de Fernand viewed the scene with admiration. Only a little woman standing near her was sobbing unrestrainedly. She had just left the arms of a straight young man who had abruptly set her down and hurried away. Madame patted the girl's shoulder.

"Do not weep, Annette!" she said. "Your husband may come back a hero."

The girl's shoulders shook in an abandonment of grief.

"He was all that I had. Madame, you have a son: what if he were taken from you?"

The woman winced, and there was a pause.

"Were my son a man, I should give him gladly to my country."

"He is a man."

It was a voice behind her, and she turned quickly. Before her stood Raoul, dressed in the full uniform of La Touche's company.

She looked at him uncomprehendingly, with eyes opening wide with surprise. How came Raoul to be dressed in that uniform and looking at her guiltily? Why did a sudden silence fall about her? For she was vaguely aware that the standers-by had turned their attention to the scene. Even the little woman had for a moment ceased her sobs.

Raoul was mute, yet his face told all. In it were blended exultation and anxiety,

and to Madame de Fernand it revealed his message: he had enlisted. She tried to think clearly, but the thoughts in her mind came swiftly and confusedly. She could not grasp any meaning to it, so great and so sudden was the reality.

The band began playing, and the crowd stirred. Somewhere they were beginning to form into line. The blare of the bugle aroused her, and over the face of Raoul she saw the look of dread disappear. And then she felt his arms about her, and she thought she could hear his heart beat as he held her and whispered: "I will come back. Do not fear, *maman!*" Then an awkward boyish kiss, and he was gone.

She walked back to her car unknowingly, and sat down to wait—for what she did not know. She was aware of La Touche coming through the crowd up to her car, and felt him lift her hand and kiss it. Through a cloud of stupor, she heard him murmur: "Forgive me! Raoul would have joined some other regiment if not mine."

The cloud had lifted for a moment.

"I will watch over him, Madame, and bring him back to you. Adieu and *au revoir!*"

She dimly heard the booming of the Marseillaise and saw La Touche riding at the head of his company. She stood up rigidly when Raoul passed, and gazed after him till he had disappeared and the crowd had begun to scatter.

She did not know how she had returned home. At the door she remembered having fallen fainting into the arms of old Louise. And then she had known nothing till once she had stood up in terror and repeated over and over again, "Raoul is gone!"

How long the days seemed as the summer gradually drifted into autumn; for she reckoned them now only by the alarming bulletins from the distant battle-fields. There were reports from the North of the terrible cannon of the enemy that dealt such devastating blows to

the little towns and villages; she gloried in the victories of the French at Altkirch and Mülhausen, and sighed over their repulsion at Verdun. Then came the advance of the enemy toward Paris, rapid and alarming, till from the chateau she could hear the booming of the cannon and see the clouds of smoke. But that had not lasted long, and soon came the reports that the invaders had begun to retreat. One evening she found a short paragraph about La Touche. His company had been fighting around Verdun. The losses had been heavy, and La Touche himself had been seriously wounded. Madame de Fernand trembled as she read; the paper slipped from her hand, and for the first time since Raoul had left came a flood of relieving tears.

A warm September sun shone down on the garden of the Chateau de Fernand. Its brilliancy seemed reflected in the flower-beds gay with asters and marigolds; but Madame de Fernand, walking slowly on the grass, saw nothing. Her thoughts were far from her surroundings.

Louise, with market basket on her arm, came into the garden and walked toward her mistress.

"Does Madame wish anything special at the market this morning?" she asked.

"No, Louise," was the answer. "It matters but little what you get. Have you had any news of your André or Pierre yet?"

"No, Madame; but every day I go to the bulletin boards and read the names. I shall go there this morning when I have finished my marketing."

"But there is no need of that, Louise. The lists are printed every day in the newspapers."

"Yes, Madame, but after I have gone there in the morning I feel relieved for the rest of the day. I pray all the way that I shall not see André or Pierre Dubois."

"And then read the bulletins with fear," said Madame de Fernand.

"Ah, the good God does not answer all prayers!" Louise replied with resignation.

After Louise had gone, Madame de Fernand walked slowly into the house. In her boudoir she sat before the window, watching and waiting for Louise's return. An hour later, when the old servant appeared, she stood up in suspense. Louise was walking quickly and nervously, far different from her usual steady plodding; and, as she neared, her face showed signs of anxiety. Madame de Fernand's heart sank in fear as she hurried downstairs and burst into the kitchen as Louise entered from without.

"Louise, Louise," she cried, "there is bad news! Tell me what it is!"

The old servant dropped into a chair, sobbing; her head bent. She did not look at her mistress. Madame grasped her arms and shook her violently.

"Louise, tell me quickly! Is it André or Pierre?"

"Ah, Madame, would that it were instead of—oh, I can not tell you!"

Madame de Fernand's hold relaxed.

"It is Raoul," she said,—"*Raoul is killed!*"

That night, in the old servant's room, they knelt before the little altar on which flickered two candles before an image of the Blessed Virgin. Louise still prayed for her sons, but in Madame de Fernand's heart there was a fervent prayer for the thousands of other mothers that were bereft that day.

SOCIETY is a more level surface than we imagine. Wise men or absolute fools are hard to be met with, as there are few giants or dwarfs. The heaviest charge we can bring against the general texture of society is that it is commonplace. Our fancied superiority to others is in some one thing which we think most of because we excel in it, or have paid most attention to it; whilst we overlook their superiority to us in something else which they set equal and exclusive store by.

—Hazlitt.

The Utility of a College Training.

HORACE GREELEY used to tell Charles A. Dana that the real newspaper man was he who as a boy had slept on newspapers and eaten printer's ink. In later years Mr. Dana himself, who had in the meantime become as eminent an editor as ever Greeley was, delivered several notable addresses on journalism and the best preparation therefor. His advice was: "Give the young man a first-class course of general education. If I could have my way, every young man who is going to be a newspaper man, and who is not absolutely rebellious against it, should learn Greek and Latin after the good old fashion."

The difference between the views of these two great editors is a good illustration of the opposition that has long existed, and still exists, between the advocates of a purely technical or professional training for youth and the upholders of a liberal education, of intellectual culture as a good in itself, irrespective of the particular calling or profession which the young man is later on to adopt. More than half a century ago, Cardinal Newman exposed, in his own thorough and masterly manner, the fallacy of Locke and his disciples—that no education is useful which does not teach us some temporal calling, or some mechanical art, or some physical secret; but the fallacy is still upheld as a piece of incontrovertible wisdom, not only by the majority of boys—which is bad enough,—but by, what is still worse, the majority of the boys' fathers. No one who has had any experience of college life needs to be told how common is the desire of parents that their sons should be exempted from this or that branch of the regular curriculum, on the plea that "it will be of no use to him when he gets out in the world."

The college man who disputes this contention is of course put down as a special pleader, an interested apologist

for his college's methods,—one whose judgment is necessarily biassed by his position, and whose arguments are accordingly more apt to be unsound than solid. The present writer, for instance, is thoroughly convinced that there is not in the United States a professional man, a journalist, a banker, a member of Congress, a higher public official, an active politician, or even a prominent business man, who, deprived in his youth of the advantage of a full academic course leading to the collegiate degree, A. B., does not repeatedly find himself handicapped by that deprivation; but the same writer is quite prepared to hear this conviction attributed to the natural prejudice of a former college professor, and to see it dismissed by the so-called "practical" man as quite erroneous.

This being the case, it may be permissible to quote here, in favor of the arts course in our colleges, testimony less open to suspicion than the writer's own. The *New York Sun*, still faithful to the Dana traditions, said a few years ago: "Perhaps, after all, the old-fashioned idea of university education—that it simply turned out cultivated gentlemen with the habit of thinking about things, and with brains fitted to do the thinking—was all wrong, and in the future the office of the university will be to take boys from preparatory schools and transform them into engineers of various sorts, doctors without Latin, lawyers without logic or history, ministers without literature, and architects without the Grecian spirit. But it may still be noted that universities of the old style have turned out thousands of merchants and business men successful in the broadest, as well as in the narrowest, commercial sense, and that none of these had any special technical education."

That the point in the last sentence is well taken is apparent from an editorial in the *Iron Age*, a periodical generally recognized as an authority of the first magnitude in business matters. This

authority states that, even from the strictly utilitarian point of view, a college education is worth while, and instances two great concerns—the Pennsylvania Railway and the General Electric Company—that are “after the men with the sheepskins.” We quote: “All of our great corporations and manufacturing concerns seek the college man, but in no sense do they seek him because of his familiarity with their business or with any detail of their transactions; neither do they want him for the smattering of knowledge he may be able to devote to their interests. They take him solely for the training he has gone through, and not for the wisdom that may be stitched in the lining of his cap. That training the man of affairs can further develop along lines which will be useful to him. The having learned how to learn is of vastly more importance than all the learning absorbed in any course of four years.

“Considered in the aggregate, the demand appears to be about equally divided between the classical and the technical graduates. Concerns engaged in manufacturing prefer a man who has been trained along lines fitting their own processes; but there are others of equal importance and magnitude who find room for a classical training. . . . Records prove that in producing establishments the college man at thirty is far in advance of the man who entered at the apprentice door. The graduate may have been twenty-five before he donned a jumper, but in five years he has learned more with the college training he had as a foundation than the regular journeyman in fifteen years of actual work in the shop.”

The foregoing quotations simply confirm in specific instances the general truth which Newman so eloquently and lucidly enunciates in this passage from “The Idea of a University”: “As health ought to precede labor of the body, and as a man in health can do what an unhealthy man can not do, and as of this health the properties are strength, energy, agility,

graceful carriage and action, manual dexterity, and endurance of fatigue, so in like manner general culture of the mind is the best aid to professional and scientific study; and educated men can do what illiterate men can not; and the man who has learned to think and to reason and to compare and to discriminate and to analyze, who has refined his taste and formed his judgment and sharpened his mental vision, will not indeed be at once a lawyer or a pleader or an orator or a statesman or a physician or a good landlord or a man of business or a soldier or an engineer or a chemist or a geologist or an antiquarian, but he will be placed in that state of intellect in which he can take up any one of the sciences or callings I have referred to, or any other for which he has a taste or special talent, with an ease, a grace, a versatility, and a success to which another is a stranger.” Has anything better ever been written on the usefulness of intellectual culture, of a college training?

Renan's Grandson.

ONE career which the Great War has brusquely terminated was of exceptional promise and of somewhat universal interest,—that of Ernest Psichari, grandson of France's notorious atheist, Ernest Renan. The French Academician, Maurice Barrès, writes thus graphically of him in the *Echo de Paris*:

In the first year of his Christian life, Ernest Psichari resolved to pay a visit to the seminary of Issy [where his grandfather had been a clerical student]. He found the park and the chapel just as Renan describes them in his “Souvenirs.” “I saw with great emotion,” writes the young man, “the very places where my grandfather had prayed.” Never in the whole course of his life would the young author have written anything more freighted with drama and greatness than that simple sentence. The tragic youth strolled beneath the old elm trees, and

on the stone seat he saw the Phantom that we have all loved. He saw the young seminarian sitting apart, a book in his hand; and, recognizing him whose blood and whose genius he carried in his own veins, Psichari drew near.

"Tempt me not, O my ancestor! Lay no reproach on my heart. The beauty of your imagination, the superiority of your intellect are powerless over my reason, which I have submitted with delight to the discipline of my director. But I suffer so much in thinking that I cause pain to any of mine own people. Yet Christianity has tripled the respect and love I bear you all; true life destroys nothing save what is evil; sentiments naturally good it causes to grow; it develops and enriches them. If you only knew how the Christ of whom you did not tell me has augmented my respect and love for you!"

I shall not endeavor to imagine the sentiments that Renan would have experienced in listening to this sincere soul so closely allied to him. But I know that after this visit Ernest Psichari had no other wish than to become a simple village *curé*, the better and more filially to fulfil his duty of reparation. "I am predestined," he told himself, "to expiate what there was of excess in my grandfather's intellectual pride. He was to have been the pastor of a poor village in Brittany: I will be one in his place. . . ."

Such were the views of Ernest Psichari, as we learn them from numerous witnesses,—from Mgr. Gibier, Bishop of Versailles; from Father Janvier, and from the two friends who partook of his faith and with whom he used to repeat the words of the Psalmist: *Nos scimus quoniam translati sumus de morte ad vitam*,—"We know that we have been taken over from death to life." They testify that the life of Ernest Psichari had become the life of a saint, and that he blended the duties of a religious with his occupations as a young officer.

On the day of the mobilization, as he

left the garrison at Cherbourg with his regiment, the Second Colonial Artillery, he said to his friend, Canon Huynet: "*Au revoir*, up yonder or at Cherbourg, surely after our victory!" A little later, on the 22d of August, his regiment was destroyed at Rossignol.

An eye-witness writes: "About six o'clock I saw Lieutenant Psichari under a tree near his guns, supporting Captain Cherrier, who was wounded. He helped the Captain to the ambulance, and, leaving him at its door, returned to his guns. At that moment the Germans arrived, and the Lieutenant fell, mortally wounded. He fell on his cannon and then slipped to the ground. . . ."

Worse than Warfare.

IT has become so much a matter of course to speak of the present war only in superlatives that it is perhaps worth while to quote the words of such a writer as Harold Begbie, to the effect that this twentieth century of ours has seen, and sees, horrors intrinsically worse than those we read of as taking place on the battle-fields of Europe. Discussing the war, he says: "As it is, people express the greatest horror of it, while overlooking the fact that it is not nearly so horrible as our whole commercial system. The horrors that come from sweating and drinking and prostitution are infinitely worse; they not only slay greater numbers, but slay them in a way that is awful to think of. Commercialism is a greater enemy of God and man than war." Making all due allowance for rhetorical exaggeration in this statement, there remains a residue of truth which can not be gainsaid. It is obvious to remark that many thousands of those who have died in the great conflict since the autumn of 1914 reached a higher plane of existence in their closing days than they had ever before attained, and presumably died a better death than would have been theirs in the ordinary course of human events.

Notes and Remarks.

In connection with the general subject of this country's military and naval preparedness for possible future war, a good deal is being said in the reputable papers about the benefit that would accrue to our young men from the discipline inseparable from military training,—in the schools, colleges, or elsewhere. Has it occurred to any of these publicists that, even without introducing military training into the schools, considerably more than is being done in disciplining our boys and girls might readily be effected? Disregard for authority, lamentable lack of reverence for their seniors and superiors, and flippant impertinence towards their teachers, are all too often the outstanding characteristics of the American schoolboy or schoolgirl. One undoubted cause thereof is the total abolition of corporal punishment for offences meriting condign chastisement. That the rod was applied all too freely once upon a time is doubtless true enough, but its application was certainly more productive of the qualities that befit the young than is the invariable "sparing of the rod" that is the fashion nowadays.

An excellent place in which to introduce boys and girls to genuine discipline is the schoolroom. A still better place, let it be added, is the home. When father and mother, instead of allowing themselves to be browbeaten by their precocious offspring, exert their legitimate authority and see to it that they are obeyed, there will be less trouble in the schoolroom, fewer bands of juvenile criminals in our cities, and better chances for our having at need effective volunteers for any military service which the sadly-clouded future may render necessary.

Synchronously with the assertion of the falling off of Catholic contributions to foreign missions comes the report of what Protestants in this country have done for the foreign field in the last year. The

outstanding fact of that report is that American Protestants have increased their contributions by about four millions of dollars. As the editor of *Catholic Missions* observes: "Whatever may be the motives inspiring such generosity, it can not but command our admiration; may we add that it should stimulate our imitation?"

"The total number of Protestant communicants in the United States is about twenty-one millions, and in the year 1915 they contributed over fifteen millions of dollars for their foreign missions. According to the official *Catholic Directory*, there are over sixteen millions of Catholics in the country, and last year their total contributions for the same object did not reach one million of dollars. Comments are unnecessary."

We can not agree as to comments. Our people contribute a great deal more for every good cause, Foreign Missions included, than is supposed, because they like to give "in secret." And as a class, be it remembered, they are poor. There may be sad lack of organization for foreign mission work amongst us, and perhaps all the clergy are not quite so zealous as they might be for the propagation of the Faith; but the laity as a rule are both zealous and generous,—self-sacrificingly so.

The cheapness of life in this republic of ours is a subject on which moralists in general, and criminologists in particular, are periodically fond of expatiating. And, truth to tell, the daily papers all too often force the subject on the attention of the least philosophic general reader. When a murder is committed in broad daylight in a city with a population of sixty, or seventy thousand, and although the police are notified within ten minutes of the crime's perpetration, the murderers escape detection; when bands of youthful criminals in Chicago have no hesitation in shooting "to kill" such police officers as interfere with their lawless actions; when in the course of a single year some two

hundred and forty murders are committed in the city just mentioned, while in Montreal, with about one-third of Chicago's population, the year's murders number *only four*,—it is not to be wondered at that the most easy-going citizen should ask himself what is the matter with the law in this country. The matter is that our criminal code, and especially the mode of its administration, needs to be seriously, not to say radically, modified. The need has been recognized and pointed out repeatedly by eminent Americans, our ex-Presidents among them; and it seems to be high time that our legislators should take a leaf from the law-books of the Canadians and the English, to the end that criminal procedure in this land of cheap life should produce something of a deterrent effect on those whose predatory or homicidal desires are actualized in robbery or murder simply because experience has shown that both are comparatively safe.

A remarkable leading article, entitled "Trust the Church," contributed by Mr. W. F. P. Stockley to the *January Month*, is replete with numerous quotations of exceptional freshness, and, consequently, of a corresponding interest. For example, the words of Macaulay referring to the Church, that "she had satisfied the needs of the learned philosopher and of the ignorant peasant. She possessed a power of adaptation, assimilation, and transformation which was simply miraculous. Extremes of thought and culture met in her bosom, and there blended into unity." But to our mind the most noteworthy of these words of wisdom are those of the great Scotch specialist, Sir Thomas Clouston, who speaks of the agreement with modern science of the principles of Christian asceticism. This eminent authority is quoted thus:

It is strange that the physiological inductions of the old Catholic Church as to the dietetic management of the *nisus generativus* and its volitional control have been so neglected by modern physicians, founded as they were on

the experiences of the terrific conflict with nature that was implied in the early Christian theory, that sexual desire was more or less of the devil, and should be eradicated by all men who wished to attain a high religious ideal, and on the experiences of the later rule of priestly celibacy. My own belief is that the Catholic view of repression and eradication being, for the sake of argument, granted, almost every rule of the Church as to food and fasting and every practice of the monastic Orders, and every conventual regulation, is a correct physiological principle. Translated from religious into physiological language, they may be summed up thus. Strengthen the power of inhibition, bodily and mental. Practise the habit of mental concentration and abstraction from certain lines of thought. Cultivate enthusiasm about ideals. Find ideal outlets for the effective and social faculties, other than sexual choices. Sleep under such conditions and so long as to recuperate lost energy and tissue, and not to accumulate energy that there might be a difficulty in getting rid of, short of sexually. Eat only non-stimulating and fattening foods, and that in moderation, with periodic abstentions to use up spare material in the body. Avoid flesh, as the incarnation of rampant uncontrollable force, sexual and otherwise. Be much in the open air, and work hard. Finally, so fill up and systematize the time that none is left for day-dreaming.

These words are respectfully submitted for the consideration of those who are disturbed with the vagaries of so-called sex hygiene.

Combating the notion that familiarity with death blunts the perception of soldiers, a correspondent of the *London Tablet* who has been closely associated with officers and privates of the English army writes: "They mask their inner soul behind a cheery and glad eye, as is right. But their thoughts are sublime, their mentality heroic. In many instances these young men, reared amidst the refinement and high principles of gentlefolk, have a positive abhorrence of the cruel necessity; but they 'carry on' and fall at duty's call. Ah, that word 'Duty' nerves them even to die! They gush not, neither do they apostrophize England, nor open their souls readily, except perhaps to the sympathetic, kind-eyed Padre.

One wounded and gassed veteran of nineteen years, whom nine months in the trenches have grizzled, said to me a few days ago: 'I hope this accursed war will finish before duty calls me to return.' What a revelation of a soul! Life at nineteen years of age looks so sweet and promises much which we, its experienced dupes, know it can not fulfil. But what a stupendous sacrifice they make!"

Paradoxical as it may seem, soldiers are least inclined to bloodshed when best disposed to do their duty, cost what it may. It was a minister of the Gospel, not a man of arms, who shouted on a recent occasion: "Our business is to keep on killing the Germans!"

On the somewhat unusual occasion of the endowment of a parish school in Philadelphia, Mgr. McDevitt delivered a discourse which the *Standard and Times* very properly calls an important one. Discussing in one part of his address the elements (other than the money contributed by Catholics) that explain the existence and maintenance of parish schools, the speaker stated that due consideration is rarely given to 'these varied elements and their proportional value. Of one of them he said:

Here in Philadelphia, the dominant factor that keeps the schools alive is the self-sacrifice of a small body of men and women, perhaps 1200 in all, who are members of our religious communities. These men and women devote their lives to the high vocation of the Christian teacher, with no other compensation than that which is barely sufficient to clothe them, nourish them, and shelter them. By reason of the inexpensive but highly trained and skilled service which the parish schools are able to command in the Brothers and Sisters who have heard the call of God and the invitation of the Church to abandon the world and follow the religious life, there is provided actually and effectively, even if indirectly, an endowment of millions of dollars,—an endowment which bears the principal and the heaviest part of the burden of Catholic education.

If this endowment ceased, and if the religious of this diocese decided to abandon their vocation and return to the world, our whole educational and charitable work, so far as human judgment

goes, would crumble. That lay teachers could be had to carry on the work which the religious do is out of all question, for the reason that the amount of money which is now contributed in any parish for the support of our schools and institutions is wholly inadequate to pay the salaries which properly trained lay teachers would demand and would have a right to expect. You can have no doubt of the utter hopelessness, under present conditions, of securing efficient lay service as a substitute for that of the religious if you compare the amount of money spent in the administration of any Catholic institution, asylum, school, college, university or hospital, with the amount spent in non-Catholic institutions of the same character.

As concrete statements are apt to impress the general reader more vividly than abstract assertions, let us reinforce the point of the foregoing quotation with this other extract from Mgr. McDevitt's discourse:

One official, a woman, in the public high school of this city, receives \$100 more salary in one year than thirteen nuns receive in the Catholic Girls' High School.

Of Mgr. Addai Sher, Catholic (Chaldean) Bishop of Sairt, who is said to have been burned to death, with other Christians, by the Turks, a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* writes:

The news of the inhuman death inflicted by the Turkish authorities on Addai Sher will be heard with horror throughout the learned world of Europe and America, and many obituaries will doubtless appear about him in scientific periodicals, in which he was a constant writer. He was one of the editors of the "Patrologia Orientalis," where he published, with a French translation and critical Introduction and annotations, the Arabic text of the so-called "Chronique de Séert," and the Syriac text of the important and original "Chronique de Hadhbohabba." . . . He was also an active member of the Corpus Scriptorum Christianorum Orientalium, where he edited, with a Latin translation and a critical apparatus, the voluminous Syriac work of the sixth century by Theodore Bar Kéwani. He published, too, at Beirut, a masterly book entitled "Mots Arabes dérivés du Persan"; and another, "Les Origines de l'Ecole de Nisibe." The Dominican Press at Mosul owes to him also several instructive publications, such as "Les Martyrs de l'Eglise Perse," "Chrestomathie Syriacque," "Catalogue des MSS. Syriacques et Arabes de la

Bibliothèque de Séert." His literary activity was specially displayed in the *Revue de l'Orient Chrétien*, *Journal Asiatique*, *Revue Critique*, and in *Oriens Christianus*, edited by scholars of the civilized enemy country. Without fear of contradiction we may assert that he was one of the greatest Syriac scholars of our day....

He was well known in the Vatican ecclesiastical circles, and the news of his barbarous murder will, I think, be heard with sorrow by the Pope and the Sacred College. His murder is all the more incomprehensible in that he was an absolute stranger to all the intrigues of politicians, and was frequently consulted by the spiritual Moslem caste of sheikhs and ulemas, who always respected his science and his opinions about their own beliefs and religious traditions.

The foregoing is the only tribute we have seen to the memory of this eminent bishop and scholar, for whom, and for all who perished with him, we bespeak the prayers of our readers.

A good many persons who are fond of crediting immigration with a preponderating share in civic and national evils might do worse than reflect on this statement of an associate superintendent of schools in New York: "The immigrant frequently brings his contribution to enrich our civilization. The things of the higher kind—the spirituality, the reverence for authority, the love of art and music—are valuable to soften the materialism that has accompanied our great advance in prosperity; and they should not be crushed in our attempt to remake the immigrant." There is, of course, nothing novel in this view; but there is none the less good reason why it should be pondered, and, as occasion offers, acted upon by statesmen and politicians who usurp that name.

Many readers of THE AVE MARIA will regret to hear of the death, on January 27, of Mrs. Cora Semmes Ives, of New York, the last surviving member of a large family of sisters and brothers, all of whom were distinguished for their devotion to the Catholic Faith. Her husband, Col. Joseph Ives, was a civil

engineer of note, who in 1852 explored the Colorado River for the Government, in a boat of his own construction. During the Civil War he served on the staff of President Davis. The Rev. Dr. Alexander Semmes, who was president of Pío Nono College, Georgia, and Mr. Thomas J. Semmes, the learned Louisiana lawyer, were her brothers. She was first cousin to Admiral Raphael Semmes, of Alabama fame. Two of her sons, who died some years ago—Col. Edward B. Ives of the U. S. Signal Corps, and Major Frank B. Ives—both achieved distinction as army officers. Her youngest son, Mr. Eugene S. Ives, is a leading member of the Arizona Bar and is counsel for the Southern Pacific Railroad. When students at Georgetown College, the Ives boys were commissioned to carry the first American flag to the Grotto of Lourdes.

Mrs. Ives and her sister, the late Mrs. FitzGerald, though prominent in society, were primarily devoted to their religion and works of charity. Both were women of singular charm, but were admired by Protestants and Catholics even more for their nobility of character than for their beauty and accomplishments. Many conversions to the Faith are doubtless due to their influence. They worked miracles in removing mountains of prejudice.

That class of Catholics, altogether too numerous, who are forever inquiring whether this or that book is forbidden, whether such a play or moving-picture show has escaped the censure of competent authority, whether such an act or such an omission is grievously or only venially sinful, etc., might do worse than reflect for a few moments on this nugget of wisdom that we find in "A Looker-On's" column in the *Boston Pilot*:

The gist of the matter is that the moral law is perfectly well known to us all; we need no decisions to tell us a book, magazine, play or moving picture is immoral in tendency and subversive of good principles; and, in our own small way, we can do what conscience tells us is our duty.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Killykinick.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

VII.—A HOLIDAY START.



AND the holiday proved to be a "hummer" from the very start. Everybody was in high spirits. Even Dud Fielding, with his nose happily reduced to its normal color and size, had lost his "grouch," and was quite himself again, in a sporting suit of English tweed, ordered from his tailors for "roughing it." Easy-going Jim was in comfortable khaki; so was little Fred; while Dan had been privately presented by the Brother wardrobe with two suits of the same,—“left by boys for the poor,” good Brother Francis had whispered confidentially.

“I fill the bill then, sure,” said Dan, with a cheerful grin.

“You do, but many a fine man has done the same before you,” answered Brother Francis, nodding. “I’ve put a few more things in your trunk, Dan; take them and God bless you! I’ve cut off the marks so nobody’ll be the wiser.”

Brother Bart’s wrinkled face wore a glow of pleasurable excitement as, after seeing the baggage off, he marshalled his holiday force on the college porch for the last words of command from his reverend chief.

“Give your orders now, Father; though God knows how I’ll be able to keep this lot up to them. They are not to be killing and drowning themselves against my will and word.”

“Certainly not,” said Father Regan, with a smile. “Brother Bart is to be obeyed, boys, or you’ll promptly be ordered home.”

“And there is to be no roving off wid

pirates and smugglers that may be doing their devilment along the shore,” continued Brother Bart, anxiously.

“The government looks out for all that now,” laughed Father Regan.

“I’m not so sure,” said Brother Bart, who had grown up in a wild stretch of the Irish coast. “It’s a wicked world, and we’re going beyant the Lord’s light that shines on us here.”

“Not at all,” was the cheering assurance. “Beach Cliff is only six miles away, and it has a little church where there is a Mass every Sunday.”

“The Lord be praised for that anyhow!” said the good man, with a sigh of relief. “It’s a great burthen that ye’ve put on my body and soul, Father. But I’ll do me best, and, with God’s help, I’ll bring the four of them back safe and sound to ye. Now give us your blessing and we’ll be off.”

And very soon they were off indeed, speeding on to the busy wharf, scene of many a “lark” in Dan’s boyish past. Here the great steamboat was awaiting them; for, although the route was longer and more circuitous, Father Regan had decided it best for his young travellers to make their journey by sea.

To Jim and Dud such a trip was no novelty; even Freddy had taken more than one holiday outing with Uncle Tom; but to Dan—Dan whose busy, workaday childhood had excluded even the delights of a cheap excursion—everything was wonderfully and deliciously new. He felt like one in a bewildering dream. As the great floating palace, all aglitter and aglow with splendors of paint and upholstery hitherto unknown, swung from her moorings out into the stream, Dan quite forgot the gentility of his surroundings and the elegant Dud Fielding at his elbow, and waved his hat with a wild

"Hurrah" to half a dozen Wharf Rats who were fishing off the pier.

"Dan Dolan!" rose the shrill-voiced chorus, and six pairs of bare legs dangling over the water scrambled up to a stand. "Jing! if it ain't Dan Dolan,—Dan Dolan all diked up like a swell! Hi-yi-yi-yi, Dan! Where are you going, Dan?"

"Seashore, New England, Killykinick!" Dan shouted back, quite unconscious of the smiles and stares of the passengers. "Off for the summer! Hooray!"

"Hooray—hooray!" with a series of whoops and catcalls came back the Wharf Rats' farewells, echoing with such friendly memories of a rough past that Dan was struck speechless by the fierce contrasting voice in his ear.

"You darned dunderhead!" whispered Dud Fielding. "Can't you keep quiet in a decent crowd?"

"Eh?" said Dan in bewilderment.

"Don't you see everybody staring at us?" continued Dud, wrathfully. "To be shouting at dirty little beggars like those and disgracing us all!"

"Disgracing you?" echoed Dan.

"Yes," said Dud, still hot with pride and rage. "And there are the Fosters on the upper deck,—people I know. Come, Jim, let's cut off before they see us with this low-down chump."

And Dud led easy-going Jim to the other side of the boat.

"Low-down chump!" Unconscious as he was of any offence, Dan felt the scornful sting of the words, and his hot blood began to boil; but he remembered the "pricks and goads" he had resolved to bear bravely, and shut his lips tight together as Freddy stole a small hand into his own.

With the last "Hi-yi" the Wharf Rats had settled back to their occupation, and Freddy eyed them from the growing distance most favorably.

"Did you ever fish like that, Dan?" he asked with interest.

"Often," was the brief reply; for Dan was still hot and sore.

"Golly, it must be fun! And did you catch anything, Dan?"

"My dinner," answered Dan, grimly.

"Jing!" exclaimed Freddy, breathlessly. "That was great! When we get to Killykinick let us go out like those barelegged boys and catch our dinner, too."

And Dan laughed and forgot he was a "low-down chump" as he agreed they would catch dinners whenever possible. Then he and Freddy proceeded to explore the big boat high and low, decks, cabins, saloons, machinery wherever visible. Freddy, who had made similar explorations with Uncle Tom as guide, was quite posted in steamboat workings; but it was all new and wonderful to Dan, who had only dry book-knowledge of levers and cogs and wheels; and to watch them in action, to gaze down into the fiery depths of the furnace, to hear the mighty throb of the giant engine,—to see all these fierce forces mastered by rules and laws into the benignant power that was bearing him so gently over summer seas, held him breathless with interest and delight. Even the clang of the first dinner gong could not distract him from his study of cylinder and piston and shaft and driving-rod, and all shining mechanism working without pause or jar at man's command.

"Just as if they had sense," said Dan, thoughtfully,—“a heap more sense than lots of living folk I know."

"That's what Uncle Tom says," replied Freddy, to whom, in their brief holidays together, Uncle Tom, cheery and loving, was an authority beyond question. "He says they work by strict law and rule, and people won't. They shirk and kick. Jing! if these here engines took to shirking and kicking where would we be? But they don't shirk and kick against law. Uncle Tom says they obey, and that's what boys ought to do—obey. Gee! it's good we're not engines, isn't it, Dan? We'd blow things sky high.—Here's the second call for dinner," said Freddy, roused from these serious reflec-

tions by the sound of the gong. "We'd better move quick, Dan, or the ice-cream may give out."

"Can you have ice-cream,—all you want?" asked Dan.

"Well, no," hesitated Freddy, who knew what Dan could do in that line,—“not like we have at college. They dish it out other places a little skimp, but they'll give you a good supply of other things to make up."

Which information Dan soon found to be most pleasantly correct; and, though the glories of the long dining-room, with its corps of low-voiced waiters, were at first a trifle embarrassing, and Brother Bart's grace, loudly defying all human respect, attracted some attention to his table, the boys did full justice to the good things set so deftly before them, and went through the bill of fare most successfully.

The black waiters grinned as the young travellers proceeded to top off with apple pie and ice-cream, combined in such generous proportions that Brother Bart warned them that the sin of gluttony would be on their souls if they ate another mouthful.

Then Freddy, sorely against his will, was borne off by his good old friend to rest, according to Brother Tim's last order; while Dan was left to himself to watch the boat turning into the shore, where a wharf loaded with truck for shipping jutted out into the stream; and one passenger—a sturdy, grizzled man in rough, brown hunting corduroy—leaped aboard followed by two fine dogs. Then the laboring engines, with puff and shriek, kept on their way; while Dan continued his investigations, and made friendly overtures to a big deck hand who volunteered to show the eager young questioner "below."

And "below" they went, down steep, crooked steps that led away from all the glitter and splendor above, into black depths, lit only by fierce glow of undying fires. Brawny, half-naked figures fed

and stirred the roaring flames; the huge boilers hissed, the engines panted; but through all the darkness and discord came the measured beat of the ship's pulse that told there was no shirk or kick,—that all this mighty mechanism was "obeying."

And then, this dark sight-seeing over, Dan came up again into the bright, sunlit deck crowded with gay passengers chatting and laughing. Brother Bart was making efforts at conversation with an old French priest returning to his mission in the Canadian forests; Dud had introduced Jim to his fashionable friends, and both boys were enjoying a box of chocolates with pretty little Minnie Foster; Freddy was still "resting" in his stateroom.

All were unmindful of the dark, fiery depths below, where fierce powers were working so obediently to bear them on their happy, sunlit way, that was widening each moment now. The smiling shores, dotted with farms and villages, were stretching away into hazy distance; there was a new swell in the waves as they felt the heart-beat of the sea. It was all new and wonderful to Dan; and he stood leaning on the deck rail of a secluded corner made by a projecting cabin, watching the sunset glory pale over the swift vanishing shore, when he was suddenly startled by a deep voice near him that questioned:

"Worth seeing, isn't it?"

Dan looked up and saw the big grizzled stranger in corduroy gazing at the splendor of the western sky.

"Yes, sir," answered Dan. "It's great! Are we out at sea now?"

"Almost," was the reply. "Not in the full swell yet, but this is our last sight of land." He nodded to a promontory where the delicate lines of a lighthouse were faintly pencilled against the sunset.

"Jing!" said Dan, drawing a long breath. "It feels queer to be leaving earth and sun and everything behind us."

His companion laughed a little harshly. "I suppose it does at your age," he

said. "Afterwards" (he stopped to light a cigar and puff it into glow),—"afterwards we get used to it."

"Of course," assented Dan, "because we know we are coming back."

"Coming back!" repeated the other slowly. "We are not always sure of that. Sometimes we leave the land, the light, behind us forever."

"Oh, not forever!" said Dan. "We would have to strike light and land somewhere unless we drowned."

"We don't drown," continued the stranger. "We do worse: we drift,—drift in darkness and night."

Dan stared. His companion had taken his cigar from his lips and was letting its glow die into ashes.

"Folks do drown sometimes," said Dan. "I tell you if you go round the bottom of this boat you'd see how we could drown mighty easily. Just a wheel or a crank or a valve a mite wrong,—whew! we'd all be done for. But they don't go wrong; that's the wonder of it, isn't it?" said Dan, cheerfully. "If everybody kept steady and straight as a steam-engine, this would be a mighty good world."

"No doubt it would," was the reply. "Are you not rather young to be facing it alone?"

"Oh, I'm not alone!" said Dan, hastily. "I'm off with a lot of other fellows for the seashore. We are college boys from Saint Andrew's."

"Saint Andrew's?" The stranger started so violently that the dying cigar dropped from his hold. "Saint Andrew's College, you say, boy! Not Saint Andrew's in—"

But a clear young voice broke in upon the excited question.

"Dan Dolan! Where are you, Dan? Oh, I've been looking everywhere for you!"

And, fresh and rosy from his long rest, Freddy Neville bounded out gleefully to Dan's side.

A low cry burst from the stranger's lips, and he stood staring at the boys as if turned into stone.

(To be continued)

Winter Walks.

BY MARY KELLEY DUNNE.

WINTER isn't just the pleasantest time of year to go for walks; but there are some bright, invigorating days, when the sun shines and the snow glistens, that it would be a pity to miss. And there are so many interesting things to see in the trees and fence corners and on the ground under the pine trees in the woods: the winter birds; last summer's bird-nests; the winter quarters of squirrels and woodpeckers; the cocoons waiting for spring to turn them into moths and butterflies; the queer nutgalls, winter cradles for next year's insects. All of these are worth looking into. And perhaps, if you are especially lucky, some day you may come across the evidences of the many comedies and tragedies in the lives of the little people of the air and earth. The lives of birds and beasts do not run much more smoothly than do our own. All sorts of funny and tragic things happen to them, just as they do to us,—at least they seem "funny and tragic." Birds probably don't label their experiences as human folk do.

Get hold of as many of the old bird-nests as you can. They are very interesting, and there is no harm in taking them, now that the birds are done with them. Few birds use their nests a second season. Brand new material is collected every year for the new home. With some birds, of course it is only new furniture, so to speak. Their houses are already built. You know the birds I mean,—those that take up quarters in bird houses which boys and girls have set up on trees or posts, and those which, like the bluebirds and nuthatches and chickadees, make their homes in holes in stumps and trees. These feathered folk come back to their houses each season, and bring in new straw and hairs and fluff to line them. Some of them indeed make their winter quarters in holes in stumps and

trees. Whether they use these winter refuges for summer homes as well, I am not sure. I should not think they would. They must get thoroughly vermin-infested by spring. There is, of course, no way for the poor birds to get dust baths when the earth is covered with two or three feet of snow.

Lice are the great enemy of young birds. Thousands of bird babies must perish each year because of these little parasites, which suck their blood. As soon as they are old enough to dust themselves in the road, the birds can keep the little pests under control. You see, the lice are side breathers, and when you cover their bodies with a coating of dust they are no longer able to get air and must die. They multiply rapidly; and no doubt when the season is very wet, and the old birds can not get enough dust baths to keep them down, the mortality among the bird babies is higher than usual. And this problem of parasites has everything to do with the robin's extravagant habit of building a new house for each brood, instead of making over the old nest. Two nests in a season, besides feeding the two families, is a pretty big job, so you must not blame the robins for being a bit slovenly in their workmanship on the midseason home. You can nearly always tell the second nest from the first one, by its rough-and-ready look.

Perhaps among the old nests which you come across on your winter tramp you may find one where an egg seems to have been woven into the material. Perhaps you wonder how it got there. That is one of the little comedies of bird life. Perhaps you might call it due to plain laziness, if birds are ever lazy in the sense that people are sometimes. The mother bird spent too much time hunting for a site for her home before she started the work of building. Or perhaps she was delayed in her search for material. At any rate, her first egg ripened before she had her nest ready, so she simply

laid it in the unfinished nest, and went right ahead with her work. When the work was finished, the egg was down in the basement of the building, so to speak, quite covered over by another floor. Being so far away from the incubating heat of the mother's body, it did not hatch, which was just as well under the circumstances. What a tragedy it would have been if the poor little bird had come to life in that tangle of hair and grass and string! There was no possible way for it to get out, so it would have died of slow starvation.

A friend of mine once brought home a bird's-nest which had a very tragic decoration. A tiny white skeleton hung by a string from the front of the nest, and two empty eggs were inside. It was quite easy to interpret the story. The little builder had left a loop of loose hair on the threshold of her home. She had gone back and forth safely many times,—the two eggs told us that. Then the next time her foot had caught in the hair, and, unable to extricate herself, she hung there until she died; then the sun and the weather disposed of the feathers and flesh, and left the little white bones to swing in the wind. The eggs, no doubt, were pierced and sucked dry by some long-billed robber bird. Had the mother been away when the robber sucked her eggs, she would have calmly eaten the shells when she returned, and laid a couple of others to replace them. What became of the mate, I wonder? He probably fussed around, uttering pitiful calls of distress; but when no help came, and his little mate was dead, he flew away.

I once heard a pretty story about a robin family in which a similar tragedy occurred, only in this case the little birds had been hatched. After flying around distractedly, uttering most distressful cries, the father seemed to pull himself together. The human folk looking on were very indignant indeed, for he flew away. All sorts of remarks were made about the callousness of fathers

who desert their babies. Mothers never do,—bird mothers, at any rate. And there was that nestful of half-starved baby robins crying for their mother to feed them and cover them with her warm feather blanket. But the indignant critics spoke too quickly, as is the usual way with critics. They had not waited for all the facts before condemning father robin. And when they saw the sequel, there was no way they could apologize for their harsh judgment. (That's what happens to most of us, you know, when we pass "snap judgments" on each other or on our "little sisters of the air," as St. Francis of Assisi called the birds.) Along towards evening the father robin came back to the nest, accompanied by another bird, evidently a young female. She seemed to understand the situation thoroughly; for she at once settled down on the nest, covering the crying babies, while the father hastened over to the pasture and returned with his bill full of worms to feed them all.

Humbling the Proud.

Once when the gentle scholar we know as the Blessed Notker was a teacher at the Monastery of St. Gall, the Emperor Charles paid that famous institution a visit; and in his train was his chaplain, who resented the consideration his royal master paid to the learned scholar. As the visitors were preparing to depart the chaplain said to his companions:

"They call this fellow the wisest man in the Empire. It is said, too, that he is so holy that nothing can disturb him. I intend to make him a laughing-stock before we go; for I have a question for him which no man on earth can answer."

Then the chaplain went to Notker, who was reading his Breviary near by; and his friends gathered around to see the scholar discomfited.

"My learned master," observed the chaplain, "we have heard that there is

nothing you do not know. Will you answer a question?"

"If I can," responded Notker, rising politely and closing his book.

The spectators smiled at one another, and the chaplain put his query.

"We should like to have you tell us, if you please, what God is now doing in heaven."

"I can answer that," said Notker, quietly. "He is doing what He has always done and what He is shortly to do to thee—He is exalting the humble and humbling the proud."

The chaplain and his companions turned away, not knowing what to say.

Soon the bell rang for the departure of the guests, and they set off, the chaplain riding a spirited horse. When they reached the city's gate the steed, taking fright, threw him to the ground, breaking his leg. He was taken back to St. Gall's, where the abbot besought him to receive Notker and, asking his pardon, to receive his blessing in return.

"I will have nothing to do with your puffed-up scholar!" said the chaplain.

One night, however, while he slept, Notker visited him and prayed for his recovery; and the leg, in a sad state until that time, soon began to get better. After that the chaplain, having learned his lesson, became more humble; being, but for his foolish pride, a good and generous man.

How Arithmetic Used to be Taught.

This problem shows how boys were taught arithmetic a century or so ago; it is from a "Tutor's Guide," composed by one Richard Vyse:

When first the Marriage Knot was tied
Between my Wife and Me,
My age did hers as far exceed
As three times three does three.
But when ten years and half ten years
We man and wife had been,
Her age came up as near to mine
As eight is to sixteen.
Now tell me pray
What were our ages on our wedding day?

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Nan of Music Mountain," by Frank H. Spearman, is among forthcoming American fiction.

—The Life of Monsignor Benson, by Father Cyril Martindale, S. J., will appear this month. It is in two volumes.

—Heath, Cranton, Ltd., London, announce a Life of the late Mr. Justice Day, with Introductions by Cardinal Gasquet and Sir Robert Finlay, K. C.

—"St. Alphonsus de Liguori," by Baron J. Angot des Rotours, forms a new volume in the Saints Series, of which twenty-three have already been published in English.

—It is no longer a secret that "Aunt Sarah and the War," of which 50,000 copies have been sold, was written by Mr. Wilfrid Meynell. It was published anonymously last summer. A new edition has just been issued by Messrs. Burns & Oates.

—Col. Roosevelt's new book, "Fear God and Take Your Own Part," is a discussion of governmental problems of immediate interest, and is especially concerned with the possibility of this country's being involved in war, and the necessity of increased armament.

—That class of Irishmen who believe everything they hear or read against England, no less than Germans, will be interested in a work just published by the Wolfe Tone Co., New York, entitled "What Germany Could Do for Ireland." The author is Mr. James K. McGuire, whose admiration for Germany is as great as his detestation for England. His book, which might have been issued in Berlin, is about as impartial in its scope and purport as a Zeppelin.

—The Rev. Father W. Roche, S. J., whose "House and Table of God" was favorably noticed in these columns some time ago, has laid devotional literature under another obligation in his latest offering, "Mysteries of the Mass in Reasoned Prayers." (Longmans, Green, & Co.) It is a book of prayers with just the right temper, liturgical and strongly dogmatic; and it combines fulness and brevity of treatment in ideal proportions. We give as a specimen the prayer at the commingling of the water and wine: "O God, who in creation didst marvellously fashion our human nature, and by redemption still more wonderfully honor and

ennoble it, making it one with Thy Divine Son, see in this Chalice—in the mingling of water with pure wine—an image of that oneness. Grant that we may be as inseparably one with Jesus as this water is one with the wine; and as the water is enriched by this union, so may our poor nature partake of His perfection, and be changed and deified through union with His Divinity, who with Thee and the Holy Spirit is One God forever. Amen."

—"The Assumption of the Virgin: A Miracle Play from the N—Town Cycle," is reprinted by the Clarendon Press, with an Introduction and notes by Dr. W. W. Gregg. The purpose of this reprint is to lay stress on the metrical structure of the play, which, "though perfectly clear in the manuscript, is very effectively concealed in the printed edition" of Halliwell (1841), and to bring "the English text into close relation with its source in the narrative of the 'Legenda Aurea' by giving those portions of the legend on which the play is based."

—The country editor who received the following lines from one of his subscribers declares that they are "full of inspiration. The sentiments are praiseworthy to the last degree, and the expression of them tiptop." The editor regrets that there are not more poets among his subscribers, but says that "plain prose'll do just as well if accompanied by the spondulics or another cord of wood":

I have your gentle intimation
That my subscription's due;
And promptly now, in liquidation
Of the forgotten obligation,
Enclose my check to you.

—A batch of penny pamphlets from the Catholic Truth Society of London again forces an exclamation of admiration at the splendid choice of subjects treated and the no less splendid manner of their treatment. One of the best (a model monograph) is "A Modern Miracle, the Case of Peter de Rudder," an account of a miraculous cure through Our Lady of Lourdes. This eminently authoritative pamphlet is by the Rev. Felix Rankin, S. J. "How to Stop the Leakage" is a social study by the Rev. John H. Wright, S. J. Controversial pamphlets include: "Anglicanism at the Front," by James Britten, K. S. G.; "The Severance of England from Rome," by H. E. Hall; and "A Catholic at the Front," edited by Father G. C. H. Pollen, S. J. Of biographical issues, there are: "Dante," by the Rev. H. S. Bowden; "St. Stephen Harding," by the Rev. Henry

Tristram, of the Oratory; "Gregory Martin," by Dyddgu Hamilton. Fiction is represented by Louisa Emily Dobrée, with six stories in separate issues, and one other by Mrs. Bancroft Hughes. The following are historical numbers: "Footsteps of the Welsh Martyrs," by the Rev. Joseph Murphy, S. J.; "Russia and the Catholic Church," by Dr. Adrian Fortescue; and "More Stories of the War." Three exceptionally good doctrinal numbers are: "The Neutrality of the Holy See," by the Most Rev. Archbishop of Northampton; "Pilgrimages and Relics," by Gregory Martin; and "The Doctrine of Indulgences," by the Rev. Hugh Pope, O. P.

—The London *Saturday Review*, which is the weekly review of the Tory Party, announces that it has no intention of neglecting those branches of life and thought which do not relate, directly or indirectly, to the conduct of war. The editor says truly that "the desire for a relief once in the week from the crushing materialism of the time, and from intellectual and spiritual starvation, has probably never before been so keenly felt, alike by soldiers on active service and by civilian workers at home; and there was never a greater need than that which exists to-day to revise and correct views and impressions got by hasty and desultory reading about the war during the week."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Mysteries of the Mass in Reasoned Prayers."

Rev. W. Roche, S. J. 50 cts.

"What Germany Could Do for Ireland." James K. McGuire. \$1.

"The 'Summa Theologica' of St. Thomas Aquinas." Part II. (First Part.) Literally Translated by the Fathers of the English Dominican Province. Third Number (QQ. XC—CXIV).

"Newman's 'Gentleman.'" Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C. 35 cts.

"Spiritual Director and Physician." From the French of the Rev. Fr. V. Raymond, O. P. Translated by Dom Aloysius Smith, C. R. L. \$1.75.

"The Life of Father de Smet, S. J. (1801-1873.)" E. Laveille, S. J. Authorized Translation by Marian Lindsay. \$2.75.

"The Student's Handbook to the Study of the New Testament." Translated from the Thirteenth French Edition of Augustus Brassac, S. S., by Joseph L. Weidenhan, S. T. L. \$3.25.

"Addresses at Patriotic and Civic Occasions." 2 vols. \$3.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. James Cloherty, of the diocese of Newark; Rev. M. T. Macken, archdiocese of Chicago; and Rev. Mauritius Wagner, O. S. B.

Sister M. Dolores and Sister M. Annunciata, of the Sisters of Mercy; Sister Marcella Maria, Sisters of Providence; Sister M. Austin, Sisters of St. Joseph; Mother M. Ursula, Order of St. Ursula; Sister M. Baptist, Sisters of Charity; and Sister Benedict, O. S. B.

Capt. Frank Weitzel, Mr. Edward Zender Mrs. Mary McManus, Mr. John Maguire, Mrs. Mary Sarbinowski, Mr. Michael McIntyre, Mr. John Mullins, Mrs. Isabella Laughlin, Mrs. L. Le Boef, Mrs. Rose Windress, Mr. Patrick Fitzgerald, Mr. James Brown, Jr., Mr. J. E. Koester, Mrs. Mary Clohesy, Mr. A. F. Daues, Mr. Henry Dietz, Mrs. Anna Smith, Mr. Andrew Pierce, Mr. Joseph Ferring, Mr. John McAveney, Mr. C. A. Good, Mr. Edward Unger, Mr. Robert Powell, Mr. Henry Marshall, Mr. Daniel O'Keefe, Mr. William Lenihan, Mrs. Mary Maguire, Mrs. James Shal, Mr. Thomas McCrickett, Miss Caroline Crangle, Mr. Patrick Reynolds, Mr. Richard Kearney, Miss Mary Groves, Mrs. Ellen Timmens, Mr. James Turley, Mrs. Ellen Luddy, Mr. Michael Luddy, Mrs. Katherine Wright, Mr. Edward Murray, Mrs. Virginia Johnston, Miss Lucretia Baker, Mr. John Dumpsey, Miss Stacia O'Leary, Mr. Edward McCafferty, Miss L. D. Villalonga, Miss Alice Cloran, Mr. Henry Schnare, Mrs. Mary S. Huttinger, Miss Agnes C. Burns, and Mr. T. E. Mitchell, Jr.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the starving children in China: J. A. N., "in gratitude," \$1; Anna T., \$1; A. M. C., in honor of the Sacred Heart, \$1. To supply good reading for prisons, hospitals, etc.: Friend, \$2. For the Chinese missions: A. A. H. (Okla.), \$10.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Comforter.

BY LUCY GERTRUDE CLARKIN.

O LORD, though I be stricken, let me smile!
 Bid not my tears to fall until I creep
 Close to Thy wounded feet, where oftenwhile
 I come to weep.

Though drear my life, as drear as dawn-lit strand
 Strewn with the proving of an angry deep,
 I crave no human love to understand,—
 Thou'lt know I weep.

Though bloom bereft, the path whereon I go,
 Uncheered my memories I dare to keep,
 Thou, only Thou, O Banker of my woe,
 Must know I weep!

Our Lady of Einsiedeln.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM REANY, S. T. L.



N making the round of Europe, the traveller rarely visits a place of pilgrimage which has so great antiquity and, through the providence of God, has been the means of conferring so many benefits on mankind as Our Lady of Hermits, Einsiedeln. The first mention of the word "Einsiedeln" ("The Wilderness") is found in a document of the Emperor Henry IV., dated May 24, 1073, in these terms: "The monastery which is called 'The Wilderness'; in the German language, 'Einsiedeln.'" It is in the centre of Switzerland—which, from its position, is considered to be the heart of Europe,—in the middle of a small plain about three thousand feet above the sea level, that

the sanctuary of Our Lady of Hermits is situated, surrounded by green meadows and well-wooded hills. It is without doubt one of the most celebrated places of pilgrimage, where God manifests in a special manner His omnipotence and the wonders of divine grace. To-day, after one thousand years of popularity, it is second in importance only to the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes.

The town of Einsiedeln, surrounded by the districts of Schwytz, March, and Hoefe, was before the French Revolution under the rule of the Benedictine Abbey of Our Lady of Hermits. By the constitution of the Swiss Union, Einsiedeln became a district of the canton of Waldstaetten; and after the fall of the Swiss government, Napoleon, by his act of mediation in 1803, made Einsiedeln a division of the canton of Schwytz. The division of Einsiedeln counts about eighty-five hundred inhabitants, and contains outside of the town seven dependencies: Euthal, Gross, Willerzell, Egg, Brennau, Trachslau, and Binzen, of which the first three are ministered to by a resident *curé*.

The town, situated between the River Alp and the monastery, is divided into two parts by a beautiful road, and contains about forty-five hundred inhabitants. It produces the impression of a city by reason of its cleanness and the good appearance of its roads. In the middle of the large and beautiful square in front of the monastery rises, over the spring beside which St. Meinrad built his hermitage, the fountain of Our Lady. It is out of respect for the founder of

Einsiedeln that the abbots have always directed their care to the beautifying of this fountain. The first who mentions this monument is Rudolph of Radegg, about the year 1300. Speaking of the buildings constructed by Abbot John I., he says: "The same abbot adorned by numerous conducts rich in beauty the fountain of the Blessed Virgin Mary." The actual form of the fountain of Our Lady—a name which is preserved among the people for more than five hundred years—dates from the year 1753. The principal beauty of the monument is a statue of the Immaculate Conception, the work of Pozzi of Milan.

The town of Einsiedeln, as well as the monastery, has been tried several times by fire. In 1509 a fire, which began in a bakery, reduced to ashes seventy-seven houses and a large part of the buildings of the abbey. About seventy years afterwards another fire, starting from some tile fields quite at the bottom of the town, completely destroyed the monastery. Abbot Adam learned this overwhelming news at the monastery of Fahr, where he was resting after the fatigue of a pilgrimage to Rome. To avert for the future such a misfortune, a vow was made to make a solemn procession annually with all the relics of the saints which are in the monastery. This procession takes place every year on the feast of St. George, April 23, or the Sunday following.

Among the celebrities of Einsiedeln, one of the greatest is Theophrastus Bombast, of Hohenheim, called Paracelsus, famous throughout Europe as a naturalist and doctor. His father was a near relative of the Grand Master of the Order of the Knights of St. John, George Bombast of Hohenheim, who came to Einsiedeln in the time of Abbot Conrad III., and married the lady superintendent of the hospitals for pilgrims where he practised as a doctor. The issue of this marriage was Paracelsus, who was born in the year 1493. The house near to the Devil's Bridge at the foot of Mt. Etzel is

reputed to be the dwelling of his infancy.

When sixteen years of age, Theophrastus, having received from his father an excellent education, was admitted to the University of Basle, where he studied with great success physics and medicine, and where his genius was not slow in making itself visible. Although he travelled much in almost every country of Europe, he displayed an astonishing literary activity. The books which he wrote or dictated reached the figure of two hundred and thirty. As to their worth, it is recognized that Paracelsus, by his originality, became the pioneer of a new epoch by insisting upon the union of the study of the sciences of surgery and medicine. Several remarkable cures are attributed to his skill.

The abbots of the monastery, during the period when they governed the town, always sought the spiritual and temporal welfare of their subjects. It was especially to the schools that they gave their attention. A long time before the Reformation, Einsiedeln possessed a school for its inhabitants; since 1668 each of the surrounding hamlets has had its school. The abbots also furthered the material interests of the people. Abbot Augustine I. had several works carried out to regulate the course of the mountain torrents. In public calamities, the abbots have always done what was possible to relieve the misfortunes of the people. During the famine of the years 1770 and 1771, Abbot Nicholas II. bought at a high price corn in Italy and sold it very cheaply to the townspeople.

It is, however, above all things to the pilgrimage that Einsiedeln owes its importance and reputation. Our Lord said: "If any man minister to Me, him will My Father honor."* This promise of our Saviour found its realization in the most splendid manner, even in this world, in the person of the faithful servant of Christ, St. Meinrad: his hermitage, indeed, became one of the most frequented

* St. John, xii, 26.

places of pilgrimage in the whole world. The witnesses of the concourse of pilgrims in this place of grace will understand that the words of Holy Scripture may be applied to Einsiedeln: "Thou shalt shine with a glorious light. . . Nations from afar shall come to thee, and shall bring gifts, and shall adore the Lord in thee, and shall esteem thy land as holy."*

A poem of an eye-witness, Rudolph of Radegg, proves that there was already about the year 1300 a considerable flow of pilgrims confiding in the power of the Blessed Virgin Mary which is found in the Cell of St. Meinrad. "Almighty God has dedicated to you this temple—to you, Virgin most clement,—that each one may come to draw from it salvation and benediction. Pilgrims in crowds come from distant countries to venerate you in it; the weak and the strong in it pay you every homage. Justly you increase virtue; from the head of the sinner you avert chastisement; it is here that all find grace."

The largest number of pilgrims belong to Catholic Switzerland and to the neighboring countries—France, Germany, and Italy. One observes persons, laymen or ecclesiastics, distinguished both by their rank and education. The average number of pilgrims in the last thirty years, calculated from the distribution of Communion, comes up to one hundred and fifty-five thousand yearly. This average is sometimes surpassed; in 1710 there were two hundred and sixty thousand pilgrims; in 1749, two hundred and twenty-six thousand; and in 1885, one hundred and eighty-six thousand.

The pilgrims come either separately, or in groups more or less considerable, or in procession, some parishes or whole cantons joining together in one body. The number of these processions rises to seventy. Those which take place in the name of a canton are received solemnly by the members of the monastery in the large square in front of the church. The

most ancient of these pilgrimages is that of Schwytz, which goes back to the year 1313. Their origin is ordinarily a vow made during or after a public calamity. The town of Zurich, having vanquished the Austrians at Taetwyl in 1351, promised to make a general and annual pilgrimage to Our Lady of Hermits. Each family was to be represented by a man who had come of age; the town, by a deputation of magistrates and clergy. Consequently more than eighteen hundred men of Zurich were to be seen on the feast of Pentecost every year following the processional cross, and each offering a candle at the altar of the Blessed Virgin Mary. As the pilgrims were sometimes embarrassed in finding accommodation, Canon Henry Martin, of Zurich, built at Einsiedeln a hotel for this purpose.

In looking for the cause of the popularity of the pilgrimage of Einsiedeln, in the first place comes the invincible desire of man to free his mind from the daily routine and troubles of life and to direct it towards his higher end. This is the reason why there are pilgrimages at all periods and among all peoples. With regard to the pilgrimage of Einsiedeln, it is easy to understand why it exercises a particular attraction. It is the place which our Saviour has chosen as a privileged sanctuary of His Mother, and which He Himself consecrated on that memorable night of the 13th to the 14th of September, 948, not only to be preserved for one thousand years, but to be marked out always by the special favors bestowed upon it. To these causes may be added the efforts made by the monks to render it worthy of its divine protector. The unexaggerated splendor with which the feasts and the services are celebrated, the exactness and dignity of the ceremonies, the religious calm and good order so favorable to recollection of spirit, leave little to be desired.

While considering all the graces which this sanctuary offers to man, one will understand the reverence and the joy

* Tobias, xiii, 13, 14.

with which some of the saints themselves have approached this privileged place. St. Nicholas of Flüe as well as St. Benedict Joseph Labre made several pilgrimages on foot to Einsiedeln. St. Charles Borromeo, having visited other celebrated sanctuaries of Europe, came to Einsiedeln in 1570. Writing to Cardinal de Hohenems, he says that he experienced at Einsiedeln a singular piety, and that nowhere except at Loretto had he found a place which so excited his devotion.

The church of Einsiedeln is without doubt one of the most remarkable in Switzerland. While the simple pilgrim remains struck with the grandeur of this edifice, the connoisseur admires its fine proportions, and the art with which the principal parts of this colossal building are joined to form a harmonious whole,—the choir, the nave, the side chapels, and the octagon in which is found the chapel of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The roof, of great boldness, supported by eight columns, has been judged by connoisseurs to be of the first order. M. le Professeur Semper, of Zurich, has termed it a masterpiece of architecture, particularly in what concerns the building of vaulted roofs.

The foundation stone of the present church was solemnly laid on July 20, 1721, the feast of the Blessed Virgin Mary under the title of Patroness of Einsiedeln. Neither Abbot Thomas Schenklin, who presided over the ceremonies, nor Brother Gaspard Moosbrugger, the architect who designed the new buildings and watched over its execution, saw the work finished, or the consecration of the church, which took place on May 3, 1735, under Abbot Nicholas Imfeld.

The façade of the church makes a semicircular projection and dominates for nearly nine yards the front of the abbey buildings. One of the two large towers, which rise to a height of nearly one hundred and sixty-six feet, contains one very large bell; in the other are eight bells, which, with the two small ones of the chapel of the Blessed Virgin Mary,

form a harmonious and imposing chime. Of all the principal parts of the church, the lower and upper choirs and the chapel of the Blessed Virgin are those perhaps which most attract the pilgrim.

The chief glory of the church is without doubt the chapel of the Blessed Virgin Mary, built upon the same site occupied by the Cell of St. Meinrad. It is of black marble. The walls alone of the interior are covered with stucco, which imitates the marble so well that it is difficult to discern the difference. In front is found a large arched opening serving as a principal entrance, and shut by a grille with two leaves; the two side entrances are equally closed by elegant grilles. At the back of the chapel of the Blessed Virgin Mary, on the exterior wall, is found a Latin inscription by Archbishop Sittich, of Salzburg, who in 1632 had the interior wooden walls of the ancient chapel cased with marble. Before the principal entrance is seen a plastic group in marble from Salzburg, representing the death of the Blessed Virgin Mary. On the left and on the right lower down are seen two reliefs in alabaster, representing the Nativity and the Annunciation of the Mother of God. On the mouldings which surround the chapel are some balustrades adorned with fourteen statues in wood by Abart.

The altar of the shrine was constructed in 1835 of Carrara marble by the sculptor Argentini of Vieggiù. Above this altar, in a niche of the wall in the background, resting on some clouds of gold and surrounded by a shining glory, is seen the statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary holding the Infant Jesus in her arms. The statue is covered with precious stuffs woven in gold; the head of the Mother and that of the Child are covered with golden crowns and jewels. The place of the tabernacle is occupied by the reliquary which contains the head of St. Meinrad. Three silver lamps burn day and night before the altar. At the foot is a beautiful relief, in gilded bronze, representing the miracu-

lous dedication of the chapel, executed in accordance with the designs of J. J. Wikart, of Einsiedeln, by Manfredini, of Milan. The gift of this magnificent piece of work was made by Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, through the Duke of Montmorency-Laval, who visited Einsiedeln in 1837. The two bas-reliefs to the right and to the left reproduce the translation of the statue from Zurich to Einsiedeln and the death of St. Meinrad.

The impression produced by this sanctuary is described by Goethe, whom none will accuse of religious fanaticism, in his work "Of my Life": "The small chapel, dwelling of St. Meinrad, has been for me something new,—something which I had never yet seen anywhere. I mean this small structure surrounded with pillars and surmounted with arches. What serious meditations should the thought awake in me, that a single spark of faith and of piety has kindled here a small fireside, always strong and always brilliant, to which pilgrims crowd, even at the price of great sacrifices, to seek the holy light for their modest torch! Well, that shows us the immense need which humanity experiences for this light, this warmth, that St. Meinrad had been the first to feel in this place, and had nourished in the depths of his soul, in the inmost recesses of his conscience."

Every day, after Vespers, a group of religious and students walk in procession to this chapel to sing the *Salve Regina*, the marvellous melody of which inspires piety and ravishes the soul. Hardly was this magnificent antiphon composed by Hermann Contract, a Benedictine monk of Reichenau, who was born in the year 1013, than it was welcomed with great eagerness at Our Lady of Hermits. This fact was due to the closeness of the relations which existed between the monastery of Reichenau, where St. Meinrad himself had been a monk, and the monastery of Einsiedeln. In a manuscript of 1250 are already found the words: "*O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria!*" which St.

Bernard in the Cathedral of Spire had added to the text in 1146. In the beginning, the *Salve Regina* was sung in the chapel of Our Lady only on solemn occasions; then every Saturday and on all vigils; and finally, since 1521, it resounds every day after Vespers under the majestic arches of the large church.

As for the activity of the monks, it has always been directed to two principal ends—first, the recitation of the Divine Office and to providing for the needs of pilgrims, which have often compelled them to call to their assistance other priests; secondly, to the cultivation of the arts and sciences. From the most remote times, there has been a monastic school at Einsiedeln, where Latin and many modern languages are taught. The men who won for the abbey a great reputation for virtue and science are numerous. Several members of the monastery have been placed by the Church among the catalogue of her saints; others have been vested with ecclesiastical dignities (celebrated Sees, such as those of Metz, Ratisbon, Constance, Chur and Como, have been occupied by monks of Einsiedeln); others have become abbots and founders of new monasteries; while several have been professors in German universities. But more numerous still are those who in the silence of their monastery have devoted themselves to scientific research.

Owing to the miraculous dedication of the chapel of the Blessed Virgin Mary and the fame of the pilgrimage, many members of different royal families of Europe have entered the monastery. In 949 Blessed Gregory, the oldest son of Edward the Elder and grandson of Alfred the Great, King of England, and brother of Queen Edith, the first consort of Otho the Great, donned the monk's habit in Einsiedeln. Distinguished by rare knowledge and a most holy life, he won the greatest respect, and was elected third abbot in succession to Blessed Thietland, who resigned in 964. Under his rule, St.

Wolfgang founded the first school in the monastery. It is not proved that Blessed Gregory was the first abbot to have the honor of being Prince of the Holy Roman Empire; but it is certain that the abbots of Einsiedeln possessed this dignity before 1274, since King Rudolph I. confirmed, in a document dated January 20 of that year, the honor to Abbot Ulric II. and his successors.

The peace of the monastery has not always been undisturbed during the ten centuries of its existence. The dangers arising out of the Reformation in the sixteenth century, and the misfortunes of the French Revolution at the end of the eighteenth century, threatened its very existence. At the beginning of the so-called Reformation, Abbot Conrad having retired to Saint-Gérolde, Thiébold of Géroldebeck became the administrator of the monastery. Devoted to the new religion, he called Ulric Zwingli, of Wildhaus (canton of St. Gall), to assist the *curé* of Einsiedeln. There Zwingli preached with success his new principles. It was especially on the feast of the Miraculous Dedication of the Chapel of Our Lady in 1517 that he addressed a remarkably numerous audience, in the open air, on a hill to the right of the cemetery, which is known even at the present day as "the Hill of Zwingli." Later Zwingli was called to Zurich, where his friend from Géroldebeck followed him.

After the death of Abbot Conrad in 1526, the monastery, not counting more than four members, was almost a wilderness. The greater part of its goods had been seized by the cantons which had accepted the reform of Zwingli, and the rest of its property was overburdened with debt. At the instance of the cantons which remained Catholic, the Government of Schwytz, in order to prevent the ruin of Einsiedeln, called from the monastery of St. Gall a monk distinguished by his virtues and knowledge, Louis Blarer, of Wartensel, who, convinced of the importance of his task, worked with much

zeal in the Catholic cause. Gathering around him and training young monks, he succeeded little by little in restoring the Abbey of Einsiedeln to its ancient splendor. Until this time only nobles were received as members; but under this abbot, who died in 1544, admittance was granted to the middle classes of society. Joachim Eichhorn, of Wyl (canton of St. Gall), the successor of Louis Blarer, finished very successfully the work of restoration, and for this reason is called by the chroniclers "the second founder of Einsiedeln." It was he who represented the Catholic clergy of Switzerland at the Council of Trent.

The French Revolution in some ways was a greater blow to Our Lady of Hermits than the Reformation. The monks fled in 1798 to Saint-Gérolde. The statue of the Blessed Virgin was hidden first in a chapel in Albthal at the foot of the Mythen; then, to be still further out of the reach of reckless searchers, it was hidden in the sides of the Haken, and later carried to Vorarlberg. The chapel of the Blessed Virgin was levelled to the ground by the revolutionaries; and a statue of the Mother of God, which was found there, and thought to be the authentic image, was carried to Paris. The wealth of the monastery was declared to be the property of the State by the united Swiss Government. After many changes of fortune, on September 29, 1803, the miraculous statue was brought back from Vorarlberg to Einsiedeln, where it was reinstated with great pomp and ceremony.

Hardly had the chapel of the Blessed Virgin been raised from its ruins, and the expelled monks returned from exile to their quiet cells, than pilgrims again began to flock to it from all sides. On the feast of the miraculous dedication in 1817, when for the first time divine service was held in the restored chapel, twenty thousand worshippers assembled.

Under the government of Abbot Conrad Tanner, of Arth (canton of Schwytz), a man who was no less learned than practical,

the monastery recovered from the serious blow which the French Revolution had inflicted upon it. So great was the respect which Abbot Conrad Tanner enjoyed even in the eyes of Pope Pius VII. that the Holy Father wished, in 1818, to make Einsiedeln an episcopal See and to place over it the abbot of the monastery. But the abbot and the chapter, after due deliberation, decided to decline this high honor. To accept it could not fail to scatter their forces, and consequently to be harmful to the interests of the monastery and to the work arising out of the needs of the pilgrimage. A proof of the interest which Abbot Conrad Tanner took in his own monastery and in other Benedictine monasteries is the zeal with which he pursued the reconstruction of the Congregation of the Swiss Benedictines. The Holy See again in 1819 sanctioned its statutes and privileges, in accordance with which the abbot of the monastery of Einsiedeln is always president of the Congregation.

In recent years, the activity of the monks of Einsiedeln has been remarkable in America. After the violent suppression of the college at Bellinzona, Abbot Henry IV., with the resources thus put at his disposal, founded a colony of Benedictines in the United States—St. Meinrad in Indiana. Despite the immense difficulties to be overcome, the colony prospered. A large monastery was built and a school established. Pius IX. in 1870 raised this monastery to the rank of an independent abbey, and made it the centre of the Swiss and American Congregation canonically erected at the same time. The first abbot, Martin Marty, of Schwytz, employed his talents with the greatest success in the conversion of the Sioux Indians in the North of the United States. In 1879 he was named Vicar Apostolic of Dakota and Bishop of Tiberias. He was replaced as abbot by Fintan Mundwiler, under whom had been established in Arkansas a new priory, which has since become an abbey. The American Swiss

Congregation, in the short period of time which has elapsed since 1854, when two monks from Einsiedeln went to the United States, is now as large as the Swiss Congregation in Europe, including as it does five abbeys, one priory, several missions, seminaries and colleges.

Thus with the opening of the second millennium of the existence of the Cell of St. Meinrad, the spirit of his life and the fruit of his work have been carried from East to West.

James Harrington, M. D.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

VIII.

THAT large and irregular house of wood, with its paint of bright yellow, had belonged in a miniature form to Denis Hogan's father, who had come out, with his family, during some of the bad years in Ireland. The elder Hogan had begun a small grocery business, which had prospered exceedingly; and when his son had grown to manhood he had taken him into partnership. Their customers included most of the wealthier people who inhabited dwellings in St. Antoine Street, or the other streets leading up to the mountain whither the city was tending.

Denis Hogan the younger shared his father's reputation for honesty, fairness, and civility; and he possessed that keen business instinct which enabled him to supply at moderate prices the very best goods the market could command. The father, at his death, had left a competence, which his son, by judicious investments, had increased to positive wealth. Altogether, Mr. Hogan had the name of being the most prosperous man in Griffintown, and was certainly one of the most justly respected. His wife, like himself, was generous and charitable to a fault; and as, to use their own expression, they had "neither chick nor child," they were free to devote considerable time to good

works outside of their own household. Thus they were able to offer hospitality to the Maloney children when their mother lay dying of the cholera, and, later, during the illness of their father, who had likewise contracted the terrible disease. Their assistance had also been freely given, both financially and in devoted service, to the various stricken families, and to the survivors of those who were "carried off." Their charity to the poor and the cholera sufferers, and their fearless ministrations amongst the latter, were for a long time proverbial.

But, now that the sinister cloud of disease and death had been lifted from Griffintown, there were new brightness and cheerfulness amongst the people, especially in those houses where the family circle had remained intact. It seemed as if the sky were bluer and the sun a brighter gold. The Death Angel had all but touched them with his wings; still, his passing had swept away other clouds that obscured the landscape. His presence, too, had brought forth such traits of genuine kindness, brotherly love, sympathy with misfortune, and an eager liberality in helping the sufferers, that the Irish colony appeared to have been drawn nearer together, and to have cemented the bonds of friendship and of kindred.

Denis Hogan and his wife had gathered together a large and, as it might appear to the fastidious, a motley company to celebrate the Silver Jubilee of their wedding. They did not dignify it by that title, nor were their guests expected to bring articles in silver to grace the festivity; but it was understood that twenty-five years previously, when the Irish in Montreal were only a handful, Denis Hogan and his wife had "stood up" together before the holy Father Richards, in the quaint little chapel of the Bonsecours, and had begun their pilgrimage together. The occasion was one of great jollity; everyone seemed in the best of spirits, and there were in the fullest sense of the word "lashin's and lavin's" pro-

vided for the refreshment of the guests. Mrs. Hogan and her two able-bodied servants had been busy for several days preparing turkeys and hams, cold meat-pies and pickled oysters, cake and jellies and trifles. The big confectionery up at the corner of Mountain Street had likewise given of its stores to provide a great variety of sweetmeats. Never before had hospitality on so lavish a scale delighted the inhabitants of Griffintown.

The occasion was graced by the presence of a famous Irish piper, Charlie Ferguson, who, though blind of both eyes from his birth, could bring forth from his instrument strange harmonies and melodies that might well have melted the savage breast. He was a man of some education, having gone through a college course in the old country; and he was received on terms of friendly equality in the best Catholic houses of the city. But, still, he did not disdain to visit and enliven the festivities of his humbler fellow-countrymen. The people delighted in his music,—those wild, weird strains which seemed to concentrate all the passion and the pain of a nation that, more than any other, has known sorrow and been acquainted with grief. Sometimes the pipes, with almost human cadences, broke into an elfish mirthfulness, such as might have been indulged in by the children of the *Sidhe* on the hillsides of far-off Ireland; or, again, there was the rollicking drollery, the roguish humor of the Celt in his hours of abandon, which has survived all the sadness of his temperament and of his surroundings; so that tears of sorrow or of joy chased each other over the faces of that company. Many, especially amongst the older people, were exiles who had fled from home in the dismal famine years, or the children of those to whom life in their native country had become unbearable through the cruel pressure of circumstances.

So thought Dr. Harrington, who had been invited, and who had come by special request to offer his good wishes to that couple, whose worth none better

than he could estimate. He stood, unobserved at first, in a corner near the door, to listen to the wonderful playing of the blind man, who seemed thus to endow his instrument with life and feeling. The Doctor had just come from a dinner at the Club, where men of the highest fashion and of commanding intellect had been gathered; but that did not make him either carping or critical of those who, in a different orbit, were enjoying life after quite another fashion. On the contrary, he noted, with a curious lightening of the spirit, how the clouds had been dispelled, and how gladness and good cheer seemed to reign supreme. Kitchen, dining room and parlor were brilliantly alight with many gas jets, though gas was then a newly imported luxury into the homes of the well-to-do. The night was cold, so the warmth that radiated from the large stoves was grateful, and the smell of the burning maple logs pleasantly filled the atmosphere.

When the piper had ceased playing for a time, and betaken himself to a cosy corner of the dining room, where he was regaled with mulled wine and cake, songs were sung by one or more of the company,—songs of the dear native land, that keep alive forever the nobler instinct of patriotism; songs of sentiment, which to the young were as dew upon flowers; and songs of sadness, that recalled to the old the trials that had marked their path.

The young people were gathered in couples, or more often in groups, absorbed in those problems which forever interest the young. One old woman, whom with shouts of glee they hailed as the "fairly woman," was telling fortunes with a much-bethumbed pack of cards, and spacing out good or ill to the eager circle about her. This astute personage was well aware of the various affairs which were in progress, and of others that needed only a little encouragement to grow into something serious. And she made use of her cards to forward these incipient romances,—giving ardor to the

timid and cheer to the downhearted.

In the kitchen, dancing was in progress; for a fiddler had been employed to supply the requisite music, and there seemed no danger that he would fail to earn his money. Some of the older couples stood up in a corner of the kitchen to try if they could remember the steps of a favorite jig danced in other days in Ireland. And Dr. Harrington was deeply affected by the warm, passionate love of that land beyond the water which subsisted in the hearts of those who had been so long exiles. It was touching, indeed, to hear the comments, half in laughter and half in tears, which were evoked by the steps of the dance and the lilt of the tune. The tears rose to the observer's eyes, too, when, the dancers growing weary, the guests listened to the strains, infinitely sad, of "Savourneen Dheelish." It was being sung by a young man whom the Doctor recognized as one of the choir of St. Patrick's, and the very one who had been seized with the cholera on the same night as Mrs. Maloney, but had subsequently recovered.

This young man, Matt Maguire, was the first to recognize the Doctor and to make the fact of his presence known to the others. He had been standing silently observant of what was in progress, and even the host and hostess had been unaware of his arrival. Then there was given him such an ovation, enthusiastic and soul-stirring, as must have cheered his heart, and in the dark days to come left a pleasant memory. For it was the first occasion on which he had met so many of his patients collected together since the cholera epidemic, and the matter was still fresh in their minds. Led by Denis Hogan himself, they gave three cheers for the Doctor, which caused the rafters to ring. They crowded about and shook his hand, many with tears streaming down their cheeks, and others with the laugh of pleasure at the sight of him. Of course he had a nod or a smile or a shake of the hand for every person present.

Of the few who had been ill-advised enough to take up with the quack, or to lend an ear to the stories about the Doctor, it must be said that they felt thoroughly ashamed of themselves, and were very glad indeed of any notice from the great physician, who, as Denis Hogan declared in a toast at supper, was an honor to their race and their religion. There was but one exception to all this, and that was Gianetta, who turned a scowling brow in the direction of the Doctor; and when she saw him shaking hands cordially with her brother, Hugh Maloney, she made signs to the latter expressive of her displeasure.

When the enthusiasm had subsided, and Dr. Harrington had made his little speech of thanks, he went quietly over to sit down for a time with his host and hostess. The first-named was a fine type of the men of his race, with his complexion, healthily red, set off by his snow-white hair and his laughing eyes that had never held an unkindly look for any man. His wife was a tall, thin woman, with face somewhat lined, but youthful and happy in expression. She wore a dress of lavender French delaine, with a collar of home-made lace sent to her by her sister, a Presentation nun in Drogheda. This was fastened by a brooch, and her hair was smoothly brushed down in placid folds over her ears.

When the Doctor had chatted with them for some time, touching, amongst other things, upon the Maloney children, in whom the Hogans were very much interested, Mrs. Hogan, in her careful and deliberate fashion of speech, which expressed the excellent judgment and good common-sense which the Doctor had often had occasion to note and admire, said that she felt most anxious about the future of those little ones, since it was very plain to her that they had got into the wrong hands. Dr. Harrington then confided to her, what he had never told any one except his mother, that at the moment when the dying mother had

spoken to him of her children, he had mentally pledged himself to watch over them and do what he could towards having them brought up in the way that she would have wished. Mrs. Hogan was deeply moved by this admission on the part of the Doctor, and had remembered and been enabled to quote it later, when it assumed special importance.

"God bless you for the kind thought, Doctor!" Mrs. Hogan had said. "But He will bless you for *all* you have done for the poor, and especially during the dark days of the plague."

Denis Hogan had then taken the Doctor over to introduce him to the blind piper, who, heated by his exertions, was sitting rather close to an open window in the dining room, which was screened from the street by a heavy curtain. When the host, after a few preliminary words, had left them together, and gone bustling round amongst his other guests, the blind man's voice suddenly became impressive, while he dropped it to a whisper.

"Dr. Harrington," he said, "though I have never had an opportunity to meet you personally until this moment, I know you well by reputation, and many the time my heart has warmed to you during the late epidemic. Well, I want to tell you now—and I hope you'll take heed to what I say,—there's mischief afoot."

"Mischief?" echoed the Doctor. "Not against the Hogans, I hope."

"No, not against the Hogans," replied the piper, earnestly. "It concerns you and you alone."

"Concerns me?" repeated the Doctor. "But what do you mean? How can it concern me? And where did you hear it, Mr. Ferguson?"

The Doctor was disposed to be amused, and his tone was slightly quizzical.

"Here in this house," answered the piper, "and within the last hour."

"Indeed?" queried the Doctor, and this time there was a faint trace of curiosity in his voice.

"I asked some one to open a window

for me. I had got overheated with playing the pipes and I was very warm."

"A most imprudent thing to do, Mr. Ferguson."

"Well, perhaps it was; but they told me there was a heavy curtain hanging there that would keep away the draught. After I had been sitting here a while, it seemed to me there was some one inside of the curtain, and that person was talking to some other who was outside the window. And what the two of them were discoursing about was the injury they meant to do to you in this way and that way. They meant to take the girl in one direction, and the man in the other. As well as I could understand, it was malicious stories they were to set afoot concerning you, trying in every possible manner to injure you in your practice and in your reputation. Well, just as their discourse was in full swing up came Mr. Hogan, and he reproached me—as you did just now, Doctor,—for sitting in the draught, and he penetrated in behind the curtain to close the window. Then the girl came out, all flustered, and explained that she was trying to get cool after dancing. Mr. Hogan, in his good-natured way, complimented her on her dancing, and he called her *Gianetta*."

The Doctor started slightly. The mention of the girl gave color to a tale which had seemed a trifle insignificant. But who could be the man? Who in all Griffintown (apart from the girl herself) would be desirous of injuring him? A suspicion darted into his mind; but he instantly dismissed it, for the reason that he supposed the object of that suspicion to be safely out of town.

"And the pair of them," went on the piper, "were on terms of the greatest intimacy. It was nothing but 'my dear' and 'my darling' with the man, and the talk of the girl showed that there had been love passages between them. Not that I'm concerned with all that," he added hastily.

"I hope you will not disturb your mind

over the matter, Mr. Ferguson," said the Doctor. "I can afford to defy them and their malice."

"I'm giving you the warning, anyway," said the piper, and here his voice became more earnest and impressive than ever. "So take an old man's word for it: no one can afford to despise an enemy."

But the Doctor smiled incredulously, and after a few more moments' conversation he shook the old musician warmly by the hand and left the house. The Doctor carried with him, as he went, several witty sayings of Andy Larkin, whose jests were household words in every dwelling in Griffintown, and whose wit had sometimes reached far beyond. It was popularly supposed by some that the good-looking young Irishman was an admirer of *Gianetta*, if not a claimant for her hand. Lately she had been giving him a very pronounced "cold shoulder," which had not, however, affected either his spirits or his humor. The Doctor, as he went, smiled to himself at some remark he had just heard the young man make to two or three people who were gathered about him.

"*Gianetta* has a fine dark look of her own," he said, "that she can put on her when she likes. It's the finest thing at all for keepin' the boys away from her, just as a scarecrow would be keepin' away the blackamoors from the field out yonder."

"Faix you're right, Andy!" said another young man standing by. "But I thought it was yourself that was bould enough for anything."

"Bould, is it? Yerra, 'twould take more courage than is in all the six feet of me to face up to her whin she has that scowl upon her brows. She's a regular Trojan, she is!"

"It's a Turk she is, and no mistake!" interposed a little old man, stepping up. "And it's to be pitied those little ones are to have her set over them in place of the good woman that's gone."

"Och, murther, Billy, but you're dead-set agin her!" said Andy, in a tone that

suggested he was not altogether pleased by the other's bitterness.

"And set agin her you'd be, or any one else that knew of her dealings with the orphans. I tell you it's a 'Turk she is."

"And small wonder," observed a woman who sat near, "with the black-a-vised mother she had, and she a furriner."

"Sure we're all furriners," put in Andy, anxious to give a lighter turn to the conversation,— "except it be the wild Indians, with their blankets, and the feathers on top of their heads."

But at that juncture the Doctor went upon his way, much amused by these strictures upon the young woman who rated herself as the belle of Griffintown. As he had to visit a patient before going home, he went up Mountain Street to Dorchester, which in its western end was just then beginning to be built up; until lately it had been but a wooded path, along which the country people came from St. Laurent or other out-of-town districts, with wood or market produce. As the Doctor walked along in the clear starlight, he reached the corner of Guy. There he stood still for an instant, reflecting upon the shortest way to his destination; and as he did so he suddenly bethought himself of a tragedy that had occurred there about a hundred and fifty years before, on what was then known as "Red Cross Land." The story was a gruesome one, which the Doctor had heard as a boy, and it all came back to him now with surprising accuracy of detail.

Long ago there had lived in a small, rude dwelling by the roadside an envious, avaricious wight. Like many of those who figure in stories, the fellow had long cast a jealous eye on the comparative prosperity of his near neighbors. These were an aged couple who had a comfortable little holding of their own, and had, besides, a "snug sum" put by in the proverbial stocking for the winter of their old age that was so close at hand. It does not appear that they suspected the envy and hostility of the man who

sometimes dropped in for a chat at their fireside. Perhaps the old couple were boastful of their good fortune, or perhaps the miscreant had heard of the hoard that was securely packed away within the four walls of the habitation. No idea of fear seemed to have crossed their mind; though the spot was lonely in the extreme, and the wretch, who was nerving himself for murder, the only one who could possibly have heard any appeal for assistance.

One very dark night, when there was neither moon nor stars in the sky, he had made his way in, and had probably been received with the usual kindly hospitality. The precise details of the crime never became public, but next morning the story that the old couple had been foully murdered at their own fireside spread like wildfire through the peaceful and law-abiding town. A meat-chopper had apparently been used to deal the fatal blow. The crime had been promptly brought home to the neighbor as to the manner in which suspicion was directed against him. He was, in any case, found guilty, and was sentenced to be broken alive on the wheel. The inhuman sentence was carried into effect, and the body of the wretch, taken down from that awful place of punishment, was buried at the four corners, at the precise spot where the Doctor then stood, and it was marked by a red cross. Involuntarily, the Doctor shuddered. The spot was lonely, with a concentrated silence and loneliness, as if it were impossible that any sound could ever disturb the stillness. It seemed also as if that bygone tragedy filled all the atmosphere. The stars scintillating in the frosty sky only added to the gloom; and the darkness of the hoary mountain, at some blocks up above, seemed to accentuate the dreariness. The Doctor was conscious of a strange shivering, and he had a feeling as if something of evil were passing by. He made a valiant struggle against that sensation. He would not even quicken his pace;

but, having left the spot, walked quietly on, musing as he went, and striving to analyze his unusual feelings.

"That," he said to himself, "is the Celtic strain in me,—a direct inheritance from a long line of ancestors, with their firm belief in the supernatural. In most of them it meant sublime faith; in others it was coexistent with a superstitious dread of the unseen,—the poetry and the terrors of the Celt combined in me, their descendant."

While he was still reflecting thus, and striving to overcome that appalling sense of solitude, and of the fearsome impression produced by the memory of that bygone tragedy, the Doctor was suddenly aware of the sound of approaching footsteps. They were soft steps, with something catlike in their swift advance. All at once, from beyond a curve in the road, was seen approaching a tall man. He was muffled in a greatcoat, with a soft hat pulled down over the face and ears. After a hasty scrutiny of the tall, erect figure of the Doctor, this personage stepped off the sidewalk into the middle of the road, as though he did not wish to pass him too close, or as if he desired to avoid observation. Something in the figure seemed familiar; but it was impossible then and there to verify a suspicion which for the second time that evening darted into the Doctor's mind. He stopped and looked after the figure, which had crossed into the shadows and out of the dim radiance of a street lamp which had been but lately erected on that solitary road.

"I wonder," he thought to himself, "if it can possibly be he?" But he came to the conclusion, from all he had seen and heard for a long time, that it could not be the person he suspected. If the man wished to avoid observation or to keep out of his way, it was, no doubt, because he, too, was distrustful of any one met thus in the darkness upon a lonely and ill-omened road. The Doctor, after his sane and wholesome manner, presently dismissed the whole subject from his

mind; visited his patient, to whom he brought hope and cheer and a full measure of relief; then hurried home to have a few minutes' chat with his mother, whom he entertained with a full account of the dinner at the Club and the many distinguished persons there present, and of the doings at the Hogans', to all of which she listened with the keenest interest.

"That is a house of good works and of benedictions," she said. "Doesn't it please you sometimes, my son, to be in company with those humbler folk, who in many cases are so near and dear to Our Lord?"

During the interview the Doctor was careful not to say a word of the blind piper's warning, or of his own strange experience in that lonesome spot, all blackness and shadows, which had once been the scene of a double tragedy. His mind, however, that evening reverted several times to those two happenings which he had thought fit to withhold from his mother. And one at least of those incidents had a bearing upon certain other happenings which must find a place in these detached fragments from the Doctor's life.

(To be continued.)

Christ and the Postulant.

BY THE REV. CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

WHAT is the cost for him who follows Thee?

A thorny crown and cross.

But shall I gain no earthly victory?

Thy deeds by men spell loss.

But will the crown and cross be ever mine?

From early dawn to night.

But shall I ever see the sun to shine?

I am thy only light.

Will happiness and peace steal o'er the heart?

The peace of duty done.

But with the world am I to have no part?

No part till set of sun.

So all my life I am as crucified?

Did not I die for thee?

So I must suffer until glorified?

Aye, this is victory.

Our Goodly Heritage.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

III.—DIVINE MYSTERIES.

BESIDES those things concerning God that man can know by reason and conscience; besides that fuller, more exact and more definite knowledge which philosophers may gain of truths which the Vatican Council, as we have seen, has told us are included in Revelation so that they may be known easily by all, and without that strange admixture of error which surprises us in the profoundest speculations of even the greatest thinkers who had not the advantage of the light of faith,—besides these truths, which were dealt with in the last paper, there remain to be considered “mysteries hidden in God,” unattainable by human reasoning, not to be discovered by man’s unaided intelligence; and, therefore, not demonstrable by any process of logic, even when they have been revealed by God.

These mysteries of faith are the chief, essential, and primary subject-matter of the revelation of God, given by progressive stages to the patriarchs and to the Chosen People under the Old Testament; extended and completed once for all according to the Divine Plan by Jesus Christ and by the Holy Spirit at the foundation of the Christian Catholic religion, the New Testament of God to men. Thus we are told in the Epistle to the Hebrews (i, 1) that “God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spoke to the fathers by the prophets, last of all in these days hath spoken to us by His Son.” That revelation was delivered to the Church by the Holy Apostles, to be preserved incorrupt, handed down by Tradition and in the pages of inspired Scripture, and infallibly expounded by God’s Church to the end of time.

Looked at from one point of view, the

Divine Revelation of supernatural mysteries can not be called necessary to man. From another point of view, it is necessary. It is necessary in that mankind has been called by God to a supernatural destiny,—the glorious destiny of the Beatific Vision of God as He is. To reach this sublime end, wholly beyond all powers and faculties of unaided nature, man must have more than a merely natural knowledge of God here on earth, in this life, which is appointed as the preparation for and the way to the Beatific Vision. Hence the Vatican Council, after speaking of the inclusion in Divine Revelation of truths not wholly inaccessible to human reason, goes on to say: “Nevertheless, it is not for this reason that revelation is to be declared absolutely necessary, but because God, of His infinite goodness, has ordained man to a supernatural end—namely, to a participation in divine good things which are wholly beyond human intelligence; for ‘eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, what things God hath prepared for those that love Him.’”*

The revelation, then, of supernatural mysteries is necessary, now that mankind has been raised to the supernatural order and destined for the glory of the Vision “face to face.” But that elevation of man to the supernatural order is entirely gratuitous on the part of God. Our Almighty Creator might have left us on the purely natural plane. In that case, our final happiness in another life would still have consisted, as the final happiness of any rational creature must consist, in the knowledge and love of the supreme Truth and Beauty and Goodness that God is. But that knowledge and that love never could have risen above the natural order: it would have been a knowledge of God so far as His divine perfections are imaged in created things; and a love of Him proportioned to that knowledge. Considering, therefore, the entire gratuitousness of our elevation to

* I. Cor., ii, 9. Vatican Council. Session III., ch. 2.

the supernatural order, we may say that the revelation of mysteries was not a necessity.

Since, however, we have been raised to the supernatural plane, and called to the face-to-face vision of God, to the knowledge of Him "as He is," the revelation of divine mysteries is necessary as a means to that great end. And the first, the greatest, the fundamental, as it is also the most adorable and profound, of the mysteries of faith, is naturally the mystery of the inner life and being of God Himself,—the mystery of the Most Blessed Trinity. It is a mystery utterly beyond the capacity of any created intelligence to discover, or to comprehend even when it is known by Divine Revelation. It could never have been discovered, because it is not deducible, as the existence of God and many of His perfections are deducible, from created things.

The reason of this is that the act of Creation, as every act of God effecting anything in or about other beings than Himself, is an act common to all Three Persons in the Divine Trinity; for, as a modern theologian says, "God did not create the world in virtue of the distinction of Persons, but by virtue of the Unity of Nature. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are not three Creators, but one Creator." The resultant effect, therefore, of God's creative action can, and does, lead us to the concept of one true God, all-powerful, intelligent, possessed of will; but it can not lead to the knowledge of the Three-in-One. After the mystery has been revealed to us, we can, indeed, find certain analogies to it in created things, and particularly, as we shall see, in the soul of man. But that these analogies exist at all, that they are a far-off type of the Blessed Trinity, we could not have known did not revelation itself indicate this fact also.

A revealed mystery, whether it concern the Blessed Trinity or some great truth of salvation, though it is above our

comprehension, is not to be thought of as a meaningless puzzle. That a mystery of faith is beyond our comprehension means that we can not take into our finite minds all that it signifies, nor perceive its inner truth so as to know how and why it is true. Yet mysteries are revealed to us in human language; that language conveys to our minds concepts of which we know the meaning; and these concepts are chosen by God because they bear a real and true analogy to the divine facts which they thus make known to us, not indeed adequately and in all the fulness of their rich contents, but sufficiently for the purpose of the divine plan of Redemption.

Neither the existence of the mysteries themselves, nor of any analogy to them in created things by which the revelation of them can be conveyed to us, could be known had God not revealed them; yet, once revealed, we are able, by means of the analogies also revealed, to have a certain knowledge—more precious than all earthly knowledge whatever—of the hidden things of God. Thus we are told by the word of Christ that God is One in Nature, Three in Persons; that the Three Persons are in the relation of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. We can not see how this is and must be true, as we can see, for instance, how the whole is greater than the part, or the three angles of a triangle are together equal to two right angles. Yet the revealed words, *Nature, Person, God, One, Father, Son, Spirit*, do convey distinct and understandable ideas to our minds, and lift us up to a new sphere of knowledge.

Our position, then, in regard to mysteries like that of the Blessed Trinity, the Incarnation, the Real Presence of our Divine Lord in the Most Holy Sacrament, is this: we can not know these things by the exercise of unaided reason; even when they are revealed we can not prove their truth by rational argument; we can prove only that God has actually revealed them. Our assent to them rests on God's

own word spoken through His Church. We can show, however, that these revealed truths are not contrary to reason, not absurd; and also, working upon the analogies to them that revelation makes known as existing in things created—analogs, be it always remembered, which the contemplation of created things alone never could have discovered to us,—we can penetrate some way into the rich significance of what God has revealed: can appreciate the admirable harmony and entrancing beauty of the scheme of Catholic teaching, and find therein, if we will, an unending source of adoring and grateful meditation.

In the marvellous beauty of creation we see mirrored the power, the intelligence, the will of the Supreme Lord and Maker. But that human fatherhood is a type—far off and faint, but yet a type—of an Eternal Fatherhood within the infinite circle of Divinity, and human sonship a type of sonship in God, only Divine Revelation could make known to us. That love, the noblest and most beautiful thing in creation, must mirror Eternal Love in Him who made love as He made all things, reason itself tells us. But that human love faintly typifies an eternal personified Love in God, the Holy Spirit, who is the Love of Father and Son,—that is not written on the face of nature nor in the human heart: it is known because Divine Love Incarnate has dwelt on earth and told us.

(To be continued.)

MAY it not be a comfort to those of us who feel that we have not the mental or spiritual power that many others possess, to notice that the living sacrifice mentioned by St. Paul is our "bodies"? Of course that includes the mental power; but does it not also include the loving, sympathizing glance, the kind, encouraging word, the ready service, the work of our hands,—opportunities for all of which come oftener than for the mental power we are tempted to feel envy?—*Anon.*

An Ancient Art.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

EMBROIDERY is one of the oldest of the ornamental arts; indeed, we know that at a very early period of the world's history it had attained a high degree of perfection; and even a cursory glance into the different books of the Old Testament is sufficient to prove how skilfully this kind of work was executed, and how artistically it was designed. In a certain passage we read of "divers colors of needlework on both sides," which evidently means that the stuff was wrought in such a way as to render both sides alike,—a kind of embroidery very difficult to execute, and requiring at the same time so much manual dexterity, care, and patience, that only races pre-eminently patient—as, for example, the Hindoos, Chinese, and Japanese—practise it in perfection.

History tells us that embroidery was extensively used in ancient Egypt, even the sails of the galleys being wrought with needlework; whilst the dresses at that remote period somewhat resembled the gay cretonnes and chintzes of modern times; though in the case of the latter the patterns, if more often embroidered, were frequently outlined in gold, and printed, painted, or stencilled on the material.

Amasis, King of Egypt, writes Herodotus, gave to Minerva of Lindus a linen corselet with figures interwoven in the fabric; this corselet was, besides, embroidered with gold and wool. There are some quaint and curious pieces of Egyptian embroidery now in the Louvre. One of them has narrow red stripes on a broad yellow stripe, and another on blue, worked all over with white embroidery in a sort of netting pattern, the meshes of which outline irregular cubic shapes.

It is scarcely necessary to recall the minute description of the needlework employed in the richly-decorated sacerdotal garments of Aaron and his son.

The Israelites, profiting by their sojourn in Egypt, had acquired much of the Egyptian civilization, and the art of embroidery was clearly held in high esteem amongst them. We read that the curtains of the Tabernacle were of fine twined linen—blue, purple, and scarlet,—embroidered with cherubim; the high priest's vestments had "upon the hems pomegranates of blue and purple, scarlet and twined linen." "And they made bells of pure gold, and put the bells between the pomegranates upon the hem of the robe." The art, however, of twisting flattened wire round silk or linen threads was not practised till a much later date, so that what we understand by cloth of gold or silver was then unknown.

The Greeks were proficient in the art of embroidery, using it both for their garments and in religious ceremonial. Helen is described, sitting apart, working on—

A gorgeous web

Inwrought with fiery conflicts for her sake
Waged by conflicting nations.

And in nearly every Grecian house a room, which we should in modern parlance term a "studio," was set aside for embroidery and even weaving.

The Romans, always luxurious and magnificent in their tastes, loved embroidery and all precious stuffs, which they imported from the East, Phrygia and Babylon being the chief centres of this commerce. It is interesting to note that the Romans had no other word for embroidery than "phrygio," whilst needlework was called "phrygium." Our word "embroidery" is derived from the Celtic "broud" (a prick, or goad), and "brouda" (to prick).

The daughters of the Irish nobility—the chieftains in their varying grades—were instructed from the earliest times in plain sewing, cutting out, and embroidery. That the last mentioned was held in high esteem may be gathered from a statement to be found in the Brehon Law: "For every woman who is an embroideress deserves more profit than

even queens." Woollen threads of different colors, together with silver thread, and a special kind of needle made of steel or bronze, were either carried by the embroideress in an ornamental handbag, if she happened to be a royal personage or highborn lady, or else kept in a wooden box. We know from the oldest and most reliable authorities that Irishwomen of the highest rank were skilled in the art of embroidery long before the light of Christianity had dawned upon the land. They also spun their own ornamental thread, which was wound into balls; and the needles, we may add, were furnished with an eye similar to those used at present.

Dr. Joyce, in his learned and most interesting work, "A Social History of Ancient Ireland," tells us that "the design or pattern to be embroidered was drawn and stamped beforehand, by a designer, on a piece of leather, which the embroiderer placed before her and imitated with her needle." We read, too, in very old books, of "the leather pattern with the picture of the needlework upon it"; and from priceless examples still in existence, like the marvellously wrought and exquisitely ornamented leather cover of such manuscripts as the Book of Armagh, we see to what a state of perfection was brought this art of stamping designs on leather for other purposes as well as for embroidery. It may also be mentioned in passing that the art of tanning leather was thoroughly well understood in ancient Ireland, oak bark being much used for the purpose.

To return, however, to embroidery. We find that St. Patrick, and after him other saints and prelates, employed skilled embroideresses—often women of high and even royal birth—to make vestments, frontals, hangings, and other articles for the Church. These accomplished needlewomen seem to have been expert dress-makers and coatmakers; for we know that St. Erenait was not only "embroideress" but cutter and sewer of clothes to St. Columkille and his disciples.

The fur of otters, badgers, foxes, seals, etc., was extensively used both for trimming garments and for entire jackets, capes, and hoods. The hood of badger skin worn by St. Molaise, of Devenish, was, after his death, preserved as a relic; and it is wonderful to note how regular are the stitches and how neat the joinings in those old articles of dress which have been discovered from time to time,—witness a cape made of otter skins found in 1861 in a bog in Antrim.

Gloves of cloth, skins, and furs were very general; and some of these, we are told, were embellished “with gold embroidery.” Shirts, too, when made of silk or satin, were often most elaborate, one being described as “of many devices ornamented with threads of gold.” Others were of linen or wool,—a fact proved by the biographers of St. Columkille, who remark that the saint, from motives of mortification, never wore linen or wool next his skin.* This must, indeed, have been an act of severe penance, seeing that Irish men and women loved an undergarment of “fine texture” as much as they did those bright and beautiful colors for which they were noted even at a very remote period of their history. Lovely blues, both light and dark, deep, rich crimson, yellow, red, green, grey, purple, and brown, besides white and black and “speckled,” are frequently described in old histories and romances.

Purple, the favorite color of kings (in part, possibly, on account of its costliness), was obtained from a species of lichen and also from cockle fish. It is a color very often mentioned in ancient Irish literature, where we find numerous allusions to purple flowers, purple mantles, etc. “On the Continent in old times,” authorities tell us, “it was worth thirty or forty times its weight in gold.” Nor was it less expensive in Ireland, where, as in other countries, it could be produced only in small quantities.

It is worthy of note that the Irish peasantry of the present day are still

skilled in simple dyeing. “In Donegal,” says Dr. Joyce, “they dye woollen cloth yellow with the tops of heather; and light brown, with peat soot. . . . In County Mayo, a species of moss is used for dyeing stockings a reddish brown; and they also dye stockings black with the roots of the blackberry bush.”

We know that Byzantium sent into Western Europe, particularly for ecclesiastical purposes, a great deal of embroidery, of which some specimens are still extant. The Church, during those dark days that followed the fall of the Roman Empire, alone kept the lamp of art alight and glowing, clothing her priests, even in those early times, in vestments that would put to shame the highest efforts of modern skill. Not a few Popes were generous patrons of this art, and made many magnificent donations of needlework to the Church.

In the Middle Ages, much of the most beautiful embroidery was made in England, and called, in consequence, *Opus Anglicanum*,—a name which came to be very generally bestowed upon gold embroidery, whether it had been executed in this country or not. At the time of the Saxon rule in England, the art reached a high state of perfection, which may, perhaps, be accounted for by the fact that the Celtic element of the population was still very large. In proportion as the Anglo-Saxon race became predominant, the artistic tendencies of the people diminished. The beautiful *Opus Anglicanum* was, it is true, produced under the Anglo-Saxons, but probably not to any very great extent. This exquisite work was done chiefly in convents and abbeys, by religious men and women; and Queen Matilda, we are told, showed her appreciation of its beauty and value by extorting, as a present to herself from the monks of Abingdon, their richest church vestments.

Scattered throughout Mediæval literature, and public and royal records, are notices and allusions which prove to what a large extent the trade in embroidery was carried on. In the reign of Edward

* “Three Irish Homilies,” p. 123.

III. we find payment made to John de Colonia, towards the cost of "two vests of green velvet embroidered with gold, one of which was decorated with sea sirens, bearing a shield with the arms of England and Hainault; and for making a white robe worked with pearls, and a robe of velvet embroidered with gold." Payment was also made to William Courtenay "for a royal dalmatic wrought with pelicans, figures, and tabernacles of gold."

Women as well as men pursued this art as a business, to say nothing of the great ladies with whom it was a pastime and also a serious occupation. Needless to state, they often made splendid offerings of their handiwork to the Church. In Lincoln alone there were upwards of six hundred vestments wrought with divers kinds of needlework, jewelry, and gold upon the costliest materials. Space forbids us to enumerate the places where ancient ecclesiastical embroideries are still preserved.

Needlework is also found in many old houses. At Hardwick Hall, for instance, are to be seen not alone the articles of furniture worked by the Countess of Shrewsbury, better known as "Bess of Hardwick," but also her sampler patterns, which to this day hang framed upon the walls. At Hardwick, too, in the room called "Queen Mary's Room," the hangings of the bed and chairs are said to have been worked by the same unhappy Queen. This is probably true; for Mary Queen of Scots herself declares that she tried to beguile the weary hours of her imprisonment by working with her "nidil."

Examples such as these, however, might be multiplied indefinitely. We can only add in conclusion that towards the middle of the seventeenth century the glory of English embroidery began to wane. Civil war and Puritanism were alike unfavorable to it—the latter especially,—and it is only during comparatively recent years that the art has been once again recognized and revived.

On the Arklow Road.

BY PATRICK J. GIBBONS.

THE road runs inland between the seaport towns of Wicklow and Arklow. On either side stands a low hedge, and beyond the hedge there lie green, undulating fields. To the east, a little ridge crowned by trees shuts off the passenger from all view of the sea. On the west, the fields roll gently upwards to the steeper heathery slope of the Wicklow Mountains—refuge of the Irish clans in so many a struggle with their invaders. The mountains still keep their Gaelic names, Lugnaquilla and Djouce and Croghan; but the towns on the coast and by the river mouths, Arklow and Wicklow, took strange names from the Danish conquerors, and bear them to this day. To one turning his back to the mountains, the country wears almost an English appearance; only the luxuriant crops of thistles and ragweed in the fields and the occasional melancholy thatches of yellowish-grey proclaim an Irish origin.

I was bicycling along this road, and had left Arklow five miles behind me, when I caught sight of an old man coming in my direction. He wore a black, wide-brimmed felt hat and a long brown coat, and carried in one hand a baggy umbrella, in the other a brown-paper parcel. As I came near, he shifted the parcel into the hand that held the umbrella, stood still in the middle of the road, took off his hat and looked at me. I knew well enough what he was going to say; but, for the sake of a certain dignity in his attitude and his manifest old age, I dismounted.

"Could you spare a copper or two, your honor," he said, "for a poor deserving old man?"

I glanced at him again, and saw that, notwithstanding his overcoat and hat and umbrella, his clothing was patched and torn, and that his boots were only held together by pieces of string.

"You're the third poor deserving old man that's asked me for a copper this last half hour," I said.

"Oh, I'm not like them at all," said he,—*"fellows that never learned a trade, God help them!—that never did a hand's turn, only to be begging up and down the roads. I'm not from these parts at all, your honor."*

"Where are you from, then?" I asked.

"I'm a native of the County Limerick, sir. That's where I learned my trade fifty years ago. A cabinetmaker I was, and had a great business. And I had the learning too, and there was little in the books I couldn't read. Oh, I was well off in the world those days! And here I am now, an old man, tramping the roads and asking you for an odd copper."

"What brought you down in the world?" I said, with the echo in my ears of those people who tell you that it is only the thriftless who are driven to beg in their old age, and that the honest, hard-working poor can always find the means to lay by a little for a rainy day.

"The will of God," he answered, "and bad friends. The business began to leave me with the cheap furniture that does be coming in from England, and after a bit I had no trade left. How would a poor man be able to fight against those big firms? And then, when the business was destroyed on me, my sister's son, that I helped all his life long, had no help for me. So I had to come up to Dublin looking for work. But there's no one has any work to give an old fellow like me."

He paused for a moment, then went on in a lower voice:

"But, sure, the young must live as well as the old; and I'm getting old now, sure enough, and not so strong as I used to be, and my eyesight does be weak."

"What way are you going now?" I asked him. "Did you hear of any work in Arklow?"

"I did not, your honor. I walked out from Dublin through Newtown and Rathnew to see would I have e'er a

chance of picking up a job in Arklow or some of the towns in the County Wexford. I was going down into Wicklow, but I heard them saying there was never a job knocking round there. Any work that would keep me going would be enough for an old man. We're in this world a few years only, and then our life is gone from us. What good are gold and riches to us and we having them so short a time? Did you ever hear tell of the Latin saying, your honor?" And he began to quote in a queer, unfamiliar accent the lines of Horace:

*"Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Recte beatum." **

I must have looked startled at his powers of quotation, for he said:

"I see you know the Latin tongue. I knew it well myself one time. Do you know your own country's language as well as the Latin?" And he recited a long Gaelic proverb.

"I know well the meaning of that," I answered.

"It means," he said, "that the hours of life are short, and the hours of eternity are long; and that the man who is rich here has short riches, but the man who is rich there has the long-lasting store. And there's more besides, but I must be walking on to Arklow."

He made as if to pass on: I gave him a few pence.

"Thank you, your honor!" he said. "Are you a Catholic?"

I told him that I was, whereupon he took off his hat again.

"That the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, may be with you; and of His Blessed Mother and of all His holy saints; and that the hour of death may be easy for you, and that the pains of purgatory may be short, and that you may win everlasting rest in heaven!"

He put on his hat, and went on with a change in his voice:

* "Say not that happily he lives
Because of boundless wealth possess."

"You'll excuse me asking you were you a Catholic. It's not from curiosity, but there are some Protestants wouldn't like a Catholic prayer, though I'm thinking an old man's prayer could do them no harm. There are some that's very liberal-minded, and there are others different. But I mustn't be keeping you, sir; and I'm that tired I'll scarcely be in Arklow before the dark."

He went on his way towards Arklow, limping a little as he walked. I stood for a short time looking after him,—at the long brown coat, the brown-paper parcel dangling by his side, and the baggy umbrella trailing behind him. Then I mounted my bicycle to ride into Wicklow; and, as I rode, I thought how it was said that Ireland herself appears at times to her sons as the Shan Van Vocht—the Poor Old Woman, who tramps the roads with weariness in her feet and wandering in her heart. But to me Ireland had appeared in the guise of an old man, shabby and footsore, with the lore of other days upon his lips, and in his heart faith and humility, the everlasting treasure of the Gael.

Some War Essays.

IT would be a dreary as well as a useless task to point out all the errors, contradictions, and absurdities in a batch of war essays that has come under our notice. The most regrettable thing about them is that some of those to which we should take greatest exception are by persons of prominence, clergymen and laymen; and that they are as well written as the essays to which we should give almost unqualified approval, otherwise one might hope that the former would have few readers. The importance of style is too often disregarded by the champions of truth. Only those writers who express themselves clearly and forcefully can expect to have many readers. The value of an able article on a subject of present interest, by a Catholic polemic of distinction, appearing in one of our

leading periodicals, is greatly lessened by the careless or incompetent manner in which it is written. What a pity! But to return to the essays under consideration.

How weak or unenlightened or secularized must be the faith of religious teachers who hold that the great European war is proof of the failure of Christianity! The fact is, a great many who profess to be Christians have no right understanding of the teaching of Christ. It is a spurious Christianity to which they adhere. As Prof. Percy Gardner says in one of the best and most thoughtful of the essays under consideration: "That early Christianity which should have been borne in upon us all by the clearer view which we obtain of the predominance of law both in the world of nature and in that of spirit, has been in the modern world, and especially in England and America, almost buried out of sight by a spurious Christianity and a moral feebleness, which have led us to imagine that a man or a nation can escape the consequences of their actions,—that they can slip off their evil habits as a serpent slips off his old skin, and stand on the same moral level as if they had never offended."

Another striking passage on the subject of social reform occurs in the essay entitled "The Belief in Immortality," by the president of the Churchmen's Union. It will suffice to quote Mr. Taylor's opening words, which should give pause to all his readers. "The distinction, once so real and living, between a man's 'temporal' and his 'eternal' interests has lost most of its significance for the modern man, even when he continues to be a professed member of a Christian communion. Even our Christianity is, for the most part, a 'secularized' Christianity, more intent on 'social reform' than on the 'salvation of souls.'"

Wide of the mark as were some of the other essayists, Prof. Gardner and Mr. Taylor certainly hit the nail squarely on the head, and gave their readers food for the most serious thought.

Notes and Remarks.

The moral feebleness of our age, to which a recent non-Catholic writer draws attention, and the pernicious error so commonly acted upon, if not openly advocated, that what we accomplish for the general good is of greater importance than what we do for personal sanctification, are due to the neglect of Holy Scripture. The ideals of early Christianity have become obscured. In trying to be truly good, the first ascetics of the Church became truly useful; and their usefulness far outlasted their own generation. "Our poor-laws," remarks Dr. Hannay in the Introduction of one of his books, "have proved a dismal substitute for the beautiful charities of the early monks. Their work is written large across the pages of history. The Benedictine Rule, the parent of all the great rules down to the time of the Mendicant Orders, was nothing but the systematic adaptation of the teaching and experience of the Egyptian hermits to the needs of Western life. Through them was effected a great good which could not have been foreseen. It is perhaps just because they denied themselves the satisfaction of aiming at usefulness that they were so greatly used. This," adds the learned Anglican writer, "seems to be one of the laws of the divine government of things."

"Seek ye, therefore, first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you." Teaching like this is what the world has lost sight of, though it was never in sorer need of it. The Abbot Moses, one of the earliest of the Egyptian Fathers, used to say: "We must constantly fall back upon meditation on the Holy Scriptures, and raise our minds towards the recollection of spiritual things, and the desire of perfection, and the hope of future bliss. In this way spiritual thoughts are sure to arise in us, and our minds will dwell on the things on which we have been medi-

tating. If we are overcome by sloth and carelessness, and spend our time in idle gossip, or if we are entangled in the cares of this world and unnecessary anxieties, the result will be that tares will spring up in our hearts and take possession of them. As our Lord and Saviour says, Wherever the treasure of our works or purpose may be, there also our heart is sure to continue."

The typical American is rather noted for his love of vivacity, spirit, dash, energy, or, as he sometimes expresses it, snap and vim. While it is, on the whole, a not unworthy characteristic, it certainly possesses "the defects of its qualities," and one such defect is the immoderate desire for quick returns, or speedy results of expended effort. That Rome was not built in a day is a consideration that does not impress the average citizen of our country; he is too fond of the hot-house production method, whether applied to cities, plants, or—men. This liking for speed at the expense of stability was never perhaps more aptly criticised than by a former President of the republic. When James A. Garfield was at the head of Oberlin College, he was one day requested by a student's father to allow the boy to take a course much shorter than the regular one. "The boy can never take all that in," said the father. "He wants to get through quicker. Can you arrange it for him?"—"Oh, yes!" said Mr. Garfield. "He can take a short course; it all depends on what you want to make of him. When God wants to make an oak He takes a hundred years, but He takes only two months to make a squash."

Which explains, perhaps, why in our legislatures, business circles, and professional fields we have a preponderance of squashes and a paucity of oaks.

A memorial session of the United States House of Representatives on the 23d ult. paid remarkable tribute to the veneration

in which the late Hon. Joseph A. Goulden, member of the House, from the State of New York, was held by his associates of that distinguished body. Of the many splendid things said in his praise, we note with special satisfaction the words of Representative Bennet, who said of his colleague:

He was staunch in everything. No one ever had to inquire long to find out that he was a loyal member of the Roman Catholic Church, and yet the best among the Protestants and the Hebrews in the Bronx voted for Mr. Goulden. Not only was he loyal to the Bronx, but he was loyal to the city and to the State. . . . Possibly I am the only one here who recalls that when, some years ago, the chaplain reached the twenty-fifth anniversary of his marriage, it was Joseph A. Goulden, a Catholic, who went from man to man and got from each of us one dollar, and then in the parlor yonder, to the utter surprise of Dr. Couden, presented him with more than three hundred shining silver dollars that he had taken the trouble to procure from the Treasury. It was that sort of act that has brought upon this floor to-day Representatives from more States than I have ever heard in my six years of prior experience deliver addresses at a memorial service. It was that kind of life, touching every interest, that made him dear to this House.

A Catholic of principle, an efficient public servant, a devoted and loyal friend, Mr. Goulden seems to have combined in rare measure the qualities for which the highest Christian training stands.

The rôle of the newspaper in modern life is variously estimated,—minimized by many, magnified by many others; but it has been left to an English democrat to suggest its coming apotheosis. Writing in the *Catholic Times* of London, this observer of contemporary events remarks:

Ninety-nine Englishmen in a hundred if asked who ruled them would reply, King George the Fifth. And yet, under our system of constitutional government, the King does not rule: he reigns. Much power he possesses, should he exercise it. But the country knows he will not exercise it. His Gracious Majesty will continue to rule through his ministers. Do those ministers rule? We have always supposed that they do, and that they continue to govern as long as they enjoy the confidence of the House of

Commons, or at least of a majority in that House. But of late years we have caught glimpses of a new, or of an attempt at a new, system of government—namely, government by newspapers, by groups of newspapers, and so, ultimately, by the man who controls those newspapers. This fact is a portent in our modern world, and many democrats are seriously troubled by it. Has this country changed absolute monarchy for parliamentary government, only to see Parliamentary government abdicating in favor of a journalistic dictator?

There are too many journalistic magnates in this country to inspire any present fear, that a dictatorship of the kind suggested is at all probable in our day; but events in England do undoubtedly give some color to the contention of the writer in our London contemporary.

Spoken by a layman instead of a clergyman, by a bronzed and battered veteran of the seas instead of a dignitary of the Church of England, perhaps the following words of Vice Admiral Beatty, of the British Navy, will command all the more attention from his countrymen:

Surely Almighty God does not intend this war to be just a hideous fracas or a blood-drunk orgy. There must be a purpose in it; improvement must come out of it. In what direction? France has already shown us the way, and has risen out of her ruined cities with a revival of religion that is wonderful. Russia has been welded into a whole, and religion plays a great part. England still remains to be taken out of the stupor of self-satisfaction and complacency into which her flourishing condition has steeped her. . . .

Admiral Beatty, it will be remembered, was in command of the British squadron which defeated the Germans in about the only naval battle the North Sea has witnessed since the Great War began. He has earned the right to be heard by his countrymen on any subject connected with it; and he has touched upon the most important of all. The religious revival for which he pleaded so earnestly has happily begun.

Mr. Guy D. Gold, secretary of the New American Association of Brockton,

Mass., is in a position to be better informed regarding immigrants than the generality of our citizens; and he contends that the immigrant is America's greatest asset. Referring to Irish Americans, he said: "There has been much talk of late about the status of the Irishman. He has been declared to be both a friend and a foe to America by various prominent Bostonians. I'll tell you that he is as loyal an American as the choice descendants of those ancestors who came over in the 'Mayflower.' The Irishman has fused himself into the ideals of American citizenship more than any other foreigner. He is not an Irishman after he has been here a short while: he is an American."

Of Italian Americans Mr. Gold had this to say: "We call him 'wop' who comes to our shores from Southern Italy. And yet it is through the 'wop' that America may hope to have her art, her architecture, her music, and her ideals raised to higher standards. Natives of the United States are becoming crusty materialists, and only these foreigners who come to us in their spirit of dreaming, who rise above material things and plan for eternity, can give us a different realization of citizenship."

Mr. Gold showed the courage of his convictions by saying all this in a Protestant church when he was called upon for an address. We are not informed as to how his words were received.

If there are any smug Americans who lay the flattering unction to their souls that in this great and glorious country of ours there is but a mere handful of illiterates, and that the units of this handful are practically confined to the South, they are likely to be surprised by a study which Winthrop Talbot contributes to the *North American Review*. Basing his statements on the figures of our last census, this writer affirms that five millions of our adult citizens are wholly unable to read or write; that millions more can

read only simple words; and that still other millions who are able to read hesitatingly, as a matter of fact rarely *do* read. Moreover, while the number of illiterates in the South was a million less in 1910 than in 1900, illiteracy has during the same period been on the increase in New England, the Middle Atlantic States, and—of all sections!—in New York. One is prepared, of course, to learn that in the largest and most cosmopolitan city of the country adult illiterates are not uncommon; but it is a surprise to discover that the State of New York harbors a greater number of them than any other State in the Union. So it appears that we are, after all, not so immeasurably superior to every other land, even on the score of popular education.

Discussing, in *America*, the subject of capital punishment, Father Woods, S. J., gives a cogent answer to those who maintain that such punishment is only legalized revenge. His whole paper is worth serious reading by a number of sentimentalists who have allowed their emotions to obscure the philosophical and religious principles that abundantly justify the infliction of the death penalty on certain criminals; and the following paragraph in particular makes a distinction which all speakers on the subject would do well to bear in mind:

Revenge is a vice. But it is related to something more commendable, called vengeance, the purpose of which is to exact from offenders the reparation due to violated moral order. Hence penal justice is essentially vindictive, as we see immediately, once we have disabused our minds of the false idea that its exclusive function is to protect society and to reform the offender. The difference, then, between vindictive justice and revenge is that the former is executed by legitimate authority constituted by the Creator of human society for the restoration of order; the latter is exercised by a private individual to gratify private hate, without any authority, and therefore only heightens the violation of order produced by the original crime. And so St. Thomas says: "Should one desire that vengeance be executed according to the order

of reason, the appetite of anger is praiseworthy, and is called anger through zeal. But should one desire vengeance to be executed against the order of reason—as, for example, should he desire one to be punished who has not deserved it, or to be punished more than he deserves, or not on account of the proper end, which is the preservation of justice and the correction of the fault,—the appetite of anger will be vicious, and is called anger through vice.”

To advocate the abolition of capital punishment on grounds of expediency, political economy, or the principle that the worst use to which you can put a man is to hang him, is of course intelligible; to advocate it on the plea that capital punishment is essentially immoral or wrong, is to talk nonsense, pure and simple.

An effort is being made to increase the facilities for a Divinity School for the Episcopalians of Pennsylvania. The project interests us only in so far as a pamphlet issued in connection therewith institutes a comparison—evidently not intended to be offensive—between the parsons of the Protestant Episcopal Church and the priests of the Church Catholic. We quote:

It is probably true that the average Roman priest is even less of a scholar and a thinker than the average priest with us; but he does not need to be other and more than he is. By a practical training greatly more protracted and more detailed than anything we can boast of, he is schooled and drilled to the highest efficiency as a captain in the ranks. The field officers in that religious body—the men who are to be its specialists as preachers, organizers, and educators—are prepared in very different schools, and are trained by a singularly laborious, wise, and exacting course for the posts of leadership for which their native gifts fit them. In all this we are centuries behind the Church of Rome.

Whether the opening sentence of the foregoing quotation be true or not—and it is at least a debatable question,—there can hardly be any doubt about the substantial verity of the last sentence, in even its widest meaning. The Protestant Episcopal Church was at its inception

some fifteen centuries behind ours, and it has certainly not caught up appreciably in the intervening years.

Southern exchanges chronicle the death, at Fort Worth, Texas, on January 29, of the Rev. Patrick F. Brannan, the well-known missionary of the diocese of Dallas. Father Brannan, besides being a priest with a long record of faithful service for the Church, was a figure round whom historic memories clustered. Himself a poet, he was the friend of that idol of the Confederacy, the lamented Father Ryan; he was a soldier of the South, the youngest enlisted in the service, and bore part in many a hard-fought field. Afterward, in civic life, he was a distinguished member of the community in which he lived, serving as the first Democratic mayor of his town. Upon the death of his wife, he entered St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, and in due course was ordained a priest. Of his sacerdotal career, the *Fort Worth Record* says: "In this, as in all his other varied efforts, he became one of the best-beloved of missionaries, carrying peace and comfort to the disconsolate, the sick and the dying. During his activities in the Master's service he covered large sections of Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and California. Among men in all walks of life, he held the love and affection of those who came in contact with him." *R. I. P.*

In these days of agitation for equal suffrage it is interesting to recall the opinion of Abraham Lincoln on the subject. In a statement of his political views he said: "I go for all sharing the privileges of the government who assist in bearing its burdens. Consequently, I go for admitting all whites to the right of suffrage who pay taxes or bear arms (by no means excluding females)."

These words were uttered in 1836, when Lincoln was running for the Illinois State Legislature. A long time ago, but Lincoln had a long head.



The Holy Trinity.

(Catechism in Rhyme.)

BY PAUL GOODWIN.

THREE in One, and One in Three,—
That's the Holy Trinity.

Persons Three, yet Godhead One,—
Father, Holy Ghost, and Son.

All are equal, just the same;
God of glory is Their name.

This we call a mystery,
Which we believe, though do not see.

A burning match has fire, heat, light,—
Of the Three in One 'tis a figure bright.

And by each soul three powers are claimed,
Will, memory, understanding named.

Thus in God are Persons Three,
Called the Blessed Trinity—

The Father, Son and Holy Ghost,—
Honored by the angel host.

Then let all praise and glory be
Given to God eternally.

Killykinick.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

VIII.—A NEW FRIEND.

"JING, you gave me a scare, Dan!" said Freddy, drawing a long breath of relief. "I thought you had dropped overboard."

"Overboard!" scoffed Dan. "You must think I'm a ninny. And you have been sleeping sure! Got to keep this sort of thing up all summer?"

"Oh, no, no!" said Freddy: "only for a few days,—until I get real well and strong; though Brother Bart will keep fussing over me, I know. Golly, I wish we had Uncle Tom along with us!"

"All right, is he?" asked Dan.

"Great!" replied Freddy, emphatically. "Doesn't baby you a bit; lets you row and swim and dive when you go off with him. Most as good as a real father."

"Just as good, I guess," amended Dan.

"No," said Freddy, shaking his head. "You see, he has other work—preaching and saying Mass and giving missions—where I don't come in. He has to leave me at Saint Andrew's because he hasn't any home. It must be just fine to have a home that isn't a school,—a sort of cosy little place, with cushioned chairs, and curtains, and a fire that you can see, and a kitchen where you can roast nuts and apples and smell gingerbread baking, and a big dog that would be your very own. But you can't have a home like that when you have only a priest uncle like mine."

"No, you can't," agreed Dan, his thoughts turning to Aunt Winnie and her blue teapot, and the little rooms that, despite all the pinch and poverty, she had made home.

"And Christmas," went on Freddy (both young speakers being quite oblivious of the big stranger who had seated himself on a camp stool in the shelter of the projecting cabin, and, with his folded arms resting on the deck rail, was apparently studying the distant horizon),—"I'd like to have one real right Christmas before I get too big for it."

"Seems to me you have a pretty good time as it is," remarked Dan: "new skates and sled, and five dollars pocket money. There wasn't a fellow at the school of your age had any more."

"That's so," said Freddy; "but they went home. A fellow doesn't want pocket money when he goes home. Dick Fenton had only sixty cents; I lent him fifteen more to get a card-case for his mother. But he had Christmas all right, you

bet: a tree that went to the ceiling (he helped to cut it down himself); all the house 'woodsy' with wreaths and berries and fires,—real fires where you could pop corn and roast apples. He lives in the country, you see, where money doesn't count; for you can't buy a real Christmas: it has to be homemade," said Freddy, with a little sigh. "So I'll never have one, I know."

Then the great gong sounded again to announce supper; and both boys bounded away to find the rest of their crowd, leaving the big stranger still seated in the gathering darkness, looking out to sea. As the boyish footsteps died into silence, he bowed his head upon his hands, and his breast heaved with a long, shuddering breath as if some dull, slumbering pain had wakened into life again. Then, in fierce self-mastery, he rose, stretched his tall form to its full height, and, ascending to the upper deck, began to pace its dimming length with the stern, swift tread of one whose life is a restless, joyless march through a desert land.

Meanwhile Brother Bart and his boys had begun to feel the roll of the sea, and to realize that supper had been a mistake. Jim and Dud had retired to their state-rooms, with unpleasant memories of Minnie Foster's chocolates, and the firm conviction that they never wanted to see a candy box again. Brother Bart was ministering to a very white-faced "laddie," and thanking Heaven he was in the state of grace and prepared for the worst.

"The Lord's will be done, but I don't think any of us will live to see the morning. There must have been some poison in the food, to take us all suddint like this."

"Oh, no, Brother Bart!" gasped Freddy, faintly. "I've been this way before. We're all just—just—seasick, Brother Bart,—dead seasick."

Even Dan had a few qualms,—just enough to send him, with the sturdy sense of his rough kind, out into the widest sweep of briny air within his

reach. He made for a flight of stairs that led up into some swaying, starlit region where there were no other sufferers, and flung himself upon a pile of life-preservers that served as pillow for his dizzy head. Sickness of any sort was altogether new to Dan, and he felt it would be some relief to groan out his present misery unheard. But the glow of a cigar, whose owner was pacing the deck, suddenly glimmered above his head, and the big man in corduroy nearly stumbled over him.

"Hallo!" he said. "Down and out, my boy? Here, take a swig of this!" and he handed out a silver-mounted flask.

"No," said Dan, faintly,—“can't. I've taken the pledge."

"Pooh! Don't be a fool, boy, when you're sick!"

"Wouldn't touch it if I were dying," said Dan. "I'm getting better now, anyhow. My, but I felt queer for a while! It is so hot and stuffy below. No more packing in on a shelf for me. I'll stick it out here until morning."

"And the others,—the little chap who was with you?" the stranger asked hastily. "Is he—he sick, too?"

"Freddy Neville? Yes, dead sick; but Brother Bart is looking out for him. Brother Bart is a regular old softy about Freddy. He took him when he was a little kid and keeps babying him yet."

"He is good to him, you mean?" asked the other, eagerly.

"Good? Well, I suppose you'd call it good. I couldn't stand any such fussing. Why, when Fred got a tumble in the gym the other day the old man almost had a fit!"

"A tumble,—a fall? Did it hurt him much?" There was a strange sharpness in the questioner's voice.

"Pooh, no!" said Dan. "Just knocked him out a little. But we were all getting into trouble at Saint Andrew's, for vacation there is pretty slow; so Father Regan has sent us off to the seashore for the summer."

"The seashore? Where?"

"Some queer place called Killykinick," answered Dan, who was now able to sit up and be sociable.

"Killykinick?" repeated his companion, in a startled tone. "Did you say you were going to Killykinick?"

"Yes," answered Dan. "Freddy's uncle or cousin or somebody died, a while ago and left him a place there. Freddy has a lot of houses and money and things all his own. It's lucky he has. He isn't the kind to rough it and tough it for himself. Not that he hasn't plenty of grit," went on Freddy's chum, hastily. "He's as plucky a little chap as I ever saw. But he's been used to having life soft and easy. He is the 'big bug' sort. (I ain't.) So I'm glad he has money enough to make things smooth at the start, though his no-'count father did skip off and leave him when he was only five years old."

"His father left him?" repeated Dan's companion. "Why?"

"Don't know," answered Dan. "Just naturally a 'quitter,' I guess. Lots of menfolks are. Want a free foot and no bother. But to shake a nice little chap like Freddy I call a dirty, mean trick, don't you?"

"There might be reasons," was the hesitating rejoinder.

"What reasons?" asked Dan, gruffly. "There ain't any sort of reason why a father shouldn't stick to his job. I hate a 'quitter,' anyhow," concluded Dan, decisively.

"Wait until you are twenty years older before you say that, my boy!" was the answer. "Perhaps then you will know what quitting costs and means. But you're an odd chum for that little boy. I saw him with you down below. How is it that you're such friends?"

And then Dan, being of a communicative nature, and seeing no cause for reserve, told his new acquaintance all about the scholarship that had introduced him into spheres of birth and breeding to which

he frankly confessed he could make no claim.

"I'm not Freddy's sort, I know; but he took to me somehow,—I can't tell why."

Yet as Dan went on with his simple, honest story, his listener, who, world-wise and world-weary as he was, knew something of the boyish nature that turns instinctively to what is strong and true and good, felt he could tell why Freddy took to this rough diamond of a chum.

Dan, in his turn, learned that his new acquaintance was called John Wirt; that he was off on a vacation trip, hunting and fishing wherever there was promise of good sport; that he had travelled abroad for several years,—had been to China, Japan, India, Egypt; had hunted lions and elephants, seen the midnight sun, crossed Siberian steppes and African deserts. From a geographical standpoint, Mr. Wirt's story seemed an open and extensive map, but biographically it was a blank. Of his personal history, past, present or future, he said nothing. Altogether, Dan and his new acquaintance had a pleasant hour on the open deck beneath the stars, and made friends rapidly.

"I wish you were going our way," said Dan, regretfully, as his companion announced that he was to get off at the first point they touched. "Brother Bart is going to granny us all, I know. If we had a real strong man like you around, he wouldn't scare so easily. And there is fine fishing about Killykinick, they say."

"So I have heard." The stranger had risen now, and stood, a tall shadow dimly outlined above Dan. "I—I—perhaps I'll drop in upon you. Isn't it time for you to turn in now?"

"No," answered Dan,—“not into that packing box below. I'm up here for the night."

"And I'm off before morning, so it's good-bye and good luck to you!"

And, with a friendly nod, Mr. John Wirt strode away down the darkened deck, leaving Dan to fling himself back

upon his life-preservers, and wonder how, when, or where he had seen their new acquaintance before,—not at Saint Andrew's; for Mr. Wirt had been abroad, as he had said, ever since Dan entered the college; not at Milligans' or Pete Patterson's, or anywhere about his old home. Perhaps he had blacked his shoes or sold him a newspaper in some half-forgotten past; for surely there was something in his tone, his glance, his friendly smile, that Dan knew.

He felt quite well now. All the dizziness and nausea had vanished, and he was his own strong, sturdy self again. The roll and sway of the boat were only the rock of a giant cradle; the surge of the sea, a deep-toned lullaby soothing him to pleasant dreams; and the sky! Dan had never seen such a midnight sky. He lay, with his head pillowed in his clasped hands, looking up at the starry splendor above him with a wonder akin to awe. The great, blue vault arching above him blazed with light from a myriad stars, that his books had told him were worlds greater than this on whose wide waters he was tossing now,—worlds whose history the wisest of men could never know,—worlds, thousands and millions of them, moving in shining order by "rule and law."

"Rule and law,"—it was the lesson that seemed to face Dan everywhere,—down in those black depths he had penetrated to-day, where valve and lever and gauge held roaring fire and hissing steam, with all their fierce force, to submission and service; in the polished mechanism whose steady throb he could feel pulsing beneath him like a giant heart; in the radiant sky where worlds beyond worlds swept on their mysterious way—"obeying."

With half-formed thoughts like these stirring vaguely in his mind, Dan was dropping off into pleasant sleep, when he was roused by the sound of voices and the glimmering of a ship's lantern.

"I think you will find your boy here, sir."

It was Mr. John Wirt, who, with the aid of a friendly deck hand, was guiding a pale, tottering, very sick Brother Bart to Dan's side.

"Who wants me?" asked the half-wakened Dan, springing to his feet.

"Dan Dolan! Ye young rascal!" burst out Brother Bart, almost sobbing in his relief. "It's down at the bottom of the black sea I thought ye were. I've been tramping this boat, with this good man houlding me up (for I'm too sick to stand), this half hour. Down wid ye now below stairs with the rest, where I can keep me eye on ye. Come down, I say!"

(To be continued.)

Finding the Ring.

One of the best ways to ensure the success of an evening party of young folks is to provide a sufficient number of novel games or tricks. Here is one that will probably prove new to most of our youthful readers,—the trick of finding the ring. To perform it, you ask several persons—any number you like provided it be not more than nine—to sit around a table and to take a ring. When they have done so, you announce that you will go out of the room; that during your absence any one at the table may put the ring on any joint of any finger of either hand; and that, on your return, although everyone keeps his or her hands under the table, you will tell who has the ring, on which hand it is, and on which joint of that hand it is placed.

To work the trick successfully, you ask those concerned to number themselves, so that they become person 1, person 2, person 3, etc. Then you stipulate that the right hand be called hand 1, and the left hand 2; also that the thumb be styled finger 1; the index finger, finger 2; and so on, the little finger being finger 5. So with the joints, or knuckles: the top one is joint 1, the middle one joint 2, and the lowest (or knuckle proper) joint 3.

When you have retired from the room, and the ring has been placed, you return and tell one of the party to write on a piece of paper what you dictate, and to do so without comment. "Write down," you say, "the number of the person who has the ring, multiply it by 2, add 5, multiply by 5, add 10, add the number of the hand (that is, 1 for the right or 2 for the left), multiply by 10, add the finger number (1 for the thumb, 2 for the index, etc.), multiply by 10, add the joint number, add 35. Now tell me what number you have as a total."

When you are told this total, all you have to do is to subtract from it 3535. Your remainder will be a number of four figures, the first of which will be the number of the person who has the ring; the second will be the number of the hand; the third will be the number of the finger; and the fourth, the number of the joint. It doesn't make any difference *why* this is so. The fact alone concerns you.

To make it quite plain, let us take an example. When you say on coming back to the room, "Write down the number of the person who has the ring," we will suppose that the figure 3 is written down.

Multiply it by 2	6
Add 5	11
Multiply by 5	55
Add 10	65
Add the number of the hand,—2, for instance	67
Multiply by 10	670
Add the number of the finger, say, of the thumb	671
Multiply by 10	6710
Add the number of the joint,—we'll suppose it the first	6711
Add 35	6746
You subtract (mentally, without saying anything)	3535
And you have left	3211

So that you may declare with confidence that the ring is on the hand of the third person, that it is the left hand (1), that the ring is on the thumb (1), and on the first joint (1) of that thumb.

A Quick-Witted Culprit.

A certain ruler in the Far East once decreed that any malefactor who was brought before him might be pardoned if he could give utterance to three truths. Perhaps truth-telling was a rare accomplishment among criminals in that country, and that few of them escaped punishment. However, the law was a humane one.

One day a man was brought before the bar of justice, and found guilty of a serious crime, the penalty for which was death. He threw himself upon what we would call the mercy of the court, and was told that he could purchase his life and freedom by telling the three truths. The outlaw scratched his head thoughtfully and collected his wits. It was a trying moment.

"I am justly accused," he said.

"Truth number one!" exclaimed the ruler. "Try again, my man."

"Your Highness, I'm sorry to have offended."

"I don't doubt it. One more truth and your freedom is purchased."

"If I am freed, I'll never be seen in these parts again."

The judge hesitated a moment, then exclaimed:

"I am convinced that you speak the truth. You are discharged!"

Kindly Customs.

In the west of France an ancient custom still lingers. At harvest-time a sheaf of grain is left standing in a certain field bordering the highway, and to this all the neighboring peasants contribute. It is called "the stranger's sheaf," and any poor wayfarer who wishes may carry it away and sell it. Farther north there is a pleasant fashion of leaving a similar sheaf for the birds, which might die while the fields are snow-covered, if it were not for this kind thoughtfulness.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Messrs. M. H. Gill & Son have just issued "Meagher of the Sword: His Speeches," edited by Mr. Arthur Griffin. It is a reprint which will be widely welcomed.

—The latest translation into English of the work of the great French entomologist, J. Henri Fabre, is "The Life of the Moth," which is published by Dodd, Mead & Co. It is said to be one of Fabre's most fascinating books.

—Important books of literary criticism and appreciation announced by Dodd, Mead & Co. include "G. K. Chesterton," by Julius West; and "Henry James," by Ford Madox Hueffer, the Catholic grandson of Madox Brown, the painter.

—A new and cheaper edition of the following novels by the late Canon Sheehan is announced by Longmans, Green, & Co.: "The Blindness of Dr. Gray"; "Luke Delmege"; "Glenanaar, A Story of Irish Life"; "Miriam Lucas"; "Lisheen: or, The Test of the Spirits"; and "The Queen's Fillet."

—A new volume of "Poems of Love and War" by an English author contains these lines on homesickness:

I want no talk of caution,
No pious consolation;
I want the cliffs of England,
I want my own dear nation.

These are evil days, it would seem, even for the poets inspired by war.

—Further numbers in the series of "Pages Actuelles" pamphlets issued by Bloud et Gay, Paris, are: "La Signification de la Guerre," by H. Bergson; "Les Surboches," by A. Beaunier; "L'Esprit Philosophique de l'Allemagne et la Pensée Française," by V. Delbos; and "Guerre et Philosophie," by M. De Wulf. From the same publishers comes a brochure of 141 pages, "Le Protestantisme Allemand," by J. Paquier,—a succinct but illuminative study of Luther, Kant, and Nietzsche.

—Except for its physical heaviness and occasional linguistic liberties, "Europa's Fairy Tales," restored and retold, as the title-page says, by Joseph Jacobs, and done into pictures by John D. Batten, is a rather satisfactory book for children. A crown 8vo of two hundred and sixty pages, it is durably bound and well printed from large, clear type. In subject-matter it is comprehensive, presenting, with some of the better known of the older stories,

others that have the charm of novelty, at least to English readers. Of course the stories, as such, are simply non-religious, though highly conformable, so far as we have observed, with nursery ethics; and they are sure to interest and please the young folks. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

—"What an Irishman Means by 'Machree,'" lyric by Francis P. Donnelly, S. J.; music by George H. Gartlan, is a song throbbing with warm blood and strong life, and culminating in a grand outburst of love for home and country. The charming, soulful words and melody are sure to be encored until the audience can repeat them without missing a bar. Leo Feist, publisher, New York.

—"Reading, Writing and Speaking Spanish," by M. C. Dowling, B. L.; "A Short Course in Commercial Law," by F. G. Nichols and R. E. Rogers; and "Petit Bleu," by Gyp (La Comtesse de Martel Janville), edited by F. Th. Meylan, come to us from the American Book Co. The second of the three recommends itself to the general reader, as well as to the students for whom it is especially designed, by its freedom from superfluously technical language. The other two are calculated to interest as well as instruct youthful linguists.

—Under the none too happy title "The Mechanism of Discourses," the Rev. Mark Moeslein, C. P., has issued a useful book on preaching, one reason of that usefulness being that the volume deals with much more than the mere machinery of logical and literary structure. It takes its oratorical principles largely from Strambi and the older authorities—always with due credit,—and abounds in practical suggestions, pertinent to the preaching of our own time and country. If this volume did nothing more than emphasize the need of preparation for public utterances on the part of all who are called to make them, it would have fully justified its publication. D. B. Hansen & Sons, publishers. No price is stated.

—Three new volumes have been added to the English Catholic Truth Society's Collected Publications, which now number 105 volumes. They are neatly bound in blue cloth and sold at one shilling each. We have already noticed the separate publications, but are glad to call attention to these volumes, which constitute an invaluable little library. We append the contents: Vol. 103: "A Modern Miracle: the

Case of Peter de Rudder" (with portrait), by the Rev. Felix Rankin, S. J.; "The Church in South Africa," by the Hon. A. Wilmot, K. S. G.; "Anti-Catholic History: How it is Written," by Hilaire Belloc; "Dr. Agnes McLaren," by Mary Ryan, M. A.; "Christmas Secrets," by the Rev. David Bearne, S. J.; "Russia and the Catholic Church," by the Rev. Adrian Fortescue, D. D.; "How to Stop the Leakage," by the Rev. J. H. Wright, S. J. Vol. 104: "Monsignor Hugh Benson" (with portrait), by the Rev. Allan Ross; "The Order of the Visitation," by his Eminence Cardinal Gasquet; "The Protestant Platform," by G. Elliot Anstruther; "Mr. Blather-ton's Yule Log," by the Rev. David Bearne, S. J.; "War, Sin, and Suffering," by the Rev. Hyacinth Koos, O. P.; "Some Children of St. Dominic," by Marie St. S. Ellerker; "Catholic Faith and Practice in Mediæval England," by H. J. Kilduff. Vol. 105: "Father Ignatius Spencer" (with portrait), by the Rev. Allan Ross; "The Sisters of Notre Dame"; "Dicky Travers," by the Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J.; "Some Protestant Historians on John Knox"; "The Doctrine of the Catholic Church Touching Indulgences," by the Rev. Hugh Pope, O. P., D. S. S.; "Oakendean Grange," by Mrs. Bancroft Hughes; "Fasting and Abstinence," by the Rev. Allan Ross.

Yet again we express the hope that the publications of the English C. T. S., so varied and so excellent, may be put on sale in this country—and every other English-speaking country.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Europa's Fairy Tales." Joseph Jacobs. \$1.25.

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"The 'Summa Theologica' of St. Thomas Aquinas." Part II. (First Part.) Literally Translated by the Fathers of the English Dominican Province. Third Number (QQ. XC—CXIV).

"The Life of Father de Smet, S. J. (1801-1873.)" E. Laveille, S. J. Authorized Translation by Marian Lindsay. \$2.75.

"The Student's Handbook to the Study of the New Testament." Translated from the Thirteenth French Edition of Augustus Brassac, S. S., by Joseph L. Weidenhan, S. T. L. \$3.25.

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"Life of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque." Mgr. Bougaud. 60 cts.

"The Sacraments." Pohle-Preuss. \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Thomas Doran, of the diocese of Providence; Rev. Edward J. Ucker, diocese of Little Rock; Rev. Michael Regan, diocese of Hartford; and Rev. Joseph Daly, diocese of Jaro.

Mr. Daniel Summers, Mr. Edward Manning, Mr. Joseph McCarthy, Miss Angelique De Lande, Mrs. Catherine Fee, Mrs. — Charlton, Mr. Michael Dougherty, Mrs. Alice Murray, Mr. Charles Hintze, Mr. Patrick McLaughlin, Mr. William Barden, Mrs. Anna McCabe, Mr. August Streb, Miss Margaret Hickey, Mrs. J. T. Bauer, Mr. John Nolan, Mrs. Catherine Schulte, Mrs. Annie Stone, Mr. Richard Kearney, Mr. William O'Brien, Mr. James Clark, Mr. Louis Darian, Mrs. Elizabeth Devine, Mr. Henry Dedert, Mr. Jeremiah Fitzpatrick, Mr. John Radomski, Mrs. Ellen Kenneally, Mr. Alexander Grimm, Mr. James Ferris, and Mr. David Hales.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the starving children in China: "In honor of the Sacred Heart," 50 cts.; Friends, Baltimore, \$5.35; a client of Bl. John Gabriel, 25 cts.; Mrs. D. H. H., \$1. For the Indian mission schools: Mrs. T. E. McG., \$10; Mrs. L. G., \$3. For the Foreign Missions: Friend (Texas), \$3. For the Polish war sufferers: C. D., \$5. For the Chinese missions: "For a favor granted," \$2.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Fœderis Arca.

BY ABDIEL.

ARK of the Covenant 'twixt God and man!
Thy sign before the Mercy-seat of old,
The Chosen People kept o'erlaid with gold:
There, coffered close, since Israel's course began,
Mystic memorials lay, to bless or ban:

Yearly they blest, through Aaron's sons, we're
told;

Yet leper-struck the wretch who durst it hold,
And, unanointed, dared its mysteries scan.

Thus God, in thee, His Mercy-seat retained,

For many unto resurrection born,
His grace to show, thus, to the lowly deigned;

Yet haughty pride He strikes with bitter scorn,
Born but of such to consummate the fall,
As Simeon's stern prophetic words recall.

Traditions of Glastonbury.

BY OLIVE MYLES.

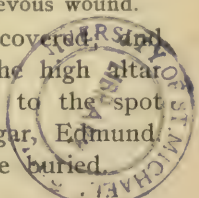
IN the heart of Somersetshire, tucked away in the fold of a hill, lies the sleepy little town of Glastonbury, known long ago as "Insula Avalonia," or the Isle of Apple Trees. It was an afternoon late in autumn when I came upon it. All the countryside was clad in a glowing mantle of sunshine; the voices of the harvesters rang clear upon the air; and the strange, sweet smell of mellow fruit hung heavy over the land. Stretched away on three sides of me was a vast orchard that lost itself in the horizon, but which is met,

some fourteen miles off, by the sea. The orchard bore upon its bosom countless apple trees, all decked with little globes of gold and crimson, while on the grass lay pyramids of yellow fruit, already gathered, and left to lie until the cider mills were ready to receive it, and the huge, empty hogsheads washed and drained. Set in this orchard, like some great monument to the God of Harvest, stand the ruins of one of the most beautiful of British abbeys.

Although time has dismantled Glastonbury Abbey of its original splendor, it has failed to uproot its traditions; and never was there a place where history has been so inextricably bound up with romance, where fact has so assiduously been joined to fancy. Here King Arthur and his wife Guinivere are buried. After sustaining severe injury in a battle fought in Cornwall, Arthur begged to be taken to Glastonbury in order to be healed of his wound. Tennyson, in his Arthurian Idylls, makes the king say to his knight, Sir Bedivere:

But now farewell! I am going a long way,
With these thou seest—if indeed I go,
For all my mind is clouded with a doubt,—
To the Island Valley of Avilion,
Where falls not hail or rain or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns.
And bowery meadows, crowned with summer sun,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.

But the brave king never recovered, and he was laid to rest near the high altar of the abbey church, close to the spot where, later, the Kings Edgar, Edmund and Edmund Ironsides were buried.



Glastonbury, too, seems to have been the scene of King Alfred's famous cake-burning performance, although some authorities have it that the Isle of Athelney was the original place where the king proved to be so poor a cook. An interesting anecdote relative to King Alfred's sojourn in Glastonbury is found in the *Life of St. Cuthbert*. The legend states that while the king was resting one day, a poor man came and begged for food. Alfred asked his attendant how much food they had to spare; and on learning that there was only a small loaf of bread and a little wine, the king said: "Praise be to God! Give half the loaf and half the wine to this poor pilgrim." This was done, and the poor man went away. But when the servant came to look at what remained of the food he was surprised to find the loaf whole and the wine undiminished. The king and his servant marvelled greatly, wondering at the same time how the pilgrim could have come, save by boat—but no boat was to be seen. When, in the evening, the folk came back from fishing, with three nets full of fish, they said: "Lo! we have caught more fish this day than in all the years we have lived here."

That night, as the king lay in his bed, "a great light shone in the room, and an old man appeared, with black hair, clothed in priest's garments, and with a mitre on his head, and holding in his right hand a Book of the Gospels; and he blessed the king, and said: 'Alfred, my son, rejoice; for I am he to whom thou didst this day give thine alms; and I am called Cuthbert, the soldier of Christ. Now be strong and very courageous, and be of joyful heart, and hearken to the things I shall say unto you; for henceforth I will be thy shield and friend, and I will watch over thee, and over thy sons after thee. And now I will tell thee what thou must do.'" The saint then told the king that if he blew his horn thrice, five hundred trusty men would appear, equipped for battle; the people would

gather round him, and he would fight and conquer the whole land. As St. Cuthbert prophesied, even so it came to pass.

The history of the abbey takes us back to very early times; indeed, it was here that the Gospel was first preached in England. In or about the year of Our Lord 60, St. Philip the Apostle, anxious to spread the knowledge of the Gospel, sent to Britain his friend, St. Joseph of Arimathea, together with eleven disciples. The little company came by way of France, where they were imprisoned for a time for preaching. But on their release they hurried to the coast, where they took ship; and after a rough and perilous journey they landed at last on the Isle of Avalon, where Avaragus, the king, received them most kindly, giving them twelve "hides of land," upon which they built a church of wood and wattles.

From our old books I know
That Joseph came of old to Glastonbury,
And there the heathen prince Avaragus
Gave him an isle of marsh, whereon to build;
And there he built with wattles from the marsh
A little lonely church, in days of yore.

This church St. Joseph and his disciples dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and in it they worshipped and taught the true Faith.

St. Joseph is said to have brought with him to England the Holy Grail, "the Cup itself from which Our Lord drank at the last sad supper with His own." It was hidden for safety in a hill close to the abbey; and from the spot where it was buried rose a spring, its pure and sparkling water flowing still in copious streams. The spring is known as the "Holy Well," or, more commonly, the "Blood Spring," on account of the red deposit left on the earth or stones over which the water passes, giving the appearance of clots of blood. By use of this water many and great miracles have been performed; and from the earliest times up to the present day pilgrims have visited Glastonbury in thousands in order to be benefited

by the curative properties of the spring.

Another miracle that St. Joseph performed, the evidence of which is to be seen even now, was the changing of his staff into a flowering thorn-tree. It seems that one day, whilst resting with his followers on a hill, St. Joseph was asked by those to whom he had been preaching to give them a sign that God was indeed the great Being they had been led to believe. By way of answer St. Joseph—

With his well-nerved arm, struck his staff
Deep in the ground. "There may it stand,"
said he,

"The emblem of its parent Cross which bore
The Father of our life and happiness,—
There may it stand through many a future age,
Firm as the Faith we plant within this land
Where we began our pilgrimage."

... Thence sprang
The thorn of Avalon, the wondrous tree,
... By wood cut from the Cross.

Even as he spoke the staff sprouted and burst into a mass of white blossom. Ever since, the Holy Thorn has flowered invariably about Christmas Day. For a long time special pilgrimages were made to the tree, and much money was realized by drying and exporting the flowers to foreign parts. A portion of the original tree was cut down in Queen Elizabeth's reign, the remainder being destroyed in the time of Oliver Cromwell. Taylor, the Water Poet, in his "Wanderings to See the Wonders of the West," speaking of the Holy Thorn, tells us that what remained of it was hacked to pieces, during the great Rebellion, by Puritan soldiers. "But a vintner dwelling in the towne did save a great slip or branch of it, and placed or set it in his garden; and he with others did tell me that the same doth likewise bloome on the 25th day of December yearly. I saw the sayde branch, and it was ten foote high, greene and flourishing."

Writing at the same time as Taylor, Symmons, in his "Vindication of Charles the First," alludes to the sacrilegious destruction of the tree: "Nay, that

miraculous thorn at Glastonbury, which was wont to celebrate the festival of Christ's Nativity by putting forth its leaves and flowers, was cut in pieces by the militia men, that it might no longer preach to men the birthday of their Saviour."

We have to thank the vintner of Glastonbury for saving a slip of the holy tree for posterity; so that even now, after a period of eighteen hundred years from the time when it was first planted by St. Joseph, it continues to put forth its leaves and flowers "at Christmas, mindful of Our Lord." When St. Joseph died he was buried under the altar of the church he built with such loving care. In 1184 this church was burned down, and another building, made of stone, and enclosing what remained of the original walls, was erected in its place.

The associations connected with this spot are many on account of its being the repository of many saintly relics. Besides the body of St. Joseph, those of St. David, St. Patrick, and St. Indractus the Martyr are buried here. Speaking of this sanctuary, William of Malmesbury says: "Here lie the human remains of many saints, nor is there any space in the building that is free of their ashes; so much so, that the stone pavement, and indeed the sides of the altar, and the altar itself, above and below, are crammed with the multitude of the relics. Rightly, therefore, it is called the heavenly sanctuary on earth, of so large a number of saints it is the repository. . . . At night scarcely any one presumes to keep vigil there. . . . He who is conscious of pollution shudders throughout his whole frame; no one ever brought hawk or horses within the confines of the neighboring cemetery who did not depart injured either in them or in himself. Within the memory of man, all persons who, before undergoing the ordeal of fire or water, there put up their petitions, exulted in their escape, one only excepted. If any one erected in its vicinity a building which by its shade

obstructed the light of the church, it forthwith became a ruin; and it is sufficiently evident that the men of that province had no oath more frequent or more sacred than to swear by the 'Old Church,' fearing the swiftest vengeance on their perjury in this respect."

The good work that St. Joseph began so well was eagerly carried on after his death by a band of followers who lived, as anchorites, in caves at the foot of a hill just above the abbey, known as the Tor. But it was not till the advent of St. Patrick that steps were taken to gather the brethren together under monastic rule. The son of a colonist who lived in a Roman city quite near to Glastonbury, St. Patrick, at an early age, was taken captive and sent to Ireland, where for a time he acted as a swineherd, undergoing great hardships. This experience, however, was beneficial to him in that it made him familiar with the character and customs of the Irish people, and enabled him at a later date to take up missionary work in Ireland at the command of Pope Celestine. The conversions he made were so numerous that in a short time the whole of the country was Christianized.

After thirty years of strenuous labor in this land, being then ninety years of age, St. Patrick retired to his native place—the Isle of Avalon. Here he built a monastery adjoining the Church of St. Mary, and persuaded the brethren to leave their cave-dwellings at the foot of the Tor, and live the monastic life together. In return, they made him the first abbot of their institution. He appears to have been a man of exceptionally developed powers, endowed with great courage and earnestness of purpose, and possessing a noble and commanding presence. His voice attracted his listeners on account of its "sonorous and bell-like quality"; while a persuasive eloquence, combined with a heart overflowing with love for all humanity, went to make of the saint a character remarkable

for its dignity and strength. St. Patrick lived to be one hundred and twenty-one years old; and on his death he was buried, together with Saints Brigid and Columba, in a tomb near to that of St. Joseph of Arimathea.

After the founding of the monastery, Glastonbury became the chief seat of learning in England. The number of scholars grew so numerous, at last, that special accommodation had to be provided for them outside of the abbey itself. For this purpose was built a hostel, which, known to-day as the "Pilgrims' Inn," stands in the narrow High Street that leads into the market-place.

Thus the abbey continued to increase in fame and wealth till its dissolution in 1539. The last abbot, Richard Whiting, falsely charged with high treason, was executed on November 15 of that year. He was allowed no time to prepare a defence; indeed, the plot against him was hatched so quickly and so secretly that it is probable the unfortunate abbot knew nothing whatever of what was taking place. He was tried on November 14 at Wells, a cathedral town eight miles from Glastonbury; and, his fate having been decided, he was drawn upon a litter to the place of his execution, Chalice Hill, which overlooks the Abbey of Glastonbury. There the saintly abbot died a martyr to his Faith, and his body was quartered, "whereof one quarter standyth at Wells, another at Bathe, and at Ylchester and Bridgewater the rest, and his head upon the abbey gate at Glaston." The horrible unjustness of this execution, rightly called murder by the inhabitants of the neighborhood, is remembered to this day.

Thus emptied of its monks and denuded of its wealth, the once beautiful abbey slowly fell into a state of ruin, and no attempt has ever been made to restore it to its original condition. To-day the grass grows green along the stately aisles; ragged bushes of ivy toss their trailing sprays from carved cornices; and the

hoarse croaking of innumerable jackdaws, as they flap and flutter round the paneless windows, seems like evil spirits exulting over their base handiwork.

I gazed, musing, on the moss-grown pillars, on the hoary figures of saints fallen from their niches and enveloped in a tangled network of briar; and the thought came to me that, after all, this is not the end. Surely there is a brighter, a more hopeful side to this scene of devastation; for is not the seeming ruin of the abbey merely a state of transition,—a period of waiting between the planting and the reaping? The seed of Truth sown by those ancient Fathers in the hearts of the people grows meanwhile, and matures, expands and ripens, waiting patiently for the day when God the Reaper shall gather in His harvest.

As though in answer to my meditation, a sound of distant voices, joined in an evening hymn of praise, floated across the fragrant orchard land as the apple-pickers wended their way homewards; while from the earth a fresh, cool night wind bore the strange, sweet smell of mellow fruit as incense up to Heaven. And, passing through the arched gateway that leads from the abbey to the town, I looked to where the sun was setting like a disc of burnished copper in the west, and a strange peace filled my heart; for I knew that God's work is lasting, and His Word shall not pass away.

FAITH has not only a special function with reference to the justification of the individual, but is also the universal bond between the redeemed race and God. It must therefore affect the whole soul, and be the health of every part, penetrating all the virtues, and imparting to them its own unity and stability. It is an adamant which God diffuses through man's whole being. It must enlighten the mind, erect the will, warm and purify the heart, live in every affection, kneel in our humility, endure in our patience.

—Aubrey de Vere.

James Harrington, M. D.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

IX.

IT was New Year's Eve. All day long Dr. Harrington had been kept quite busy, and had also been up a good part of the night before.

He felt unusually weary, and, what was still more unusual with him, a trifle depressed. In the evening there had been a lull; the office bell had scarcely sounded at all, and he had been enabled to devote considerable time to his mother. They sat together in the drawing-room upstairs, in one of those long, intimate talks which both so keenly enjoyed. The Doctor had never before told her of the Professor and the annoyance which he had caused him. But that night he touched lightly upon the topic. The mother, in her wise, silent fashion, asked but few questions and expressed no very decided opinion.

"He is a viper," the Doctor said, "which it is necessary to crush."

"Take care, my son!" replied the mother. "Vipers sometimes have sharp stings."

"You are not counselling cowardice, mother dear?"

She smiled.

"No, only wisdom, and—sometimes one has a little pity for the viper."

The Doctor laughed.

"What a doctrine!" he cried merrily.

"Why, we should have the earth overrun with nauseous, crawling things of all kinds, in the physical, so in the moral order."

"I suppose you are right," the mother answered, with something of a sigh. "But in dealing with them 'make haste slowly,' and, if possible, give them a chance."

"You are a wonderful woman, mother," the Doctor said, regarding her with sincere admiration. "Where did you get your temperament, calm and even as a summer sunset?"

"I got all I have from faith and

experience," the mother said simply.

"And I suppose from that long line of respectable forbears who kept the Ten Commandments," added the Doctor, reflectively; for he knew and had heard from many quarters that his mother came of what in Ireland is emphatically described as "good stock."

"I am willing to give my forbears all the credit they deserve," smiled the mother; "though, when all is said and done, it's a poor sort of descendant they have,—just a homely old woman who lives in the light of a brilliant son."

She did not often flatter her son, and even now the compliment was given in a half-humorous way. He went over and laid his hand on her shoulder and looked down at her.

"All the son has," he said, "he owes to the mother."

It was the truth; for his father had died when he was a child of seven, and the widowed mother, with but straitened means, had struggled on alone.

They spoke then of the New Year that was to dawn on the morrow, touching a little upon what was past, and looking forward hopefully. Nowhere else did the son find that atmosphere of peace and of home as there in his mother's presence. Her very figure, seated in her armchair, seemed to recall those lines she was so fond of repeating: "And all His ways are righteousness and all His paths are peace." Her words, in fact, were dotted, as beacons, all along his path of life. She had always the right word at the right time, and the smile and the glance of affection that were better than laurel wreaths to the world-wearied man. It smote upon him sharply as he thought of the desolation that should fall upon him when, in the inevitable course of years, that chair should be empty. He could at least dimly guess what blessings that mother was calling down on his head for the year that was about to open, as she sat alone, Rosary in hand, or knelt upon her *priedieu*.

About half-past nine, when his mother announced her intention of going to her room to prepare for bed, the Doctor told her that he had been asked by Mrs. Forrester to go to a drive and supper party which should usher the Old Year out. The mother replied that she was glad, as she thought he had been working too hard and looking tired.

"Mrs. Forrester's carriage will pick me up here about ten," he explained, "unless there is some urgent call for me in the meantime."

He found himself free, however, when, with jingling of many bells and sound of merry voices, the large sleigh drew up at the Doctor's door. He had not cared much for going out; nevertheless, once he found himself seated in that luxurious sleigh, leaning back against the cushions and covered by warm rugs, he felt fully repaid for the exertion. It was a beautiful New Year's Eve night, mild enough to make sleighing delightful, and yet with something sufficiently sharp and pungent in the air to prove exhilarating. It was pleasant to sit back silently, without much exertion, being expected of him in the way of conversation, and with that fair, ethereal face opposite to him suggesting nothing so much as a sprite, with the wide-open, appealing eyes looking into his, while from the lips came a veritable stream of pleasant, frivolous chatter. Most of it scarcely required any answer or any mental effort at all. The Doctor was simply expected to sit still and look pleased, to smile and nod occasionally, or to put in one of those half words which fill up the pauses in such conversations.

The man beside him was the charming young subaltern of whom Mrs. Forrester had made mention on the evening of her dinner party. The young man was in the gayest spirits imaginable, and helped on the party immensely by his agreeable talk and the snatches of songs that he sang,—in a subdued voice, however, out of deference to the passers-by. No doubt

the young débutante to whom, ever since the evening of that initial dinner party, he had devoted himself, and who now sat opposite to him, regarded him as wonderful, and felt proportionately thrilled when that prospective heir to an earldom sang "If my glances have betrayed me, ask me no more"; or "We met, 'twas in a crowd."

The Doctor, humming under his breath in accord with those melodies, glanced from one to the other of the pair.

"Ah, youth and love!" he thought. "Or, if it be not love, then a pleasant masquerade."

In the other sleigh that was following them closely, were Mrs. Forrester's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Ross, Miss Wharton and Colonel Tifton.

"They are getting on famously, those two," said Mrs. Forrester, confidentially to the Doctor, to whom she was by no means averse to imparting that information.

The Doctor said nothing.

"I'm glad," the little woman went on; "for Mabel has always seemed so hard to please I thought she would never find any one to suit her. The Colonel finds her such a bright girl, and of course he is a charming man." Then she added roguishly: "Though do you know I used to think somebody else would be more in her line?"

"On her line, you mean," corrected the Doctor.

"Oh, what a wicked, malicious little speech!" cried Mrs. Forrester. "I'm surprised at you, Doctor. You are really very naughty."

"What I meant was," explained the Doctor, more gravely than the occasion seemed to warrant, "that so many men were dangling helplessly there."

But Mrs. Forrester did not take kindly to that interpretation of a speech which she persisted in considering as ill-natured; and she harped upon that string, and laughed her laugh that sounded like tinkling drops of silver. For the little woman was perennially conscious of a

latent feeling of irritation against Mabel Wharton, though she considered her an addition to her parties, and consequently invited her. She always spoke of her, too, as one of her greatest friends. The Doctor vainly parried her frequent and teasing allusions to that "slip of the tongue,"—allusions which he found particularly annoying.

Indeed, Lucy Forrester was at her very silliest that evening, which was often the case when for any reason she felt elated. When she had given the Doctor his choice as to the sleigh in which he should drive, he had very gallantly and very properly replied that it must be that one in which she was sitting. And, in fact, he had quickly perceived that any other arrangement would have been practically impossible, and that his place had been reserved for him before the party started. Nevertheless, the little woman regarded that choice of his as a distinct victory over Miss Wharton, and had kept repeating to herself:

"He didn't want one bit to go with her, or with all those clever people in the other sleigh."

In consequence of this supposition upon her part, she had seemed to let loose all the pent-up frivolity and ineptitude of her nature, which made it difficult for the Doctor to keep his patience. Yet under it all, as he told himself more than once, was that warmth of good will towards himself, and her pathetic attempts to put herself on a friendly footing with him.

"I have always wanted to please you, do you know that?" Mrs. Forrester asked, with sudden boldness. "I have wished nothing so much."

"I hope all your wishes are as easy of attainment," the Doctor had said, smiling his genial smile at her, as he might have done at a pretty child. He had not the slightest inclination to lose his head on that occasion; but he was in a forgiving and indulgent mood, and wilfully closed his eyes to the silliness of her utterances. She was, after all, "such

a dear little woman," and one who, he was inclined to think, would prove such a loyal friend. He did not say one word that was in the least sarcastic to her all that evening, so that she was quite happy and perfectly satisfied. She felt sure that it was just such chatter as hers that best pleased the brilliant Doctor.

All at once, and quite suddenly, she said: "O Dr. Harrington, I want to tell you something!"

"Well?" he inquired, wondering what this particular thing might be amongst all her babble of talk.

"I engaged such a nice sewing girl to-day."

"Indeed!" commented the Doctor.

"She is to come to me three times a week just for plain sewing. That's all she claims to be able to do; but, with a little teaching, I am sure she could help with dressmaking. She has so much style and taste herself, I'm going to let her try. And she gave you as a reference."

"Gave me as a reference!" echoed the Doctor. "Well, she could not have chosen a worse one in any such matters as that. I wouldn't know a ruffle from a flounce to save me."

"Oh, you know what I mean! She said you knew all about her and could recommend her."

"She must be very innocent to credit me with such universal knowledge," observed the Doctor, still talking in the same easy, careless vein.

"Well, that's what she said," declared Mrs. Forrester.

"I suppose she is one of my patients," said the Doctor; "or at least I may have prescribed for one of her family even in the third or fourth generation."

"Oh, she knows you personally quite well!" said Mrs. Forrester. "And she has such a pretty name! That attracted me to her from the first. I like pretty names, especially when they have anything foreign-sounding about them. It is such a relief from plain Mary or Lizzie or Jane or Bridget."

"I suppose you would find it an improvement if I were to call myself Jacques or Jaimé."

"Oh, for a man it's different!" said Mrs. Forrester. "One likes everything plain and severe and even ugly about him."

"Ye gods, what a stream of compliments!" cried the Doctor. "Now, I—"

"But you won't let me tell you," interrupted Mrs. Forrester. "The girl's name is Gianetta."

For the second time in his recent experience, the Doctor felt startled by the mention of that name. And this time he was distinctly annoyed that this girl, who in the upshot might prove anything but satisfactory, was going around amongst his friends and giving him as reference, and claiming that he knew all about her; whereas, in point of fact, he knew very little, and that little was not altogether to her credit.

"Now, I must tell you," he said rather sharply, "that this Gianetta Maloney herself I scarcely know at all. I have attended her brother's family for years, and I had a very high opinion of her late sister-in-law, who died of cholera."

"But you say the family were all right?"

"Yes, especially Mrs. Maloney who died. But pray don't take the girl on any recommendation that I can give."

He spoke so earnestly, moved by some strong inward impulsion, that Mrs. Forrester looked at him in surprise. After a slight pause she said:

"You know something against her?"

"Not at all," replied the Doctor.

"Then I'm sure it's all right. She is so very anxious to come, and I have taken a real fancy to her. And she is such a handsome girl. I adore pretty people, don't you? And don't you think beauty is the greatest gift for a woman?"

"It might not be the greatest gift in a seamstress," answered the Doctor, dryly. "She might be a Venus and spoil all your material. In any case, what I want you to understand is that I can give the girl

no reference at all, except that she is the half-sister of Hugh Maloney."

"And that's quite enough. I have often heard you praise the Maloneys," said Mrs. Forrester. "I am looking forward to having her with me. She will be so nice to look at, and I'm sure will be amusing."

"I wash my hands of all responsibility for your paragon," laughed the Doctor. "You would have taken her just the same if she had dropped from the skies or come up from Hades. But here we are back at your house! How cheerful it looks, with all those lights and holly wreaths in the windows!"

He leaned forward and looked at it, with some strange sensation that he could not quite understand.

"And here are the others just driving up," said Mrs. Forrester. "They must have followed us pretty closely. That is nice; for now there will be no delay in sitting down to supper."

Presently they were all assembled in that cheerful and luxurious drawing-room, which was blazing with wax lights in chandeliers of crystal that shone in myriad colors. The pictures on the wall caught the glow from the great logs of maple that were blazing on the brass dogs on the open hearth. Dr. Harrington thought he had never before seen the large apartment look so cheerful and homelike. He regarded every detail with a new and close scrutiny, as if he were trying to impress it on his mind. Everyone, too, was in the highest spirits, having come in exhilarated from the frosty air outside. Only in the Doctor's mind there was a vague current of melancholy, as to the imaginative there is apt to be whenever human mirth and human jollity is at its height.

It had been decided that the party would not sit down to supper until after midnight; and some one had opened the large window, with its three compartments bowed out towards the street, that they might hear the bells ringing out the Old Year and ringing in the New. Colonel

Tifton, taking his watch in his hand, announced that it wanted only ten minutes of twelve. So forthwith all the company took hands, and thus united stood prepared to bid the Year that was passing farewell, and to greet the New Year about to dawn. The Doctor, as it chanced, was between Mrs. Forrester and Mabel Wharton, and he long afterwards remembered the expression on those two faces,—a little pale, a little overpowered, as it were, by the solemnity of the moment. Perhaps some shadow of impending change had stolen over the brightness of their spirits,—some shadow of those vicissitudes, happy or unhappy, which lurk within every New Year. Dr. Harrington long remembered, too, the whole appearance of that room, which he was not to enter again for many a day, and then under widely different circumstances.

Soon a signal was given, and with one accord the men and women burst into the strains of "Auld Lang Syne," shaking each other's hand and looking into each other's face "with smiles that might as well be tears." One verse after another was rolled out of that ancient melody, that has power to thrill the heart, and that echoes down the pathway of life almost from the cradle to the grave. Only the young subaltern and the débutante were gay, absorbed as they were in translating life into the language that they best understood. They would neither see nor understand anything but brightness in the year that was coming as in that which was past. The Doctor, glancing at Mabel Wharton, saw that her lips were quivering and her eyes were full of tears. She turned away as she met his glance; but he had caught an illuminating glimpse into a heart which, let people say what they would, he had never believed to be either cold or hard.

Scarcely had the last strain of the song died away and silence fallen upon the great apartment, when the bells from many steeples rang out, and they knew that the Old Year was dead and that the

New Year had been born. By a sudden impulse, one and all rushed to the window and thrust out their heads to listen to the bells. They are like no others, those bells of New Year's morning,—the bells of memory and the bells of hope; bells that seem to sound with the voices of the dead, and yet to contain in the peal the voices of the living, joyous and vibrant. A military band suddenly broke in upon the pealing—gay, exultant, martial—with the inspiring music of "The British Grenadiers." It heartened the listeners amazingly, and they beat time to it with their feet, and drummed on the window-panes in the most careless and irresponsible fashion, as though they were eager to drown the pain at their hearts, and to forget that unit of time which had just passed away from them forever.

Out in the snow-mantled streets, where the frost crackled pleasantly from the boughs of the trees, pedestrians or those driving in sleighs cried out to each other, "Happy New Year! Happy New Year!" Or if they chanced to be French, "*Bonne Année, mes amis! Bonne Année!*" How lightly and carelessly men utter those words, so fraught with a thousand meanings!—lightly and carelessly, though some of the ears upon which they fall will be closed in death before that New Year has sped its course; lightly and carelessly, though for some of those who listen a dire tragedy is waiting in the course of the coming three hundred and sixty-five days; lightly and carelessly, though hearts that hear will be wrung by crushing sorrow or agonizing suspense; lightly and carelessly on those who are destined to suffer, as on the many who are destined to rejoice; lightly and carelessly upon all.

The group around the window were glad to turn away and to pass into the dining-room, where the change of scene seemed to revive their drooping spirits.

"My word! but that is a ghastly business we poor mortals have to go through

with every year," observed Colonel Tifton.

"We forget all about it by to-morrow morning," answered the Doctor. "That is the only consolation. The power of forgetting is, after all, one of humanity's best assets."

"And yet one doesn't want to give up the power of remembering," said Mabel Wharton.

"Like the two streams in Paradise," agreed the Doctor. "But perhaps if we could always be sure of Lethe we should not concern ourselves about Eunoë."

"Do let us be cheerful," said Mrs. Forrester, "and drive away all these gloomy thoughts while we take our supper. Let us have only one thought and one wish—that we may all meet here a year from now, as well and happy as we are to-night. Dr. Harrington, I want you to propose that toast."

And so they did, though a strange silence followed that toast, and a shiver passed over some of the company, despite the firelight upon the hearth, and the comfortable and luxurious supper which tempted their appetites. And, somehow, none of them felt very anxious to look thus a year ahead, but began instead to talk more rapidly than usual, and on every sort of cheerful subject that could be raked up from their experiences or from their inner consciousness; though it must be owned that there was a palpable insincerity about all those efforts, except in so far as the young subaltern and the object of his admiration were concerned. They were quite content to look blissfully forward to that next year, and to as many of them as youth and health and happiness seemed to promise.

At the end of the supper, Mrs. Forrester bent over and said to the Doctor:

"What a good friend you have always been to me! What good friends we have been!"

"And may we long continue so," the Doctor responded, "through many happy New Years!"

Our Goodly Heritage.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

IV.—THE BLESSED TRINITY.

"THIS is the Catholic Faith, that we worship One God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity; neither confounding the Persons nor dividing the Substance. For there is one Person of the Father, another of the Son, and another of the Holy Ghost; but the Godhead of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost is all one; the glory equal, the majesty coeternal. . . . So the Father is God, the Son is God, and the Holy Ghost is God; and yet they are not three Gods, but one God. . . . For, like as we are compelled by the Christian verity to acknowledge every Person by Himself to be God and Lord, so are we forbidden by the Catholic religion to say there be three Gods or three Lords." Such is the Christian Catholic doctrine of the Blessed Trinity, set forth in the majestic diction of that great hymn of the Trinity and the Incarnation, the Athanasian Creed.

Admirably also the same great truth is summed up by St. Augustine, greatest of the Doctors of the Latin, if not of the Universal, Church. "O Lord our God," he writes, "we believe in Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit! For, wert Thou not a Divine Trinity, the very Truth Himself would not have said, 'Going, baptize all nations in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.' Nor wouldst Thou, O Lord God, have commanded us to be baptized in the name of any that is not God and Lord. Nor would the divine Voice have said, 'Hear, O Israel! The Lord thy God is one God,' if Thou wert not in such wise a Trinity as to be only one God. And if Thou, O Father, and the Son, Thy Word Jesus Christ, and the Holy Spirit who is the Gift of Both, were without distinction of Persons, we should not read in the writings of Truth, 'God

sent His Son'; nor wouldst Thou, O Only-Begotten, have said of the Holy Ghost, 'Whom the Father will send in My name,' and 'Whom I will send from the Father.'"

This is the belief of the Holy Church of God in the most sacred and unsearchable of all mysteries—the mystery of the inner life and being of the God whom we adore, for whom we are made, to whom, by the divine plan of salvation, we come,—the adorable mystery of the Three Persons in the one divine essence and Godhead; of the one divine nature subsisting in Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. This truth was taught openly to the world for the first time by our Lord Jesus Christ Himself, the second Person of the Blessed Trinity, as the fundamental truth in that series of truths which man needs in order to reach his appointed goal of supernatural knowledge and love of God in heaven, and which he can have and grasp only by divine revelation and faith.

The dogma of the Blessed Trinity has been proclaimed by the Church of God from the beginning, defended by her against all attacks, developed and infallibly expounded by her in its implications and bearings under the promised guidance of the Spirit of Truth Himself. Hence her continued song of praise, coming down from earliest times, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost"; hence her combats and her struggles against heretics for the consubstantiality of the Son with His Eternal Father, the equal glory and divinity of God the Holy Spirit. Hence, in her earliest Creed, coming down from Apostolic times, the profession of faith placed upon the lips of all her children, young and old, simple and learned: "I believe in One God, Father Almighty; . . . and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord; . . . and in the Holy Ghost."*

Therefore we, "with all our hearts and with all our mind and with all our strength,

* This is the earliest form of the words of the Apostles' Creed.

believe that, being one only and single God, yet nevertheless Thou art most truly God the Father and God the Son and God the Holy Ghost; for this is the Catholic Faith, which unless a man believe faithfully and firmly he can not be saved."* A mystery indeed; yet, as has been said, not therefore a meaningless puzzle; not to be fathomed to its infinite depths by any mind but the infinite mind of God Himself; yet by the Divine Word communicated to our little minds so far as God has willed, and we, with the supernatural grace of faith, can apprehend it. And this knowledge through revelation and faith floods the human mind with light, and—by means of human words and concepts, earthly analogies and likenesses, themselves revealed by that same Divine Word of Truth—lifts us up, not indeed to the comprehending of Him who is the Incomprehensible, yet to an apprehension of the ineffable Truth,—an apprehension limited, yet true so far as it goes; an apprehension "through a glass in a dark manner,"† yet whose dimness is a thousand times more radiant than the brilliance of the light of all human science.

Let us look, then, with all reverence, more closely at this divine mystery. The teaching of Holy Scripture and the Church is summed up in the statement that the Almighty God who made us for Himself is *One God in Three Persons*. Also the same truth is expressed by saying that He is *Three Persons in One God*. By the first of these phrases the absolute unity of the Divine Nature or Essence (called in the Athanasian Creed the "Substance") is chiefly emphasized; in the second is chiefly emphasized the threefold Personality. The whole truth is summarized also in the one word "Trinity," that is "Tri-unity," consecrated by the usage of the Catholic Church. When God is declared to be One Divine Nature, Essence,

or Substance in 'Three Divine Persons, or "One in Three," we must not imagine that the Divine Nature or Essence is in some way divided or shared out between the Three Persons. Nor, when we say that there are Three Divine Persons in the One Divine Nature, or "Three in One," must we think of the Divine Nature as one thing, and the Three Persons as three other things existing within and *besides* the Divine Nature Itself, introducing thus a quaternity or fourfoldness into the Godhead. These ideas would be but a travesty of the true doctrine.

The meaning of Three-in-One, and One-in-Three, or "Divine Trinity," is that such is the infinite richness and fecundity of the Divine Being that It evolves Itself, so to speak, and necessarily energizes in Three Divine Persons, distinct from one another in personality only; one single God in that each Person possess wholly, entirely and eternally, and is identical with, the one and the same single and undivided Godhead or Divine Nature. Thus the Father is God and is all that is God; the Son is that same God and is all that is God; the Holy Ghost is that same God and is all that is God; the Three being equal in all things. Also they are one in all things except only where the distinction of Persons enters in, by which the Father is Father and not Son nor Holy Ghost; the Son is Son, not Father nor Holy Ghost; the Holy Ghost is Holy Ghost, and not Father nor Son.

The absolute Unity of the Godhead is written on every page of the Scriptures both of the Old and the New Testament. The New Testament reveals in God relations which, since they are identical with the Divine Essence, and yet (by the very fact that they are relations) involve distinction or difference, constitute at the same time and necessarily the Persons. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are given in Scripture personal attributes; while the very names of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit express divine relationships.

* Cardinal Billot, "On the Blessed Trinity." Introduction.

† I. Cor., xiii, 12.

Further, the Son is called the Only-Begotten of the Father; showing that He comes from the Father by a mysterious but true generation; while the Holy Ghost is shown as proceeding from both the Father and the Son as from one single Principle or Origin.

The Father is Father because He generates the Son; the Son is Son because He is eternally Begotten by the Father; the Holy Spirit is the Holy Spirit because He is as it were "breathed forth" by Father and Son together—the word "Spirit" or "Ghost" here signifying "Breath." The Father is the eternal origin and principle of the other two Persons; for, possessing the one divine nature in Himself and from no other—being, that is to say, God neither begotten nor proceeding,—He eternally communicates His nature in its entirety to the Son by generation, and, through and with the Son, to the Holy Ghost by what is called spiration, or breathing. The Son, having the divine nature eternally in its entirety from the Father, together with the Father communicates it by a mutual spiration to the Holy Ghost. Not one of the three could exist apart from the others; for, without His Son, the Father would not be God begetting; without the Father, the Son would not be God begotten; without these two, the Holy Ghost would not be God proceeding, nor without Him Father and Son together be God breathing forth His Holy Spirit of Love. Each one dwells in and possesses the others, so that, though they are distinct, yet they are not divided nor separated.

The Three are Persons, because each is self-conscious, possessed of the divine intelligence and will, and distinct from the others. By a Person we understand a self-conscious entity, intelligent, possessed of will, and who is not another. This, in an ineffable, incomprehensible, and infinitely high way is true of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; distinct from one another, yet one God in that They are

the one Divinity, or Divine Essence, possessing itself, or, as we say, subsisting as Unbegotten, Begotten, and Proceeding.

I have endeavored to state as briefly as possible the main points of doctrine that we are to believe concerning this fundamental truth of Christianity. Now let me endeavor to indicate how the Fathers and theologians of the Church have found in the human soul itself a likeness, suggested by Revelation, not discoverable merely in the nature of things, to the Eternal Procession of the Son from the Father, and the Holy Ghost from Father and Son, by which God is Three-in-One; and then to show what bearing this divine mystery has upon ourselves and our eternal destiny in the plan of Redemption.

"The theology of the Catholic Church is able to show that there is no contradiction in the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity. Without attempting to go into the reasons which theologians are able to bring forward, . . . it will be useful to point out this much, that were we to say that God is one and three *in regard to the same thing*—one, for instance, in person, and three in person; or one in nature and at the same time three in nature,—we should be open to the charge of a contradiction in terms; but notice that the Catholic doctrine does not involve such a contradiction; for God is one as regards one thing, three as regards something else: one in nature or essence, three in person.

"Our difficulty, of course, lies in this: that, having experience only of earthly things, we are unable to imagine one individual nature that is not necessarily also one individual person; for imagination is tied down to facts of actual experience. But the mind, by setting aside the images brought before us by imagination, and keeping to pure reason, is able (when once the doctrine has been revealed, but not before), to apprehend at least the possibility and non-contradiction of the idea of a being who is one nature in three persons.

"Nor have those who deny this doctrine any right to ask more. We are ready to confess that the mystery of the Blessed Trinity is altogether above human reason, but we can not admit that it is contrary to right reason. God is the Author of all truth, and truth can not contradict truth. The truths that we learn by faith can not be really opposed to the truths which we learn by our reason; although, since in matters of faith we have to do with higher or supernatural truths—truths about the Infinite God Himself,—it is not only no matter of surprise, but entirely what we should expect, if the truths of faith be found above what reason can teach us.

"But, though reason never could have taught us the truth of the Blessed Trinity, and can not prove it by a process of logic, yet, having accepted it on the word of God Himself, and being enlightened by Divine Revelation, reason can exercise itself rightly upon that great Mystery, to show that it involves no impossibility, and also reverently to propose such considerations as will, under the guidance of Holy Scripture and the constant tradition of the Church, enable us to penetrate some little distance into its meaning. Thus Catholic theology, reasoning in this way, has looked among created things for some image of the Blessed Three-in-One.*

"And the Fathers and Doctors of the Church have rightly looked for that image in man himself, of whom God said, in the beginning, 'Let us make man to Our own image and likeness.' 'I am, I know, and I will,' says St. Augustine.† 'Yet I am this same thing which knows and wills, and I know that I am. All this is found in one substance, in one soul. Let him who is able to understand this, understand it; for it is what every-

one perceives within himself. But let him not hence imagine that he can comprehend that unchangeable Being who is above all that exists; in whom unity does not exclude multiplicity, and multiplicity does not take away single unity.'

"Reasoning upon the names given in Holy Scripture to the Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity—the Father, the Word, and the Spirit,—names which have certainly been chosen by the inspired writers under the direction of God, in order to express, as far as we can understand them, the properties of each of the Divine Persons,—the Church has seen also in the twofold operation of understanding and will in man an image of the twofold procession, of the Son from the Father, and the Holy Ghost from both.

"If we shut our ears to the teaching of our bodily senses,' says Bossuet, 'and withdraw ourselves for a little within the recesses of our soul—that is to say, into that part of our being where truth makes itself heard,—we shall see there some likeness of the Trinity, whom we adore. The thought that we feel to be born within us, like the offspring of our spirit, like the son of our understanding, gives us some idea of the Son of God eternally conceived in the intelligence of the Heavenly Father. This is why the Son of God takes the name of the "Word," so that we may know that He is generated in the bosom of the Father; not as bodies are generated, but like that interior mental word or idea, which we feel within us, is born in our intelligence.

"But the fecundity of man's soul does not stop at this interior word, this intellectual thought, this image of the truth we are contemplating which is formed within our mind. We have an attraction to, or love for, this interior word of the mind; and we, as it were, love it, and the soul from which it springs; and in that act of love we are conscious of something else which is no less precious to us than our soul itself and that interior word which we have formed; something

* It must be remembered again that the Blessed Trinity is not "imaged" in Creation in such a way that we could even have conjectured, without Revelation, that such image could be found. It is the words of Holy Scripture that have unveiled the likeness as well as revealed the mystery.

† Conf., Book XII, Cap. II.

which is the outcome of both, which unites them and is united to them, and makes with them but one single life. Thus, then, so far as we can compare divine things with human—thus, I say, does Eternal Love (called in Holy Scripture the Holy Breath or Spirit) proceed forth in God; coming forth from the Father, who contemplates Himself, and from the Son, who is the Word or (expressed) thought of the Father, to be with the Father and the Son one and the same divine nature, equally happy and equally perfect.*

"In other words, the Son proceeds from the Father as a thought proceeds from the soul contemplating itself. The thought formed by the soul is an exact mental image of the soul itself, and yet lives with the very life of the soul. Then, again, there is in the soul a love both for itself and for that mental idea of itself which it forms; and that love is the outcome of the soul and its self-contemplating thought. So, in the Adorable Trinity, the Son proceeds forth as the express image of the Father, and the Holy Ghost proceeds from both as the breathing of mutual love. In the soul of man the thought and love are, as it were, passing qualities (or affections) of the soul. But in God, all that is, is God. In Him there can be nothing that is a mere quality; nothing that is transient. Hence, in Him, the Eternal Thought that proceeds from the Father's contemplation of Himself is a Person, and is God: and the Eternal mutual Love that proceeds from the Father and the Son, and binds Them together in ineffable Love, is a Person, and is God;† and those three Persons, while distinct from one another in that they are in the relation of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, are yet but one God,

in that they live by and are one and the same divine nature or essence."*

How wonderful and enlightening is the revelation of the Adorable Trinity! We know God now, not as a solitary Being, alone in majesty through all the days of eternity, but as a divine society of Persons, three, yet perfectly one, whose adorable activities and infinite bliss are in the knowledge and love of one another, the knowledge and love of their own infinite goodness, beauty, all-holiness and all-perfectness. What must be the unsearchable depths of that knowledge! What the ineffable content of that eternal mutual Love! And we are destined for the sight of, and a share in, this divine life of knowledge and of love of the All-Perfect.

In heaven, St. Francis of Sales tells us, we "shall see clearly . . . the infinite knowledge which God the Father had from all eternity of His own beauty, for the expression of which in Himself He said eternally the Word, the *Verbum*, or the most singular and most infinite speech and diction, which, comprising and representing all the perfection of the Father, can be but one same God, entirely one with Him, without division or separation. We shall thus, then, see that eternal and admirable generation of the Divine Word and Son, by which He was eternally born to the image and likeness of the Father. . . . The Eternal Father, seeing the infinite goodness and beauty of His own essence so perfectly, essentially, and substantially expressed in His Son, and the Son seeing reciprocally that His same essence, goodness, and beauty is originally in His Father as in its source and fountain,—ah! can it possibly be that this Divine Father and His Son should not mutually love one another with an infinite love, since their will by which they love, and their goodness for which they love, are infinite in each of them?"

And "the divine love of the Eternal

* See Chateaubriand, "Le Génie du Christianisme," Book I, ch. 3.

† The Third Person is called specifically the *Holy Spirit*, as being the personified Love of the Perfections of God which includes the love of God's essential *Holiness*.

* The foregoing is from a sermon on the Blessed Trinity written some ten years ago for the *Homiletic Monthly*.

Father towards His Son is practised in one only spiration mutually from them both, who in this sort remain united and joined together. . . . And because the Father and the Son who breathe [i. e., "breathe" love], have an infinite essence and will by which they breathe, and because the goodness for which they breathe is infinite, it is impossible their breathing should not be infinite; and forasmuch as it can not be infinite without being God, therefore this Spirit breathed from the Father and the Son is true God. . . . And because this love is produced by manner of breathings or spirations, it is called the Holy Spirit. . . .

"Oh, with what celebration and solemnity, with what praises and benedictions, should be kept, with what admiration should be honored and loved, the eternal and sovereign friendship of the Father and the Son! . . . And if friendship is to be loved and desired, what friendship can be at all comparable to that infinite friendship which is between the Father and the Son, and which is one same most sole God with them? Our heart, Timotheus, will sink, lost in love, through admiration of the beauty and sweetness of the love that this Eternal Father and this incomprehensible Son practise divinely and eternally."*

Thus does the saintly Doctor of Love describe our eternal inheritance in the heavens, to which our goodly heritage in the Church on earth is to lead us, and of which it is the pledge and earnest. How, even here below, we begin to enter into possession, through the gifts of grace, of Him for whom we were created,—the Desire of every truly Christian soul, will form the subject of our next consideration.

* St. Francis of Sales, "Treatise on the Love of God," Book III, ch. xii and xiii.

(To be continued.)

CAN anything be more absurd than that the nearer we are to our journey's end, we should lay in the more provision for it?—*Cicero*.

Of Thoughts.

(S. S. P. P. 1677.)

TO thinke upon the Pow'r of God doth awe me;

To thinke upon God's Justice doth affright me;

To thinke upon the Love of God doth draw me;

To thinke upon God's Mercie doth delight me;

To thinke upon God's Bounty, that doth please me;

To thinke upon God's Favour doth endear me;

To thinke upon God's Goodness much doth ease me;

To thinke upon God's Promises doth cheare me!

Thus thinking, what I thinke doth make me say
The more I thinke, the more, methinkes, I may.
Lorde, let my thoughtes soe firmly fixed bee
That I may thinke on nothing more than Thee!

Wisdom of the Desert.

A CERTAIN brother had sinned, and the priest ordered him to go out of the church and depart from the company of the brethren. Then the Abbot Besarion arose and went out along with him, saying: "I also am a sinner."

A certain elder said: "Anger arises through four things—through the greed of avarice, whether in giving or receiving; also through loving and defending one's own opinion; through a desire of being honorably exalted; also through wishing to be learned or hoping to be wise above all others.

"In four places anger finds scope: first, in the heart; second, in the face; third, in the tongue; fourth, in the act. If a man can bear injury so that the bitterness of it does not enter into his heart, then anger will not appear in his face. If, however, it find expression in his face, he still may guard his tongue so as to give no utterance of it. If even here he fail and give it utterance with his tongue, yet let him not translate his words into

acts, but hastily dismiss them from his memory.

"Men are of three kinds, according to the place which anger finds in them. He who is hurt and injured, and yet spares his persecutor, is a man after the pattern of Christ. He who is neither hurt himself nor desires to hurt another, is a man after the pattern of Adam. He who hurts or slanders another is a man after the pattern of the devil."

A certain brother said to the Abbot Sisois: "I desire to keep my heart safe from defilement." The old man replied: "It is not possible to guard our hearts while our tongues, by idle talking, open the doors that lead to them."

The Abbot Nilus said: "He remains unhurt by the arrows of the enemy who loves silence, but he who mixes with the multitude gets many wounds."

The Abbot Isaiah once asked the Abbot Pastor about evil thoughts which troubled him. Pastor answered him: "Just as clothes which are put away for a long time in some trunk, and not taken out at all, moulder and decay, so the evil thoughts of our hearts, if we do not put them into action, after a long time will fade away."

A certain elder said: "God will not condemn us because evil thoughts enter our hearts, but only if we make a bad use of our evil thoughts. It happens sometimes that men's souls are shipwrecked through evil thoughts, but also it is by the entering in of such thoughts that we become worthy of being crowned."

A certain brother said to one of the elders: "Lo, my father, I frequently consult the elders, and they give me advice for the salvation of my soul, yet of all that they say to me I can remember nothing." Now, it happened that there were two vessels standing empty beside the old man to whom he spoke. He therefore said to the brother: "Go, take one of the vessels. Put water in it. Wash it, and pour the water out of it again. Then put it back, clean, into its place." The

brother did so. Then said the old man, "Bring both vessels here. Look at them carefully, and tell me which is the cleaner."

"Surely," said the brother, "that is the cleaner which I washed with the water." Then said the old man to him again, "Even so it is, my son, with the soul which frequently hears the words of God. Even although the memory retain none of them, yet is that soul purer than his who never seeks for spiritual counsel."

"Brethren," said a certain elder, "you are striving to commit no evil deed. I beseech you strive, at the same time, to think no evil thought."

The Abbot Muthues said: "The nearer a man draws to God the more he sees his own sinfulness. Thus when the Prophet Isaiah had his vision of God he exclaimed that he was wretched and unclean. Let us be careful to hold this truth fast, for the Scripture saith: 'Let him who thinketh himself to stand take heed lest he fall.' We voyage doubtfully across the waves of this world. We indeed may seem to be sailing over quiet seas, while they who dwell in the world go amid dangers. We shape our course in the daylight, lit upon our way by the Sun of Righteousness. They, as if in the nighttime, may steer in ignorance of where they go. Yet it often may come to pass that the dweller in the world, just because he voyages through a dark night, is very watchful, and his ship comes safe to port. So too we, just because we voyage over quiet seas, grow careless. Too often from our very security we perish, letting go the helm, which is humility. Just as no ship can be safe without a rudder, so it is impossible for a man to come safe to his journey's end without humility."

Epiphanius, the Bishop of Cyprus, once sent a message to the holy Hilarion, saying: "Come hither, that we may see each other and converse together before we depart from the body." Hilarion came, and the two old men sat down to eat together. There was set before them the flesh of some birds. Of this the

Bishop partook, but Hilarion refused it, saying: "Pardon me, but since I became a monk I have never eaten anything that had life." At these words the Bishop was grieved, and replied: "Since I became a monk I have tried never to allow anyone to sleep until I had removed any cause of complaint he had against me, nor myself to go to sleep while I was vexed with anyone." "My father," said Hilarion, "I pray you pardon me. Your way of life is far more excellent than mine."

The Exile of San Nicolas.

THERE is no island more desolate and more of a desert than the island of San Nicolas, which lies about seventy miles off the coast of Lower California. It is windswept almost constantly, as if the Furies are guarding it. Twelve miles long and about five at its widest, the island has no harbors, the anchorage being merely a lee under the low hills. Yet on San Nicolas there occurred not so very long ago a romance and a tragedy of much interest.

For centuries the island was inhabited by a race of hardy Indians, who have left their monuments in large shell heaps and mounds that cover many acres. Accordingly the Franciscan Fathers determined to take the few that remained away from their inhospitable home-land, and provide them with homes around the various missions on the peninsula and mainland. A vessel was dispatched to the island; and, after much difficulty, the Indians, now reduced to about one hundred men, women, and children, were collected and taken on board.

When the vessel was setting sail, one of the Indian mothers discovered that her child had been left behind. It was blowing a gale, and the craft could not stop, so the captain sailed away. But the mother leaped into the sea and swam back successfully, through the heavy surf, to the shore. The captain of the vessel promised to return for the woman; but

soon after he was lost with his vessel, and no attempt was made to rescue the poor Indian woman.

For twenty years she remained on San Nicolas, until a priest attached to one of the missions on the Lower Californian Peninsula made up his mind to learn if she were alive. At his own expense he chartered a small schooner, known as "Better than Nothing," and set sail for the island. On landing after great difficulties, owing to the heavy surf, he soon found evidence that some one was living there, but avoiding the intruders. He therefore directed the men to form a line across the island, at certain intervals apart. The woman was found sitting in a brushwood hut built in the shelter of a small cañon gully, and further protected from the raging winds by a break of whalebones, brushwood, and other material. She smiled, and spoke to them in a language they did not understand. She offered them food of shellfish, raw, and also cooked over a fire which she had lighted twenty years before with embers from her tribe's deserted hearths. Readily she consented to go with them, and insisted on taking aboard with her an otter which she had tamed. She was dressed in the feather-covered skins of sea birds, over which was a garment of sealskin.

Through signs she succeeded in telling the Indians something of her lonely history. At first she had mourned the loss of her people; but found happiness in her baby, and in constructing her shelter and finding food. Then the dogs left behind killed her child, and she wished to die, and, in fact, was sick unto death for a long time.

She was taken to Santa Barbara on the mainland, but none of the Indians there could fully understand her language. She died in less than three months after her rescue. Her remarkable dress of bird-skins was sent to Rome as a curiosity, and she herself was buried in consecrated ground.

Protestantism Arraigned by Protestants.

THE title of a recent tract (issued by the Order of the Holy Cross, West Park, N. Y.) for the propagation of the doctrines of the Protestant Episcopal Church should attract many readers—"Is the Bible, and the Bible Only, the Religion of Christians?" What the Rev. H. N. Thompson has to say in answer to this question is well worthy of consideration on the part of all non-Catholics. The information presented, however, is better calculated to win converts to the Church of All Lands than to the Church of England. A Catholic can not but wonder at admissions like the following by a Protestant Episcopal clergyman:

It was years after our Lord Jesus Christ ascended into heaven before a word of the New Testament was written. He did not give the New Testament to His Apostles and tell them to make copies of it and then distribute them. . . . Persons who heard the Apostles preach believed and were baptized, and thus the Church was planted in various parts of the world. This went on for years. People lived and died believing in all Christian doctrine and strengthened by Christian Sacraments, and as yet not a single word of the New Testament was in existence. St. John the Apostle wrote the last book of the New Testament about A. D. 100; so that persons who had been made Christians in their infancy had time to live to a good old age and then die before all of the New Testament was written. But after it was all written, many years must have passed before any Christian could have possessed all the New Testament. For example, it would be some time before the Epistle written to the Romans could reach the Christians in other parts of the world. And even then no one could have had a Bible but very rich people. There was no printing in those days. Every book had to be slowly written out by hand. Of course, this made the cost of books very high. Those who know about such things tell us that before the invention of printing a nice copy of the complete Bible cost in England about \$1100.

. . . It was not until nearly four hundred years after Christ that the authorized list of books of the New Testament was drawn up. And it was the Catholic Church, in a meeting of one of her Councils, that drew it up. No doubt

was raised at the time that the Church had the right to say what was of the Bible and what was not. And nobody to this day has ever dreamed of doubting that the list then drawn up was the right one, and the only right one. . . .

So we see that the Bible, and the Bible only, could not be the basis of the religion of Christians, inasmuch as for many years the earliest Christians had no New Testament at all, and got their religion from quite another source. But we must go a step farther. *The Bible never was intended to teach people their religion for the first time.* It was not intended that each reader should find his religion for himself out of the Bible. The Epistles were written to different Churches (the Church at Rome, at Corinth, at Philippi, etc.),—that is to say, to persons who had already learned their religion, and had been baptized, and had been for years receiving the Sacraments. They were written to strengthen Christians in what they had already learned, and to correct them in some things which had got wrong. St. Luke says the same about his purpose in writing his Gospel. Read the first four verses of St. Luke's Gospel, and also II. Peter, i, 15. In other words, the Bible was written for the use of Christians, not to make people Christians. But how, then, did this error arise, which is such a common one? In this way.

About three hundred years ago several sects separated from the Church. They went out of the Church, but they took the Church's Bible away with them. Then they tried to make the Bible do double duty,—that is, to fulfil the function of both the Bible and the Church. Or, rather, they put each reader in the place of the Church as the interpreter of Scripture. They said, Every man can find his religion for himself out of the Bible. What was the result of this? We see a great number of denominations (more than two hundred in England and four hundred in America) differing from one another so much that they can not unite. There is not a single Christian doctrine that some sect does not deny. Yet they, one and all, appeal to the Bible, and say that they find their religion there. . . .

God has given us the Church to be our guide. Our Lord taught that men must "hear the Church," and He added a very terrible command to Christians: "If any man neglect to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican." (St. Matt., xviii, 17.) And St. Paul, speaking by the Holy Ghost, says that the Church is the pillar and ground of the truth. (I. Tim., iii, 15.) If men reject the Church which God has given them as a guide, they have no right to expect any other

guidance from Him, but rather His displeasure and condemnation. They follow their own notions and think all the while that they are being led by God. And the proof of it is that those who will not be guided by the Church are split up into innumerable sects. This is not God's work. "God is not the author of confusion, but of peace." (I. Cor., xiv, 33.) It all comes of their using the Bible in a way in which it was not meant to be used. A good gift of God, intended for their great benefit, becomes to them an occasion of stumbling. Being "unlearned and unstable, they wrest the Scriptures to their own destruction," as St. Peter says. (II. Peter, iii, 16.) It is not really honoring the Bible to put it into the place of the Church, any more than it would be honoring the Blessed Virgin Mary to put her in the place of Our Lord. . . .

We can not value the Bible too much if we value it properly. It is, indeed, the divinely inspired Word of God speaking through the voice of His Church. It is, next to the Sacraments, the most precious gift which God has given us. Rightly used, it is better than thousands of gold and silver. The faithful Christian reads his Bible diligently, and he is able to say, "Thy words have I hid within my heart, that I should not sin against Thee" (Ps. cxix, 11); for it is a sin against God to take so precious a treasure as the Holy Scriptures and put it to a use He never intended.

Of course Mr. Thompson is under the delusion that he and all those who share his views are members of the Catholic Church. He exhorts his readers to "hear the Church," but turns a deaf ear to the voice of its divinely appointed head. Mr. Thompson should not forget that the self-chosen, legal title of the religious denomination to which he belongs is "Protestant Episcopal Church"; and he would do well to ponder the bold words of another Anglican clergyman, the learned Dr. Neale, who in a public lecture many years ago called upon his audience to declare themselves "ashamed" of Protestantism,—"a name which pledges us to no faith, but merely to a negation of all faith; that is shared by heretics and unbelievers of all kinds and degrees; that has no principle but self-contradiction; no logic but an argument in a circle; whose profession is an unreality and whose watchword is a lie."

Notes and Remarks.

Most of our readers have doubtless read or heard (and perhaps uttered) hard things about France, especially of late years; and indeed there has been reason enough to deplore not a few events in the recent history of that land once known as the "Eldest Daughter of the Church." Not all her critics, however, have been disposed to place her good points over against her bad ones; and so there is justification for the words of a French missionary writing from Africa. "Many a calumny," he says, "has been uttered abroad on the score of 'poor France.' She has been called atheistic, anti-Christian, etc. Ah, gentlemen, our enemies! Even so. France has made mistakes, has been guilty of faults, errors, crimes, if you will. But consider what France has done in the great work of spreading Christ's Gospel. Her money? From 1822 to 1913, France has given to the Propagation of the Faith two hundred and fifty-five million francs; all the other countries of the world combined have given only one hundred and sixty-two millions. Her children? Among the missionaries, men and women, scattered over the whole world, more than two-thirds are French. France, then, gives of her wealth and of her children in such measure that if all the other so-called Catholic countries gave in the same proportion, the scandal of the millions of pagans still peopling the world would be at an end."

Let us suggest that the next time any of our readers hears or is tempted to say censorious things about the home-country of Lourdes and Jeanne d'Arc, they be generous enough to qualify the censure with the "Even so" of this African missionary.

Admirers of Dr. Brownson—and there ought to be many thousands of them among the Catholic millions of this country—will be impressed by that great

philosopher's ideas on the outstanding topic of the present hour, preparedness. The *Western Watchman* quotes from Brownson's "American Republic," an extract which possesses not a little interest just now, when men and parties are divided as to the better method for putting our country in her proper position as a world power. We quote the more striking words:

... The nation has, in spite of herself, to maintain henceforth the rank of a first-class military and maritime power, and take a leading part in the political movements of the civilized world, and to a great extent hold in her hand the peace of Europe. . . . The hegemony of the New World henceforth belongs to the United States, and she will have a potent voice in adjusting the balance of power even in Europe. To maintain that position, which is imperative on her, she must always have a large armed force, either on foot or in reserve, which she can call out and put on a war footing at short notice. The United States must henceforth be a great military and naval power; and the old hostility to a standing army, and the old attempt to bring the military into disrepute must be abandoned, and the country yield to its destiny.

It is not difficult to judge from the foregoing what would be Brownson's stand were he living to-day. The words which we have quoted were written many years ago, and meantime our country has grown vastly more powerful.

In the annual Report of the Anglican "Guild of the Living Rosary of Our Lady and St. Dominic" is to be found a synopsis of a paper read before that body in England, last May, by the Rev. Dr. Collisson. "The words, 'By their fruits ye shall know them,' were particularly applicable," he said, "to the people of Ireland and their religion. In no part of our empire is there such universally true devotion to God, such a keen knowledge of the faith, and such purity of life as in Ireland. The great majority of the people were under the Roman obedience, and the Holy See may well be proud of her Irish children. How sad it is that we and they are not one in every sense of the word! To this sentiment the speaker gave

utterance with the most profound sense of loyalty to the Church in England. Our faith is similar. We, as well as they, have Seven Sacraments. [!] Dr. Collisson reminded his hearers that neither they nor we were responsible for the political upheaval of the sixteenth century. We believe we are part of the great Catholic Church, and yet we deplore, and legitimately, what Canon Knox-Little has called 'the Conflict of Ideals in the Church of England.' We deplore our want of an authoritative voice. Unity must come. The Master prayed for it. The only possible Unity for us to consider is a complete understanding with the Holy See—not for individuals, but for the Church as a body."

Dr. Collisson has uttered a deep truth, though one simply elementary; his face is turned in the right direction, and we are disposed to believe that before the body of the Church of England shall have come into the Fold, many individuals such as he will receive the grace to make that step, and, taking it, best effect the greater union that is the object of their hopes and their prayers.

In view of the looseness with which the words "martyr" and "martyrdom" are habitually used, even by Catholics, it is worth while occasionally to precisionize the meaning of the terms, as is done in this extract from the *Bombay Examiner*:

The Church holds traditionally that any one who dies a martyr goes straight to heaven. But in order to martyrdom it is not enough that a man is killed because he is a Catholic. Besides the intention to kill him out of hatred to the Faith, there must be on the other side the intention of dying for the Faith. The mere dying is not enough: the death must be accepted by the martyr as a sacrifice to God. The value of martyrdom, in other words, lies in the heroism of love, and not in the mere fact of being killed.

While it is quite probable that among the victims of the present war in Europe there have been at least a few genuine martyrs, the term in its strict sense can

not be applied to the great mass of the fallen anywhere. "Martyrs to patriotism" they may be justly characterized; but that characterization does not imply a right to immediate entrance into heaven.

No act of Secretary Daniels seems to have met with such general approval as the dismissal of eighty-two students of the Naval Academy who failed in their mid-year examinations. Three were members of the first or senior class, nineteen of the second, twenty of the third, and forty of the fourth. The academic board of the Academy are to be praised for upholding the standard of studies, and the Secretary for taking prompt action on their recommendations. If the country is to be prepared for war, the formation of capable commanders is even more important than the creation of a vast number of battle-ships. Physical fitness will, of course, continue to be demanded at Annapolis; but proficiency in athletics, no matter how marked, will not supply for intellectual disability, or, what amounts to the same thing, lack of industry in the pursuit of the knowledge necessary to the profession of arms.

The advocates of ethical culture as differentiated from religious morality, and the deluded persons who imagine that education without religion can give to a country a citizenship that is really worth while, will find nothing wherewith to console themselves in Mr. Arthur J. Balfour's latest volume, "Theism and Humanism." England's statesman and author puts the whole matter in a nutshell when he declares: "Ethics must have its roots in the divine; and in the divine it must find its consummation."

It has been asserted that the bravery of priests fighting in the ranks of the French army makes a deep and lasting impression on their companions in arms; but it is plain from the testimony of an English Catholic chaplain lately returned

from the front that the soldiers would rather see priests exercising their ministry than in conflict with the foe; and are far more deeply impressed by the heroism of chaplains who expose their lives in attending the wounded than by the bravery of those who take conspicuous part in charges, etc. "They insist on the priestly character being maintained. I can best express it in the words I overheard a wounded soldier speak to his comrade in the next cot: 'I don't want cigarettes and chocolates from the *père*: I want religion.' Priests state that they have been surprised beyond words to see how widespread and sincere is the religious spirit among the men." "At first thought," said one, "it struck me that, in this horrible war of daily killing, the men's religious sense would be blunted; that constant familiarity with death would not only rob it of its terrors, but also eliminate their religiosity. I was gratified to find the true condition different. Their religious fibre has broadened. Men who for many years have been Catholics only in name take every opportunity of hearing Mass and going to confession and Communion. If it is God's will that they should be called, they want to go with a clean slate."

The presence of priests in the ranks of the French army may be a "sad necessity," but it is surely the greatest horror of the most horrible of wars.

The statement that "none of Billy Sunday's trail hitters ever stick"—that the converts of this eccentric evangelist invariably relapse—is not true, we are glad to say. One hears of men in different places where he has conducted revivals who still hold down the leaf they were induced to turn over after listening to his famous sermon on "booze"; and we know of one confirmed drunkard that has been thoroughly reformed. He declares that he did not realize the extent of his degradation, and had no idea of the suffering he was causing to his wife and

children until he heard Mr. Sunday describe the drink evil and tell how he himself had "cut it out." As Lincoln said in an address on the subject of intemperance delivered many years ago—to be exact, in 1842—"When one who has been a victim of intemperance bursts the fetters that have bound him, and appears before his neighbors 'clothed and in his right mind,' a redeemed specimen of long-lost humanity, and stands up, with tears of joy trembling in his eyes, to tell of the miseries once endured, now to be endured no more forever; of his once naked and starving children, now clad and fed comfortably; of a wife, long weighed down with woe, now restored to health, happiness and a renewed affection; and how easily it is all done, once it is resolved to be done,—how simple his language! There is a logic and an eloquence in it that few with human feelings can resist."

Mr. Sunday reaches a class that can not be reached from the average pulpit—the "down and outs," who never set foot in a church and are as far removed from religious influence as if they were in the heart of Africa; the unfortunates who are regarded as hopelessly incorrigible, and often denounced as degenerates by persons whose circumstances of life have been altogether favorable, or with whom the absence of appetite rather than any mental or moral superiority has proved a shield. No such Pharisees ever yet made a convert. Our conviction is that Billy Sunday is doing a great deal of good. More power to him!

Many wise and weighty things are set forth in the Lenten Pastoral of Bishop Corbett, of Crookston, but none, perhaps, more deserving of general reflection at this time and in our country than his disclaimer of the term "foreign" as applied to the Church of All Lands:

The Church of Rome can not be rightly stamped as a foreign institution. Every nation is her home, she being indifferent to, and in

sympathy with, any form of legitimate government, and living in peace and harmony with any nationality. Where would America be but for the Church of Rome? A Catholic sailor discovered America, a Catholic monk encouraged Columbus, a Catholic cardinal interceded for him, a Catholic queen would pledge her jewels in aid of his discovery, a Catholic king fitted out his vessels. . . . From the Declaration of Independence down to the present hour, Catholics have appeared and do appear most prominently in every work for the promotion of the material, intellectual, moral, and especially the religious welfare of the country.

The development of this point is, indeed, a fair conspectus of American history. Catholics should know the Catholic history of their country; they will not be the less American for it, and they will be all the more Catholic.

If the ordinary advocate of women's rights were as judicious and clear-sighted as Miss Margaret Fletcher, of England, there would be less violence in the suffragists' methods of action, and less violent opposition to their cause. This lady has published a little manual, "Christian Feminism," from which Catholic women, and their "lords and masters" also, may glean some excellent counsel. A short extract will suffice to give a taste of Miss Fletcher's quality:

Any solid work in an upward-direction presupposes for its stability a sure foundation; hence all social construction which is to be really progressive must be based upon the unchanging moral law. . . . By distinguishing in this manual between divine law, which is unalterable, and human laws, habits, conventions, and prejudices, all of which latter afford a legitimate field for change and development, it is hoped to stimulate sound constructive thought as a basis of sound action among Catholic women. . . .

Laws are, in fact, the outcome of public opinion, in advance of which very little can be effected. But if public opinion be on the one hand the master, it is on the other merely a pupil capable of being educated. In this lies the real incentive for spreading a wide interest in social questions. The mental attitude of each one of us is either helping to change public opinion or to fix it in its present condition. Although in this country women have no direct

share in framing laws, they have of recent years played a really important part in shaping opinion. The Women's Industrial Council has, for instance, since 1894 conducted researches into the conditions of women's labor which, by providing a fund of accurate information, have directly influenced legislation.

Intelligent action by women can undoubtedly be made effective for public good, even if the benefit of the ballot is not everywhere conferred upon them. And Catholic women can do a great deal of good in the world without forsaking Catholic ideals.

Satisfaction in the management of Indian affairs on the part of the Government is anything but perfect, in so far as Catholic interests are concerned. No better authority upon this matter need be sought than the Rev. William H. Ketcham, director of the Bureau of Indian Missions; and he is quoted as saying:

More than 5000 Catholic Indian children are in attendance in Government Indian schools. Because of influences there brought to bear upon them, numbers of these children fall away from the Catholic religion, and many from any form of religion whatever.

There are rules which would seem to protect the faith of Catholic pupils in Government schools; but these rules, in most of the institutions, are "more honored in the breach than in the observance." Haskell Institute is the chief offender against these regulations. A Y. M. C. A. secretary, who is not an employee of the Government and who has no official status whatever, lives on the school grounds in quarters furnished him free of charge by the Government, which also supplies him light and heat and all kinds of privileges gratis. Against such a discrimination the Catholic authorities have protested vigorously for years, but their protests have counted for nothing.

A standing puzzle to us is the reputed power we Catholics have with those in high place,—something over which the bigots are constantly wrought up. In view of the statements of Fr. Ketcham, ought not this reputed power to be a puzzle to the bigots as well?

A novel mission to non-Catholics was given recently in Flushing, New York.

In the First Congregational chapel of that place, Mr. W. Bourke Cockran delivered, by request, an address on the subject "Why I am a Roman Catholic,"—in which title, by the way, the second last word is superfluous. It appears that the Congregationalists of Flushing have been having a series of addresses on present-day creeds, and Mr. Cockran's was the third of the series. Judging from the ability of the orator and the excellent case he had to speak on, we presume that his speech was more than successful. Conversions are almost sure to result from it sooner or later. One can never tell where good seed may fall and in season bear abundant fruit.

Canadian exchanges chronicle the death on the 2d inst. of Sister Mary Austin, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, teacher in St. Joseph's College, Toronto. A woman of remarkable ability was this simple teacher, as splendid tributes from all sides attest. Her course of higher studies in Toronto University was characterized by such solidity of achievement and brilliancy of performance as are seldom recorded nowadays in scholastic annals. As a teacher she was equally successful, and the amount of work she did in this capacity was well-nigh phenomenal. But above all she kept the hidden ways of the religious life, missing no opportunity which obedience enjoined or counsel suggested of attaining the everlasting goods of God. We like to think that thus she is a type of the modern teaching Sister, whose labor is all prayer, and whose life is all a service of love.

In compliance with numerous petitions, the Roman Council of Extraordinary Affairs has authorized the addition to the Litany of Loreto of the invocation: *Regina Pacis, ora pro nobis!*—"Queen of Peace, pray for us!" This invocation is to be made, be it remembered, in the last place, and is to be discontinued as soon as the Great War is over.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

A Morning Hymn.

THE star of morn is in the skies:

Let prayers and praises heavenward rise;
And may the Uncreated Light
Shed on our path His sunshine bright!

Oh, let no thought or deed of guile
Our words misguide, our hands defile;
Let truth all simple rule our tongue,
And love our hearts,—love pure and strong!

As swiftly fleets the beauteous day,
Dear Lord, keep watch o'er all our way!
Our senses guard—the soul's wide gates,—
For there the foe in ambush waits.

Unto the Father, God of heaven,
Unto the Son, be glory given,
And to the Spirit evermore,
One God,—the God whom we adore!

Killykinick.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

IX.—OBEYING ORDERS.

“DOWN below!” the words struck harshly on Dan's ear; for good old Brother Bart was more used to obedience than command, and he was sick and shaken and doing his guardian duty under sore stress and strain to-night.

“Go below! What for?” asked Dan, shortly. “I'm all right up here, Brother Bart. I can't stand being packed in downstairs.”

“Stand it or not, I'll not lave ye up here,” said Brother Bart, resolutely. “Down with ye, Dan Dolan! Ye were put under my orders, and ye'll have to mind my words.”

“Not when it means being sick as a dog all night,” answered Dan, rebelliously. “I tell you I can't stand it down in that stuffy place below, and I won't. I am going to stay up here.”

“And is that the way ye talk?” said Brother Bart, who had a spirit of his own. “And it's only what I might look for, ye graceless young reprobate! God knows it was sore against my will that I brought ye with me, Dan Dolan; for I knew ye'd be a sore trial first to last. But I had to obey them that are above me. Stay, then, if you will against my word; for it's all I have to hold ye, since ye are beyant any rule or law.—We'll go back, my man,” continued Brother Bart to the burly deck hand who had been supporting his swaying form. “Help me to get down to my bed, in God's name; for I am that sick I can scarcely see.”

And Brother Bart tottered away, leaving Dan standing hot and defiant by his new friend, Mr. Wirt.

“Sorry to have made trouble for you,” said that gentleman; “but when I found that good old man wandering sick and distracted, over the boat, stirring up everyone in search of a lost boy, there was nothing to do but give him the tip.”

“Freddy may stand it,” said Dan, fiercely; “but I won't be grannied. What harm is there in staying up here?”

“None at all from our standpoint,” was the reply; “but the good old gentleman looks at things in another light. You're under his orders,” he said; and there was a faint, mocking note in the words, that Dan was keen enough to hear. He was hearing other things too,—the pant of the engines, the throb of the pulsing mechanism that was bearing him on through darkness lit only by the radiance of those sweeping worlds above; but that mocking note in his new friend's voice rose over all.

“Orders!” he repeated, angrily. “I bet you wouldn't take any such orders if you were a boy.”

“No, I wouldn't, and I didn't” (there

was a slight change in the speaker's voice as he paused to light a cigar), "and you see where it left me."

"Where?" asked Dan, curiously.

"Adrift," was the answer,—"like this big boat would be if there was no one to command: beyond rule and law, as that good old friend of yours said just now,—beyond rule and law."

"Beyond rule and law,—rule and law." The words began to hammer somehow on Dan's head and heart as he recalled with waking remorse poor Brother Bart tottering away in the darkness,—Brother Bart, who, as Dan knew, was only doing his duty faithfully, to the boy under his care,—Brother Bart, who, like the steam-boat, like the stars, was *obeying*.

For a moment or two Mr. Wirt puffed at his cigar silently, while the fierce fire that had blazed up in Dan's breast sank into bounds, mastered by the boy's better self, even as he had seen Nature's fierce forces of flame and steam mastered by higher powers to-day.

"In short," said Mr. Wirt at last, as if he had been having thoughts of his own, "I am a derelict, my boy."

"What's that?" asked Dan, who had never heard the word before.

"A ship adrift, abandoned by captain and crew,—a wreck that tosses on the sea, a peril to all that come near it. There is nothing a good sailor dreads more than a derelict, and he makes it his business to sink it promptly whenever he can."

"Couldn't he tow it into port?" asked Dan, with interest.

"Not worth the trouble," was the grim answer.

"Jing!" said Dan. "I'd try it, sure."

"Would you?" asked Mr. Wirt.

"Yes," replied Dan, decidedly. "If a ship can float, it must be worth something. I'd try to fling a hawser about it somewhere, and haul it in and dry-dock it to find out what was wrong. I've seen an oyster boat, that was leaking at every seam, calked and patched and painted to be good as new."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Wirt, with a short laugh; "but the oyster boats don't go very far a-sea, and derelicts drift beyond hope or help. I am that kind, and if— if" (the speaker hesitated for a moment),—"if I had a boy like you, I wouldn't take any chances with him: I'd keep him off my decks; I'd put him on a sound ship with a wise captain and a steady crew, and he should be under orders until— well, until he had learned to sail midnight seas like this by the light of the stars." And, tossing his half-smoked cigar into the water, Mr. Wirt turned abruptly away without any further "good-night."

"He's a queer one," said Dan to himself, as he stared after the tall figure disappearing in the darkness. "I don't know what he means by his drifting and derelicts, but I guess it's a sort of talk about breaking laws and rules like I am doing up here to-night. Gee! but Brother Bart is an old granny, stirring up all this fuss about nothing; and I'll be dead sick, I know. But I'm under orders" (Dan stretched his arms over his head, and, drawing a long, reluctant sigh, took a last look at the stars), "and I guess I'll have to go."

And he went, making his way with some difficulty over the swaying decks and down steep stairs where the footing was more perilous than the heights of Old Top; through long stretches of gorgeous saloons whence all the life and gayety had departed; for, despite the stars, the sea was rough to-night, and old Neptune under a friendly smile was doing his worst.

Jim and Dud, sturdy fellows that they were, had somewhat recovered their equilibrium and were dozing fitfully; but little Freddy was still white and wretched; and poor Brother Bart, all the ruddy glow gone from his face, lay with his hands clasping his Rosary, very sick indeed.

"Say your prayers as well as ye can, laddie," he moaned to that small sufferer. "The Lord be merciful to us both if we're not to see the morning light!—Ah, are ye back, Dan Dolan?" as his eyes fell

upon the wandering sheep of his flock standing beside him. "May God forgive ye for this night's work! It was the looking for ye that killed me entirely."

"O Brother Bart, no, you're not as bad as that!" said Dan, remorsefully; "but I'm down here now to take care of you and Freddy, and you see if I don't do it right."

And Dan, who in the old days of Tabby and the blue teapot had watched with and waited on Aunt Winnie through many a night of pain, proved as good as his word. It was as close and hot and stuffy as he had foreseen; the big boat plunged and rolled so that it was hard to keep his footing; at times he himself grew so sick that he could scarcely steady his helping hand, but he never gave up his job. He bathed poor Brother Bart's aching head with all a woman's tenderness; bandaged Freddy's throbbing temples with the cold compress that sent him off to sleep; made dizzy forays into unknown domestic departments for cracked ice and soda water; shocked Brother Bart out of what he believed his last agony by reporting everyone on the boat in "the same fix."

"We'll be in smooth water, the men say, by morning; and then you'll be all right, Brother Bart. Let me bathe your head some more, and try to go to sleep."

And when at last Brother Bart did fall asleep in the grey glimmer of the early dawn, it was a very pale, shaking, dizzy Dan that crept out on the open deck beyond the staterooms for a breath of fresh air. He could not have climbed to forbidden heights now even if he would. But they were in smooth waters, and the boat was pushing on to a sandy point, where a branch railroad came down to the shore. A dozen or more passengers were preparing to land; among them was Mr. Wirt, with a gun slung to his shoulder, a knapsack on his back, and his two great tawny dogs pulling in their leashes impatiently,—all evidently ready for a summer in the wilds.

Dan felt too weak and sick for conver-

sation until Mr. Wirt's eye fell upon the pale, trembling boy, who, with head bared to the morning breeze, was clinging weakly to an awning post.

"Why, hello, my lad!" said the gentleman. "What's the matter. I thought you were all right when I saw you last up above."

"I was," answered Dan, grimly. "But I came down, and, jing! I've had a night of it, with Brother Bart and Freddy both dead sick on my hands."

"And you nursed them all night?" (There was an odd tremor in the speaker's voice.) "Are they better this morning?"

"Yes," answered Dan. "They are all right now, sleeping like tops; but they had a tough time. It was lucky I gave up and came down to look after them."

"So you obeyed orders, after all. And now you're all broken up yourself?" said the gentleman, compassionately.

"Pooh, no!" was the sturdy answer. "I don't break up so easily. I'll be all right, too, in a little while,—after I've had more of this fresh air. Going to get off here?"—as the boat pushed up to the wharf.

"Yes," said Mr. Wirt. "I'm off to the woods for a few weeks; but—but maybe you will see me again later. Meanwhile what did the little fellow call you?"

"Dan,—my name is Dan Dolan," was the answer.

"Then good-bye, Dan!" Mr. Wirt's shapely hand closed over the boy's in a strong pressure. "You've given me a lesson, Dan,—the first I've learned for many a year. I won't forget you." And he was off with his dogs across the gangway to the shore just flushing with the morning light.

The worst was over; and Dan, worn out with his night of watching, was glad to creep into his "packing box" of a stateroom, and, flinging himself in his berth, dropped off to sleep,—a sleep full of strange dreams. They were wild and troubled dreams at first. He was down in black depths where, stripped to the

waist, he was working amid roaring fires and hissing steam; he was out on a dark wide ocean, striving to fling a rope to a wreck drifting helplessly amid thundering breakers; he was up on a wind-swept deck, with Brother Bart's shaking grasp dragging him down below. Then suddenly the picture changed: it was not Brother Bart but old Father Mack whose trembling hand was upon his arm, guiding him through the leafy shadows of the college walk where they had last talked together. Beyond and above them was the dazzling glory of the stars, those sweeping worlds on which the young dreamer had looked last night. But as he walked on now, the leafy shadows seemed to grow into arched and pillared aisles rising far, far above him, and the stars were but the countless tapers on a mighty altar reaching to heights he could not see; and Aunt Winnie was kneeling on the step,—old Aunt Winnie, with clasped hands and uplifted eyes. Then the guiding hand seemed to tighten on his arm, and it was Brother Bart again beside him,—Brother Bart, his sturdy, ruddy self again, shaking him awake.

"I hate to rouse ye, Danny lad" (there was a new friendliness in the old man's tone), "for it was the long, hard night ye had with us; but we're to get off here. Praise be to God, our killing journey is nearly done!"

And Dan stumbled out hurriedly to the deck, to find the boat pushing into the harbor of a quaint old town, whose roofs and spires were glittering in the noonday sunshine. Pretty sailboats were flitting hither and thither on sunny wings; the white stretch of beach was gay with bathers; the full notes of an orchestra came from the band stand on the jutting pier.

"Jing!" exclaimed Dan, in amazement at such a festive scene. "Is this Killykinick?"

"No," was Dud Fielding's surly answer. "I wish it was. But I mean to cut over here to the Fosters whenever I can. This

is Beach Cliff, where we have to take a sailboat to Killykinick. And," Dud went on, with deepening disgust, "I bet it's that old tub that is signalling to us now."

Dan's eyes, following Dud's sullen gaze, saw, among the gaily painted pleasure craft moored at the wharfs, a clumsy little boat with rusty sides and dingy sail. An old man stood in the stern waving a tattered flag that, caught out by the breeze, showed in large faded letters—Killykinick.

(To be continued.)

A Queer Passenger.

THE night express had stopped several minutes longer than usual at the Marcel station (in Southern France), to allow the station-master and his assistants time to place in the baggage car ten or twelve large cases; and now Mr. Broumani, the owner of this baggage, was looking for a second-class compartment that was occupied by only a few passengers, or, better still, by none. Having found one, he entered it with a companion whom he had with him, and who was doubtless very infirm, since Mr. Broumani had to carry him in his arms. Placing this companion on a seat next the window, he ensconced himself in the seat just opposite, and settled back to enjoy a sleep.

At the very next stop of the train, six other persons bustled into the same compartment,—six persons who made considerable noise while they were effecting their arrangements for the night. One of them, a young girl, nudged her sister's elbow and said in a low voice:

"Look at those two passengers by the window, Marie! They're pretty sound sleepers; neither one of them has budged since we rushed in here with so much racket."

The sisters in their turn dropped off to sleep, as did most of their companions. One exception was an elderly gentleman, who pulled a paper out of his pocket and

attempted to read it. The light was too dim, however; so he pocketed his paper, and, as one way of passing the time, began to examine the appearance of his travelling companions. The man whom Mr. Broumani had carried in particularly attracted his attention.

"It's queer!" said he to himself. "Here's a fellow who assuredly isn't asleep—unless he sleeps with wide-open eyes. Moreover, he hasn't said a single word or made a single movement since I've been looking at him. It's rather strange. He must be either sick—or mad."

In order to assure himself, he left his place and approached the mysterious passenger.

"Sir," he exclaimed in a loud, though pleasant, voice, "I should be very grateful if you will let me have your seat for a few minutes. I need air."

He received no reply. He repeated his request, but without effect. Then, touching the motionless man's arm lightly at first but more and more forcibly, he cried:

"I say, sir, don't you hear me?"

Mr. Broumani awoke with a start, rubbed his eyes, glanced around, and, smiling to himself, said to the old gentleman:

"Come, sir,—let me beg you, not so much noise. You are preventing me from sleeping. As for my neighbor there—a very inoffensive person, it must be acknowledged,—can't you see that he's deaf and dumb? If you absolutely must have a seat near the window, I'll let you take mine. I'll not be sorry to have a change of position, anyway."

Satisfied, the old gentleman accepted the offer, and, sitting down, prepared to continue at close range his observation of his queer neighbor, when the compartment opened and the conductor's voice was heard:

"Tickets, please!"

All obeyed the demand save the passenger with wide-open eyes set in a fixed stare. Thinking him asleep, the conductor shook his arm and said:

"Your ticket, sir!"

There was no reply.

"Deaf and dumb, as you can plainly see," volunteered the old gentleman.

"Those are infirmities that are *not* seen," replied the conductor, somewhat sharply; and he again addressed the delinquent: "I say, sir, your ticket! Do you hear me?"

Finally, seeing that the strange individual still preserved his fixed stare without moving a muscle, he remarked:

"This man is either very ill or he is a joker who is trying to beat his way. In any case, it's a matter for the doctors and the police."

Turning then to the other passengers, who were now all wide awake and listening, he added:

"Does this gentleman belong to any party here? Is any one responsible for him?"

No one replied. At the next station, the conductor called a policeman. The officer could not get a single word out of the queer traveller, and summoned a doctor to his aid.

About that time Mr. Broumani began to show some uneasiness and shifted about in his seat. He had reason to be disquieted. The doctor looked at the motionless passenger, frowned, and exclaimed angrily:

"Here's a nice bit of tomfoolery,—calling me up at this time of night to examine a wax figure!"

"What's that? A wax figure!" exclaimed the passengers, leaving their seats and clustering about the "deaf-mute."

The lights were turned up, and, sure enough, the imperturbable passenger was seen to be a cleverly fashioned life-size bit of waxwork, realistic enough to warrant the eulogy of Mrs. Jarley, whose collection was "the delight of the nobility and the gentry and the peculiar pet of the royal family."

Furious at being humbugged, the conductor, followed by the good-natured policeman, who could scarcely restrain

his laughter, questioned the passengers one by one.

"If nobody acknowledges having brought this man of wax into the compartment," he declared. "I'll pitch it off the train. So much the worse for the joker who brought it here."

"Oh, come, now, conductor!" exclaimed Mr. Broumani. "Don't destroy my *chef-d'œuvre*. It's the very gem of my whole collection."

"How, sir! You are kind enough to speak at last, are you? I've found out the way to untie your tongue, have I? It's a good thing I have. Now, will you explain what right you had to bring this thing in here?"

"It's simply a package which I brought in, just as I would have brought in a grip or a suitcase. Look here" (suiting the action to the word). "I double him up and he doesn't take much room. There's no law against my action, so far as I know."

"Why didn't you put this—this individual in the baggage car?"

"I have a dozen others in the baggage car now. As for this one, I prefer to look after it myself, for fear of its being injured."

"So you try to let it travel against the rules?"

"Rules! What rules?"

"A package of that size, sir, is not allowed in a passenger car. This pack—this individual will have to pay his fare like any other person."

"I wasn't aware that wax figures were considered persons."

"When they are of this size,—yes, sir."

"Kindly show me the section of your rules that treats of wax figures," rejoined Mr. Broumani, who appeared perfectly cool.

The conductor hesitated, evidently embarrassed.

"The case has not been foreseen," he began, "but this is an exceptional circumstance."

"All right! Draw up a report for your superintendent, if you feel like it. Just at present, please let us sleep,—me,

my man of wax, and my companions."

The passengers echoed Broumani's request. Moreover, most of them were laughing at the conductor's discomfiture, and the policeman quietly advised the official to desist. Accordingly, the conductor shrugged his shoulders and started for the door. Then Broumani, with a smile, handed him a card, saying:

"I haven't a ticket for my deaf and dumb man, but here's one that will give you, whenever you happen to be in Lyons, free entrance to my Museum of Waxworks, an art gallery celebrated throughout the world."

The official smiled and accepted the pass. The engine whistled and the train moved on. A few minutes later the only one in the compartment whose eyes were open was the man of wax.

Sparing of Moments.

The career of Mr. Gladstone affords many useful lessons to the youth of our day. None, however, is more clear, and few are more important, than that implied in an incident related in a work published recently. In the course of a conversation, Dr. Döllinger is reported to have said:

"I think it was in the year 1871 that I remember his [Gladstone's] paying me a visit at six o'clock in the evening. We began talking on political and theological subjects; and both of us became so engrossed in the conversation that it was two o'clock a. m. when I left the room, to fetch a book from my library bearing on the matter in hand. I returned with it in a few minutes, and found Gladstone deep in a volume he had drawn out of his pocket—true to his principle of never losing time—during my momentary absence. And this in the small hours of the morning!"

Gladstone never could have been the "Grand Old Man" had he been prodigal of those "spare moments," which do not seem to fit into any part of the day.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Sermons and Sermon Notes," edited by Dr. Wilfrid Ward; and "Fruits of the Life of Prayer, being Addresses on the Seven Words of the Cross," with a preface by one of the Cowley Fathers, form two of the volumes of the posthumous works of Father Basil Maturin, soon to be published by Longmans, Green, & Co.

—Part XIII. of "Roma," by the Rev. Albert Kuhn, O. S. B., is a continuation of his learned and interesting description of the churches and shrines of the Eternal City. There are about thirty pages of text and the usual number of well-chosen illustrations, all of which are skilfully printed. Benziger Brothers, publishers.

—Many lovers of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," by Ian Maclaren—one of the most lovable books in the language—will be interested to know that the publishers (Dodd, Mead & Co.) issue an illustrated edition of "A Doctor of the Old School," the last, longest and most charming of the sketches in that delightful volume. Dr. William MacLure, of Drumtochty, is among the immortals.

—The late Miss Angelique de Lande, for whom we bespoke the prayers of our readers last week, was a convert to the Church, into which she was received by Father Bapst, S. J., of heroic memory. She was a woman of saintlike faith and piety, which were constantly manifested during the long illness preceding her peaceful death. Miss de Lande was for many years a successful schoolteacher, and is gratefully and affectionately remembered by a host of former pupils, especially in New England. To American Catholics generally she was known as a poet whose best work compares favorably with that of Adelaide Anne Procter.

—From B. Herder, St. Louis, comes Vol. III. of Tixeront's "History of Dogma," translated from the fifth French edition by H. L. B. It is an octavo of some 560 pages, well printed and substantially bound. The title given to the subject-matter of the volume is "The End of the Patristic Age" (430-800). While much of the work has quite naturally to do with Christology, other subjects receive due consideration. Chapter vii, for instance, deals with Greek theology from the fifth to the seventh century on other subjects than Christology;—God and the

Trinity, Angelology, man, the Fall, grace, the sacraments, etc. Especially interesting portions of the book are those dealing with "The Image Controversy," and the theology of St. John Damascene. As in the two former volumes of this important work, the reader is furnished with copious helpful footnotes, a good table of contents and bibliography, and a fairly exhaustive index.

—A further volume (Vol. 24) has been added to the English Catholic Truth Society's Collected Biographies. It contains seven numbers, as follows: St. Bruno, by Fr. Benedict Zimmerman, O. C. D.; Columbus, by the Rev. H. Tristram; Cardinal Beaton, by the Rev. H. G. Graham; "The Teresa of Canada," by the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott; Father Ignatius Spencer, by the Rev. Allan Ross; Dr. Agnes McLaren, by Mary Ryan, M. A.; and Pope Pius X., by the Rev. Allan Ross.

—We welcome a new edition of "Christianity and Infallibility—Both or Neither," by the Rev. Daniel Lyons, one of the best expositions of the dogma of Infallibility in our language. (Longmans, Green, & Co.) It is divided into five chapters entitled: The Dogma of Infallibility, What Does it Really Mean?—Why do Catholics Believe in the Dogma of Infallibility? (two)—How do Catholics Meet this Objection to Infallibility? (two). There are three appendices: The Happiness of Converts, Some Facts relating to the Vatican Council, Pontifical Decrees and the obedience due to them. The index to the work covers about six pages and greatly enhances its value. The author was thoroughly convinced of the importance of his task, and performed it 'with all his might.'

—"Probation," by Maria Longworth Storer (St. Louis: B. Herder), is a much more interesting novel than its title suggests it to be. It is a Catholic story with an international cast of characters, the great majority of them being of the "higher," or at least the more leisurely, members of society. The author avows her purpose of showing that "Religion and Morality mean exactly the same things in every country and for all time"; but the average novel-reader, to whom "the story is the thing," will hardly mistake it for a problem novel,—and will rejoice accordingly. There is a good deal of clean-cut character drawing in the book, and it has sufficient action and intrigue to satisfy the most romantic, although theologians may

object to the *very* summary preparation in the case of Constance's baptism. It will not be indiscreet to inform the prospective reader that at the close of the book "probation" has become fruition.

—"Father Payne," published anonymously by G. P. Putnam's Sons, is not, as our readers might rather naturally suppose, a book about a priest. "Father" Payne is a layman, and one so far from being a Catholic clergyman that, though he believes in God—or rather a God,—he declares: "I can not pray to Omnipotence and Omniscience, because it is useless to do so." The volume is a collection of brief dialogues, or little essays thrown into the dialogue form and dealing with topics most likely to interest the cultured generally, and persons of literary culture in particular. While the setting of the different conversations is attractive enough and the style of the book more distinguished than commonplace, the general Catholic reader will find in it nothing that he can not readily and congruously do without.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Christianity and Infallibility." Rev. Daniel Lyons. \$1, net.
- "Probation." Maria Longworth Storer. \$1.
- "History of Dogma." Tixeront. Vol. III. \$2.
- "Europa's Fairy Tales." Joseph Jacobs. \$1.25.
- "Mysteries of the Mass in Reasoned Prayers." Rev. W. Roche, S. J. 50 cts.
- "What Germany Could Do for Ireland." James K. McGuire. \$1.
- "Newman's 'Gentleman.'" Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C. 35 cts.
- "Spiritual Director and Physician." From the French of the Rev. Fr. V. Raymond, O. P. Translated by Dom Aloysius Smith, C. R. L. \$1.75.
- "The 'Summa Theologica' of St. Thomas Aquinas." Part II. (First Part.) Literally Translated by the Fathers of the English Dominican Province. Third Number (QQ. XC—CXIV).

- "The Life of Father de Smet, S. J. (1801-1873.)" E. Laveille, S. J. Authorized Translation by Marian Lindsay. \$2.75.
- "The Student's Handbook to the Study of the New Testament." Translated from the Thirteenth French Edition of Augustus Brassac, S. S., by Joseph L. Weidenhan, S. T. L. \$3.25.
- "Addresses at Patriotic and Civic Occasions." 2 vols. \$3.
- "Is Schism Ever Lawful?" Rev. Edward Maguire. \$1.80.
- "Life of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque." Mgr. Bougaud. 60 cts.
- "The Sacraments." Pohle-Preuss. \$1.50.
- "One Year with God." Rev. M. V. McDonough. \$1.
- "Stories from Italy." Louisa Emily Dobrée. 25 cts.
- "The Little Ambassadors." Henriette Delamare. 75 cts.
- "The New Pelagianism." J. Herbert Williams. 75 cts.
- "Sermons, Doctrinal and Moral." Rt. Rev. Thaddeus Hogan, R. M. \$1.50.
- "The Little Ambassadors." Henriette Delamare. 75 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HGB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Nicholas Kirch, of the diocese of Cleveland.

Sister Eligius, of the Society of the Holy Child; and Sister M. Celestine, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. George Duddleston, Mr. William Becker, Mr. John O'Hara, Mr. Joseph Geoghegan, Mrs. M. S. Haylow, Mr. J. B. Nicrosi, Mrs. J. R. Bullocks, Mr. John Ward, Mrs. Sarah Loftus, Mrs. Elizabeth Egenolf, Mr. Michael Kerrigan, Mrs. Elizabeth Debbins, Mr. Anthony Schmitt, Mrs. Catherine Rooney, Capt. Samuel Moor, Mrs. Mary Hickey, Mr. Louis Montry, Mr. August Keller, Miss B. Flaherty, Mrs. Ellen Daly, Mr. J. K. Hilderscheid, Miss Catherine Geary, Mr. Joseph Kruszewski, and Mr. George Kotcher.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the Foreign Missions: In memory of J. L. McC.; \$1. For the Polish war sufferers: Sympathizer, \$300. For the starving children in China: Friend (Ottawa, Ill.), \$3. "Thankful," \$1.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. III. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 4, 1916.

NO. 10

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To St. Joseph.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

GREAT Saint, thou, in a father's way,
 Didst tend thy little Son,
 And, smiling, watch His baby-play
 When each hard day was done.
 His hand in thine, He dared to walk,
 And tender was thy pride;
 But when He, lisping, tried to talk,
 Thy tears thou couldst not hide.
 His little prayers were childish, shy,
 Till thou didst teach Him how
 To speak to God enthroned on high—
 Oh, wrapt in awe wert thou!
 But, ah, poor Saint, thy gentle breast
 Ne'er knew the sweetest joy:
 Thy strong, kind arms oft made His nest,—
 Our hearts enfold thy Boy!

Carthusian Devotion to Our Lady.

BY DOM COLUMBA EDMONDS, O. S. B.



HE Carthusian Order, as many are aware, originated with St. Bruno during the eleventh century, in an Alpine solitude called Chartreuse, whence it derives its name. Not much is known of St. Bruno, who, together with his friends Peter and Lambert, began the life which Carthusians live to-day. When St. Bruno died, A. D. 1101, there were two communities of monks following his observance; eight years afterwards there were fifteen. This rapid growth showed the need of a

uniform code of laws (St. Bruno wrote no Rule); and Guigo, fifth prior of the Grande Chartreuse (A. D. 1127), formulated the necessary code. This is known as the Book of Customs, which subsequently received Papal approbation from Innocent II. But it was reserved to St. Anthelm (A. D. 1178) to perfect the Constitution of the Order, and to introduce a system of general chapters, which has been the chief means of preserving Carthusian life intact to the present day. This venerable Order has the unique distinction of being the only one in the Church which never needed reform.

A Carthusian is essentially a contemplative, and to attain this end the Order offers a combination of the eremitical life of the Egyptian solitaries with that of the cenobite, or conventual.

Carthusian vocations are not common, and Carthusian monasteries are consequently not numerous. Nowadays in Europe there are some fifteen monasteries, containing about 350 choir monks, and perhaps the same number of lay-brothers. The nuns of the Order do not exceed 140. Parkminster monastery, in England, is the largest charterhouse in existence; its cloister alone covering a length of over three thousand feet. Carthusian churches are not large, and they have no aisles. A solid screen, with a door and two altars, divides the choir proper from that set apart for the lay brethren. From a tribune, clerical and lay guests are permitted to assist at the monastic services; but women never enter a Carthusian church, nor indeed any part of the monks'

enclosure; the only exception made is in favor of a reigning sovereign. Thus on one occasion the late Queen Victoria entered the enclosure of the Grande Chartreuse.

In the celebration of the Divine Office the religious follow almost completely the Benedictine Rule; but at Mass they have a special rite of their own, which differs considerably from the Roman. Substantially it represents the Mass as celebrated in the diocese of Grenoble in the twelfth century. Carthusians never use organs nor any instrumental music.

Clients of Our Lady can not fail to be interested in the manner in which devotion to the Blessed Virgin is expressed in an Order at once so ancient, so austere, and so utterly unchanging. The sources from which this information may be gathered are not within the reach of all, owing partly to the fewness and seclusion of the monasteries, and partly to the rarity of Carthusian service-books, such as Missal and Breviary. Sufficient material, however, is within reach to demonstrate the fact that the members of this Order are in a particular manner devoted to honoring the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Of St. Bruno it is said that he excelled in three virtues: (1) a great spirit of prayer, (2) the practice of extreme mortification, and (3) a filial devotion to the Blessed Virgin. In proof of the latter it may be pointed out that both churches which owe their origin to him were dedicated to Blessed Mary,—Our Lady of Casalibus in Dauphiné, and Our Lady della Torre in Calabria. Faithful to his inspiration, his sons have always looked upon Mary as the chief patroness of each monastery, no matter who the saint may be who ranks as particular patron.

But devotion finds its official and highest expression in the sacred Liturgy; therefore let us consult the Carthusian Missal and Breviary. The first point of ritual concerns the Mass of Our Lady. It is a practice of the Order to have each day, except on the feasts of Christmas,

Easter, and Pentecost, and during the last three days of Holy Week, a votive Mass of the Blessed Virgin, styled in the poetic phraseology of the Carthusians *Missa de Beata*. Thus is Our Lady worthily honored morning after morning in these austere and secluded monasteries. On Saturdays this Mass is more solemnly celebrated; and, if the rubrics permit, it is chanted by the whole community.

After Holy Mass, the Canonical Hours of the Divine Office come next in dignity. Each Carthusian recites daily the entire Office of Our Lady, in addition to the great Canonical services usually known as the Divine Office. Moreover, at the conclusion of each Office *De Beata*, the *Salve Regina* is said, preceded by *venia*—that is, a kissing of the ground, or of the kneeling place, "in honor of God and of the ever-blessed Virgin Mary," as the "Ordinarium" explains it. This act of homage is also performed at the hymn *Ave Maris Stella*, at the Responsory *Ave Maria* of Lauds, and at the *Magnificat* during Vespers.

The daily recitation of the Office of Our Lady is said to have been introduced into the Order at a time when the early Carthusians were thinking of quitting the region of the Grande Chartreuse on account of the severity of the climate. St. Peter the Apostle appeared to the brethren and promised them that Our Lady would help them and take them under her special protection, if they remained there and recited her Office daily.

In reference to Carthusian observances, it must be borne in mind that only the greater Offices of Vespers, Matins and Lauds are chanted in the choir of the church; the lesser Offices and the Hours of Our Lady are recited hermit-fashion, by the monk alone, in the little oratory adjoining his cell.

At all the Hours of the Divine Office, according to the prescriptions of St. Benedict's Rule, *Kyrie Eleison* and the *Pater Noster* precede the prayer of the day. At Vespers and Lauds the *Pater* is

chanted aloud in its entirety by the superior, but at the other Offices only the introductory and concluding words are sung. On these latter occasions the Carthusians have the curious practice of adding the *Ave Maria*, in honor of Our Lady, before saying the words, "*Et ne nos inducas, etc.*"

Having considered these special features of the Divine Office, it will be interesting to inspect the Carthusian Kalendar. Five great feasts of Our Lady—namely, her Purification, Annunciation, Assumption, Nativity, and Immaculate Conception—are inscribed as "solemnities of sermon." These solemnities are of the highest rank, and on them the community meet in chapter for a discourse from the prior; they take their meals in common in the refectory (on ordinary weekdays a Carthusian eats alone), and they observe special rites in church. These latter comprise the lighting during Office of the four great standard candles on the floor of the sanctuary, and the use of incense at the *Magnificat* of Vespers, and the *Benedictus* of Lauds. Four other feasts of Our Lady—her Compassion, Visitation, Presentation, and title "Help of Christians"—are "solemnities" without sermon. Octaves are kept for the Visitation, Assumption, Nativity, and Immaculate Conception. Processions in honor of Mary take place on the Assumption and Immaculate Conception; this means much in an Order where processions are extremely rare. Our Lady's Compassion is commemorated not on Friday, but on the Saturday previous to Palm Sunday, and on the occasion purple vestments are worn.

Outside the Liturgy, there are several practices which express the monks' devotion to Our Lady. The Angelus in a Carthusian monastery is rung four times a day. It consists of three *Aves* only, with *venia*—i. e., kissing the ground. The first Angelus is rung at the conclusion of the midnight Office, the second at dawn, the third at noon, and the fourth in the

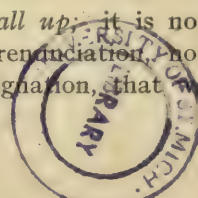
evening. This custom is said to have originated during the pontificate of Sixtus IV., when England and France were at war, and the *Aves* were said to obtain the blessing of peace. Doubtless present-day Carthusians are not unmindful of our need of the same blessing when saying these *Aves* four times daily.

As is generally known, a Carthusian lives in a hermitage by himself; this hermitage consists of four small rooms. In the antechamber is a statue of the Blessed Virgin. Whenever the occupant enters his cell from outside, it is the custom to say an *Ave*, with *venia*, before this statue. The practice is traced to Lanspergius, a Mediæval Carthusian prior, who introduced it in order that "the Mistress of the house" might be saluted on entering.

The more personal observances comprise the wearing of a large rosary attached to the girdle; this rosary consists of six decades of sixty-three *Aves*, in honor of that number of years lived by Our Lady on earth. Many Carthusians take the name of Mary in addition to their religious name on the day of their reception of the habit. Each monk when he takes his monastic vows does so "before God and His saints, and the relics of this desert, which is raised to the honor of God and of the ever-blessed Virgin Mary."

During the exile of many Carthusian communities from France, the cradle of their Order, the monks are chanting daily, *Sub tuum præsidium*,—"We fly to thy patronage, O Holy Mother of God!"—in the hope of future return in God's own time. Meanwhile Carthusians continue to praise and love our Blessed Lady; for, like her and like Martha's sister, they have chosen the better part, which shall never be taken from them.

THE great lesson we have to learn in this world is to give it all up; it is not so much resolution as renunciation, not so much courage as resignation, that we need.—*Ruskin*.



James Harrington, M. D.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

X.

DR. HARRINGTON, walking along Sherbrooke Street, suddenly saw in front of him the graceful and well-set-up figure of Mabel Wharton. He would have known anywhere that walk of hers, which he always particularly admired,—it was so free and natural, with the movement of one accustomed to much exercise in the open air. He quickened his steps and presently gained her side, and they walked on together, with a slight constraint, of which both were conscious, that marred such pleasant intimacy as might have existed between them. It was somewhat abruptly that the Doctor presently said:

"I suppose I am an old enough—*friend*" (and there was a slight emphasis upon the last word) "to speak of that report, which is current, of your engagement to Colonel Tifton."

The girl, whose face was more than half hidden by the luxurious furs from which it looked out bright and rosy, laughed a curious, little laugh, which curled the corners of her mouth and was one of her chief beauties.

"Oh, yes!" she said, "you are an old enough friend! And, for that matter, many an acquaintance of yesterday has fearlessly broached the subject."

"It is beyond question a matter for congratulation on his side," said the Doctor; "and on yours—why, everyone speaks highly of the Colonel. He has a distinguished record, and, so far as I can judge, he is altogether a fine fellow."

"So," observed Miss Wharton, with irony, "a girl would be worthy of congratulation if she became engaged to any man who had a distinguished record and is what other men call a fine fellow?"

"I should think so," answered the Doctor, gravely. But the girl's tone was

mocking, and he did not care just then to meet the glance of those bright eyes. "It would certainly seem to me a matter for congratulation."

"It might be according to the way one looks at it. But, in any case, I can not accept your congratulations, since the report is altogether untrue."

The Doctor stopped abruptly and looked at her.

"You mean," he said slowly, "that the report of your engagement is untrue?"

"I most certainly do," replied Miss Wharton, in her direct, decisive fashion.

Dr. Harrington opened his mouth as if to say something, but the impulse was promptly repressed, and for some moments he walked on in silence beside her. When he did speak, it was upon an entirely different subject,—merely calling the girl's attention to a group of tobogganers who were sliding down the mountain in white blanketing suits, with jaunty caps and sashes of red. But in his whole manner and tone there was unusual eagerness,—some vital, joyous quality, which the girl felt, though it puzzled her, too. In his manner towards herself there was a new note, which possibly she understood; for it could not be said that she was altogether inexperienced in the ways of men.

For at that moment Dr. Harrington had suddenly decided that, if the report were untrue, and if the girl were still free, then he meant to win in this race, which was to the swift and the strong. After all, what was there to prevent him from competing, at least, for this prize, which of late had become to him more than ever desirable? He should throw down one by one, or he could hope to do so, those obstacles in his path, some of which were more apparent than real. And if he should fail, well, it was in a good cause, where many another worthy man had suffered defeat. He did not expect an easy victory. He should probably have to suffer many a rebuff from that sometimes sarcastic tongue,

many a mocking glance from those sharp, bright eyes. Those wounds no doubt would burn and smart; but what victory worth having was ever won without pain and difficulty!

Besides, there had been a finality in the tone, when she spoke of Colonel Tifton, which seemed convincing; though, as the whole town was prepared to acknowledge, it had not been the Colonel's fault if this report were untrue. He had laid valiant and, after the manner of a true Briton, persevering siege to the girl's heart almost ever since their first meeting. And the Doctor had stood aside,—in the first place, because in such matters he had been accustomed to take rather too modest an estimate of himself; in the second place, he had not until recently felt quite sure of his own sentiments. And, in the third place, because he believed the Colonel to be so excellent a match for any girl that it was difficult to see how one of Miss Wharton's calibre could refuse him. He had always counted her as supremely ambitious, and ambition was a quality which he understood. It was his own pet weakness, which it would have required an exertion of his more heroic qualities to put aside.

He had been tempted there in the grayness of that wintry afternoon, with the snow mist gathering over Mt. Royal, to end the matter at once in a manner that would have suited him infinitely better than anything in the nature of a long wooing, and to say quite frankly to Mabel Wharton: "If there is no other fellow in the way, how would I fill the bill?" But, though he was constitutionally a brave man, he did not feel quite able to meet the look that might spring into those clear eyes,—a look of surprise, of refusal, perhaps of mockery. And, after all, it did not fit in with his notion of what was congruous, to congratulate the girl one moment on her engagement to another man, and in the next to say in effect, "What would you think of marrying me?" But he determined, at

least, to make her consider such an eventuality, while giving her sufficient time to make up her mind.

He was able to think of the matter the more calmly that love in its romantic sense would, he believed, always be subordinate with him to ambition. Without religion that would have been his master passion, and it was only religion that could control it. He would certainly never swerve from the path of duty because of ambition; for he had suffered religion, during the whole course of his career, to point out the way. Nevertheless, he made Miss Wharton feel that intangible change in his manner. The reserve which had marked his demeanor since he had heard of her probable engagement to Colonel Tifton, the deliberate standing aloof from any enjoyment of her society, had suddenly given way to a geniality, a light, buoyant and almost boyish pleasure in her company. It was like the thaw setting in under the first breath of spring over the mountain-top.

Yet the Doctor talked of the most indifferent things: of the old mountain itself that had witnessed many a courting, yes, even had harbored many lovers, happy or unhappy, in its bosom, and had given them hospitality in its winding paths or shady groves; of the river, frost-bound; of the skating and the sleighing. And then all at once he had said to her:

"I have just got a new fast cutter. It is very comfortable, with plenty of warm rugs. I wonder if you would care to come out with me some day next week and try it."

Her heart gave a bound. She guessed then—what she had never really been sure of before—that the Doctor meant to enter the lists; and for the moment she scarcely knew whether to be glad or sorry. He would be a formidable fighter, and everyone would be on his side. She could hear her relatives and friends, with one accord, saying that no girl in her senses would refuse him. Colonel Tifton

had been bad enough; many in her own immediate circle had blamed her for refusing so advantageous an offer, as it was pretty generally conceded she had done. But there were reasons easy to understand. He was many years older and he was a Protestant; whereas she was a sufficiently good, practical Catholic to be averse to mixed marriages. But here there would be no extenuating circumstances, and the culprit would stand condemned.

For a moment, too, her heart reached out, after the manner of foolish, wilful hearts,—not, indeed, towards any one in particular, but towards some one who would not be quite so irreproachable, whom she would have had to defend, and who would not commend himself to all her relatives, male and female. But, on reflection, there was not one of the young men she had met in society who had even slightly captivated her fancy. They were, she had to admit, an uninteresting lot. But now she adroitly put aside the main issue. Probably the Doctor had never thought of such a thing at all. He was not a marrying man, but was merely claiming the privilege of an old acquaintance in inviting her to drive in his new cutter. And she forced herself to accept the plea; though she believed that so conventional a man as the Doctor would not (without ulterior motives) have invited her to drive out with him alone,—a thing which in their circle was rarely done by unengaged couples. She felt disposed, however, at least to dally with the invitation. So she said, laughingly:

"You know I am a stickler for the conventionalities, unless you have forgotten our dinner-table discussion—"

"Hang conventionality!" interrupted the Doctor.

"But really," protested the girl, "most people don't drive like that, you know."

"Can't you brave public opinion for once? Or do you really not want to come?"

"Of course I have been simply pining for a drive in a fast cutter," hazarded the girl.

"With any one at all for the driver?" queried the Doctor.

"With any one who is a *safe* driver," conceded Miss Wharton.

"Well, I am safe enough every way,—perhaps too safe."

"There still remains," said the girl, "your old friend, Mrs. Grundy."

"No friend of mine. It was you who claimed her. But turn your back on her now for the sake of the drive you want to take, and also out of pity for an over-worked doctor."

They had arrived at the foot of the gray stone steps leading to the Whartons' imposing mansion. Mabel began slowly to ascend those steps. The Doctor, standing on the lowest of them, appeared at his very best, a glow of color in his cheeks, his whole figure fairly irradiating life and health. The girl, looking down at him, felt irresistibly drawn not only towards that drive, but towards other things which she could not but discern in the distance.

"Will you come?" asked the Doctor, drawing nearer, and holding out his hand to take hers, over which his strong, virile clasp closed instantly.

"Yes," said she, "I think I will."

The man loosed his clasp instantly and went down the steps, raising his hat conventionally, but looking at the girl with a new expression in his face.

"Unless I change my mind in the meantime," Miss Wharton added.

"Oh, don't!" pleaded the Doctor. "It is so miserable a thing to be defeated by Mrs. Grundy."

When she had reached the top of the steps, the Doctor called out, "Good-bye!" to make her turn and look at him. And when she had turned, he made a further pretext of delay by saying gravely:

"Do you know, I think we had better take our drive this week instead of next? The sleighing is good now and may be

execrable by then. What do you say to to-morrow?"

The girl burst out laughing,—the sort of laugh that was good to hear. Like everything about her, it was so clean and wholesome.

"You are giving Mrs. Grundy little time for her campaign."

"It is more than she deserves, the creature! So to-morrow at three I will call for you."

"And I will wear my highest storm collar and my thickest cloud, and swear you to secrecy."

"Agreed!" cried the Doctor, waiting to see the door open and close upon that brilliant, fur-robed figure. Then he walked down the street, happy and buoyant, feeling ten years younger; and certainly, after that initial step, he had shown something of the ardor of a boy in his wooing.

Mabel Wharton, however, went to her room thoughtful. She felt that she had consented to more than the mere taking of an unconventional drive; and that hand closing over hers, so firm and strong, was symbolic. She put away her outer wraps in a dreamy fashion, unusual with her; and, with the same abstracted air, donned her pretty house dress, which was a compromise between an evening frock and a day dress. She felt in no way elated or triumphant, but vaguely uneasy and disconcerted. It almost seemed to her that the Doctor was more interesting as a skilled antagonist in the warfare between them (that had always been without bitterness) than in his late mood, when he had seemed to turn the tables upon her and take his revenge for all her verbal successes.

She had often resented the coupling of their names together as two who were specially suited to each other, particularly as she was aware that the Doctor had heard it, and had been at least amused by the remark. She had been at great pains to prove to all those gossips how entirely wrong they had been; and to the Doctor

himself, how such an idea was the very farthest thing from her thoughts. And now she had seemed to capitulate without so much as a struggle. He would, no doubt, think that it had been in her mind all the time; that the gossips were right, and that she had had him in her eye as a suitable match. Hateful expression! Her cheek burned at the thought, and she sat down and wrote a careful little note on a sheet of plain white parchment, and sealed it with the gray wax which she habitually used. She said she regretted that, after all, she would be unable to accept the Doctor's kind invitation to drive.

The note was handed in to him just as he had arrived home, and had made his mother wonder a little at the buoyancy of his spirits and his unwonted bursts of merriment. He read that little note carefully when he was alone in his office and for an instant he looked grave.

"She does not want to commit herself," he said, resting his arm thoughtfully on the mantel-piece and looking down into the bright fire of coal which his mother had caused to be lighted. "She is not sure of herself. The question is, will she ever be?"

A cuckoo came suddenly out from the dainty little wooden clock near at hand and cried, "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" He could not help laughing. It sounded like a merry answer to his solemn question; and, oddly enough, it heartened him. He roused himself from the momentary despondency which had fallen like an icy hand on his lately glowing spirits.

"Well," he said to himself, "we must settle it one way or another; and the sooner, the better. So now for a bold move!"

He sat down and wrote a note, the substance of which was as follows:

"I am not going to be beaten by Mrs. Grundy. Be among those who fear only God, and come with me for a drive to-morrow. Unless you have some other reason, of which deponent does not

know—a reason which I can respect,—I will call at three to-morrow afternoon, as agreed.”

He called his office boy and sent him at once with the note, sitting still before the fire with an unusual throbbing of the pulses, and an excitement which he found as exhilarating as wine. He wondered what she would do,—if she would impulsively sit down to deny his request. He half expected that his office boy would bring back such an epistle. Then he remembered that the lad had not been told to wait for an answer and would never think of doing so. He allowed an hour to pass, and then he heaved a deep sigh of relief; though later he began to torment himself again with the anxiety lest she should write next morning to refuse his request. But the bold move had been so far successful. No message came.

Mabel Wharton, half pleased and half vexed at the writer's persistence, had read the note with a smile curving her lips, and had made no further protest, except to keep the driver of the cutter waiting fully ten minutes when he came to keep the appointment next day. He, for his part, had driven placidly up and down the block in excellent good humor, never permitting himself to grow impatient at the delay.

At last the elusive fair one came down the steps, and together the two drove away. Each was conscious of a curious emotion, as though a new crisis in life had been reached, as they drove out along the familiar road, where Mabel as a young schoolgirl had often walked with her companions, and had been a leader in all their concerns. They drove into the clear amber, red at the heart, of a Canadian winter afternoon; and there were already hints in that radiance of the early darkness that must follow. It seemed, in the momentary exaltation of spirit which possessed them both, as if they were driving into some enchanted country, of which that sky before them

was the symbol and the bow of promise,—driving away, perchance, into a new life different from anything that they had ever known.

They were silent for long stretches of the road, or their talk was very subdued and constrained, gradually becoming grave and intimate, as each gave the other little glimpses of existence as it had been hitherto,—of aspirations and of partialities, of hopes and disappointments. To each it seemed to give a new and fascinating outlook upon life seen through the other's eyes as through a many-colored prism. It was significant that they discarded altogether, for the nonce, that jesting tone which hitherto had been a bond between them, as if they were passing a milestone on the journey of existence and felt the solemnity of that moment. As the two turned homewards, some trembling stars were just beginning to shine in the pale blue, and a lovely crescent moon was showing its delicate, clear-cut profile over the river, where sleighs were going and coming in swift succession on the ice bridge, and their tinkling seemed to make vocal all the atmosphere.

The Doctor was keenly regretting that that idyllic drive, which had been much more delightful than anything he could just then recall in his experience, was over. And it must be owned that, but for the warning of those tremulous stars, and the beacon-like signal of the silver crescent telling that day was done, Miss Wharton would have been quite willing to prolong that drive indefinitely. For the first time she had found herself, so to say, heart and soul congenial with the Doctor as with no other man. For the first time it had dawned upon her—that a warmer sentiment than she had ever suspected had been at the bottom even of her antagonism to him. And, on his part, he rejoiced in the knowledge, which not so long since had come to him, that it was not friendship but love pure and unadulterated that had attracted him to this

girl in spite of all her rebuffs; that it had been the reason of the strange reserve between them, and of the singular diffidence on his part to approach her. Even then he by no means felt sufficient confidence in his powers of attraction to dream of prematurely making known his sentiments to the girl. Besides, he felt that it would have been in some sort taking an unfair advantage, since he had so strongly insisted upon that drive.

He had hopes, however, that in the series of drives which he meant to take in her company he should find the occasion to discover how far she reciprocated those sentiments. Perhaps (if he thought of her at all) he was glad that Lucy Forrester, for some time previous to that memorable afternoon, had chosen to give him what he could only designate as the "cold shoulder." He had done nothing consciously to deserve it, and he did not trouble his head very much about it, supposing it to be merely an instance of natural inconstancy. He thought it probable that she would be the same as ever in the course of a few weeks. Still, he could not help being aware that she would regard with anything but a friendly eye those relations which he hoped to establish between Miss Wharton and himself. It had always been her boast that she liked to keep her masculine friends exclusively to herself. Therefore, it might be just as well that this particular friend was out of her range of vision for the present. Nor, it must be owned, had the thought of Mrs. Forrester come to trouble the peace and harmony of that most harmonious afternoon. The Doctor had but one thought from the time that he left the Wharton house until he returned the young lady to her door, and that was the pleasure of having beside him in this altogether informal and delightful fashion the one person in whom all the interest of the world seemed just then concentrated.

"I hope," he ventured, as he said good-bye, and permitted himself to hold

for an instant the hand that had slipped out from the fur mitt, "now that you have thrown down the gauntlet to Mrs. Grundy, you will come soon again, and often."

"I must first see how the old lady will take it," laughed Mabel, who had recovered her spirits and seemed as gay and as ready for a wordy contest as ever. "I enjoyed the drive immensely. The cutter is everything that is delightful."

"And the driver?" queried the Doctor.

"Entirely safe, as desired."

Then the young lady laughed and hastened up the steps, leaving her companion to go upon his way with a whole new set of thoughts, emotions, and interests. From the side of hoary old Mt. Royal, innumerable lights were twinkling, and displaying the glittering whiteness of its snowy ridges; and the night falling from its shoulder was preparing to enshroud the city in darkness.

(To be continued.)

A Song on the Road.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

- ☉ HEART, look upward through the morning's air,
While yet the warm east fills with light the hour,
And see the least hill in the distance wear
The world-wide Sunrise lightly like a flower!
- O heart, look keenly through the vernal rain,
While still the bare earth drinks the melting snows,
And see the dead dust, like a mortal, strain
To living beauty in the wayside rose!
- O heart, look outward on the river's calm,
Still while the soft winds to the waters croon,
And see the least wave like a crystal palm
Clasp at the whole sky's minted gold of noon!
- O heart, look downward where the suns depart,
While yet the faint west glows with lambent fire,
And see the dewdrop holding, like Day's heart,
The burning centre of the star's desire!

Our Goodly Heritage.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

V.—GOD DWELLING IN MAN.

MAN, we saw, is called to, and destined for, a true participation in the divine life and bliss of the Adorable Trinity. In heaven it will be ours to know God intimately, with a heart-to-heart knowledge, as of friends together enjoying mutual and confiding intercourse; to see His divine Being unveiled in all Its beauty; to know Him, that is, in a manner assimilated to that in which He knows Himself. "We see now through a glass in a dark manner," writes St. Paul; "but then face to face. Now I know in part, but then I shall know even as I am known." (I. Cor., xiii, 12.) There we shall be caught up into the bosom of the Blessed Trinity; and, loving Him with a love also assimilated to that with which He loves Himself, we shall be loved by Him and possess Him, as He will take possession of us, by a love of which the affection of friend for friend, the most passionate of pure love that the lover has for his rightful spouse, are but a faint adumbration.

That we may come to this sublime perfection of our being, God gives Himself to us here below in a supernatural manner which is already the beginning of life eternal,—an inchoation of our coming possession of Him by the heavenly knowledge and love. Here, too, it is given to us to know Him supernaturally by faith, to hold Him by the virtue of hope, to be united to Him in the bonds of a charity not differing in kind from, though less in intensity than, the charity of heaven itself, where faith shall be lost in sight, and hope in fulfilment; but charity, "the greatest of these," shall remain forever.

When we say that God gives Himself supernaturally to the soul in this mortal life, we mean that the Three Divine

Persons really dwell in the soul by a new and special mode of presence, each in His own proper character as One of the Divine Trinity. This is a truth perhaps too little thought of, too little spoken of, too little realized in our days. The effect of this indwelling of God is to make us truly, as St. Peter says, "partakers of the divine nature" (II. Pet., i, 4) by the assimilation of our life to God's. "The supernatural life of the soul consists, in its inmost essence, in a participation in the divine life,—that is, in a knowledge and love of so exalted a kind as is proper only to the divine nature; it has, therefore, its root and ideal (or exemplar) in God Himself. Hence God, when communicating supernatural life, must approach the soul in His Substance in a more special manner, distinct from every other divine influence; so that if He were not already substantially present as Creator, He would become so present as Giver of supernatural life.

"Moreover, this communication of God's own life to the soul appears as an imitation, a continuation, and an extension of that manifestation and communication of life which produces (in the Blessed Trinity) the Son and the Holy Ghost. The irradiation of supernatural knowledge into the soul is essentially an imitation and an extension of the internal radiation of divine knowledge terminating in the Eternal Word and image, and so implies a speaking of His Divine Word into, and impression of this divine image upon, the soul. The infusion or inspiration of supernatural love is an imitation and an extension of the internal effusion of divine love terminating in the Holy Eternal Spirit, and thus implies an effusion of the Divine Spirit into the soul. Hence, just as the supernatural life results from an internal and permanent impression of the divine Substance on the soul—as from the impression of a seal,—so also the products of the divine life impress themselves on the soul in an innermost presence. Consequently, the Persons pro-

ceeding *ad extra* (i. e., proceeding now not only within the Godhead, but to the soul) enter into a living relationship with the soul, not only as to their substance, but also as to their personal characters. They are personally united to the soul, inasmuch as they permeate the life of the soul, manifest their personal glory in it, and live in it."*

Hence the Son and the Holy Spirit are said in Holy Scripture and Catholic doctrine to be "sent" to the creature; and this indwelling of them in the soul is termed their invisible "mission," or sending. For "although the divine operation by which God dwells in His creature in a new manner is an operation common to all Three Persons, nevertheless, this operation is in the Father alone as received from none; it is in the Son as given to Him by His origin from the Father; it is in the Holy Ghost by virtue of His origin from both."†

So the Father dwells in us as Sender, and not sent by any; the Son, by virtue of His procession from the Father, as sent; and also as sending the Holy Spirit in us from the Father and Himself together; and the Holy Ghost is in us as sent from Father and Son in virtue of His procession from both. Such "sending," since it is by virtue of the processions in the Blessed Trinity, involves no priority of time nor superiority of nature or power in the Sender; for all Three are equal in majesty and power and glory and eternity. Thus we see how the work and dwelling of God in the soul contribute to the manifestation of the truth of the Blessed Trinity.

Speaking on this subject, St. Thomas says: "The Son proceeds from the Father as the knowledge wherewith God knows Himself; and the Holy Ghost proceeds from Father and Son as the love wherewith God loves Himself. Hence, when through

the Holy Ghost one is made a lover of God, the Holy Ghost is an indweller in him; and thus He comes to be in a new way in man, in point of the new special effect of His indwelling in man. Now that the Holy Ghost works this effect in man, comes to Him of the Father and the Son, and therefore He is said to be invisibly sent by Father and Son. And likewise the Son is said to be invisibly sent in the mind, when one is so constituted in divine knowledge that from such knowledge the love of God comes forth in man."*

On this truth, so important and consoling and ennobling, I can not forbear quoting once more from the authors already cited:† "The Divine Persons themselves, each with His original character, likewise become the object of the soul's possession and fruition by knowledge and love, and they enter the soul as such. The Son is given to the soul as the radiance and image of the glory of the Father, in order that in Him and through Him the soul may know and possess the Father. And the Holy Ghost is given as the effusion and the pledge of the infinite love that unites Father and Son, and of God's fatherly love for His creatures; as the blossom of the divine sweetness and loveliness, as the personal *Osculum Dei*,‡ which the soul receives as the adopted daughter of the Father and bride of the Son, and which is the food and fuel of the soul's love to God. This is the deeper sense of the words, 'That the love wherewith Thou hast loved Me may be in them, and I in them.'"

§ Again, St. Thomas speaks to the point here: "Since the Holy Ghost proceeds as the love wherewith God loves Himself; and since God loves with the same love Himself and other beings for the sake of His own goodness, it is clear that the love wherewith God loves us belongs to the Holy Ghost. In like manner also the love with which we love God. In respect

* Wilhelm and Scannell: "Manual of Catholic Theology," Vol. I, pp. 346, 347.

† Cardinal Billot: "On the Blessed Trinity," p. 591.

* "Summa Contra Gentiles." Bk. iv, ch. 23.

† Wilhelm and Scannell, Vol. I, p. 348.

‡ Kiss of God. § St. John, xvii, 26.

to both these loves the Holy Ghost is well said to be given."* The Son being the eternal production of Divine Knowledge, and the Holy Ghost of Divine Love, the Father, seeing all truth in the Son, who is His express image, sees also all creatures in that substantial image of His Divine Essence; and, similarly, the Father and the Son together, loving all good in the Holy Spirit, love also in Him created good. Thus are the Son and the Holy Ghost respectively the eternal Exemplars in a special manner of supernatural knowledge and sanctity in us. In Them God knows and loves us; in Them and by Them we know and love God; and, since God is All-Holiness, we are sanctified by the knowledge and love of His divine sanctity. Thus there can be no supernatural knowledge or love of divine things, no sanctity in man, apart from the Word and Spirit of God.

The indwelling of the Blessed Trinity in the soul is, as has already been said, plainly taught in Holy Scripture and Catholic doctrine; as is also the mission, or sending, of the Second and Third Persons. "If any one love Me," said our Blessed Lord, "he will keep My word; and My Father will love him, and We will come to Him and make Our abode with him." (St. John, xiv, 23.) Of the mission of the Son St. Paul writes to the Galatians: "My little children, of whom I am in labor again until Christ be formed in you." (Gal., iv, 19.) And, "That Christ may dwell by faith [*i. e.*, as specially the utterance of Divine Knowledge] in your hearts." (Eph., iii, 17.) And of the mission of the Holy Ghost the same holy Apostle tells us: "The charity of God is poured forth in our hearts by the Holy Ghost who is given to us." (Rom., v, 5-7.) Again, St. John says (iv., 13): "In this we know that we abide in Him and He in us, because He has given us of His Spirit."

This indwelling of God is especially proper to the Holy Spirit, as is the whole

work of our sanctification, since He is especially the representative of the Divine Sanctity, as being the production of the love of God for His own essential goodness and holiness. Also, being pre-eminently the outpoured love of God, and thus the gift of divine love, He is especially spoken of as receiving and accepting the love by which the soul gives itself to God. He, too, is the Holy Lord and Master who transforms us into the living temples of God, and takes possession of us in the name of the Father and the Son. "Know you not that you are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" cries out St. Paul in his first Epistle to the Corinthians (iii, 16). And again: "Know you not that your members are the temple of the Holy Ghost, who is in you, whom you have from God?" (vi, 19.)

These wonderful operations of God's most generous love towards us, the personal indwelling and action within our souls of the Blessed Trinity Itself, are not brought about without divinely-given created gifts—namely, supernatural grace and charity, divine faith and hope. These are the principles, infused into us by God, of our own supernatural life and action; and they are given to us precisely to enable the soul to receive, to have and hold, and to enjoy its God.

Of these gifts we shall speak in another paper; as also of the Incarnation of the Divine Word, the Son of God, Jesus Christ our Blessed Lord, through whom and by whose life and passion and death our precious heritage of grace and of the indwelling of God here, and of glory and the Beatific Vision hereafter, have been restored to us. We see in it all the unspeakable love of God, who, having made us, was not content but that we should be associated with Him in His own blissful life; and, when sin had lost our happiness, sent His only Son, 'that whosoever should believe in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

How unspeakably great must be the joy of the possession of God in heaven

* "Contra Gentiles," Bk. iv, ch. 23.

when to have Him here by grace and charity is so wonderful and so sweet! A French officer at Lille, who refused to support the civil authorities in taking an inventory of religious property ordered there by the Government, consoled himself for not being able to visit the Blessed Sacrament by the thought that nothing could prevent him from visiting God truly present in his soul by divine grace. "To make a good visit of adoration," he wrote to a friend, "I enter into myself; or, rather, I adore God and Jesus Christ present within me. Are we not ourselves tabernacles?" Within us, the Blessed Trinity claims our utmost love and adoration. Never let us drive away that Divine Presence by the commission of mortal sin, which alone can deprive us of it.

(To be continued.)

In Peril of the Sea.

ON Friday the seven boats which constituted the fishing-fleet of the little village had gone forth from the Breton harbor of Kermaror. It was on a pleasant evening in late September that they set sail, the unruffled sea scarcely rocking the boats as, one by one, they slowly left their moorings. The men on board shouted farewells; the women and children, assembled on the beach, silently watched the barks containing their loved ones until they disappeared in the offing.

The tiny hamlet made a beautiful picture as it lay quietly under the smile of the setting sun; the old stone church, with its ivy-covered tower, standing high above all; the little gardens, bright with autumn flowers, sending forth their sharp fragrance to meet the pungent air from the ocean.

The male portion of the population—men, youths, and even some boys—had all gone to fish in the direction of the Ile de Sein, close to the terrible headlands of Finistère. Only the women and young children remained at home, with the exception of the *curé* and the bell-ringer,

Antoine, an ancient fisherman too old to work, and long incapacitated by reason of a wooden leg.

They had started in good spirits. Only old, feeble-minded Claudine, whose husband and four sons had been cast, stiff and stark, years before on the beach, had opposed their going. She had wept and wailed because they would not heed her warning not to start on Friday; thus tempting the good God, she said, who, it was well known, had abandoned that day to ill-luck, since it had stretched Him, torn and bleeding, on the cruel Cross.

No one would listen to her. The *curé's* barometer—the only one in the village—promised well; and, then, the voyage would be very short. They would return on the morrow, before dark, with a fine haul of fish; and all would be ready then for the Feast of Our Lady of the Rosary, some days later. Why, the women had hardly said good-bye to their husbands and sons. Only Claudine, seated immovable at the foot of the great wooden crucifix on the quay, her gray hair softly stirring in the gentle breeze, her clasped hands lying in her lap, fixed her large, sad eyes upon the seven white sails that flecked the edge of the horizon.

During part of the next day the fine weather lasted; but toward evening the wind freshened, the sky changed, the sea grew angry and began to mount higher and higher upon the beach. Long, lurid clouds passed in hurried cohorts across the sky; the wind blew fiercely; the heavens opened their cataracts upon sea and land. And now might be seen along the strand groups of pale women, some holding little children by the hand, others alone, scanning with eager eyes the distant surface of the raging sea, upon which not a sail appeared in sight. That night the lamps burned till daylight in the wakeful cottages of Kermaror.

The next morning (Sunday) the storm redoubled its violence. The sea rose to the very level of the little gardens, submerging and destroying the brilliant

flowers blooming so gaily a few days before; the wind blew a hurricane; the waves dashed wildly against the foot of the great crucifix, which shook to its foundation in the fierceness of the storm; while afar, toward the Raz, where the fishermen were fighting for life, the clouds seemed blacker and more forbidding, if possible, than at any other portion of the angry heavens.

At last the women could look no longer on the furious monster that seemed bound to destroy all they held dearest in life. With one accord they left the beach, and in slow procession ascended the hill to the church. Antoine rang the bell for first Mass. It was cracked, and the doleful sound it sent forth added to the fury of the storm a sorrowful, agonizing peal.

In the darkness of the tempest the church appeared unusually dim and sombre. The women turned drearily to the little Chapel of St. Anne, built into the side of the older edifice; and, throwing themselves at the feet of the good Patroness of Brittany, silently wept and prayed, while awaiting the arrival of the *curé* for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice.

Presently little Henri, the acolyte, touched the small bell, and the priest, at the foot of the altar, recited the *Confiteor*. During the twenty-five years he had been pastor of Kermaror he had never known so dreadful a storm. Of these men, all of whom he had married or baptized, how many would return to their families? Alas, perhaps not one! And the mothers, widows and orphans,—how could he comfort their bitter sorrow? What would sustain them in their great loneliness when the bread-winners should be taken away? How fervently he recited the *Confiteor*!

A tremendous gust of wind shook the building; the door flew open and old Antoine stood upon the threshold, silent, pointing to the sea. The women, their little ones clinging to them, or held in their arms, rushed from the church, to

behold at the extreme horizon, where the dark clouds met the white sea, three or four black specks, which seemed now to be engulfed, now to rise again from the breast of the furious ocean. Henri, whose father was with the fleet, seeing the women crowd forth, ran from the altar steps through the sacristy, and the church was left empty, save for the old pastor, who, in the fervor of his devotion, had seen and heard nothing, but went on in a tearful voice reading the Epistle of St. Paul to the Christians at Rome.

At this moment the door opened once more, and a child about ten years of age, dressed in black, wet to the skin, her muslin bonnet hanging down her back, her hair unbound, glided timidly into the church,—having removed her *sabots* at the door out of respect to the house of God. Advancing slowly toward the altar of St. Anne, she made a genuflection, and deposited there a little bouquet of crushed marguerites, dripping with rain. Then drawing from her pocket a small candle end, she gravely lighted it and placed it with the others already burning there; after which, reverently joining her hands, she turned noiselessly from the good St. Anne and prepared to assist at Mass.

The *curé*, abandoned by his young server, had himself carried the Missal from the Epistle to the Gospel side of the altar. It was the Gospel according to St. John which relates the cure of the child dying at Capharnaum; and as the old priest read the words of Our Lord, "Unless you see signs and wonders you believe not," he turned to the crucifix and murmured in French: "Another miracle, my God, in the name of Thy Passion and by Thy crown of thorns; in the name of Thy Immaculate Mother!"

The little one heard and softly answered: "Amen!" She had neither father nor mother. Her brother Patrice, a boy of fifteen, gone with the fishermen, was her only relative. And she was pleased this sorrowful morning to hear the *curé*

praying to the good God in French, which she could understand.

When he had finished reading the Gospel, the priest, his eyes closed in the intensity of his feelings, turned about and said:

"Let us pray, my children, for those who are in peril at sea. We will recite the 'Our Father,' that Our Lord may deliver them from shipwreck."

Facing the altar once more he began the *Pater Noster*. Not a single voice replied to his own. The wind and rain beat violently against the windows of the church. The clamor of the waves seemed to re-echo through the shadows of the vaulted aisles. He thought the women were all grouped about the altar of St. Anne in the corner of the church, hidden by the pillars; and he repeated in a louder tone: "Our Father, who art in heaven!" But from the chapel, where the little candles burned themselves out one after the other, no answer came. The priest wondered whether the Angel of Death had not carried away his entire parish. For the third time he cried out, in a voice of anguish that resounded through the deserted church: "Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name—"

Suddenly from the depth of the blackness and silence came the clear, sweet voice of the little orphan, straining to make itself heard above that of the winds and the waves: "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven—" The prayer ended in a sob.

The supplications of the saintly priest and the innocent child ascended far above the voice of the storm, higher than the roaring of the waves, louder than the plaintive sighing of the wind, to the feet of our Father who is in heaven. The ocean receded little by little; and as evening approached, the seven barks, welcomed by the pastor, the women and young children with tears and prayers of thanksgiving, came in, one after the other, to the harbor of Kermaror. The

masts were broken, the sails torn, the nets and fish gone; but no one, either man or boy, was one whit the worse for the perilous voyage. And never was the Festival of Our Lady of the Rosary celebrated with greater joy and greater solemnity than that year in the parish of Kermaror.

The Value of Little Books.*

MY dear friends, membership in a society such as this is a sacramental; it excites in us the desire to spread divine truth and to combat human error; and if we do this with the right intention, it will not go without its reward. For our Divine Lord has said: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." (St. Matt., xviii, 20.) Indeed, the first Catholic Truth Society was founded by Jesus Christ Himself. He gathered around Him a chosen band of followers; He gave them an advanced course in His doctrines; He sanctified them by prayer; and then He sent them forth, saying: "Go ye into the whole world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." (St. Mark, xvi, 15.) That was the first Catholic Truth Society, Our Lord being the first President, the Apostles being the first active members, and, later, the Gospels and Epistles the first C. T. S. writings. Thus we belong to a society whose charter members were Christ and His Apostles; *we* are devoting ourselves to the same purpose—namely, the spread of Catholic truth.

Now, though truth in the abstract is a very lovable thing, in the concrete it is not always loved; and this is especially true of *religious truth*, because religious truth very often proclaims things that are distasteful to human nature. Human nature loves ease and luxury and liberty: religion always preaches mortification and self-restraint and law. Human nature ever craves for novelty and sensationalism:

* An address delivered before the Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco, Cal.

religion often brings forth *old* things as well as new, and says that the old things are better. The things that are true and modest and just and holy and of good fame (Philippians, iv, 8),—these things religion preaches and repeats and emphasizes; but very often we find places or persons or times where these things are unpleasing and unwelcome.

Religious truth, therefore, has many difficulties to contend with. It must fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil; it must compete with the varied and ever-varying attractions that are being offered to their fellowmen by the children of this world. That we *have* the truth, and that he who believeth not will be condemned,—that is not enough. If the people will not seek the truth, truth must seek the people. He who was Himself divine Truth said that He came to *seek* and to save that which was lost. We must go out into the highways and the byways, almost forcing on men what they are under obligation to accept. We must not keep the truth in a warehouse: we must get it on the market; and we must get it on the market with the methods and efficiency of the modern business man. We are merchants dealing in the Word of God, and we must neglect nothing that will add to the success of our mission.

Now, looking over the business world to-day, I need not tell you that there are three things that are necessary for success—that, in fact, insure success; and they are good goods, small parcels, and quick delivery. When we go down town shopping we seldom walk any more, though walking is very good exercise. We simply go to the next corner and take the street car, because it gets us there more quickly. And if an auto-bus comes along, we ignore the car, because we save a minute or two by the former. Later on, if anything quicker is devised, both auto-bus and street car will go to the scrap-heap. Then, when we get to the store, what do we buy? Food tablets or condensed milk

or extract of beef. We bring home as many things in our basket as our grandmothers could not bring in a wagon.

It is the same in literature. The old-time novelist took two or three volumes to tell his story: the modern novel is seldom a large volume, and the great cry nowadays is for the short-story writer. The old-time reader of history waded through five or six volumes about a single man or period or nation: the modern reader runs through a compendium, or an article in an encyclopædia. Nine out of ten of the magazines are made up of short complete stories or sketches or essays: and we have many catering to the get-knowledge-quick tendency by giving the substance of the doings of the literary, business and society world, and allowing about two pages to each. Good goods, small parcels, and quick delivery,—that is the maxim in the world of business and letters.

This shows us what *we* must do in regard to Catholic truth. Speaking to *you*, I need not say that "we have the goods." But that is not enough. The packing and the forwarding are equally important. The children of this world have set the pace: the children of Light must follow. We need mental food tablets; we need the extract of what we find in the large theological tomes. If we are to reach the man in the street or the man in the street car, we must have truth ready in pamphlets or tracts or leaflets. "Small parcels and quick delivery,"—that is the new order telephoned into the warehouse of Catholic truth from the advance agents outside. And that is the function of the Catholic Truth Society, and all other similar societies.

And when we do adopt the modern idea of the small book, what do we find? We find, as we do with many other "modern improvements," that we are simply going back to the ways of antiquity. When you go home this evening, take a look at the family Bible. It lies there very quietly and very much undisturbed on a side table,

It is four inches thick by eight inches wide, and twelve in length. You speak of it and think of it as a single volume, but it is no such thing; for on examining it you find that it is divided into at least *two* volumes—the Old and the New Testament. Examining each of these again, you find that the former contains forty-six distinct books, nearly all by different writers and on different matters; while the latter contains twenty-seven books by about ten distinct writers, and composed to meet different needs.

Hence that large but unwieldy tome known as the family Bible was originally put up in seventy-three small parcels, many about the size of an ordinary C. T. S. pamphlet. Hence also the writers of the Old and New Testaments were several thousands of years ahead of this modern tendency I have been describing. It was only for the sake of marking them off from all other writings that these books were collected into a canon, or list, and bound together as one volume. It was, indeed, a very useful precaution. But it safeguards truth at the expense of lessening its diffusion. If we had the Bible published in seventy-three C. T. S. pamphlets, I think we should know it better than we do.

Of course the pamphlet or booklet, though the shortest way, is not the ideal way of arriving at truth. The ideal way is to master the learned volumes of those who have treated the subject exhaustively. I have not the slightest objection to this latter method. But, in the first place, how many have these learned volumes? Secondly, how many have the time to master them? And, thirdly, of those who have the volumes and the time, how many have the necessary perseverance required? All this is, indeed, necessary for those who write the pamphlets. But it is asking too much of ordinary human beings to require them to pore over the pages of the specialists. Specialists have their own rewards, and one of them is to make the road easier and shorter for

those who want conclusions or knowledge ready prepared. I am considering people who are busy about much serving, and for them the inviting way to knowledge is the little book or pamphlet.

And consider how the small book fits into our modern life. The average modern working day consists of eight hours. Then there is an hour between for luncheon, with an average car trip of twenty minutes to and from our place of business. The lunch seldom takes half an hour; the car ride often lasts longer than the time mentioned. For short intervals like these the C. T. S. pamphlets are the ideal books. They can be read in one or at most two such intervals; they cost only five cents; they can be slipped into the pocket without injury either to pamphlet or pocket; they deal with an infinite variety of subjects. Along whatever serious lines of study your mind runs you will be able to find a little half-hour pamphlet, or many such, which will add much to your information. At the end of one year you will have read three or four hundred, and will have acquired a liberal education on points of Catholic theology, history, biography or liturgy. Truth, for your sake, has accommodated itself to the opportunities of your position. It has been put up in small parcels ready for delivery on the asking.

Indeed, I would say that for you, busy people as you are, the small book is not only the most inviting but the *surest* way to knowledge. I will tell you why. Let me assume that you wish to know something about some of the great movements or doctrines or saints of the Church. You make inquiries and you are told what are the standard authorities. You go to some public or private library; and, with the air of one bent on serious study, you come away the proud possessor of a closely printed volume of 476 pages, the latest edition revised and enlarged. You at last see your way clear to know one subject well; in fact, you look forward to the time when you can speak with

authority on a matter that you have made peculiarly your own. The first day you spend three distinct half hours on the volume; the next day, two; the next, one. Then you lay it aside for a week; and, taking it up again, you find you have just finished the introductory chapter. Unconsciously but surely you come to the conclusion that the volume in question was never meant for people like you. And what you have read has done you very little good, because your reading was so disjointed and interrupted that there was to you no sequence of thought or narrative; it was like hearing occasional snatches of a melody through a door pushed open now and then by the going in or coming out of visitors.

Now, if, instead of trying to become a master in Israel, you had realized the limitations of your position, and looked through a catalogue of the C. T. S. pamphlets, you would, in all probability, have found one or two on the subject that interested you; you could have read them in so many half hours; you would have got a brief but well-rounded treatment of the matter; and all for five or ten cents. Nay, in all probability you would have avoided a sin or at least an imperfection. For that book which you borrowed—when will you return it? You are too proud to return it unread; and, as you will defer reading it indefinitely, you will defer returning it indefinitely. Or, if you do return it, you will accompany it with a polite note saying how much you profited by the reading of it, and how satisfactorily the author has handled the subject.

As I am not making a general confession, I am not going to plead guilty to sins of that kind myself; but I will charitably assume that that is the explanation of the disappearance of some volumes of my own. Indeed, I will say parenthetically that that is the reason why borrowed books are so seldom returned: they are taken in a fit of enthusiasm, or to impress the owner with the

superiority of our tastes; our enthusiasm runs out about the end of the second chapter, and then we are afraid the return of the volume might suggest some difficult questions. The library of the average man will disclose two things: first, several large volumes of his own with the bookmark somewhere about page ninety; and, secondly, several other volumes belonging to friends, which he intends to read and return—sometime.

Having said so much, I need scarcely point the moral of my words. If you are anxious to have or spread the truth, and if either for consumption or distribution you wish it in small parcels, behold, here it is. The Catholic Truth Societies of this country, of Ireland, of England, of Australia, are all in existence to supply the demand, and are doing it well, and on an infinite variety of subjects. Besides, various Catholic magazines—the *Ave Maria*, *America*, the *Irish Messenger*, the *Catholic World*—are on hand with offerings of their own. A multitude of booklets, bringing light and learning on every point of religious knowledge, is there ready almost for the asking. If we are not disposed to advance ourselves in religious knowledge, we can not blame it on the condition of the little-book market; for the choice is large and varied and valuable, the prices within the reach of all. Indeed, in this particular matter the children of this world are closely pursued by the children of light.

WOMEN never reason and therefore they are, comparatively, seldom wrong. They judge instinctively of what falls under their immediate observation or experience, and do not trouble themselves about remote or doubtful consequences. If they make no profound discoveries, they do not involve themselves in gross absurdities. It is only by the help of reason and logical inference, according to Hobbes, that "man becomes excellently wise or excellently foolish."—*Hazlitt*.

At the King's Word.

IN the time of Henry III. of France, the sheriff of Paris was one day preparing to hang a criminal, when the king and some of his courtiers happened along. The condemned man, seeing his sovereign, cried out:

"Pardon, Sire,—pardon!"

The king drew near and inquired of the sheriff the reason for the hanging,—the man's crime, the circumstances, etc. Then, as his Majesty was not averse to jokes even in tragic matters, and was rather partial to the variety of them known as practical, he said:

"Well, don't hang him until he has repeated his *In manus*; that's all I can do for him."

The *In manus*, it may be explained, was the last prayer of the condemned,—the one suggested by the attending priest just before the drop fell.

The criminal had overheard the king's remark; and when the priest, all the preliminaries having been carried out, directed him to recite the invocation, beginning *In manus*, etc., he replied:

"Never! I'll take good care to do nothing of the kind, after what the king has just said. Didn't you hear him? He forbade my being hanged before I said *In manus*. Well, I'm not going to say it, be sure of that. I'm not such a fool."

A messenger ran after the king to recount the turn affairs had taken and get him to countermand his order. His Majesty, however, granted a pardon to the prisoner, who had so readily seen the point of his remark.

"I rather thought," commented Henry, with a smile, "that he would hardly give the word for his own execution."

HARSH reproof is like a violent storm, soon washed down the channel; but friendly admonitions, like a small shower, pierce deep, and bring forth better reformation.—*R. Chamberlain.*

An Important Service.

A GRATIFYING circumstance is the appearance in convenient booklet form of an exceptionally able and useful article, "Capital and Labor—Partners," contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., with two addresses which he delivered during a recent visit to Colorado, and the "Industrial Constitution" (or plan of employees' representation), together with the agreement between the Colorado Fuel and Iron Co. and their employees. We are strongly of opinion that this booklet will do a great deal of good, and sincerely hope it will be widely circulated and attentively read.

We have already referred to the article in the *Atlantic Monthly*; the two addresses included with it are not less important, being a further amplification of the writer's views on a burning question, and an explanation of his plan for its settlement. These views have been carefully considered and are clearly and forcefully expressed; and the plan proposed seems to us eminently wise and practical, as well as admirably humane. Mr. Rockefeller is evidently as generous-hearted as he is clear-headed.

Mr. Rockefeller contends that industrial peace will never be firmly established in this country until Capital and Labor have joined hands,—until employers and employees come to realize that their interest is a common one, that prosperity for both depends upon friendly relations and mutual confidence. The reading of the booklet under consideration is well calculated, we think, to establish such relations and to promote such confidence. Says Mr. Rockefeller:

The time has come when the business men of this State and country must think in terms of the laboring man, and the laboring man must think in terms of the business man; when each must strive to imagine himself in the other's place; when the teaching that every man is his brother's keeper should no longer be a dead letter but a living reality; when

co-operation and not conflict should be the watchword.

I believe that a prime consideration in the carrying on of industry should be the well-being of the men and women engaged in it; and that the soundest industrial policy is that which has constantly in mind the welfare of the employees as well as the making of profits, and which, when the necessity arises, subordinates profits to welfare.

Capital can defer its returns temporarily in the expectation of future profits, but Labor can not. If, therefore, fair wages and reasonable living conditions can not otherwise be provided, dividends must be deferred or the industry abandoned. I believe that a corporation should be deemed to consist of its stockholders, directors, officers and employees; that the real interests of all are one, and that neither Labor nor Capital can permanently prosper unless the just rights of both are conserved.

Only when every man connected with that square corporation which is on the level, is interested, unselfishly, not in what he can get out of the corporation, but what he can put into it for the benefit of every man in the concern, will that man himself get the most out of it. And I think there is no one thing that threatens greater harm to the interests of the workmen of this country than that pernicious, that wicked, that false doctrine, that a man should do just as little work in a day as he possibly can, and just as poor work as he possibly can, and hold on to his job.

Much as he deplores strikes as being prejudicial no less to the interests of workmen than of capitalists, Mr. Rockefeller is by no means opposed to the organization of Labor. On this subject he quotes himself as saying in a statement read before the Industrial Relations Commission in New York:

I believe it to be just as proper and advantageous for Labor to associate itself into organized groups for the advancement of its legitimate interests, as for Capital to combine for the same object. Such associations of Labor manifest themselves in promoting collective bargaining, in an effort to secure better working and living conditions, in providing machinery whereby grievances may easily and without prejudice to the individual be taken up with the management. Sometimes they provide benefit features, sometimes they seek to increase wages; but whatever their specific purpose, so long as it is to promote the well-being of the employees, having always due regard for the just interests of the employer and the public, leaving every

worker free to associate himself with such groups or to work independently, as he may choose, I favor them most heartily. Combinations of Capital are sometimes conducted in an unworthy manner, contrary to law and in disregard of the interests both of Labor and the public. Such combinations can not be too strongly condemned nor too vigorously dealt with. Although combinations of this kind are the exception, such publicity is generally given to their unsocial acts that all combinations of Capital, however rightly managed or broadly beneficent, are thereby brought under suspicion.

Likewise, it sometimes happens that combinations of Labor are conducted without just regard for the rights of the employer or the public, and methods and practices adopted which, because unworthy or unlawful, are deserving of public censure. Such organizations of Labor bring discredit and suspicion upon other organizations which are legitimate and useful, just as is the case with improper combinations of Capital, and they should be similarly dealt with. I should be the last, however, to allow the occasional failure in the working principle of the organization of Labor to prejudice me against the principle itself; for in that principle I strongly believe. In the further development of the organization of Labor and of large business, the public interest, as well as the interest of Labor and Capital alike, will, it seems to me, be best advanced by whatever stimulates every man to do the best work of which he is capable; by a fuller recognition of the common interest of employers and employed; and by an earnest effort to dispel distrust and hatred and to promote good-will.

If the views set forth by Mr. Rockefeller were generally adopted, and his plan for the adjustment of difficulties arising between employers and employees everywhere followed, it is safe to say there would soon be an end to the industrial disorders so frequently occurring in this country. Injustice on the part of both capitalists and laborers is what he aims to prevent; friendship and mutual confidence between them is what he desires to promote. The booklet which he has published with this double object is a highly important service to both parties, admirably performed. It deserves, as we have said, to be widely and attentively read; and we hope to hear of its translation into the languages of all our immigrants.

Notes and Remarks.

The advice given a few Sundays ago by Bishop Hoban, of Scranton, Pa., to his cathedral congregation may well be called to the attention of lay Catholics everywhere. The specific occasion for the advice was the fact that a woman, whose total estate amounted to some twelve thousand dollars, bequeathed to the Bishop for charitable purposes a portion thereof which will probably reach the sum of six hundred dollars. The story went the rounds that the Bishop had the disposal of the woman's fortune, said to be upwards of a hundred thousand dollars. In correcting this report, the Bishop thus counselled his hearers: "My advice to you, when you are making your wills, is to make specific bequests. Don't leave money for me to use; but name the charity you aim to help: or, as Mr. Maloney and Mrs. Keller did, be your own executors. While you are living, give what you are going to give to charity, and you will avoid conditions like those to which I am referring."

Our readers may remember that, on the occasion of litigation over money left by will for Masses, we have several times given the same advice, and it can not be too frequently insisted on. Charitable gifts, debts, and particularly money due as restitution, should be expended during the lifetime of the donors or debtors, not left to the often non-tender mercy of the law or the heirs.

The longer the duration of the European war—and, despite the wish-born thoughts of optimists, there appear at present no indications of its speedy conclusion,—the more deplorable will become the condition not only of the peoples directly engaged in the conflict, but of our foreign missions, heretofore maintained in a preponderating measure by some of the belligerent nations. The resources, in men and money, provided in the past by France, Belgium, and

in a lesser degree by the Catholics of other European countries, will inevitably be reduced to a mere fraction of the former amount; and this, too, at a time when non-Catholic missionary bodies are making extraordinary efforts to increase their evangelizing propaganda.

Far-seeing American Catholics can hardly fail to recognize in this state of affairs an opportunity for the Church in America. One of the outstanding needs of the times in this country, so far as Catholic interests are concerned, is a notable increase of contributions to the foreign missions,—and contributions not merely of money, but of men. The developing and fostering of vocations for "the field afar," for work among the pagan hordes of India, China, Japan, Africa, Oceanica, etc., should unquestionably enlist the sympathy and the effective activity of all churchmen, lay or clerical, who desire to see the Church prosper in these foreign lands, and in our own as well. There is probably no surer means of seeing verified the prophecy that bread cast upon the waters will return after many days than to give generously, in material resources and in vigorous young priests, to those lands that sit in the darkness and shadow of separation from Christ. It is a subject that well deserves the enlightened consideration of leading churchmen and laity throughout our country.

One can not help wishing that the critics amongst us—those in particular who never approve or patronize any Catholic enterprise until it has won the praise of outsiders, and whose harping on what we lack is suspended only while attending to Protestant appreciation of what we have—would read, mark, and inwardly digest the following outspoken words of an essay by a distinguished coreligionist in England:

We modern Catholics are critical Catholics, and in more senses than one. Gaping with an often stupid admiration at the men and the women and the ways of Babylon, we are ever

on our guard lest we should squander precious praises on our own. And if we are critical Catholics inasmuch as we are critical of one another, in another way is not our Catholicism critical, too? Will the flower of Faith survive these cold blasts that are forever blowing? The preacher with whose manner we are so eager to find fault,—shall we not, in some moment of confusion, be irritable with his doctrine, too? We, who are so careful to dissociate ourselves from our fellow-Catholics in club-land and at court, and who are quick to declare at the polls and round the council-board we have no common bond in our common creed,—shall we not in time discover that the sanctuary itself is a distasteful meeting-ground, and that the one link binding us to our brother-believers is less attaching than the ten chains which tie us to worldlings? I put these questions to myself no less than to my fellows in the faith, whom I love, and whose very foibles I am fain to share. But, as a chief offender, I say that it is an inclined plane on which we, who do not feel the full responsibility of a glorious spiritual kinship, have taken our stand; and at the foot of it is the City of Confusion.

Henri Lacordaire was wont to affirm that he who wishes to be a good Christian must first be a good man. I accept and I apply the paradox when I say that until we have learned to love Catholics we shall never love the Catholic religion; and that he who to-day refuses to accord his respect to persons and to emblems may to-morrow be tempted to withdraw it from the principles these propound and represent,—principles which I pray that I who write and they who read may hold forever dear.

Let us all bear in mind that it is much easier to criticise than to perform, to destroy than to construct, to impede than to promote. As the writer just quoted remarks: "A hodman can pull down the monument which needed for its erection a genius among architects."

Religion being the one thing in life that is really worth while, and the catechism being the text-book from which Catholic children (and a good many adults) receive their instruction on that essential branch of knowledge, it is not surprising that the best method of teaching the catechism should habitually receive the attention of all Catholic educators. We notice that Canon O'Reilly, diocesan inspector of the Catholic schools of Liver-

pool, has some ideas of his own on this subject, and that he is not at all timid in advancing them. While agreeing with most others that the great essential of catechetical teaching is the appeal to the intelligence of the child and the cultivation of that intelligence, he is a pronounced antagonist of verbalism, formalism, and all mere parrot-like training. And the Canon is not particularly anxious that the catechism class should be associated with ideas of sadness and gloom and long faces and general oppressiveness. In his opinion, the telling of interesting tales and diverting sallies of wit and humor producing merriment and laughter, would not, in case the right spirit is observed, be at all inconsistent with the feeling which ought to prevail in a school during the time devoted to catechism. There is no reason why the gaining of religious knowledge should be made a penitential exercise for the young. On the contrary, the pleasanter the lessons, the keener the interest felt in the knowledge imparted, and the more enduring the impressions on the mind.

A striking instance of the manner in which inherited prejudice, strengthened by anti-Catholic or non-Catholic reading, is dissolved in the presence of concrete Catholic actualities, is afforded in "The Lady Next Door." The author of the book, Mr. Harold Begbie, an English Protestant with the exaggerated detestation of the Church that is typical of many such persons, went to Ireland; and this is what he saw:

In Ireland I came face to face with this problem. In the South, where Catholic influence is supreme, the people are almost enchanting in their sweetness of disposition, entirely admirable in the beauty and contentment of their domestic life, wonderful beyond all other nations in the wholesomeness and the sanctity of their chastity. . . . Instead of a lazy, thriftless, discontented, and squalid people—as I had imagined them to be,—the Irish of the South won my sympathy and compelled my admiration by qualities the very opposite. It seemed to me that these

hard-working, simple-living, family-loving, and most warm-hearted people had done what we in England have largely failed to do—to wit, solved the problem of life. The charm which every traveller feels in the South of Ireland is the character of the Irish people; and my investigations forced me to the judgment that this character is the culture of Irish Catholicism. My problem lay, therefore, in squaring the admiration I felt for these gracious people with my detestation of the Church which has guarded the Irish character from the dawn of its history. I was compelled to admit that I had greatly misjudged the Catholic Church. My conscience would not let me fence with this conviction. . . . I met many Catholics all over Ireland, and in only one or two cases did I feel any sense of uneasiness or discontent in their company. Over and over again I was humbled and abashed by finding how immeasurably mean was my experience of the spiritual life in comparison with the lives of these humble and ignorant Catholics, who love God with the clinging trustfulness of little children.

It is a pity that many other English Protestants, and not a few American ones as well, have not had Mr. Begbie's experience of Catholicism as it is lived in the land that has never lost its right to the appellation "Holy Ireland."

As one has to be a Catholic in order to understand some things about Catholicity, so only a Protestant can understand some things about Protestantism,—one thing in particular about Anglicanism. We should like to see an explanation of how it happens that one party in the Church of England is always strenuously maintaining the Continuity theory and another doing all in its power, in season and out of season, to defend the Protestant character of the Establishment. As everyone knows, the Sacrifice of the Mass was abolished in England at the time of the Reformation, and Mass vestments were utterly discarded. Of late years, in spite of the Pope's decision that Anglican orders are invalid, the clergy of the High Church party have been trying to restore the Mass, in the imitation of which they not only use vestments, but burn incense and ring a bell at the "consecration." The clergy and laity of the Low Church

party, on the other hand, denounce all such "Romanizing," and have just renewed, in an address to the House of Convocation, their protest against "the illegal Mass vestments." Should it be unheeded, they threaten to appeal "to the Protestant feeling of the Church."

Pleading for federal censorship of films at a recent meeting of the Assembly Codes committee at Albany, N. Y., the Rev. Fr. Dunney, superintendent of schools in the diocese of Albany, declared that exception could be taken to at least 50 per cent of the pictures now shown. A Catholic lady of our acquaintance, who has made a study of the subject, bears the same testimony. And we have seen a statement by a member of one of the leading film companies that "the production of vicious pictures is constantly increasing." Fr. Dunney is quoted as saying, in part:

The movies are a menace. The fact is that the vast majority of them are concerned with flamboyant scenery, scenes of domestic perfidy, infidelity to marriage ties, sensual detail, incidents of "puppy love," flagrant vulgarities, and, last of all, cheap "rough-house" features.

It will not do to call up an odd respectable movie to justify the trash flung on the canvas. The old dime novel and "nickel shocker" were war-cries and Sunday-school weeklies alongside the stuff that is now projected to appeal to the imaginations and the consciences of the unwary. The uncensored movie is the great enemy to home work in schools and the idea of the curfew bell.

Movie censorship is strongly advocated also by Mr. H. C. Barber, of the Society for the Prevention of Crime of New York; and the Rev. W. F. Crafts, of the International Reform Bureau, Washington, D. C., to whom Cardinal Gibbons lately sent an encouraging letter.

We are informed that when the *Indianapolis Star* began its department headed "The Centennial Story Hour," Mr. Booth Tarkington, the novelist, wrote to the editor suggesting an account of the early days at St. Mary-of-the-Woods, saying

that the department would be incomplete without it. One of the Sisters of Providence has since supplied the story to which the following letter from Mr. Tarkington is appended. It has more than a literary interest, expressing as it does this non-Catholic author's idea of the training and culture given to young girls by our convent schools:

I think that my mother's days at "Old St. Mary's" were among the happiest of her life. Certainly she always spoke of them with happiness, and the recollection of them was bright and vivid sixty years afterward.

Two of the sisterhood she must have held dearest of all (for their names, so often upon my mother's lips, remain in my own memory to this day) were Sister Cecilia and Sister Bazilide. They were women of exquisite manner as well as distinguished education; and they must have possessed unusual charm as well, to be so adored throughout the life of their pupil.

Something rare and fine was brought from France to St. Mary's, and none of those who were students there remained unaffected by it. For lack of a better word, I must call it distinctive. The visible effect was a manner of simplicity and gentle dignity. The students were well taught; they were really educated; and they were also given what we once spoke of as "accomplishments"; for they "learned the harp, the piano and guitar," and acquired a fine accent in the French language. But what best distinguished the girls of St. Mary's was that lovely manner they were taught there. And they were taught it so well that it was not a superficial veneer. Indeed, it was rather absorbed than learned, and was something that came from within outward. And, although my mother spoke rarely of this, more often dwelling upon her affection for the Sisters and the beauty of the place itself, the manner of St. Mary's is what remains most deeply impressed upon me. It always springs to mind whenever I delve for the true meaning of the word "lady."

Just as there is an admixture of truth in every error, so there is generally a substratum of common-sense in most of the fads and fancies that periodically capture the popular heart and conquer a place in the newspaper's headlines. A case in point is the present widespread demand for a "Baby Week." At first blush, the middle-aged citizen may be inclined to characterize the movement

as ridiculous; but this paragraph from *America* shows how even this latest popular craze may be utilized in effecting genuine good:

Baby Week within the Catholic parish would mean a proper consideration on the part of the women's societies for the physical welfare of poor mothers and their babes; but it would likewise mean a thorough canvass of the parish to learn what can be accomplished for the spiritual welfare of both. Derelict parents would be brought back to a sense of their duties; neglected children would receive the blessing of holy baptism withheld from them too long, and which perhaps they would never receive except for the zeal of a kindly and tactful visitor; homes would be newly sanctified, and the greatest spiritual as well as temporal favors would follow upon such a blessed campaign. It would be a good contribution to the nation—a real Catholic Baby Week campaign.

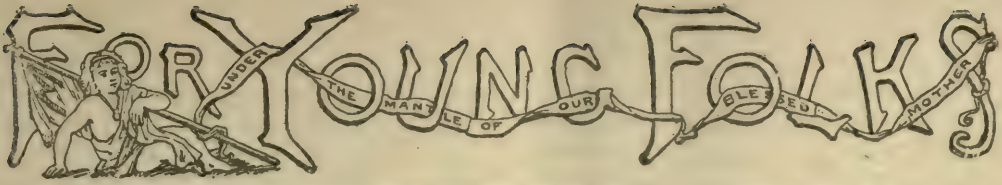
Incidentally, the exploitation of the baby is, fortunately, unlikely to develop megalomania in that delightful class of humanity,—something to be thankful for in our day when to get one's picture "in the paper" seems to be the *summum bonum* of youthful America.

Among the first utterances of the new Archbishop of Chicago we notice the following:

The alleged persecution of the Church does not come from the Christian people of any of the churches. Those who criticise and condemn the Catholic Church are the enemies of all authority, no matter where found. Because the Catholic is the strongest church organization, they feel its destruction would mean most to them. In spirit the enemies of the Church are the enemies of all churches and of every form of authority.

Not an uncommon saying, but a timely and significant one.

An epigrammatic turn was given to a commonplace of Catholic apologetic writers the other day when the Rev. Dr. Coakley, of the diocese of Pittsburgh, discussing the question of modern science in its relation to Sacred Scripture, declared that the Bible teaches us not how the heavens go, but how to go to heaven. Terse and sufficiently adequate also.



The Greatest Conquerors.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

WE'VE heard of Alexander,
Of Cæsar brave and bold,
Of many a famed commander
Victorious of old;
We've read of warlike legions
Far, far away from home,
Bearing through unknown regions
The flag of haughty Rome;
And in more recent ages
We've read of Washington,
And great on history's pages
The name Napoleon.
But still I hold those greater
Than any conqueror,
In times remote or later,
That set the earth astir,
Who, striving in brave fashion,
Unnoticed victories win
O'er self and lawless passion
And each besetting sin.

Killykinick.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

X.—ON THE "SARY ANN."

"IT'S the sign," said Brother Bart gratefully, as he caught sight of the fluttering pennant. "He was to wave the flag to us so we would know the boat. Keep together now, boys," continued their anxious guardian, who was a little bewildered by a rush and struggle to which he was not accustomed. "Ah, God help them that have to push their way in a world like this! Hold to my hand, laddie, or ye'll be tramped down. Straight behind me now, the rest of ye, so ye won't be lost."

And, marshalling his boyish force, Brother Bart pressed on through the

hurrying throngs that surged over gangway (for it was the height of the holiday season) until he reached the shabby little boat whose occupant was a very old man with a face brown and wrinkled as tanned leather. A long scar across his cheek had twisted his mouth into a crooked smile. He spat a large quid of tobacco into the water, and greeted his passengers with an old sea dog's growl:

"Been waitin' more than an hour for ye, but that consarned boat ain't never on time! Hit some pretty rough weather, I reckon, out at sea?"

"We did," answered Brother Bart, with feeling. "It's the mercy of God we're alive to tell the tale. In with ye, boys, and sit steady. Take the middle of the boat, laddie, and hold to Dan. Give me a hand to help me in; for I'm weak and shaking yet. The Lord's will be done, but I never thought to be sailing the seas in a cockleshell like this," added the good man, as the boat rocked under his sturdy weight when he sank heavily into his place.

"I say so, too. Let's hire something better," replied Dud Fielding, eagerly.

"Thar ain't nothing better or safer than this here 'Sary Ann' along the shore," said the boat's master, grimly. "I sot every timber in her myself. She ain't got a crack or a creak in her. I keeled her and calked her, and I'll lay her agin any of them painted and gilded play-toys to weather the toughest gale on this here coast. You're as safe in the 'Sary Ann,' Padre, as if you were in church saying your prayers."

"I'm no Padre," disclaimed Brother Bart, hastily. "I'm only an humble lay-brother, my good man, that has come to take care of these boys."

"Brother or Father, it's all the same to me," was the gruff answer. "I'm a hard-

shell Baptist myself, but I've only good feelings to your kind. My old captain was one of you, and never a better man walked the deck. Now, duck, my lads, while I swing out the sail and we'll be off."

The passengers ducked their heads hurriedly while the 'Sary Ann's' boom swung around. Her tawny sail caught the wind, and she was off with a light, swift grace that her looks belied.

"Golly, she can clip it!" exclaimed Jim Norris, who had a home on the Chesapeake and knew all about a boat. "What sort of a rig is she, anyhow?"

"Mixed like good terbacker," briefly answered the owner, as he leaned back comfortably at the helm and bit off another chew. "Sloop, skiff, outrigger, lugger,—she's got the good points of all and none of their kicks. Not that she ain't got a spirit of her own. Every boat worth anything hez. Thar's days when she takes the wind and thar's no holdin' her. You jest have to let her spread her wings to it and go. But, Lord, let that same wind begin to growl and mutter, let them waves begin to cap and swell, and the 'Sary Ann' is ready for them, you bet. She will drop all her fun and frolic, and scud along brave and bare agin the wildest gale that ever lashed a coast. And them young bloods over yon laugh at her," continued the "Sary Ann's" owner, glowering at the gay buildings of the fashionable "boat club" they were just now passing. "They call her the 'Corsair,' which is no Christian name to give an honest boat."

"You're right," said Brother Bart; "and, though you haven't the true faith, you seem to be a Christian yourself. What is your name, my good man?"

"Jeroboam Jimson," was the answer. "Leastways that was what I was christened, my mother going in heavy for Scripture names. I had a twin brother Nebuchanezzar. Sort of mouth-filling for general use, so we was naturally shortened down to Neb and Jeb. Most folks call me Jeb yet."

"It comes easier," said Brother Bart; "though I'd never think of giving it to a man of your years. It seems a pity, with the Litany of the Saints convenient, to have to go back so far for a name. But that is no fault of yours, as God knows. Have you been living long in this place we are going to?"

"More than five and forty years," was the answer,—“since the 'Lady Jane' struck the rocks off Killykinick, November 27, 1865. I was second mate to old Captain Kane; and I stood by him until last May, when he took the cruise that every man has to make by himself. And I'm standing by his ship 'cording to orders yet. 'Blood is thicker than water, mate,' he says to me; 'I've got to leave all that I have to little Polly Raynor's boy, but you're to stick to the ship as long as you live. I've hed that put down in the log with my name to it, and priest and lawyer and doctor as witness. You're Captain Jeroboam Jimson of the "Lady Jane," in my place, and thar ain't no land sharks nor water sharks can bother ye.' I lay that's the chap he called Polly's boy," said Captain Jeb, turning his eyes on Freddy, who, seated at Brother Bart's side, had been listening, with flattering interest, to the old sailor's conversation.

"Yes," he spoke up eagerly, "my mother was Polly. Did you know her?"

"I did," said Captain Jeb, nodding. "She came down here once as a bit of a girl, dancing over the sands like a water kelpie. The old Captain didn't care much for women folks, but he was sot on her sure. Then she come down agin as a bride, purty and shy and sweet; but the old man warn't so pleased then,—growled he didn't know what girls wanted to get married for, nohow. So you're her boy!" The old man's eyes softened as they rested on Freddy. "You've got a sort of look of her, though you ain't as pretty,—not nigh."

Meantime the "Sary Ann," her tawny sail swelling in the wind, had left the gay

beach and bathers and boat club of Beach Cliff, and was making out into the wide blue open, taking the swell of the waves like a sea bird on the wing.

"Easy now, lass!" cautioned Captain Jeb, as they neared a white line of breakers, and he stood up firm and strong at the helm. "Steady, all of you youngers; for we're crossing the bar. Many a good ship has left her bones on this same reef. Easy, 'Sary Ann'! It's no place for fooling round here."

And, as if to emphasize his words, the black shadow of a wrecked ship rose gaunt and grim before them.

"Struck the reef two months ago," explained the Captain, with eye and hand still steady on his helm. "Can't get her off. Captain fool enough to try Beach Cliff Harbor without a native pilot! Why, thar ain't no books nor charts can tell you nothing 'bout navigating round these here islands: you have to larn it yourself. It's the deceivingest stretch along the whole Atlantic coast. Thar's times when this here bar, that is biling deep with water now, is bare enough for one of you chaps to walk across without wetting your knees. Easy now, 'Sary Ann'! Ketch hold of that rope, younker, and steady the sail a bit. So thar, we're over the shoals. Now clip it, my lass" (and the old man swung the sail free),—"clip it fast as you like for Killykinick."

And, almost, as if she could hear, the "Sary Ann" leaped forward with the bulging sail, and was off at the word; while Captain Jeb, the harbor reef safely passed, leaned back in his boat and pointed out to his young passengers (for even the elegant Dud was roused into eager curiosity) the various things of interest on their way: the light ship, the lighthouses, the fishing fleet stretching dim and hazy on the far horizon, the great ocean liner only a faint shadow trailing a cloud of smoke in the blue distance.

"Them big fellows give us the go by now, though time was when they used to come from far and near: all kinds—

Spanish, Portugee, East Indian. Them was the whaling days, when Beach Cliff was one of the greatest places on the coast. She stands out so far she hed the first bite at things. All the sailing ships made for snug harbor here. But, betwixt the steamboats and the railroads gobbling up everything, and the earth itself taking to spouting oil, things are pretty dead and gone—here now."

"But lots of fine folks come in the summer time," said Dud.

"And there's a church!" exclaimed Brother Bart, who had caught a passing glimpse of a cross-crowned spire. "Thank God we'll not be beyond the light and truth entirely! You're to take us to Mass every Sunday, my good man; and we are to give you a dollar for the trouble of it, to say nothing of the blessing upon your own soul. Were you ever at Mass?"

"Never," answered Captain Jeb.

"Ah, God help you, poor man!" said Brother Bart. "Sure we never know our own blessings till we talk with them that's left in the darkness. But it's not too late for the grace of Heaven to reach you yet. Never been to Mass! Well, well, well!" Brother Bart shook his head, and, as if unable to cope with such hopeless religious dearth, relapsed into silence.

"Is it much further to Killykinick?" asked Dan, who, with shining eyes had been taking in all this novel experience. "Looks like we're heading out to nowhere."

The "Sary Ann," with the wind full in her sail, seemed bearing off into sunlit distance, where sky and sea met. There was a faint, shadowy line to the left; and just beyond, a dim pencil point pierced the cloudless blue.

"That's a lighthouse, isn't it?" asked Jim, who had a sailor's eye.

"Yes," growled Captain Jeb, his leathery face darkening. "Why they wanted to set up that consarned thing just across from Killykinick, I don't know. Hedn't we been showing a light thar for nigh onto fifty years? But some of these

know-alls come along and said it wasn't the right kind; it oughter blink. And they made the old captain pull down the light that he had been burning steady and true, and the Government sot up that thar newfangled thing a flashing by clockwork on Numskull Nob. It did make the old man hot, sure. 'Shet the window, mate,' he said to me when he was dying and wanted air badly. 'I can't go off in peace with that devilish thing on Numskull Nob a winking at me.' Duck agin, all hands! 'Sary Ann' swings around here. 'Thar's Killykinick to starboard!'

And all hands "ducked" as rope and canvas rattled under Captain Jeb's guiding hand; and the "Sary Ann" swept from her dancing course to the boundless blue towards the shadowy line and dim pencil point now growing into graceful lighthouse and rocky shore. Numskull Nob, jutting up from a hidden reef, over which a line of white-capped breakers was booming thunderously, seemed to justify the presence of the modern light that warned off closer approach to the island; for the stretch of water that lay between was a treacherous shoal where many a good ship had stranded in years gone by, when Killykinick was only a jagged ledge of rock where the sea birds nested and man had no place. But things had changed now. A rude but sturdy breakwater made a miniature harbor in which several small boats floated at their moorings; a white-washed wharf jutted out into the waves; the stretch of rocky shore beyond had been roughly terraced into easy approach.

"Easy now, boys,—easy!" warned Brother Bart anxiously, as the "Sary Ann" grated against her home pier, and Captain Jeroboam proceeded to make fast. "Don't be leaping off till you know the way."

But Brother Bart might have called to the dashing waves. This Killykinick was very different from the desert they had expected; and, with shouts of delight from Jim, Dud and Dan, even little

Freddy sprang ashore. Shrubs and trees of strange growth nodded and waved amid the rocks; here and there in sheltered crannies were beds of blooming flowers; and in the lee of a towering rock that kept off the fury of storm and wind stood the very queerest house the young explorers had ever seen.

(To be continued.)

Bird Homes in Winter.

BY MARY KELLEY DUNNE.

THE deserted bird homes present one of the most interesting problems of the winter. There they hang, going to destruction just as an untenanted human home does. Somehow the walls become wet, the paper and plaster loosen. The frost draws the nails and loosens the boards; the wind bangs the shutters, and blows the gutters apart at the joints, and in some mysterious way the windows get broken. Living in a home never seems to wear it out as much as not living in it.

The same thing seems to be true of bird abodes. All summer long they are the busiest little hives, just full of coming and going. Two or three times a minute a pair of bird feet rest on the threshold, and baby birds twist and turn. There seems to be a lot of wear and tear on the little homes, and yet they hang secure on their supports until along in February or March. They grow more and more ragged until they are a mere wreck, a ragged bunch of hair and string, and finally break loose and fall to the ground.

I often wonder what influences birds in their choice of a home site. Nobody is quite sure about these things, you know; so if you really want to learn something new at first-hand, just watch the birds in the spring. They seem a bit erratic in their house-hunting; but what makes them choose one tree or shrub and leave another that looks just as good to you, no human being has ever been able to find out. For years a robin built

her nest on a ledge under the roof of our porch,—that is, I assume it was the same family of robins. Then came a spring when she began a bit late, or the season was milder than common, and the family took to sitting out on the porch and watching her. She came and inspected various places on the porch, but finally gave it up, although nobody interfered. That year she took up a section of the oak tree already inhabited by numerous yellow birds, Maryland yellow-throats, and chipping sparrows. That was five years ago, and ever since there have been at least two robins' nests in the oak each season. Perhaps it was the presence of the family, or of the family cat, that caused the change in that particular instance.

But what influences the choice between two trees standing within a few feet of each other? My walk in the park the other day brought me to the stone well-house. Within fifty feet of it are two elms almost identical in size, and standing in a line between the well and the park-keeper's office. They stand beside a path over which hundreds of people pass daily in summer. The trees look like twins, so nearly alike are they, both rising straight up forty or fifty feet, and spreading out great, drooping leafy branches. Either tree would seem like an ideal place in which to build a home and raise a family of bird babies. And yet when I looked up at the leafless limbs, I saw that one tree was literally a teeming tenement, while the other elm had not a single nest. There must have been at least fifty nests swinging in the wind or resting against the branches, and I am quite certain that in one of the knot-holes a pair of blue-birds raised a brood. Several families of orioles lived there last year, I know. Their swinging nests are easy to distinguish; and those rather large and a little rough on the outside are pretty sure to belong to the robins. What the others were I am not certain. But why in the world should all those bird folks have decided on that particular tree and passed

by the next one, which surely was just as good?

At first, when I saw that problem, I thought perhaps the red squirrel had something to do with it. You know the red squirrel is a confirmed robber of bird-nests. It's just nothing at all for that saucy acrobat to run up forty feet of tree trunk, out to the shaking tip of a slim bough, and then, with a flying leap, land securely on the merest twig of the next tree. So that won't account for it.

It would be very pleasant to think that it was the desire for neighbors that influenced them. But that's not likely either. It is only the human folks who have the real neighborly feeling of kindness and helpfulness to everybody they live near. Even all of us don't feel that way, to be sure. But we ought to have that attitude; and it's because many of us do feel bound to co-operate and work together for the good of all that we have communities, neighborhoods, villages, cities. But in that sense there isn't any spirit of kindness and neighborliness among birds. To be sure it isn't usual for one robin to steal another robin's nesting material or to drive another robin away from the site it has chosen for its home, but there is no law of neighborliness which keeps the sparrow from driving out the robin or the blue-bird if it can.

I confess I have quite given it up. What does influence the birds in their choice of a nesting place? What is your theory about it? Why do robins build mostly in oaks and apple trees? Why should the orioles prefer the elms? Why should the fieldlark plant herself out in the open centre of a meadow, down at the roots of the timothy and clover, where you would expect her babies to be at the mercy of any of the enemies that walk? And the tiny brown wren prefers a damp spot in the earth on a bank held up by the roots of a tree, with a bit of moss for her front door. Then there are the chickadee, the woodpecker, the nuthatch

and the bluebird, who scoop out decayed spots in trees, and after lining them with hair and down have the most comfortable of all bird-homes.

These choices of nesting places are characteristics of whole bird clans. They had some good reason away back at the beginning of things. In each case, perhaps, the site chosen was near a good feeding place, or it offered protection against some particularly insistent enemy. Conditions have been changed by big brother man, but the birds go right on doing things just as they learned to do them at the beginning. Only the animal that walks on two legs and talks, makes experiments, tries new ways. But of course their fixed ways of doing things does not explain their avoidance of one tree and crowding in another.

A winter walk would lose half its charm without those deserted bird homes. At first sight bird-nests seem to be mere bunches of grass and sticks and string and hair; but once your attention has been drawn to them they tell you a many-chaptered serial story. Birds of different species vary widely in the efficiency of their workmanship, but all birds of a kind build their nests alike. Some birds build astonishingly complete homes, while others just pile up a lot of odds and ends and start housekeeping.

The cuckoos, the crows, the pigeons are always poor nest-builders. The orioles, the thrushes, the humming-birds are always very careful and skilful workmen. The most amazing of all bird-nests, however, you are never likely to see, unless, to be sure, you happen to be one of the lucky travelled folks. This oddest of bird homes is built by a South African songster, the tontobane. It is built of cotton on the tree producing the material. The female builds the nest proper, while the male busies himself on the outside of the nest, where he builds a little sentinel box for himself. He sits in the box and keeps watch or sings. When danger in the form of a hawk or a snake appears, he warns

the family but never goes inside the nest.

In nest-building the female is nearly always the active partner. She picks out the site, gathers the material and moulds it into shape with her breast. All nests are round, you know. It is only man that makes straight lines and angles. While the female is busy with her masonry or weaving, her mate flies around and sings encouragingly. Sometimes he accompanies her on her trips in search of building material,—whether for protection or just for company nobody can be quite sure. But when the home is all done and the real business of the season begins, then the male does his full share of the work. While the eggs are incubating under the heat of the little mother's body her mate stays about the nest, singing to her, and sometimes bringing her choice morsels of food.

And, then, when the hungry babies break out of their shells, how hard both parents work! No wonder the spick-and-span feathers of early spring grow ragged and rusty by the Fourth of July. It takes some hustling to provide worms enough to keep four hungry baby robins filled. And when this early spring brood is able to fly and to feed itself, a second nest has to be prepared hastily, and a second family provided for. There is very little leisure for preening feathers and composing songs after the nesting season begins. No wonder the birds need to go South every winter to recuperate.

You Should Know.

Every American Catholic schoolboy and schoolgirl at least should know that the Mississippi River was named in honor of the Blessed Virgin by Father Marquette, who discovered the Upper Mississippi, and was the first to sail down that mighty stream. The Connecticut River was first called the River of our Good Mother; and the Hudson, on account of being discovered on the feast of St. Anthony, was named Rio San Antonio.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—An important essay by G. K. Chesterton, entitled "Democracy vs. Divorce," is announced for early republication in New York.

—An unpublished letter of Robert Louis Stevenson referring to "Virginibus Puerisque" was sold last week in New York for \$250. This is \$150 more than the book itself brought, according to the author's own statement.

—"Hilaire Belloc: the Man and the Writer," by C. C. Shanks, with an Introduction by G. K. C., is sure of a wide welcome on both sides of the Atlantic. It is to be published soon by Mr. John Marshall, New York.

—In a forty-one page pamphlet Fr. Anthony Lucchetti, S. J., tells the edifying life-story of "Blessed Maria Victoria de Fornari Stratar, foundress of the Blue Nuns of the Annunciata in Genoa." Certain eccentricities of English, for which the author begs indulgence, will not detract from the interest or the usefulness of this brochure. It is published in Italy.

—The American Jewish Committee of New York have issued "The Jews in the Eastern War Zone," a twelvemo monograph of some hundred and twenty pages, relating to the present conditions of Jewish life in Russia, Austria-Hungary, Roumania, and Palestine. As a war document, its value can be determined only when the war has ceased.

—Missa Choralis, for three voices, with organ accompaniment, by the Rev. L. Refice, director of music in St. Mary Major, Rome, has all the requisite characteristics of a good choral Mass. The plan of a trained choir singing one part in three voices, and the other part to be sung in unison by the congregation, is splendidly carried out. Possibly two trained choirs would perform this singing more satisfactorily until the congregation could master the air and take up its part creditably. J. Fischer & Bro.

—If there are any persons nowadays who are particularly interested in what the publishers style "a subtle study of a girl's development," and "a striking picture of the social and literary life of the late Victorian period," they may possibly find something worth while in "Rose Cottingham," by Netta Syrett (G. P. Putnam's Sons); but for ourselves the book contains nothing either of amusement, charm, or literary distinction to compensate for the time spent in its perusal. We may be hopelessly reactionary,

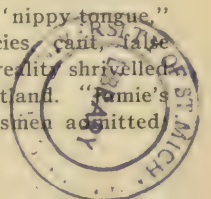
but the few chapters which Thackeray devotes to the development of Becky Sharp's girlhood are to our mind better worth while, and much less innoxious, than all the four hundred pages of this novel, described in its sub-title as "The Making of a Modern Woman."

—From a severe criticism of "The Armagh Hymnal," by Dr. R. R. Terry, choir-master of Westminster Cathedral, appearing in the *London Tablet*, we learn that the latest Anglican hymnals are largely filled with Catholic tunes. "'St. Patrick's Breastplate' (to an ancient Irish tune, and with Mrs. Alexander's translation) is now quite popular in Anglican churches."

—A practical method of assisting at Mass, prepared for school-children, is issued by F. Pustet & Co., with due approbation. Prayers recited by a leader and responses made by the remaining children constitute the essence of this method, five different sets of such prayers and responses being offered. "It is the Mass that matters"; and if our children can be got to appreciate its great efficacy—and the measure in which they can do this is not to be minimized,—their future faith may be regarded as reasonably safe. Price, 10 cts.; \$5 per hundred.

—An excellent book of Marian devotional reading is "'The Mother of My Lord,'" by the Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C. SS. R. (B. Herder.) This latest fruit of the author's untiring zeal is an explanation of that best of all prayers, after the "Our Father"—namely, the "Hail Mary." Half of the book is given over to Fr. Girardey's treatment of this theme, the other half being made up of well-chosen selections from Bossuet's Sermons on the Blessed Virgin, Bronchain's Meditations, etc. The volume, nearly two hundred pages in length, is well printed and bound, and sells for the price of seventy-five cents.

—That nature works on the principle of compensation is a firm conviction in Scotland, where men of the most unprepossessing bodies are often gifted with the brightest minds. The Scotch do not judge by appearances, and one of the commonest of their proverbs is a warning against such unwisdom. Men like Jamie Soutar, of Drumtochty fame—he of the "nippy tongue," before whose keen gaze fallacies, cant, false sentiment, and every form of unreality shrivelled up,—are never ridiculed in Scotland. "Jamie's no muckle to look at," his townsmen admitted.



"but ye'll no get the marra [equal] of him in sax parishes," they quickly added. "There's been an oversicht about Jamie's legs, but there's naethin' wrang wi' his tongue," was the general judgment. The creator of this quaint character thus describes his personal appearance, "which suggested a fine carelessness on the part of nature. His head was too large for his body, and rested on his chest. One shoulder had a twist forward, which invested Jamie with an air of aggression. His legs were constructed on the principle that one knee said to the other, If you let me pass this time, I'll let you pass the next time." ("The Days of Auld Lang Syne," by Ian McLaren.)

—A recent catalogue of books of the Tudor and Stuart period down to 1640, offered for sale in London, includes a rare little work by Antonio Stafford, "printed at London by H. Lownes for Matthew Lownes," and dated 1611. Milton is said to have been acquainted with it. The title-page is as follows:

Staffords Niobe: or, his Age of Teares. The first Part. A Treatise no lesse profitable and comfortable, than the times damnable. Wherein Death's visard is pulled off, and her face discouered not to be so fearefull as the Vulgar makes it: and withall it is shewed, that death is onely bad to the bad, good to the good. The second Edition; newlie corrected and amended.—Staffords Niobe, dissolv'd into a Nilus: or, his Age drown'd in her owne teares: serueng as a Second Part to the former Treatise. Wherein the Vanitie and villanie of the Age, and the miserie of Man, are so painted to the life, as that it will make a man long to leave this painted life, to come to that true and eternall one.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

- "Christianity and Infallibility." Rev. Daniel Lyons. \$1, net.
- "Probation." Maria Longworth Storer. \$1.
- "History of Dogma." Tixeront. Vol. III. \$2.
- "Europa's Fairy Tales." Joseph Jacobs. \$1.25.
- "Mysteries of the Mass in Reasoned Prayers." Rev. W. Roche, S. J. 50 cts.
- "What Germany Could Do for Ireland." James K. McGuire. \$1.
- "Newman's 'Gentleman.'" Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C. 35 cts.
- "Spiritual Director and Physician." From the French of the Rev. Fr. V. Raymond, O. P. Translated by Dom Aloysius Smith, C. R. L. \$1.75.
- "The 'Summa Theologica' of St. Thomas Aquinas." Part II. (First Part.) Literally Translated by the Fathers of the English Dominican Province. Third Number (QQ. XC—CXIV).
- "The Life of Father de Smet, S. J. (1801-1873)." E. Laveille, S. J. Authorized Translation by Marian Lindsay. \$2.75.

"The Student's Handbook to the Study of the New Testament." Translated from the Thirteenth French Edition of Augustus Brassac, S. S., by Joseph L. Weidenhan, S. T. L. \$3.25.

"Addresses at Patriotic and Civic Occasions." 2 vols. \$3.

"The Sacraments." Pohle-Preuss. \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. John Shanahan, bishop of the diocese of Harrisburg; Rev. James Bubenheim and Rev. Michael Kean, diocese of Buffalo; Rev. William O'Hara, diocese of Brooklyn; and Rev. Boniface Bragantini, O. F. M.

Sister Herman Joseph, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister M. Thecla, Order of the Visitation; Sister M. Julia, Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister M. Clementine, Sisters of the Good Shepherd; Sisters M. Agatha, M. Antonia, and M. Serenus, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. Alphonsus Mudd, Mr. Thomas Jones, Mrs. Cecilia Ehinger, Mr. John J. Browne, Mrs. Bridget Smiley, Mrs. Sophia Casey, Mr. Daniel Wallace, Mr. Henry Kebbe, Mr. M. F. Fry, Mr. David Riordan, Mr. James F. Kane, Mrs. Elizabeth Benzing, Mrs. Catherine Corbeille, Mr. Maurice O'Sullivan, Mr. Thomas Kirby, Mrs. Mary Nowakowski, Mrs. M. J. Leahy, Mrs. Margaret Biggins, Mr. D. Ryan, Mrs. Catherine Hassan, Mrs. Mary Burns, Mrs. J. F. Haurahan, Mr. George Blish, Mr. Carl Link, Mrs. Margaret Becker, Mr. James McGrory, Mr. John Brennan, Mrs. Gertrude Wolsiffer, Col. J. J. Tobin, Master Gerald Coughlin, Mrs. Catherine Harwood, Mr. Anthony Albers, Mrs. Elizabeth Kane, Mr. George Steininger, Mrs. Mary O'Donnell, Mr. H. C. Deckert, Miss Elizabeth Farrell, Mr. E. C. Drach, Mrs. Catherine Hickey, Mr. J. H. Hartman, and Mr. Thomas Rush.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the starving children of the Chinese missions: A. M. C., in honor of the Sacred Heart, \$1. For the Belgian war sufferers: Mrs. J. M., in honor of the Sacred Heart, \$5. To supply good reading to prisons, hospitals, etc.: Sympathizer, \$5. For the Chinese missions: Rev. G. T. J., \$6. For a mission in India under the auspices of the Immaculate Conception: T. B. R., \$5.25.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. III. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 11, 1916.

NO. 11

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The Hunger of the World.

BY GEORGE BENSON HEWETSON.

THE world was hungry, love itself was cold,
 And night was on the nations; frosts of doubt
 Had chilled the lives of men, within, without,
 And all their tale of learning had been told.
 No satisfaction found they in fine gold,
 Nor in rich raiment, nor in gauds that shout
 Aloud the vanities of men, and flout
 Enfeebled virtues from their last faint hold.
 Came an Archangel down the laddered light
 To Orient shepherds in their watchful night,
 And told of swaddling-clothes and manger-bed.
 "Fear not!" said he. "God sees men's utter need;
 From henceforth on Himself His own shall feed:
 He is in Bethlehem, *His House of Bread.*" *

Our Lady of Light.

BY DARLEY DALE.



HERE appear to be very few churches under this dedication, and yet hardly any of our Blessed Lady's many titles have a more Scriptural and liturgical origin. In the Apocalypse we read that the Beloved Disciple, St. John the Evangelist, saw in vision in the isle of Patmos, "a Woman clothed with the sun, and with the moon under her feet, and with a crown of twelve stars upon her head"; and this Woman has always been interpreted by the Church as the Blessed Virgin, who may therefore well be called Our Lady of Light. In the Office for the

Immaculate Conception, and its Octave these words of the Apocalypse occur again and again as antiphons, showing that the Church thus sanctions their application to Mary.

The holy bishop, St. Germanus, said in a beautiful sermon on Our Lady, which is read as one of the lessons during this same Octave that "she is more glorious than the Seraphim and more honorable than the Cherubim," and that she "shone with the lightning of the illuminating Spirit." In the hymn "O Gloriosa Virginum," sung on most feasts of Our Lady, she is invoked as "shining court of heaven." In another antiphon in the same Office for the feast of the Immaculate Conception she is invoked as "an unfailing light that He made to arise in heaven." In yet another for the same feast she is called "the whiteness of Eternal Light and a mirror without spot." And yet once again in an antiphon occurring during this Octave she is spoken of as "more beautiful than the sun and purer than light."

In a part of the homily for the Annunciation, read as a lesson on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, Mary is said "to darken or overshadow the lightnings of the Archangels" by her light. Another antiphon for this same feast reads: "Stupendous is the miracle—a Woman clothed with the sun, bearing light in her arms." The holy bishop, St. Tharasius, in a sermon read as a lesson in one of the nocturns for the Octave of the Immaculate Conception, hails her "as more splendid than the sun, more shining than the moon,

* The word "Bethlehem" means "House of Bread."

manifold radiance of the stars, immaculate splendor of mothers." In another homily, part of which is read during this Octave, we find these words: "No one shineth as thou in celestial light." St. Epiphanius, in an oration, or panegyric, on Mary read as a lesson during this same feast, speaks of her as "a shining cloud that has brought down from heaven the most brilliant lightning, Christ, to illuminate the world."

In the beautiful hymn which forms the principal part of the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception, Mary is invoked in one verse as "full of grace and bright with light divine." In another verse she is said "to be adorned with the rays of the sun, and in her conception to shine like the rising morn, and to be as beautiful as the moon which illuminates wanderers." In yet another verse she is invoked as "shining Star of the Sea."

Moreover, was not she the Mother of the Light of the world, and the Spouse of the Holy Ghost? And do we not implore Him, in the sequence for Whitsunday, to send His rays of light on us from heaven, and invoke Him as "Most blessed Light"? Very meet and right, then, is it to call the Blessed Virgin Our Lady of Light, and to associate with this beautiful title that of Spouse of the Holy Ghost.

Again, was not Mary the Mother of Him, whom on the feast of the Purification Blessed Simeon took in his arms and called "the Light to lighten the Gentiles and to be the glory of the people Israel"? In the modern Office for the Apparition of Our Lady of Lourdes, one of the antiphons refers to her as "the splendid morning of salvation from whom the Sun of Justice came forth." These words, however, are by no means modern.

In the sublime Office for the feast of the Assumption, in which the Church like a lover seems unable to find words adequate to sound the praises of the Beloved, she is spoken of as "glowing exceedingly like the dawn, as beautiful

as the moon, as incomparable as the sun." Other antiphons for the same feast ask: "Who is this going forth like the sun and beautiful as Jerusalem?" "Who is this ascending like the rising morn?" In fact, scarcely any of our Blessed Lady's many titles has more liturgical justification than this of Our Lady of Light, so that one wonders that there are so few churches under this dedication. In England there are only two. One is on the east coast at Clacton on the North Sea, the other, at Sclerder in Cornwall, on the south coast, at the extreme west of England. At Clacton-on-Sea there is a Lady-chapel with a pretty statue of Our Lady of Light in the beautiful little church built there in 1903. By the side of the altar is a statue of Blessed Louis Grignon de Montfort, who, as his clients will remember, had a great devotion to Our Lady of Light.

At the little village of Clacton after every service a hymn to Our Lady of Light is sung to a special tune. This favored seaside town has another patroness, besides Our Lady of Light, in St. Osyth, who was a Saxon princess, (probably if local tradition is right, but by no means certainly) the sister of King Edmund the martyr, and herself also a martyr. She was murdered by the Danes in one of their incursions into England. She was the foundress of one of the earliest monasteries in the country, situated four miles from the town of Clacton. The convent was pillaged and burned, but an Augustinian priory was founded afterwards on the same site, in 1108, and dedicated to St. Osyth and Saints Peter and Paul. The ruins of this priory are still standing, and form part of a very picturesque mansion, which at the present time has been given up, like so many other noble houses in England, to wounded and convalescent soldiers.

The Catholic church at Sclerder, which is also dedicated to Our Lady of Light, was erected in 1843, and is near the pretty little Bay and village of Polperro, whose

white cottages are built at the foot of the rocks which surround this bay. These cottages all have a door in the kitchen leading to caves, formerly used by smugglers as receptacles for their ill-gotten goods. Whether Our Lady of Light has put an end to these dark doings, history does not say. There is also at Sclerder a convent, which is now inhabited by a French community—the Sisters of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary.

In Portugal there is a church dedicated to Our Lady of Light, which dates from the Middle Ages, and to which a fair legend is attached. It seems that a mysterious light, for which no one could account, was for a long time observed by the inhabitants on the spot where the church now stands. Finally, one day our Blessed Lady appeared to a prisoner (who must have been a man of means) and told him that she would obtain his release from prison if he, in his turn, would promise to build her a church on the spot where the mysterious light appeared so often. The prisoner gave the required promise, and on his release fulfilled it, with the result that a church was built and dedicated to Our Lady of Light (or Lights), which church has been a great place of pilgrimage ever since.

There do not appear to be many churches with this dedication in France. There are certainly none in Paris, nor in the ecclesiastical province of Paris; nor are there any in the diocese of Blois, nor in that of Chartres, famous as that city is for its miraculous black statue in the cathedral of Our Lady, and for its pilgrimages to her shrine. Neither are there any of this dedication in the dioceses of Orleans, Meaux, or Versailles. In Spain and Mexico, however, there are many churches and shrines of Our Lady of Light, and this title is a dear and familiar one to great numbers of her clients.

There is in Brittany a celebrated church dedicated to Our Lady of Light, which is also a great place of pilgrimage. Hither flock, on certain feasts of Our Lady, crowds

of pilgrims, mostly very poor, and often lame, sick, deaf, dumb, and especially blind, who come to implore the gift of healing or of sight, and report says their petitions are frequently granted. Many, too, are the spiritual graces received by worshippers at the altars of Our Lady of Light, and those who have not the opportunity of visiting these scattered shrines, may invoke her, with great confidence that their prayers will be heard, under her beautiful title Our Lady of Light.

James Harrington, M. D.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XI.



IT is a truism that in all human affairs there is an element of uncertainty: the most glowing hopes and cherished dreams are oftenest doomed to disappointment. Thus the drive in the near future which the Doctor so fondly anticipated, and which had been as a luminous point towards which were directed his thoughts and his hopes during the intervals of his busy days and occasionally busier nights, was not destined to take place. Mabel Wharton was invited to visit a friend in another city, and, with something of wilfulness and the remnants of that old struggle in her mind, accepted the invitation and left Montreal. That in itself was a grievous disappointment to him. It seemed to argue, on the girl's part, indifference to himself and to his hopes and aspirations.

About this time, too, Dr. Harrington began to realize that several of his patients were falling off. Some of these were people who had been long upon his "free list," and who, with an ingratitude that made him smile and sigh, had suddenly turned away from him. They were chiefly of the lower and less stable class of the Griffintown population, and their defection might easily be traced to such influences as he had reason to suspect were

at work. But there was another kind of patients, the loss of whom occasioned him much more surprise as well as material disadvantage. These were fairly well-to-do, and consequently paid promptly. They were decent mechanics or shopkeepers, who, it might have been safely argued, would have scoffed at the pretensions of the Professor, and have been totally uninfluenced by Gianetta. And yet the Doctor was credibly informed that they had betaken themselves and their custom to a young French-Canadian physician, who had studied in Paris and had lately established himself at no great distance from St. Patrick's Church.

Now, as the Doctor reflected, these things might have been mere coincidence; and, in the case of the second class of patients, due to a love of novelty. For to some people a new doctor is as irresistible as a new book or a new piece at the theatre. On one occasion, when the young man had touched half jestingly upon the subject to Denis Hogan, he had noticed a curious constraint, and a something that was reproving, almost hostile, in the other's manner. It was very plain that calumnious talk had reached his ears, though he would never suffer himself to be influenced sufficiently against the Doctor to dispense with his services when needed. And Denis Hogan was the type of still another class. They were invariably loyal to the physician, whom they had so long regarded as in some sort their leader; but they were rendered uneasy by those dark whispers and insinuations, which they affected to despise. It was, in fact, as if the blue sky of his popularity and his prosperity had been suddenly overcast. Clouds had begun to gather,—clouds which at first were as tiny specks, but which gradually grew into black and threatening masses.

It was, however, only when the clouds crept up into his own particular horizon, when the coldness began to show itself in his own special circle, that its full extent and import dawned upon him.

The warning of the blind piper recurred to him, together with the ill-spelt and ill-worded letter to the same purport which he had received and had thrown into the fire. It began now to seem probable that the threats of Gianetta had some meaning, and that her fellow-conspirator was no other than Professor Jackson.

He noticed a marked change in the attitude of the people at the Club, at the Bank Directors' meeting, where his old adversary, the purple-nosed chairman, was more starched and sour than ever; at the convocation of physicians, where his opinion had always been listened to with respect and a surprising attention, considering his comparative youth. He remembered as a painful contrast that, on the very last occasion when they had all met together, he had announced to the president (one of the most eminent medical men in the city) that he was resolved to give his views, not only to the assembled doctors, but for publication as well, on various points of Christian ethics and Catholic theology in relation to medicine. He smiled even now on recalling the old man's look of alarm, and his terrified warning: "My dear fellow, you will set the whole town by the ears!" But, since the elder man had been powerless to prevent him, he had given his views in nobly ringing words, that had electrified his audience, and had also been greeted, on the part of many non-Catholics as well as the few Catholics present, with prolonged applause. Half of that applause had, it is true, been directed to the bravery of the Doctor, his fearless conscientiousness, and his strong manhood. But this year whatever he said had been coldly received, and with many an ill-concealed sneer or a gravely disapproving glance. So mighty for evil is the power of a slanderous tongue against the fairest reputation.

Dr. Harrington had been accustomed to associate with men of varied conditions, not only on an equal footing but with a

kind of superiority. They had tacitly acknowledged his intellectual pre-eminence no less than his high ideals and his integrity. Now there was this subtle but perceptible change, like the blowing of an icy wind on a fair garden. There was a cold constraint in the manner of some, an uneasiness in that of others, an almost contemptuous familiarity and joviality in that of a few; but scarcely any of the old cordial comradeship, or eager claiming of acquaintance. Colonel Tifton and the young subaltern—in fact, most of the military men—remained unchanged, as being wholly impervious to merely local gossip. It even seemed to the Doctor that some of them, notably Colonel Tifton, on the occasions when they met, gave a more hearty greeting, as though he wished to insist upon that cordiality and make it apparent to all about them.

Then it came home to the Doctor with something of a shock that the "cold shoulder" which Lucy Forrester had seemed to be giving him, and which he had set down to the mere inconstancy of the moment, was of settled and deliberate purpose. She had given three or four consecutive dinner parties, from which he had been very pointedly excluded, though his most intimate friends had been invited. Then the report—somewhat hazy and vague—of a certain conversation had come to his ears. His informant had been Colonel Tifton; and it was evident that the conversation had taken place in Mrs. Forrester's house, perhaps at the very table where the little widow used to boast that there was always a place for him. The Colonel had quoted Mabel Wharton as declaring: "I will never believe anything against Dr. Harrington!" And the Colonel had supplemented that quotation by saying that the girl was a friend worth having, and that she had grown very hot in his defence, and would "stick to a man through thick and thin." Now, though the Doctor considered it highly probable that Mrs. Forrester had been present, there was no

evidence that she had taken up the sword in his defence. In fact, it was possible to conjecture that she herself might have been his assailant.

One day, soon after that, he met her sleigh in the street. The coachman was driving very slowly, in a stream of other sleighs; for it was the hour of the afternoon promenade, when all the fashionable world was making its daily tour of Sherbrooke and Beaver Hall Hill, St. James' and Notre Dame Streets. In former times, Lucy Forrester would have signalled her coachman to stop. Indeed, her inveterate habit of doing so had sometimes been a source of annoyance to the Doctor, especially if he chanced to be in a hurry. She had invariably drawn up to the curb for a chat. On this occasion the Doctor looked towards her, his hand at his cap ready to salute, and resolved, if she made any movement, to ignore whatever might have passed and to stop as usual for a friendly word. It was barely possible, as he reflected afterwards, that the occupant of the sleigh had not seen him; though the chances in that direction were very slight, for she was always on the lookout for her intimates. Yet the Doctor felt convinced that the little woman's sudden change of position in the sleigh was to avoid the necessity for recognition.

He stood still for an instant, in a manner that was half dazed. Had the skies fallen, that this woman whom he had known from her girlhood, and who had professed undying friendship for him, and had made that friendship as conspicuous as possible, should act thus and without the slightest conceivable reason? It is true that the recollection of his drive with Miss Wharton flashed upon him. But even if she had heard of it—which there was reason to doubt,—he could scarcely fancy Mrs. Forrester as being so petty. Besides, it would not account for her general line of conduct; for he now realized that she had been persistently uncivil for weeks. He smiled ruefully,

and went upon his way with his usual calm demeanor.

Presently he descried in the distance Mabel Wharton, whom he had not seen since her return to the city. Even his well-trained heart leaped and bounded. But, apart from the fact that he had taken her going away as expressive of her desire to enter in no closer relations with him, he had determined, from the moment when things had seemed to be going at least temporarily wrong with him, to take no step forward in her regard, but to allow matters to drift back to their former footing. It was in the most crowded part of the thoroughfare that they met; and Miss Wharton, contrary to her usual custom, advanced eagerly, and with outstretched hand, to meet him.

"How do you do!" she said. "I haven't seen you since I got home."

"I suppose you had an enjoyable visit?" the Doctor remarked, in a tone that he felt, with vexation, was colder than he meant to make it.

"Very pleasant, of course," replied the girl, feeling chilled by the tone, which she was prompt to notice; for she had not seen him since the day when he left her at the foot of the steps. "Oh, yes, it was very pleasant! But there is something in the air of dear old Montreal that appeals most to me. I love the very smell of the burning maple in the stoves."

"It has the faculty of holding both heart and imagination," the Doctor observed rather listlessly.

"And isn't this a glorious day of sunshine!" the girl said. "It seems as if it would never fade nor grow dim."

"It is always the unexpected that happens," responded the Doctor. "And when you have lived as long as I have, Miss Wharton, you will know that sunshine, whether physical or immaterial, never lasts."

The girl looked at him earnestly.

"You are working too hard," she said.

But the Doctor made a hasty disclaimer.

"I have been no busier than usual,"

he said,—“rather less so, though there is always a good deal of sickness at this time of the year.”

Mabel Wharton looked as if she were on the point of saying something else. In fact, in her generous desire to convince him of her loyalty in the ordeal of the last few weeks, she was about to ask him when they were going to have another drive. But she checked herself. How could she know but that his present coldness arose from a consciousness on his part of having gone too far at their last meeting? It was possible that during her absence other counsels had prevailed, and that he had given up all thoughts of pursuing any further what had seemed like an incipient romance. The proud, sensitive heart of the girl took fire at once. She bade her companion good-bye,—cordially indeed, but with a finality which gave him no excuse for prolonging the interview. He was aware that, just as they were shaking hands, Mrs. Forrester's sleigh passed again, and almost within hail. But now it was the Doctor who did not look in her direction.

As he passed on his rounds—for he had quite a number of professional visits to make that day—he met a detachment of the Rifles stepping along to the inspiring strains of “Garryowen,” which was presently changed to “Rob Roy MacGregor.” The dark, heavily-braided uniforms of the men seemed to emphasize their splendid, soldierly bearing.

For Dr. Harrington they possessed a peculiar attraction. The physical qualities which discipline had given them were such as appealed to him; and, moreover, his father had been a soldier, and the martial instinct was strong within him. He had, however, long since learned that there is other warfare more glorious than that of a soldier. Never, indeed, had that conviction been stronger in him than at the present moment. To conquer adverse circumstances, and to continue with unswerving rectitude in the arduous path of duty,—that was a glory to which any

man might attain. As he walked proudly and erectly, he whistled softly to himself, though he would not have liked to be caught in that act by any of his acquaintances. But the military music was inspiring; while the meeting with Miss Wharton, despite all his prudent resolutions in her regard, had been as exhilarating as a cup of new wine.

That day the Doctor gave more than his usual conscientious attention to each of his patients, and bore with the garrulity of one and the querulousness of another with surprising good temper. He did not once permit himself to launch a dart of sarcasm, though he was sorely tempted to do so; and he was, if possible, more cheerful, more uplifting and more encouraging than ever. Through it all he suffered from that soreness of heart which is inevitable from the discovery that a friend, upon whose loyalty and good faith one has been accustomed to rely for years, has suddenly been found wanting; and that discovery was keenly painful, even though the friend in this case was only a foolish little woman like Lucy Forrester.

True, there was a warm glow at his heart when he thought of the contrasting conduct of Mabel Wharton. And yet that was painful, too; for he feared that she was showing her friendliness and speaking in his defence simply from some latent spirit of fairness, some innate nobility of character, and not from the sentiment which he had so lately hoped to inspire. She was considerably kind, now that his star was declining, as she would not have permitted herself to be when that planet was in the ascendant. But that argued nothing more than that the girl was generous. He had renounced all thought of pressing his suit until the clouds had cleared, if they ever did clear. It would not be fair to her, he argued; and his pride and self-respect would not permit him to place her in the position of being sought by a man whose sun was temporarily obscured. If a certain super-

sensitiveness, which had recently developed, induced him to exaggerate the temper of public opinion, he was resolved to abide by the consequences in that as well as in other important particulars. He smiled grimly to himself as he admitted that Mrs. Grundy had, after all, gained a very decided victory.

It was on one of those days that Dr. Harrington was called to an unexpected patient, and in a most unexpected place of abode. The summons was brought by a butcher's boy, and he asked the Doctor to stop at a certain number in St. Antoine Street, which he realized with astonishment was no other than the haunted house. In reply to his question, he was told that the patient was the old woman who had so long acted as housekeeper to Professor Jackson. He lost no time in answering that call, though he was well aware that the old creature had been left there forlorn and deserted, and that there would be no question whatever of remuneration for his services,—although he had reason to believe the Professor was in the city.

Rumors, indeed, had reached him from time to time that Jackson had in some mysterious way come into the possession of wealth. No doubt the accumulated savings from the "cure all" compound, judiciously invested, might readily have explained the mystery. But it would be like Jackson, he thought, to ascribe it to a legacy from a wealthy relative or patient, or even as a gift from the gods. There were some who had told the Doctor that the man had taken a handsome house a little out of town, and had limited his so-called, medical practice to a few wealthy patients who were sworn to secrecy. Whatever truth there might be in these stories, the Professor, for reasons of his own, had not seen fit to dislodge his housekeeper. Perhaps his lease of the house was a long one, and had not yet run out; or perhaps he was afraid of her tongue if she were once cast adrift amongst strangers. In any case, the fact remained that she had kept possession of the

mansion with the ghosts and the rats, and there Dr. Harrington was summoned to attend her.

He had been instructed by the messenger to pass in by the back door, which would be left open for his entrance. But he noted, as he went, the neglected appearance of the front door through which he had passed on that memorable night. Cobwebs and dust were now in the ascendancy, and the Doctor recalled vividly his other visit to that abode, and the warning which the self-styled Professor had hurled after him: "I have forces on my side with which you can not cope. . . . Those forces are ignorance, credulity, fear. . . . An unequal fight, as you shall see."

"And, in truth, the fellow was right," muttered the Doctor, as he entered the dark hall and knocked loudly to announce his arrival. He heard a faint voice from somewhere, accompanied by a groan. Guided by these sounds, and remembering that he had seen the face and figure of the housekeeper in the act of disappearing down a stairway, he descended into what seemed a species of cellar kitchen. He found his new patient in an atmosphere of darkness, dreariness and dinginess indescribable, and in a litter of various articles which gave her scarcely room to move. The face, which he but dimly remembered, was more wan and wizened than ever, and surrounded by wisps of gray hair as it peered from out the bedclothes.

Martha Craney had been taken ill with acute indigestion which he was able successfully to treat. But the patient had believed herself to be dying, and in her terror had sent for a physician who, she knew from former experience, was good and charitable and trustworthy. She had never doubted that he would come; and, having dragged herself upstairs and bribed the butcher's boy to act as messenger, she had waited full of hope. The Doctor, seeing her forlorn state, was curious to know how she subsisted; but he did not

feel at liberty to put any questions which might seem to bear upon Mr. Jackson's affairs.

The woman, however, loosened her tongue to a great extent during that interview. It would have been quite easy to induce her to tell all that she knew or surmised of her master's affairs: Especially was she inclined to talk during the relief from intense pain following upon the Doctor's remedies. He himself had gone out to procure them from the nearest druggist's; he had also lighted the fire which had gone out, and had given the woman a hot draught, and even put a bottle filled with hot water to her icy-cold feet. All that had been done with great gentleness and tenderness; for at sight of this neglected old creature, the thought of his own mother had come upon him forcibly, and he had shown even unwonted kindness and charity. Then he sat down patiently, to await the effect of those applications and the medicine he had administered; and in the glow of that new comfort and in the fervor of her gratitude for kindness and attention to which she had long been a stranger, Martha Craney reminded her listener of her identity with the woman whom he had once befriended. She also confessed the shameful act by which she had been brought into the police court and into the power of Mr. Jackson. Her hatred of that individual was so pronounced that it was with difficulty the Doctor could divert her mind from it.

She managed, however, to relate that it was she who had sent him that ill-written letter of warning; and she gave a vivid picture of herself contriving by means of one of those outside emissaries to procure pen and ink, both of which Jackson had been careful to keep out of her reach. From the same source—the good offices of the grocer's boy—she had also obtained a sheet of paper and a postage stamp, and had gone out herself to post what she considered an all-important missive. With dramatic gesture and an

energy which the Doctor had to bid her control, she described herself sitting there in the dim light, and by the blaze from the open door of the stove writing with infinite difficulty that epistle which was to put upon his guard one whom she considered as her only benefactor.

She had not known precisely then, nor could she do more than surmise now, what was the nature of the harm which the Professor intended; but, she did know with an intimate conviction that it was injury of some kind that was meditated against the Doctor, and she had done the only thing that occurred to her as a possible preventive against that danger: she had written her warning, which now, in the light of these new facts, seemed so pathetic and even so deeply moving to the Doctor. Here was a gratitude which, he had lately begun to perceive, was amongst the rarest of human qualities. He shook the withered hand warmly, to the astonishment of Martha, who could never have supposed that this grand, fine gentleman and cleverest of doctors would touch the hand of one who, as he now knew, had once been a criminal. He promised to come again that night, and also on the morrow; declaring that if she was no better he would cause her removal to the hospital, or put one of the Sisters in charge of her case. And as he went out he murmured to himself:

"There at least is one faithful heart!
And I find it amongst the Samaritans."

(To be continued.)

The Lily.

BY LUCILE HARRISON QUARRY.

QUIET place, unknown, unsought;
A passing angel, wrapped in thought;
He sighed, and, lo! his breath was made
Into a lily in the shade.

Then must I keep as pure as snow

My soul,—yea, even unto death;

'Twas not an angel made it so,—

Ah, no; my soul is God's own breath!

Our Goodly Heritage.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

VI.—THE INCARNATION.

IT is necessary to everlasting salvation that a man also believe rightly the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ. For the right faith is that we believe and confess that our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is God and Man: God, of the substance of His Father, begotten before time; and man, of the substance of His Mother, born in time; perfect God and perfect Man, of a rational soul and human flesh subsisting, . . . who, although He is God and Man, yet is not two, but one Christ,—one, not 'by the conversion of the divinity into flesh, but by the taking of the humanity into God; one altogether,—not by the mingling of the substance, but by the unity of the Person; for as the rational soul and flesh are one man, so God and Man are one Christ."*

The Incarnation—that is, the taking of a human nature to His divine personality by the Son and Word of God, so that from the first moment of that Incarnation He, God's only-begotten Son, is forever truly God and truly Man at the same time—is a profound mystery of faith, unfathomable, like the mystery of the Adorable Trinity itself, by human reason; known by revelation only. The Incarnation is the central fact of Christianity; it is the greatest of God's dealings with man; it is the greatest event in the history of the world, the dearest and yet the most overwhelming and astonishing object of our Christian study and contemplation. Let us consider briefly what the infallible voice of God's Church teaches us about this central dogma of our faith.

At the beginning that dogma was enunciated in a few words, whose trumpet tones have rung through the centuries, and shall ring to the end of time. "The

* The Athanasian Creed.

Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us!" cried St. John, the inspired seer of the New Dispensation of the Incarnation. "In the beginning," he had said, "was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." But that same Word, who is God everlasting, "became flesh,"—that is, took to Himself a human nature with all that naturally pertains to our human nature, not excluding such infirmities as are part and parcel of our human condition and do not involve sin. Unto sin in any shape or form He could not be subject.

Thus the historical personage Jesus Christ, the Church teaches us, is not a merely human being: He is a Divine Person, the eternal and only-begotten Son of God, the Second Person of the Adorable and Ever-Blessed Trinity, proceeding in all eternity from the Father as His Divine Word. But this same Person, the Word of God, besides His eternal divine nature, has a human nature which He took to Himself at the moment of His Incarnation. He possesses this human nature as really as He possesses His divine nature, and as really as every man possesses a human nature; hence the Divine Word, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, is truly Man. "Yet He is not two, but one Christ"; not two persons—one divine and one human,—living in some indescribable way side by side under a human form; but one Divine Person, possessing the two natures of God and Man.*

This unity, by which Jesus Christ, God made Man, is one being, does not come from any intermingling of the divine and human natures so as to form a third kind of nature resulting from the two, and differing in essence from each. The oneness of Christ as a being comes from the fact that one single person possesses both natures; for it is the personality that reduces the varying elements possessed by an individual to

unity in one single being. It is because my soul and body, so different in character in the category of being—one spiritual, the other material; one mortal, the other immortal and indestructible; the one tied down to sense-impressions, the other able to transcend the senses and range over the illimitable fields of abstract thought,—are the possession of myself, the person, that soul and body make up one man.

Body and soul alike belong to the *ego*—to the one who calls himself "I." And every act of soul and body also belongs to, and in the case of conscious acts is controlled by, the *ego*. Now, the *ego*, the person, the "I," in Christ is the Son of God, the Divine Word, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity. For these reasons the union of the two natures in the one Person of Christ is defined by the Church as the "Hypostatic* Union," which means union of the two natures in the Person of the Divine Word. Christ is one individual Being, because in both natures one same divine personality, the Person of the only-begotten Son of God, is and rules and acts. The lower nature has no personality of its own; the human personality which it would require to exist by itself as a separate and complete human being if it were not (as it is) assumed by the Word, is supplied for, and its function of giving completeness of being is exercised, by the infinitely higher personality of the Word of God.

By the conditions of this unique union, of a kind not to be found in any other than Christ, the two natures remain entirely perfect and unaltered as regards their own natural functions and operations. Thus Christ exercises, and exercises perfectly, two kinds of operations—the divine and the human. He has two wills—His divine will and His human will; He has and exercises two loves—His human love and His divine love. These two wills and loves are, of course, in perfect harmony with each other, the human will and love

* Wilhelm and Scannell: "Manual of Catholic Theology," vol. ii, p. 61.

* Hypostasis is the Greek word for "person."

ever subject to and in conformity with the divine will and love.

So also Christ has two kinds of knowledge—divine knowledge and human knowledge. In His human knowledge is included the knowledge that comes from the Beatific Vision of God, with which His human soul has always been made blessed. By reason of the hypostatic union, all the acts of Jesus in His human nature, and all that He underwent and suffered—His being born, His emotions, His thinking and speaking, His pains and bitter death, as well as His Resurrection and Ascension, His glorious triumph in heaven in our flesh, with His perpetual intercession there on our behalf—are not only truly human actions, but the actions of a Divine Person,—that is, the actions of God. Hence comes the infinite value, for our salvation and for atonement to God, of the life, passion, and death of God's Son; for they are the life, passion, and death of God.

Such is an outline of the grand and infinitely consoling truths taught by the Catholic dogma of the Incarnation. Meditated upon, they are the very life of the Christian soul. Through their necessarily technical expression, made necessary by the manifold attacks of heresy, and the insidious distortions of the truth by the advocates of error, against which the Church must needs put forth in set terms what is the truth and what is pernicious falsehood that would ruin the true faith in the Incarnation,—through these definitions of the Church shine forth the dear form and lovely character of the Fairest of the children of men, who spoke as never man spoke before or since; of whom the people said, "He hath done all things well"; who is God Almighty, from sheer love and pity descending to His poor creatures, to lift them up to the very throne on which, His sufferings over, His victory won, He sits in everlasting glory in our human form, our Brother, our Advocate, our King.

(To be continued.)

Buying a Statue.

BY MARY H. KENNEDY.

"ALL of those young men are good Catholics, Marie Teresa," said Mrs. Campau, letting her knitting fall upon her lap.

Marie Teresa, perched upon the window-seat, drew her brows together in a frown.

"That is just it, mother dear! If only there were but *one* Catholic, or at least but one *good* Catholic, among them, I could decide in a twinkling. As it is, I can't. I like them all—tremendously."

The thin white hands of the older woman picked up their bit of work.

"There is no *love* concerned, then?"

The girl shook her head vigorously.

"O mother, I do not *love* any of them!"

"Well, then, we will not discuss the subject of *marrying* one of them."

Marie Teresa flushed rosily. Mrs. Campau's rebukes were, despite their pleasant disguises, nevertheless rebukes.

"I thought that if I could choose the one I *like* best, I could easily grow to *love* him,"—this in a chastened small voice.

The other laughed softly.

"Marie Teresa darling, do not slander love in such a manner!"

"I am growing old, mother," Marie Teresa reflected after a moment, as she watched her mother's needles.

Mrs. Campau nodded.

"We all are."

"And I must get married, I suppose. I don't want to be a nun or—"

"Do not worry, dear! If God wishes you to marry, He will send the man to you."

"Perhaps, I should—should help a little myself?"

Marie Teresa's large blue eyes gazed anxiously into her mother's gray ones.

"Do not be facetious, daughter." Mrs. Campau's tones edged sharply. Then, as the blue eyes opposite her widened tearfully, she added: "I understand what you mean, but it sounds *light*. Do you pray over this matter, Marie Teresa?"

"Of course, mother."

"Pray more earnestly, then. Pray to St. Joseph, too. He is the patron of marriage, you know."

Marie Teresa pulled aside the net curtains a little impatiently.

"I have prayed every day, and especially every March, for four years. And now this March is nearly ended and where—oh, where is—"

The older woman held up a warning needle.

"Daughter, daughter! Your attitude towards one of the greatest of sacraments seems a trifle careless. Trust in St. Joseph: he may have your husband already chosen."

Marie Teresa did not answer. What she thought to say would not have been tolerated by her mother. Instead, she drew the curtains wider apart. The sun was low in the west, and its streams of light, now fiery red, bathed the wind-tossed trees and snow-touched houses in a brilliant and wild splendor.

Marie Teresa responded to the call of the scene before her.

"I think I shall take a walk."

"Yes, do, darling! If I hadn't felt a tinge of rheumatism to-day—"

The girl sprang down from her seat and went over to her mother, whom she kissed devotedly.

"You dear fraud!" Then slowly: "I think—I think I shall go and buy a statue of St. Joseph."

Mrs. Campau's smile was tender.

"It will help you to pray," she said.

It was but seven short squares to the nearest Catholic supply shop. However, during the brief walk, Marie Teresa considered a number of things. In the first place, she cogitated, what she had said to her mother was true: she *was* growing old. Twenty-five years,—a quarter of a century! Four years out of college, too! They had not been idle years,—her mother had seen to that. But there had been nothing that was really necessary accomplished. Plenty of money provided for

everything in abundance; domestic occupations thus were excluded. And, after Marie Teresa's heroic endeavor to fathom the problem of her dead father's property, she had been willingly excused from further attempts by what she realized now was an almost exasperated mother. Memories of some of the experiences along this line caused her to smile.

Then, charity work was not to her taste. She still was trying hard to make it her liking; but she knew it was not her chosen work, no matter how strongly she tried to make it so. She had no special talent: she had prayed to want to be a nun,—it was all impossible. Deep within her heart, Marie Teresa acknowledged that marriage alone remained her coveted state of life. She had not been without suitors: four men had asked her hand in marriage. But marrying without love was not to be thought of.

What she wanted she saw immediately in the window of the shop. It was a small statue of St. Joseph,—a white marble one with unusual beauty of face. As she was looking at the statue, the proprietor reached for it.

Marie Teresa entered the shop quickly.

"I want that, please!" she exclaimed.

The man turned to her regretfully.

"I am sorry, Miss: this has just been telephoned for. But I have another nearly like it."

Marie Teresa's eagerness fell from her.

"I wanted *that* one."

"It is beautiful. One of my customers saw it in the window. Her son will call."

But it was growing dusk.

The second statue was not quite one-half the size of the first,—a small replica of it, and without its distinguishing beauty of countenance.

The kindly-eyed shopkeeper held it up.

"It does not do St. Joseph credit, does it?" he asked.

Marie Teresa shrugged.

"Oh, I don't know!" (Four years of one-sided intercourse with the saint must account for this.) "It will do, however

I shall take it with me. 'Thank you!'" She placed the package within her muff.

Her return home in the fast gathering darkness was hurried. Mrs. Campau, sitting now with her rosary in her hands, kissed the cross as her daughter came into the room.

"You are back soon, dear!"

"It isn't very comfortable out-of-doors," Marie Teresa answered, pressing the button, which flooded the apartment with light.

"Did you buy your statue?"

"The one I desired was sold, but I have another." Marie Teresa put her hand into her muff. There was no package. She shook the fur wonderingly. "Why—why, I put it in here!"

"Did you have both hands in the muff while coming home? You hardly ever do," her mother reminded her.

"I forgot all about him," said the abashed Marie Teresa.

Mrs. Campau's sympathy was cloaked in admonition.

"My dear, one should never forget St. Joseph."

"I shall advertise for him to-morrow," promised a contrite and serious-eyed Marie Teresa.

The advertisement was soon answered. Two days after her loss, Marie Teresa was called to the lower hall.

"Who is it?" she asked the maid.

"An old man. He didn't give any card," the girl explained. "He said he had something you lost."

Marie Teresa picked up her gold mesh bag and went to her caller. He was holding a small package.

"This is yours, Miss?"

Marie Teresa nodded disappointedly.

"No: my statue was a smaller one."

"It is St. Joseph." Untying the bundle, he showed her. It was the statue she had wanted. How had it been lost?

"No: this isn't mine. But I know the shop from which it came; and, if you wish, you may leave it for me to return."

The man shuffled his feet.

"The reward, of course, shall be doubled," Marie Teresa went on.

With the beautiful statue in her possession, the girl was reluctant to part with it.

"I wish I could keep it, mother dear! I wonder—oh, he said *the son* was to have come for it!" Marie Teresa suddenly remembered the shop proprietor's words.

"You could telephone the shop, or maybe there is an advertisement in this evening's paper."

There was. "Reward if returned to Mrs. Harrison MacBride, 849 Rushfield Blvd.," it finished.

"Do you know her, mother?"

"It is Nora MacBride," Mrs. Campau replied, interested. "Since your father's death I have neglected my social obligations, and of course my friends and I have drifted apart. It is too bad; for Nora is a charming woman. I must go to see her. Her son has just returned from South America, I believe."

Marie Teresa's mind was upon the statue.

"She may have it to-morrow. Not one moment sooner."

Her mother's eyes were alight. "I do not believe St. Joseph will mind."

"I am really beginning to think that St. Joseph is noticing me," Marie Teresa said.

The following afternoon, while reluctantly wrapping the statue, she informed her mother that she intended taking it to Mrs. MacBride, herself.

"But, my dear, Frederick could take it in the machine!"

Marie Teresa, however, was obdurate. "St. Joseph is being too carelessly handled," she insisted.

Mrs. Campau raised her eyebrows questioningly, but made no further objection.

It was a delightful day, very unlike March, Marie Teresa decided as she hastened down the steps. The sun was dazzling, the wind was quite warm, and the birds she had fed during the winter

were chirping over their early supper of bread crumbs and bacon rind strewn upon the lawn.

At the lowest step Marie Teresa, who had turned to watch the busy-winged creatures, encountered a man about to ascend the steps.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" said the girl, flushing.

The man, who was very good-looking, as Marie Teresa saw at the first glance, raised his hat.

"I am to blame: I was watching them, too,"—he nodded towards the birds.

"They are *so* greedy," explained Marie Teresa.

"They are, aren't they?"

This was quite sufficient a conversation, Marie Teresa thought; so she smiled brightly and walked away.

"May I inquire if you are Miss Campau?" the man asked, his voice lifted to reach her ears.

Marie Teresa turned.

"Yes, you may. I am Miss Campau."

A slight smile of satisfaction flashed over the other's dark face.

"I have something of yours," he said.

"Something of mine?" Marie Teresa retraced her steps.

"Yes: a statue of St. Joseph."

Marie Teresa gasped.

"Why, how funny!" she exclaimed.

"It is a little queer, the story. But let me introduce myself first, please. I am Lawrence MacBride."

"MacBride!"

The man handed her the package he took from his coat pocket.

"Yes, MacBride. Perhaps you know my mother?"

"No, but I have her statue."

Lawrence MacBride's fine black eyes opened in amazement.

"This surely *is* funny!"

The blue eyes of Marie Teresa were held for a moment by the black ones. Then she remembered her duties.

"But do come in and meet mother! She will want to hear about it."

Mrs. Campau greeted her guest with gentle enthusiasm.

"You are the Larry I have heard so much about. You have been absent from home a long while, have you not?"

Lawrence MacBride seated himself as if he did not intend rising for some time.

"Yes, five years. I went to Rio de Janeiro after graduating from college: my uncle offered me a partnership. This is my first vacation since then."

Mrs. Campau's glance swept over his splendid physique and handsome features.

"Your mother must be very glad," she remarked.

He looked at Marie Teresa.

"I am very glad, too."

"And he has found my statue, mother."

This was the first chance Marie Teresa obtained for an explanation.

"Why, how odd! You have his!"

"His mother's," contradicted Marie Teresa, not a little amused.

"I should like very much to know where you found it," their visitor interposed, smilingly.

Marie Teresa told him in a few words.

Lawrence MacBride listened eagerly.

"Well, mother will be gratified to have it again,—or rather to have it. She hasn't had it at all, you know."

Both mother and daughter joined in his infectious laugh.

"But how did you find mine?" Marie Teresa inquired as eager as he. "Your story will solve the mystery."

"There really isn't any mystery, is there? You see, last Tuesday mother had the misfortune to break the small statue of St. Joseph before which she makes her March devotions. It was late afternoon, and, not wishing to go out, she telephoned a Catholic shop where she remembered seeing a statue of the saint in the window. The proprietor told her it was still unsold, but that it was too late for delivery. Mother felt she must have the statue that evening; so she reached me at Father Burke's, where I was calling, and inquired if I could stop for it. I took a taxi and

went around to the shop, got the statue, went home, and—left the package in the machine."

"So my caller was a chauffeur," broke in the intent Marie Teresa.

"Yes, no doubt. I knew searching for the car would simply be a vain undertaking: I had got it on the street; but I started in, and during the next two days tried to locate it. Then I put an advertisement in last evening's paper, and this little statue was brought to me this morning by a boy who said he had found it last night. I considered the possibility of some one else's loss; and when I telephoned the different papers, the *News* gave me your name and address."

"And the chauffeur evidently had no other passengers after you; and, finding your package in his car at night, he watched the advertisements and saw mine first. I simply said, 'Lost: A statue of St. Joseph,' without giving any details, and evidently so did you," finished Marie Teresa, flushed and excited.

Mrs. Campau raised a hand.

"Dear! I am pleased that the incident has resulted so," she spoke cordially to the man.

"I can't tell you how delighted I am," he replied, rising. "Now I must take the statue to mother. She will want to come and thank you. And may I beg another audience to—decide about rewards?"

Marie Teresa's anxious eyes sought her mother's.

"You certainly may—Larry, I think I shall call you."

"Do!" he answered her, while he smiled the same invitation at Marie Teresa.

After he had gone Marie Teresa settled herself upon her favorite seat.

"Mother, wasn't it queer?"

Mrs. Campau assented absently,

Then, following a short silence:

"He is nice; isn't he, mother?"

"Very nice, I think."

Marie Teresa's excitement was calmed by her mother's seemingly careless attitude.

She gazed out of the window, without seeing anything of the beautiful sunset before her.

"A quarter of a century isn't so *very* old," she decided, half aloud.

Mrs. Campau laughed.

"Not when you compare it with the century," she replied softly.

"And not when you think St. Joseph may be arranging things for you," said the satisfied Marie Teresa.

Shakespeareland.—Its Martyrs and Catholic Memories.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

WARWICKSHIRE is full of Catholic and historical memories; to pass through it, recalling them, is to turn over many pages of a history book. There is Coventry, with its splendid churches, and its Pilgrims' Rest,—so named because the pilgrims who came to pay their devotions to Our Lady of Coventrie stopped there for rest and refreshment. There is sweet Will's own native town, Stratford, with its birthplace and grammar school. Bygone England closes round you, presses you in, as it were, on every side as you stand in the former place. You hear grannies and children talking in chimney corners of that strange New World beyond the Western main, of which sailormen have told them. You see Will himself running off to school, or searching the lanes for wild flowers. If you are a Catholic, you may have some strange, sweet thoughts. The man who wrote,

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,

Nor the wintry wind that rages;

Thou thy toilsome work hast done,

Home art gone, and taen thy wages,

has gone home centuries ago, yet to *him* there is no time: that far-off yesterday in which he lived is as to-day, as *now*.

Near Stratford is Clopton House, where tradition places the original of "poor drowned Ophelia,"—who, so runs the legend, was a daughter of the House of

Clopton, who went distraught for love, and cast herself into the adjacent pool. I dare say Shakespeare heard of this tragedy, and so associated the heroine of it with the plants and flowers of the district. "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance," etc.

There are many cottages like Anne Hathaway's in the county; some of them are beehive-shaped, with thatched roofs, low doorways, and latticed windows, diamond paned. I think of one such green nook,—an isolated nook, "far from the madding crowd." It stood quite alone, and a wooden bench with a row of beehives was arranged before it. In the adjoining field there was a clear stream, on whose banks grew the pale primrose. There was also a sheepfold, where the shepherd, in his smock and low-crowned hat, folded his fleecy flock at eventide. Somehow I never saw this pastoral scene without being reminded of the green pastures and still waters of Paradise.

There was a small hamlet close by the beehive cottage and fold; and on a lonely road stood a church,—a little old church, with a churchyard where the grass grew long, and through whose trees the autumn winds wailed. I once saw the interior of this solitary church, and even as I write can see the three-decker pews, the floor worn by the feet of generations, and the ancient pulpit.

There are many fair green woodlands in Shakespeareland, which in spring are carpeted with wild hyacinths,—bluebells, as they are commonly called. I dare say Shakespeare staged the "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "As You Like It" in one of his own native woods. I remember hearing of an aged lady who every springtide said to her daughter, "Let us go to Bluebell Wood." And there, amidst the anemones and violets, I think she found her lost youth.

Within a mile or two of Coventry stands the picture-book village of Allesley, trim, quiet, sedate, with quaint old

cottages, red brick houses, with chairs in front of them, and a noisy little waterfall. I am picturing it as I remember it. It is said that Mistress Hannah More once lived in this village.—One can imagine her walking along the well-swept paths, looking at the hollyhocks.

Down the old road leading from this village to Coventry rode James II. and his retinue, with all the bells chiming and the lieges cheering; and on the same highway, in his solid Georgian house, lived that kind Catholic, whom I will call Mr. Goodfellow, whose motto was, "For my Religion"; and he acted up to it, too. When the Benedictine prior, Father Ephraim, wanted help for his flock, he knew to whom to turn. I should like to add that I knew also; for when I was a small child, and being disobedient, fell into a muddy ditch, and was pulled out with curls and little amber frock caked with mud, I was taken by my little friend, one of the Goodfellow children, home to be punished; and, before quite realizing it, found myself in a parlor, standing before the tall, grave priest, who looked kindly down on the small and muddy non-Catholic.

"Fell into a ditch, Father, imitating George, and he pulled her out," explained my friend.—"Poor child!" said the priest, compassionately. "I think we must have the mud stains removed, and then have her in to tea. Mrs. Goodfellow, what do you say?"

In this most pleasant home there were several portraits and busts of the Pope of that day; and when Mr. Goodfellow gave a toast he always said heartily, "The Pope, God bless him!"

There are numbers of quaint houses in Warwickshire. When I was a girl, I recollect calling at a strange house, and being shown into a drawing-room, panelled in black oak, with a great wooden rose on the ceiling. Doubtless it had been a meeting-place in the Wars of the Roses, and the rose meant secrecy.

Warwick Castle, of course, stands by

itself. Apart from its loveliness, it is brimful of memories. That sinister character, Richard III., often came there, both as Duke of Gloucester and as king. The chroniclers tell us that two big wolfhounds slept in the anteroom, next to his bedchamber. The castle was the early home of one who has rightly been called "the most mysterious queen of all the English queen consorts"—viz., Anne of Warwick,—so shadowy is she, so little is known about her. I once saw an old portrait of her,—a pale and sorrowful shadow in regal robes.

Another mysterious Warwickshire personage, of whom even less is known than of the kingmaker's daughter, is a woman who is simply styled in old deeds, Ragged Christiana, and who has been designated by an antiquary as the greatest benefactress Birmingham ever had. The veil of obscurity—or, if you prefer it, mystery—hides nationality, surname, condition; yet do her good deeds still shine like candles in this naughty world.

This unknown woman, who from her cognomen must have emulated some of the saints and worn patched raiment, ministered to every conceivable human need. She built and endowed religious houses, in which poor children were sheltered and fed; left homes for the aged poor, and repaired and built bridges over rivers,—a very useful charity in a time when stage coaches and river steamers were not. One of her good deeds was to raise a chantry and maintain a chantry priest on the bridge at Deritend,—which same old bridge has stood for centuries.

In the very heart of Birmingham, in a gray and grimy street, stands the Cathedral of St. Chad, in which is the first image of Blessed Mary put up for public veneration in England since the Pillage. There are lovely storied windows, and the carved oak pulpit was brought from the Church of St. Gertrude at Louvain. In a side aisle near the sacristy hung at one time a clock,—just a homely kitchen clock, whose ticktack, ticktack gave a

certain air of sweet homeliness to this grand *domus Dei*.

Almost opposite to the cathedral is Bishop's House. Here Dr. Ullathorne, first Bishop of Birmingham, dwelt for many years; and hither came numerous pilgrims and inquirers after truth. One of these told me that the world outside Bishop's House used to look very wide and dreary after the silver-haired little Bishop had spoken words of comfort and of guidance to a soul in the depths. There is a statue of Our Lady, worn by weather, stained by time and smoke, over the cathedral door,—a Gothic door, nail-studded, arched, which I love because of that which lies behind.

Perhaps I may be allowed to give you a beautiful poem on a convent door, by Mrs. Armel O'Connor (*née* Violet Bullock Webster), wife of Armel O'Connor, the gifted poet. Here it is. Please note that it is in the form of question and answer. The mother apostrophizes the door, and is answered by Our Lord.

THE MOTHER.

Studded with brutal iron nails, thick wood,
And arms like hinges, reaching far across,—
Symbolical, it seems, as if you stood
To mock my loss,—
My daughter lost for good!
Beating against you, I am in helpless plight,
Cruel, insensate, Medieval thing;
Rising above imagination's flight.
I droop with broken wing,
And tear-dimmed sight.
O door, door, door!
Was she not young and fair,
Too full of life to be decoyed within,
Always repressed, incarcerated there?
She fed the hungry and she clothed the poor,—
Was mine the sin?

OUR LORD.

I am the Entrance Door
Near which she stands.
Through this world's ugly, manufactured door
I drew her golden head and jewelled hands.
I was that Beggar whom she fed of yore:
Mine was the call.
Your very gifts to her were chains that bind.
So brave and pure a spirit *must* be free.
The quiet path that I for her designed
Clearly, through this world's maze, her soul
could see.

This was her destiny, to seek, to find:
She came to *Me*.

You would have given her to an earthly king,
Clothed in the temporal liveries of pride:
She chose My rhythm and Heaven's timeless
ring,
And reigns My bride.

The prim and semi-rural suburb of Edgbaston is full of memories of Newman. The thin figure in the faded coat was once quite a familiar personage in its streets. We are most of us conversant with the anecdote of the crossing sweeper who always watched for the Cardinal on his pitch,—not for the coin alone, be it understood, but also for the kindly word which accompanied it. All that is mortal of the man who wrote "Lead, Kindly Light," rests in the little cemetery at Rednal; but the lilacs he so loved, the beautiful "laylocks" of English country people, flower yearly.

Warwickshire has had its martyrs, too. The names of some who lived and died in sweet Will's own county are on Heaven's Golden Roll. And be it remembered that the English martyrs stood, and still stand, for liberty of conscience, freedom, and truth. What earthly plummet can measure the depth of England's gratitude to these martyrs, "the fair chivalry of Christ," in heaven!

To gain even a slight estimate of it we must try and imagine the country turned upside down by the Pillage. The poor and needy were despoiled of their heritage; even the helpless lepers were turned out of their lazar houses to die by the roadside. Years ago, in my school-days, I used to pass one such refuge, and I always pictured the misery of its inmates when they were cast adrift by the Tudor tyrant's orders. Henry VIII. won and merited the title of King of Persecutors.

That sweet-faced matron, on her way to York Tolbooth, to be pressed to death between iron doors, is Mistress Margaret Clitheroe, who harbored the harborless and sheltered the priests of her own church. That spiritual-looking priest in

his dungeon is Robert Southwell, the poet; but the names of some of those who died for the faith that was in them are, comparatively speaking, unknown. Some are known only to the King of Martyrs. One of the former was Robert Grissold (or Chisold), of Rowington, Warwickshire, who was executed on Gallows' Hill for sheltering a priest,—one Father Sugar, a convert, in the evil days of James I.

Grissold was cast into Warwick jail, where he lay in bonds for a year. Warwick was one of the most terrible of the English prisons. We read that there was a cesspool in the midst of it, and that the prisoners died like flies. After enduring its horrors, he was tried at the assizes one midsummer day, when the corn was ripe and the fields were gay with poppies. "Wilt thou go to church?" briefly queried Justice Kingsmile.—"No, my lord, I will not," was the response.—"Then thou shalt hang," said the judge.—"Grissold, Grissold, do go to church, or thou shalt be hanged!" shouted a neighbor, a justice of the peace. But Grissold was adamant; and he found himself following his friend, Father Sugar, to the scaffold.

When he mounted the scaffold, he dipped his handkerchief in Father Sugar's blood and forgave all who had done him wrong. So died a worthy Englishman, for faith and freedom. The narrative from which this is taken states that there are authentic relics of Grissold in St. Aloysius' Church, Oxford, deposited there by a gentleman of that or a similar name, who brought them from Rome.

But enough for the present. It would be an interminable task to relate all that Shakespeareland holds of interest and of charm to Catholic minds and hearts wherever is heard the language which "sweet Will" did so much to beautify and ennoble.

WHOSOEVER hath not knowledge and benevolence and piety knoweth nothing of reality, and dwelleth only in semblance,

—Sa'di.

A Ladder for Lent.

GOD will not ask us at the end of our lives if we have succeeded in our earthly aims and attained the end we proposed to ourselves; but He will make us render a most strict account of how we have fulfilled His divine commands,—“Seek ye, therefore, first the kingdom of God and His justice.”

“We ought never to think we have done enough,” says St. Gregory, “when there is a question of eternity.”

Death is the passage to another world. What awaits me there? What preparation have I made for the journey? Nothing is more certain than death, but nothing is more uncertain than the hour of death. “Watch ye, therefore, because you know not the day nor the hour.” “As a man lives so shall he die.”

With life, the season of hope and of mercy and of expiation, passes away forever. When we die, we shall stand immediately in the presence of an inexorable Judge to receive our eternal sentence for heaven or hell. What an awful moment! Let me spend my entire life to secure a happy issue.

“If we judge ourselves, we shall not be judged.”

God is the only god. Having created us, He possesses an absolute right to our allegiance; and by virtue of this right, He has imposed upon us certain obligations under pain of His eternal displeasure. When we sin we rebel against Almighty God, we trample His law under foot. It is as impossible to conceive the malice of sin as to comprehend the sovereignty of God.

“Flee from sin as from the face of a serpent.” “He that loveth danger, shall perish in it.” Resist beginnings. Habits of sin begin as cobwebs and end as iron chains.

Confessions and Communions, if made with the proper dispositions, are the source of all good; they vanquish the

passions and fortify us against temptations. “I am the living bread which came down from heaven; if any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever; and the bread that I will give is My flesh for the life of the world.” To communicate often, one must live in grace; but to live in grace, one must communicate often.

Father Lacordaire used to say: “There is no knowing what may be the effect of one Holy Communion less in the life of a soul.”

No Christian can doubt the necessity of prayer for the attainment of salvation: perseverance in it is the prelude of perseverance in grace. We should pray for temporal favors under condition of their being expedient both to our own welfare and the honor of God. He may be dealing mercifully with us in granting our requests, or be treating us with still greater mercy in not granting them.

“Next to the thought of the Precious Blood,” says Father Faber, “there is no thought in all your faith more precious or more needful for you than the thought of eternal punishment.” Hell is that place of unspeakable torments where the anger of the Almighty is let loose against His most implacable foe—sin. Hell is not simply the place in which to punish sin in general, but my sins in particular. To offend God mortally is to prepare a place in that fiery cavern for my special chastisement.

“Let not the deep swallow me up, and let not the pit shut her mouth upon me,” we read in the Psalms.

Our present life is an exile. Heaven is our true home and the place of our rest forever. If we set our hearts on the pleasures of this world, we shall have no share in the joys of heaven. We can not serve God and mammon. All perfection consists in overcoming the force with which this world draws us to itself. “The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent bear it away.”

Heaven is for those who think of it,—who try to get there.

An Influence to be Considered.

THERE are good grounds for the contention of Mr. James Whelpley that the average New Yorker has little knowledge of the psychology of the American people as a whole. The men of Gotham who come West for the first time are dazed, we know; and their astonishment over Chicago is generally too deep for words until they return home. Then they begin to realize that New York and Washington—and Boston—are not "it." Mr. Whelpley, in a paper contributed to the current *Fortnightly Review*, holds that in view of the real importance of a clear understanding in Europe of American affairs at this critical time and with Congress in session, it is well to take stock of the influence of the two former cities upon the news of the day as it reaches England by cable. He says: "Such news as comes to the English Press concerning America is sent from one or the other of two places—New York or Washington. . . . When the New Yorker talks of the United States he thinks of New York city. Every day of his life he is steeped in the materialism of that great financial and commercial centre, and in the course of his day's work he comes into personal contact with a greater number of aliens or sons of aliens than he does of Americans born and bred. In New York city there are more Germans than there are in any city in Germany with the exception of Berlin; more Hebrews than there are in Palestine; and a more varied assortment of nationalities, each represented by a considerable group, than may be found elsewhere within a territory of like extent."

If Mr. Whelpley knew to what an extent New York is a Jewish city, he would probably have enlarged upon this fact for the benefit of his English readers. As for a genuine reflex of public opinion in this country regarding the World War, the revolution in Mexico, etc., it will be afforded when the next presidential election comes off.

Notes and Remarks.

It ought to be wholly superfluous to deny such reports from Rome as that, for instance, of the recent conversation between the Holy Father and Cardinal Mercier, as though any one, even a newspaper correspondent, would presume to interrogate the Belgian prelate as soon as he had left the Vatican regarding what he said to Benedict XV. and what Benedict XV. said to him. Correspondents claiming to have received the intimate confidences of either would be regarded generally as downright impostors, if newspaper readers were not "mostly fools," blinded by partisanship or prejudice. Concluding a bitter complaint that nothing it can say seems to have any effect in discouraging journalistic inventions directed against the Holy See, the *Osservatore Romano* says: "Let all honest people know once for all that 'Vatican Notes,' 'Vatican News from an Unimpeachable Source,' 'Reports in Circulation in Vatican Circles,' are inventions, almost always intended to compromise the Holy See and to entangle it with one or other of the combatants."

We hope to see printed in permanent form for wide distribution the report of the workings of the Catholic Charity Guild of the city of Rochester, N. Y., for the year 1915. It is a model of what such a report should be. For the reason that it is so definite and detailed, it does not permit of citations; but as a whole it affords a capital illustration of how the principles of Catholic charity may be applied to present-day conditions. One notes with satisfaction that the activities of the Guild were materially aided by the Women's German Federated Societies; that the Guild is composed of a women's and a men's section; that there is a department of child's visitors, a catechetical, a physical relief, a garment, an infant layette, a sewing, a police court, a child helpers' and an industrial

department; besides summer schools, etc. The report gives detailed information as to what was done during the year along each of these several lines. The account is both edifying and of great practical service as offering the benefits of varied experience. We sincerely hope that advantage will be taken of it wherever any such work is contemplated or has been already begun.

We have so often advocated in these columns active Catholic participation in public affairs—affairs of the municipality, the State, or the country as a whole—that none of our readers will be surprised at our agreement with this declaration of Cardinal Manning: "Everything that affects the human sufferings and state of the people, it is the duty of every civilized man to note and tend, much more of every Christian man, and above all of every Catholic man and woman, and emphatically of every priest and bishop."

As to the degree in which Catholics should associate with their separated brethren in charitable or philanthropic activities, there has always been, and in all probability there will indefinitely continue to be, considerable diversity of opinion; but many will be in hearty accord with this other pronouncement of the same great English churchman: "Surely we are bound to work with them in everything that is not contrary to faith or morals."

Most civilians have probably at one time or another speculated about the sensations of the soldier actually engaged in warfare, and wondered whether or not the combatant experiences the feeling of fear. Mr. Hereward Carrington, who contributes to the *Forum* a study in the psychology of the soldier at the front, has this to say of fear: "Men assert that they rarely experience this feeling,—least of all while on the firing line. Sometimes they will run into extreme danger at night, and at dawn are astonished at having

escaped almost certain death. Then sometimes a shiver of reminiscent apprehension runs through them. But nearly every soldier feels a sort of inner conviction that he will not be killed,—that *he* will escape by some miraculous good fortune. Some, it is true, do not experience this feeling; but it is safe to say that the majority do experience it." From which it would appear that the mind of the soldier works in much the same way as does that of the ordinary civilian who is face to face with an epidemic, or, for that matter, with the fact of deaths occurring round about him every day from a variety of causes: he thinks that, while it is quite probable that many others will be stricken, *he* at least will be immune. The truly Christian view for both soldier and civilian to hold is, of course, that death is a subject of very practical, and not merely academic, interest for each and every mortal; and that a fitting preparation for death is, after all, the chief business of life, whether in war or peace.

The declaration of a French soldier in the trenches, "I want religion from the chaplain," recalls another page of the pointed essay by an eminent English Catholic which we quoted last week. In the section entitled "Concerning the Clergy" occurs this fine passage:

"All things are lawful to me, but all things are not expedient," is a thought constantly in the mind of the faithful priest, in respect of even his daily and natural need for relaxation. O priests, if any there be, who aspire even in odd moments to be merely good fellows, I tell you you forget what gods you are! You who have sacrificed so much,—surely it is easy for you to sacrifice a little more. Men may laugh with you, they may welcome your condoning good nature when you are hail-fellow-well-met at dinner-time—and after; but when they want to confess, they turn not to him with whom they have discussed twenty courses and twenty characters, but to some retiring pastor, whose voice is never heard outside the pulpit and the confessional; who belongs, in some sense, to a caste, and remembers it in the very way he walks upstairs to bed. If we smile at

his limitations, I think we smile half enviously, knowing that those very limitations are the evidence of expansion in another and a nobler direction. Of such as these it can never without miserable infirmity be asked in social disparagement whence they came and what their origin. They come from God, and they are His sons. They are the fathers of their people, and their inheritance is in heaven.

"We Catholics!" was published anonymously while Cardinals Manning and Newman were still among us, and received their cordial approval.

Our missionaries in foreign countries are nothing if not grateful. But the only way in which they can express their gratitude to their benefactors is by praying for them. This is regarded as a solemn duty, never to be neglected; *one, too, in which the converts are eager to share. The Sister of Charity in China to whom we have been sending the alms of our readers for the rescue and support of starving children writes: 'On New Year's Day I had all our children go to the chapel and recite an extra Rosary to draw down God's blessings upon their benefactors. I keep telling them how much they are bound to pray for those to whom under God they owe the preservation of their lives and the precious gift of faith.' 'Our last recommendation to the little children whom we send to heaven,' says another Sister, 'is to remember those who have been good to them upon earth.'

Among so many harassing tales of the losses to our foreign missions consequent on the European war, it is gratifying to learn that in Pekin, China, the work of evangelization was more successful in 1915 than ever before. Father Planchet, missionary in that city, writes: "Although the terrible war has crippled our resources and diminished our numbers, it has been given us this year to register the largest number of conversions ever recorded in a single year—38,293 baptisms of adults." Truly, a consoling thought, not merely for the Holy Father, the Propagation of

the Faith, and the missionaries themselves, but also for Catholics the world over who contribute to the work of the Foreign Missions. Would that their numbers were greater!

Some of our sapient legislators who have a mania for piling new laws on our already overloaded statute-books, might well do worse than ponder a remark made recently by Archbishop Glennon, of St. Louis:

I have referred to "watered stocks" as a form of injustice, and I am convinced that such it is,—at least when such stocks are placed on the market for purchase by innocent and invariably foolish purchasers. I think that the clause of the Government pure food law which compels sellers of foodstuffs to print on the outside of the package the amount of the adulteration, the existence of any foreign substance, and the real name of the article sold, should be made to apply to these "watered stocks," so that the public may know how much there is of real value. In other words, a Government auditorship should be exercised on all such goods which the public is asked to invest in.

There are dozens, not to say hundreds, of laws passed annually by Congress or our State legislatures for which there is far less real reason than for this suggested statute.

If there is in America one town which, more than any other, deserves specific mention in the St. Patrick's Day issues of our contemporaries it is assuredly Shamrock, Oklahoma. According to the *Southern Messenger*, the town is considerably more Irish—or at least more Emerald—than the Emerald Isle itself. The only postage stamps in use there, for instance, are the one-cent variety, simply because their color is green. All the buildings, stores, offices, residences, etc., are of the same hue. The principal thoroughfare, instead of being called Main Street, is Tipperary Road; and the cross-streets are named Ireland, Dublin, Cork, Bantry, Kerry, Blarney, St. Patrick, and Killarney. Shamrock, it seems, has a post office and a railroad; two banks are

being established; bonds were voted a few weeks ago for a \$15,000 brick school-house; new oil rigs are daily springing up on all sides; and it is said that the weekly newspaper, which is to make its appearance shortly, will be called the *Brogue*. "The sign is on" surely at Shamrock.

The following story of one of the wounded men in a Paris hospital is told by the Countess de Courson, in a moving article contributed to a recent number of the *Cornhill Magazine*:

One December morning there was brought in from Arras an adjutant, a mere lad from Lorraine, whose fractured limbs had not been dressed for several days. On arriving, he whispered that he had something to say, and the words "My sergeant" were understood. At last the kindly nuns gathered the soldier's meaning: "I want to have a Mass said for my sergeant, who was killed. Where is my sergeant's pocket-book?" The blood-stained pocket-book was secured from the lad's tunic and put into his hands. He handled it tenderly, and entrusted it to the director of the hospital "to send to the sergeant's mother." When he says "*Mon sergent*" his whole face brightens; evidently, to him, his friend was the very ideal of courage and goodness. "I promised him," he told us, "that if I survived him I would try to save his note-book for his mother. When I found that he was missing, I went to look for his body. I looked *in front* of the trench—I knew that he was always to the front,—and there I found him shot through the head." The adjutant was nursed back to health, but months passed by before he could use his shattered limbs; and now, being lame for life, he is to be sent back to his native village. He leaves behind him here a pleasant memory.

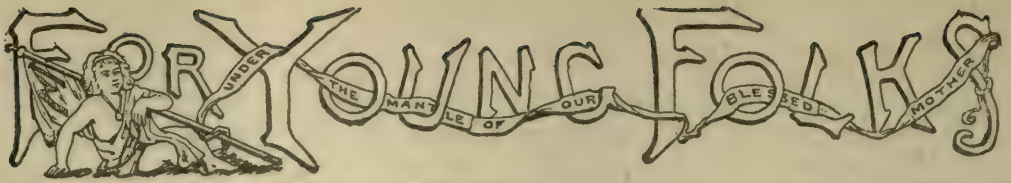
A correspondent of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* asks a question or two that may be of interest to some of our readers. A periodical which the correspondent never ordered was sent to him, with the request that he should either return it or forward the price to a given address; and he wants to know whether he is in conscience bound to do either. Then, he has received a picture which he is asked either to pay for or to return to the

sender. Again, is he bound to do either? The *Record's* answer, so far as justice is concerned, is as follows:

In neither case has the sender a right to impose a positive obligation of justice on the recipient, nor is the recipient bound to submit to it. The latter is an independent being and is not bound in justice to make himself anybody's servant. There is no contract between him and the sender: he has done the sender no injury; he is not in unjust possession of the other's property; and there is no positive law binding him in justice to return objects sent in the manner described. All the sources from which a positive obligation can arise are wanting; and, consequently, so far as justice goes, he is guilty of no sin if he retains property thrust on him against his wishes, or, at all events, without his having expressed any wish whatever on the subject.

So far as this country is concerned, a periodical unordered and undesired may be refused acceptance, and the postmaster notifies the publishers of that fact. As for books, pictures, or other articles of merchandise which come to a person unsolicited, the most the senders deserve is a postal card informing them that the articles will be returned when funds to cover the transportation charges are forwarded, or an invitation to call for their undesired goods.

The Holy See has taken advantage of the necessity of appointing a successor to the late Bishop Hedley to raise that lamented prelate's See of Newport to the status of an Archbishopric, with Cardiff as the archiepiscopal seat. The new archdiocese has a Catholic population of some sixty-five thousand, with seventy-eight churches and chapels, and nineteen convents, ministered to by ninety-three priests. The first Archbishop of Cardiff is Mgr. Bilsborrow, who has for some years been Bishop of Port Louis, Mauritius. Like Bishop Hedley, the new prelate is a member of the Benedictine Order, so much esteemed in Great Britain. Our coreligionists of the Principality of Wales are rejoicing in having an archbishop of their own.



Who Walks May Read.

BY M. F. E.

WHEN I walk out in early spring,
The Star of Bethlehem first I see;
And *Glorias* in my heart I sing,
So sweet the thought it brings to me.
And in the shelter of an oak,
The clover just begins to show
Its leaves like petals,—it just broke
The melting earth's thin cloak of snow.
Three little leaves—how green they are!—
And they a lesson hold for me:
Of Christ's birth tells the waxen star,
And they of Holy Trinity.
Who walks may read without his books,
And lessons learn when lips are still,
From sky and flowers and little brooks;
And all may hear them, if they will.

Killykinick.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XI.—AT KILLYKINICK.

KT was a ship,—a ship with its keel settled deep in the sand, and held immovable against wind and storm by a rudely built foundation wall of broken rock. The sunlight blinked cheerfully from the dozen portholes; the jutting prow bore the weather-worn figurehead of the “Lady Jane,”—minus a nose and arm, it is true, but holding her post bravely still. Stout canvas, that could be pegged down or lifted into breezy shelter, roofed the deck, from which arose the “lookout,” a sort of light tower built around a mast that upheld a big ship lantern; while the Stars and Stripes floated in glory over all.

For a moment the four young travellers stared breathless at this remarkable

edifice, while Freddy eagerly explained:

“It's my Great-uncle Joe's ship that was wrecked here on Killykinick. He had sailed in her for years and loved her, and he didn't want to leave her to fall to pieces on the rocks; and so he got a lot of men, with chains and ropes and things, and moved her up here and made her into a house.”

And a first-class house the “Lady Jane” made, as all the boys agreed when they proceeded to investigate Great-uncle Joe's legacy. True, there was a lack of modern conveniences. The sea lapping the sands to the right was the only bath-room, but what finer one could a boy ask? There was neither dining-room nor kitchen; only the “galley,” as Captain Jeb, who came up shortly to do the honors of this establishment, explained to his guests. The “galley” was a queer little narrow place in the stern, lined with pots and pans and dishes scoured to a shine, and presided over by another old man more crooked and leathery-visaged than Captain Jeb, and who seemed too deep in the concoction of some savory mixture simmering on his charcoal stove to give look or word to the newcomers who crowded around him.

“That is Neb,” said his brother, in brief introduction. “He don't hev much to say, but you mustn't mind that. It ain't been altogether clear weather in his upper deck since he shipped with a durned pirate of a captain that laid his head open with a marline spike; but for a cook, he can't be beat by any steward afloat or ashore. Jest you wait till he doses out that clam-chowder he's making now!”

Then there was the long, low cabin that stretched the full length of the “Lady Jane,” and that—with its four cosy bunks made up shipshape, its big table,

its swinging lamp, its soft bulging chairs (for Great-uncle Joe had been a man of solid weight as well as worth)—was just the place for boys to disport themselves in without fear of doing damage. All about were most interesting things for curious young eyes to see and busy fingers to handle: telescope, compass, speaking trumpet, log and lead and line that had done duty in many a distant sea; spears, bows and arrowheads traded for on savage islands; Chinese ivories and lacquered boxes from Japan. A white bearskin and walrus tusk told of an early venture into the frozen North, when bold men were first drawn to its darkness and mystery; while the Buddha from an Eastern temple, squatting shut-eyed on a shelf, roused good old Brother Bart into holy horror.

"I never thought to be under the same roof with a haythen idol. Put it away, my man,—put it out of sight while I'm in yer house; for I can't stand the looks of it. I'll be after smashing it into bits if ye lave it under me eyes."

And his indignation was appeased only by the sight of the Captain's room, which had been respectfully assigned to the "Padre," as Captain Jeb persisted in calling his older guest.

Here Great-uncle Joe had treasures rare indeed in the good Brother's eye: a wonderful crucifix of ivory and ebony; the silver altar lamp of an old Spanish monastery; a Madonna in dull tints that still bore traces of a master hand; a rosary, whose well-worn beads made Brother Bart's pious heart warm.

"Indeed, he was a God-fearing man I'm sure, this uncle of laddie's."

"He was," agreed Captain Jeb; "a little rough-talking sometimes, but all sailors are."

"Well, it's a rough life," said Brother Bart, recalling his own late experience. "It's little chance it gives you to think or pray. But the old man ye talk of prayed; I am sure of that. The beads here bear token of it."

"Aye," answered Captain Jeb. "He held to them to the last as tight as if they was an anchor chain,—why I don't know."

"That's yer ignorance, poor man!" said Brother Bart, compassionately. "Ye should pray morning and evening for light, and perhaps ye'll be given the grace to know what the hould of blessed beads is to a dying hand. Now, if ye don't mind, I'll rest a bit in this quiet place, and try to say me own prayers that I missed last night; for it was a sore trying time to me, both body and soul. There's no harm can come to the boys, now that they are safe here."

"I wouldn't swear to four youngers like them anywhere," was the grim answer. "But ye can rest easy, Padre: I'll keep an eye on them, never fear." And, closing the old Captain's door on his anxious guest, Captain Jeb proceeded to "keep an eye" on the boys who were exploring Killykinick in every direction.

As it had little more than half a mile of visible surface, the exploration was naturally limited; but there was a "deal more below," as Captain Jeb assured them,—reefs and shoals stretching out in every direction, and widening every year with the silt carried down from the shore. There were one or two wide hollows between the rocks, where that same silt, top-dressed with richer earth imported from more favored spots by Captain Jeb, served as kitchen garden, in which beans, cabbages and potatoes made a promising show. On another sheltered slope, green with coarse grass, brown Betty was pasturing peacefully; while in a hen-house beyond there was clucking and cackling, cheerfully suggestive of chickens and eggs.

"We used to hev mostly ship rations," said Captain Jeb. "But the old man got sort of picky and choosy these last years, and turned again the hard-tack and old hoss meat that had been good enough for him before. So I got a few boat-loads of good earth and took to growing things."

And things do grow here for sure, if you only give them a chance. All they want is root hold; the sun and the air and the soft mists do the rest."

Then there was the pump house; for even the toughest of old "salts" must have fresh water. And it had cost many a dollar to strike it in these rocks; but strike it at last the well-borers did, and the pump was roofed and walled in as Killykinick's greatest treasure.

"Stick round here, younkers, along by the 'Lady Jane' and the wharf and the garden beds, and down by the 'Sary Ann' and the boats to the south beach, and you'll be pretty safe. But I'm going to show you a place whar you can't do no monkey shining, for it ain't safe at all."

And as Captain Jeb spoke he turned to the high wall of rock that had backed and sheltered the "Lady Jane" for nearly fifty years; and, bending his thin form, he pushed through a low, narrow opening, with, it is needless to say, four wide-eyed boys scrambling breathlessly behind him,—Dan, as usual, in the lead, pulling Freddy on.

For a moment they stumbled in darkness, through which came a thunderous sound like the swell of some mighty organ under a master hand; and then they were out in light and space again, with the ocean cliff of Killykinick arching above and around them in a great cave hollowed by the beating waves out of solid rock. Wall and roof were rough and jagged, broken into points and ledges; but the floor was smoothed by the tide into a shining, glittering surface, that widened out to meet the line of breakers thundering white-foamed beyond, their sprays scattering in light showers far and near.

"Jing! Golly! Hooray!" burst from the young explorers; and they would have dashed off into bolder investigation of this new discovery, but Captain Jeb's sudden trumpet tone withheld them.

"Stop,—stop thar, younkers! Didn't I tell you this warn't no play-place? How far and how deep these caves stretch only

the Lord knows; for the sea is gnawing them deeper and wider every year. And thar's holes and quicksands that would suck you down quicker than that whale in the Good Book swallowed Jonah. And more than that: in three hours from now these here rocks whar we are standing will be biling with high tide. This ain't no play-place! I'm showing it to you so you'll know; for thar ain't no reefs and shoals to easy things here. It's deep sea soundings that no line can reach, this nor'east shore. Them waves hev a clean sweep of three thousand miles before they break here. And thar ain't to be no ducking nor swimming nor monkey shining around here unless me or Neb is on watch. Neb ain't much good for navigating since he got that hit with the marline spike, but for a watch on ship or shore he is all right. So them 'orders' is all I hev to give; the Padre, being a bit nervous, may hev some of his own; but thar ain't nothing to hurt four strapping younkers round Killykinick except right *here*. And now, I reckon, it's about time for dinner. I'm ready for some of Neb's clam-chowder, I know; and I guess you are, too."

"Jing! but this is a great place of yours, Freddy!" said Dan, as they turned back to the ship house. "We could not have found a better."

"That's all you know," scoffed the lordly Dud. "I mean to keep on the right side of the old duffer," he added *sotto voce*, "and get over to Beach Cliff in that tub of his whenever I can. Minnie Foster asked me to come; they've taken a fine house down on the shore, and have all sorts of fun—dances, picnics, boat races. I'll get sick of things here pretty soon; won't you, Jim?"

"I don't know about that," was the lazy answer. "About as good a place to loaf as you'll find."

"Loaf?" put in Dan. "There isn't going to be any loafing at Killykinick for me. I'm for boating and fishing and clamming and digging up those garden

beds. I don't know what those others are paying," said Dan, who had fallen behind with Captain Jeb; "but I've got no money, and am ready to earn my board and keep."

"You are?" said the Captain, in surprise. "As I took it, the Padre bunched you all together for as fair a figure as I could ask."

"Not me," replied Dan. "These other chaps are plutes, and can pay their own way; so cut me out of your figures and let me work for myself."

"Well, that's sort of curious talk for a youngster with a high-class schooling," said Captain Jeb, dubiously. "You mean you want to hire out?"

"Yes," said Dan, remembering Aunt Winnie and how doubtful his claim was upon St. Andrew's.

"Thar will be considerable stirring round, I'll allow," was the reflective answer. "I was thinking of getting Billy Benson to lend a hand, but if you'd like the job of sort of second mate—"

"I would," said Dan. "What is a second mate's work?"

"Obeying orders," answered Captain Jeb, briefly.

"That's dead easy," said Dan, with a grin.

"Oh, is it?" was the grim rejoinder. "Jest you wait, youngster, till you've stood on a toppling deck in the teeth of a nor'easter, with some dunderhead of a captain roaring cuss words at you to cut away the mast that you know is all that's keeping you out of Davy Jones' Locker, and then you'll find what obeying orders means. But if you want the job here, it's yours. What will you take?"

"My board and keep," answered Dan.

"That ain't no sort of pay," said the other, gruffly.

"Wait till you see me eat," laughed Dan; "besides, I was never a second mate before. Maybe I won't make good at it."

"Mebbe you won't," said Captain Jeb, his mouth stretching into its crooked smile. "You're rather young for it, I

must admit. Still, I like your grit and pluck, youngster. Most chaps like you are ready to suck at anything in reach. What's your name?"

"Dan—Dan Dolan," was the answer.

"Good!" said Captain Jeb. "It's a square, honest name. You're shipped, Dan Dolan. I guess thar ain't no need for signing papers. This little chap will bear witness. You're shipped as second mate in the 'Lady Jane' now and here."

(To be continued.)

The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus.

THE legend of the Seven Sleepers appears in almost every literature.

It is found among the Arabs, the Maronites, the Ethiopians, the Greeks. In Western Europe it was St. Gregory of Tours that made it known, and he borrowed it from Syriac authors. In the thirteenth century Jacques de Voragine introduced it into his "Golden Legend," and a German poet versified it; in the seventeenth, Moreto y Cabaña, a Spanish author, made it the theme of a drama called "Los Siete Dormientes." The legend is, accordingly, one of the best known in universal literature.

The setting is the city of Ephesus during the persecution of the Emperor Decius. Ephesus, to-day a mass of ruins, was still at that epoch one of the largest and most beautiful cities of Asia, proud of her past, and especially of her Temple of Diana, one of the seven wonders of the world. Side by side with pagan souvenirs were those of the Christians. There, St. Paul had preached; here, he had been imprisoned; farther on was the residence of St. John and the Blessed Virgin.

The seven heroes of the legend are young men, their names being Maximian, Malchus, Marcian, Denis, John, Serapion, and Constantine. Denounced as Christians, they appeared before their judges, and, braver than many others who had basely apostatized, they boldly confessed their faith and refused to sacrifice to the

gods. The judges remanded them, but only after having warned them of the fate that awaited them if they persisted in their obstinacy. They merely gave the accused a few days during which to reflect on their course.

Going home, the seven Christians sold all that they possessed, distributed the price received to the poor, keeping only what was strictly necessary, and then went and hid themselves in a cave of Mount Celion. There they lived, fasting and praying, awaiting better times. They had been in the cave for some days already when the judges issued a summons for their appearance before their tribunal. The soldiers who were assigned to serve the summons learned that the seven had disappeared and that it was not known where they had gone. As a matter of fact, they had told no one of their purpose.

Ever since they had taken up their abode in the cave, the youngest among them, Malchus, dressed himself every day as a beggar and proceeded to Ephesus to procure the necessities of life and to learn the latest news of the persecution. He accordingly discovered that the officers of the law were on the lookout for himself and his companions. Not without some terror, he told the others what he had heard as to the fate that awaited them should they be discovered. All seven immediately gave themselves up to prayer, after which they took their modest repast and lay down to sleep.

The judges, prosecuting their search, finally learned, or at least suspected, that the seven absconders had taken refuge in the cave of Mount Celion, and they at once ordered the entrance to the cave to be walled up. Providentially, among those who were deputed to carry out this order there were two Christians, Rufinus and Theodore. They wrote on a scroll of papyrus the names of the seven martyrs, added a brief account of what had occurred, and secretly placed the scroll under one of the stones that was

used in closing the mouth of the cave. They hoped by this means to preserve the martyrs' names from oblivion.

One hundred and ninety-six years had passed since these events happened, and Theodosius II., a very pious Emperor, was reigning in Constantinople. An Ægean bishop, named Theodore, was propagating by word of mouth and by his writings a new heresy. (Heresies, by the way, were always common among the Orientals.) Theodore taught that at the end of the world the dead would not rise again, a formal contradiction of the Apostles' Creed. This error, propagated by a bishop, was a great scandal, and the Emperor was deeply afflicted thereat. It was then that, to confound the heresiarch, God made use of the seven young men asleep in the cave of Mount Celion. This is how the affair came about.

A rich Ephesian to whom the mountain belonged conceived the idea of building there a new stable. The workmen, looking for suitable material, took the stones that closed the mouth of the cave. At the noise made by them the seven martyrs awoke from their long sleep, but without any notion as to the length of time that their slumber had lasted. As usual, they sent the youngest of the group to the city to purchase food, and to learn whether the search for themselves was still kept up.

On leaving the cave, Malchus was surprised to see that its entrance had changed its appearance, and that close by there was a pile of stone that had not been there when he went in the last time. He asked himself what it could mean. Still, he went on his way; but the farther he went, the greater became his surprise. Different trees from those he knew bordered the route; many houses had disappeared, and many others had been reared in their place. Still more wonderful, when he reached one of the city gates, he saw an image of Christ on the Cross installed above it. He asked himself if he was not dreaming. Going along the

street he had always frequented, he found everything changed. The people were dressed differently, the shops were not the same, and the image of Our Lord was everywhere.

He inquired from some passers-by the name of the city in which he found himself. They looked at him wonderingly; but, seeing the strangeness of his dress, took him for a foreigner and told him that he was in Ephesus. Malchus entered a baker's shop and asked for several loaves of bread. He was readily served; but when he presented some money in payment, the baker looked astonished, and called some persons who were in the shop to examine the coins. After the examination, the baker said to Malchus:

"These are oldtime coins. You must have found a treasure. Now, you know that every treasure one discovers belongs to the State. I could have you arrested if I wished; but I prefer that we should come to an understanding. You give me half the treasure, and I'll say nothing about it."

Malchus was quite naturally astounded. He protested that he had not found any treasure, that the coins were his own, and that he did not understand what the baker was talking about.

"Since you won't come to a friendly agreement," said the baker, "you will accompany me to the governor."

And as Malchus made as if to escape, he was seized, and soon surrounded by an increasing crowd of the curious. Malchus in vain looked at the crowd in the hope of discovering some of his relatives or acquaintances: all the faces were unfamiliar to him, and he asked himself again and again if he were not really dreaming.

On reaching the governor's office, that official, Antipater by name, was informed that the young man had found a treasure, and, as proof, some of the coins offered in payment to the baker were produced.

"Where did you find these coins?" asked Antipater,

"The money is mine and I didn't find it anywhere," replied Malchus.

"Of what country are you a native?"

"Of this city, provided the city be really Ephesus."

"Who are your relatives?"

Malchus named several of them, and told the quarters of the city in which they resided; but nobody knew any of the people he mentioned, and the quarters he spoke of no longer existed.

"You see," said Antipater, "that you can not deceive us. For that matter, these coins alone suffice to prove that you are lying. They belong to a period nearly two centuries back."

"They bear," replied Malchus, "the image of Decius; and Decius isn't dead, so far as I know."

At this reply the whole crowd present began to laugh; and Bishop Martin, who happened to be with the governor when Malchus was brought in, said to the youth:

"But, my son, the emperor of that name has been dead for years and years."

"In that case, I really don't know what more I can say; but if you will come with me to Mount Celion, you will find that I am no impostor."

He then narrated how, fleeing from the persecution of Decius, he and his companions had taken refuge in the mountain cave so as to escape the tortures with which they were threatened.

"There must be some mystery under all this," commented the bishop. "Let us follow the young man to the cave he mentions."

The crowd, led by the governor and the bishop, at once set out; and all along the way the two former pressed Malchus with a variety of questions. On arriving at the cave, Malchus declared:

"Inside there you will find my companions."

Governor and bishop advanced to enter, but the bishop noticed just at the entrance itself a roll of papyrus. He picked it up, opened it, and read the full confirma-

tion of the story Malchus had told. It was the scroll secretly deposited by Rufinus and Theodore, of which we have already made mention. The prelate announced the news to the crowd, and their amazement may be imagined; but that amazement was still further increased when, on penetrating into the cave, they found the six young men at prayer, awaiting Malchus' return. They confirmed what he had said, and, like him, they believed they had been in the cave only a few days, and been asleep only since the night before, instead of having slept one hundred and ninety-six years.

In presence of such a prodigy, the bishop returned thanks to Heaven, and arranged with the governor to send immediate notice to the emperor at Constantinople. Theodosius decided to verify for himself so marvellous an event; and so, with a party of officers, he at once proceeded to Ephesus. He visited the cave in Mount Celion, heard the Seven Sleepers tell their story again, and devoutly blessed God, who by means of this resurrection had confounded the heresy that had been effecting such ravages in one part of the empire.

All at once the emperor saw the seven martyrs bow their heads: they were asleep once more, to awaken only on the last day.

Theodosius gave orders that richly enchased golden caskets be made to receive their remains; but they appeared to him the next night in a vision and asked him to let their bodies lie where they were until the last trumpet should awaken them again. The emperor yielded to their desire; but he caused to be built, at the mouth of the cave, a chapel in which every year was celebrated the feast of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus.

A French Solomon.

A French judge, who had apparently read of Solomon's decision concerning the disputed child, recently solved a nice point of law in a somewhat similar fashion. A robber had been detected one night forcing his way into a banker's residence through a hole he had made in the brick wall of the basement. He had got in as far as his waist when a policeman saw and arrested him. When the robber's trial came up, his lawyer based his whole defence on the fact that his client had not really entered the residence, since only part of his body was inside. The judge appeared impressed with the argument, and replied to it in this way:

"The upper portion of the prisoner's body is guilty of feloniously entering the banker's house, and is accordingly condemned to one year's imprisonment, the said prisoner having the option of taking his legs with him or leaving them outside the prison gates."

Much in Little.

In the town of Salem, Mass., there is—or was—a wonderful little object exhibited in a collection of curiosities—a common cherry-stone hollowed out and shaped like a basket. To carve this fairy basket would not be a great feat, but within it are twelve perfectly shaped tiny spoons, and each of these spoons has upon it carving so exquisitely fine that one has to use a magnifying-glass to discern it.

All through the records of past days we read of these wonderful triumphs of skill and ingenuity. Dr. Peter Oliver, who lived about two hundred years ago, tells us of a cherry-stone on whose surface were cut the heads of one hundred and twenty-four popes, kings, queens, and saints; and he says that with a good glass it was quite easy to tell which heads wore mitres and crowns, and which were without.

THINK nought a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the
year;
And trifles, life.—*Young.*

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A new novel for "grown-ups" by Fr. Garrold, S. J., already favorably known as the author of juvenile books, is published by Sands & Co. It is entitled "The Onion Peelers."

—Perhaps the best edition in English of Dante's "Vita Nuova" has just been issued in London. The translation is that of Dante Gabriel Rossetti; profusely illustrated and artistically decorated by Evelyn Paul.

—The brochure entitled "The German War and Catholicism: German Defence against French Attacks," published by the Wanderer Co., Milwaukee, Wis., will probably be ranked by most neutrals as a literary act of reprisal, and all wise readers need hardly be told that the true history of our own day will not be written till that day is past.

—No reader of Catholic fiction can demur at the modest price of forty-five cents asked by the publishers for "In Many Moods," by Lydia Stirling Flinham, a 16mo of some two hundred pages, containing a dozen examples of the storyteller's art. It needs only to be said that certain of these stories appeared in such recognized vehicles of Catholic fiction as the *Rosary* and the *Good Counsel Magazine* to give the reader an idea of their wholesome quality. This volume is published, in good form, by the Society of the Divine Word, Techny, Ill.

—"The Blackest Page of Modern History," by Herbert Adams Gibbons, Ph. D. (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a statement of the facts and the responsibilities connected with events in Armenia in 1915. As the author of "The Foundation of the Ottoman Empire," Mr. Gibbons holds some title to the reader's consideration; and his declaration that an appeal to humanity on behalf of the remnant of the Armenian race can be made "without the slightest suspicion of political interest" is calculated to reassure such readers as distrust war-books as being patently "partisan up to the hilt."

—In their advertisement of "Journeys with Jerry the Jarvey," by Alexis Roche, the publishers refer to Jerry's "broad humor, seasoned with wisdom," and declare that "the reader will chuckle over the strange mixture of irresponsible love of fun and acute comprehension of human nature in the stories which the Irish jaunting-car driver tells." On the contrary,

we think that the average reader will be disgusted with the utter vulgarity and inanity of these tales. We found no wisdom in those that we read, and were not disposed to seek further for it. The humor is sufficiently broad, but by no means bright.

—An abundance of interesting and authoritative information is to be found in the souvenir issued by the Michigan Historical Commission of the exercises held in connection with the unveiling, some time ago, at Mackinac Island, of a bronze tablet to the memory of John Nicolet. The most important address of the day was that of the Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J., which is given in full.

—Rand McNally & Co.'s text-book in history for the use of the sixth grade pupils, "The Story of Old Europe and Young America," by Professors Mace and Tanner, is a stoutly bound sixteenmo of 334 pages. History takes on a pleasant aspect as depicted by the authors, and as a rule it is fairly and adequately set forth. Catholic critics, however, will take issue with a few of the statements to be found in the volume; and readers with Irish blood in their veins will probably deplore the lack of any reference to the really prominent rôle played by Irish missionaries in Christianizing and civilizing Continental Europe in the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries; but, on the whole, the book is an improvement on the oldtime histories compiled by non-Catholic authors. Numerous illustrations and some twenty maps greatly increase the usefulness of the work.

—One of the first volumes, if not the very first, to be made from contributions to *The Queen's Work* is "Talks to Boys," by Joseph P. Conroy, S. J. It is a happy circumstance, as illustrating the kind of work the magazine in question can do, and since its inception has been doing well. That work is chiefly to reach our boys and young men, and particularly those who are members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin. Few pages of our valued contemporary have more successfully realized its ideal than those occupied by these "Talks" which are now put into book-form. Father Conroy knows the American boy and likes him, and has the rare wisdom of expressing his interest and liking in a manner that will not give offence to its object. This negative grace is really an important matter. In his choice of subjects, too, the author is eminently discerning, and his treatment of

them is eminently practical. We bespeak for this little volume a welcome unto many editions.

—If Mr. Armel O'Connor were not by birth a poet, it must needs be that life at Mary's Meadow, Ludlow, would compass in him that transformation. Indeed, in his latest volume of verse, "The Exalted Valley," it is to environment that he is most indebted for his inspiration, considering that environment chiefly to be the presence of the love that makes life whole. For this book of breathing lyrics is inscribed, "To Violet"—as fittingly as streams seek the great waters whence they come. One selection only can we make to show the love of these winged lines, the art of this fair verse.

Time comes apace . . .
But he so loves my lady's face,
He standeth still before its grace.

Eternity defies him here:
My lady laughs; she has no fear.
And young am I, for being near.

This volume bears the imprint of Burns & Oates, Limited. We are not informed as to its price.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Blackest Page of Modern History." Herbert Adams Gibbons, Ph. D. 75 cts.

"Talks to Boys." Rev. Joseph Conroy, S. J. 56 cts.

"Christianity and Infallibility." Rev. Daniel Lyons. \$1, net.

"Probation." Maria Longworth Storer. \$1.

"History of Dogma." Tixeront. Vol. III. \$2.

"Europa's Fairy Tales." Joseph Jacobs. \$1.25.

"Mysteries of the Mass in Reasoned Prayers." Rev. W. Roche, S. J. 50 cts.

"What Germany Could Do for Ireland." James K. McGuire. \$1.

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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

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Sister M. Carmelita, of the Society of the Holy Child; Sister M. Lumen, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Clare, Sisters of Mercy; and Sister M. Benedict, Sisters of St. Dominic.

Mr. George Irwin, Mr. George Carrico, Mr. Frank Smith, Mrs. Margaret Grace, Mr. Godfrey Martin, Miss Elvina O'Brien, Mr. M. P. Butler, Mr. George Cahill, Miss Irene Van Horn, Mrs. N. W. Duncan, Mr. Thomas Brennan, Mrs. Annie Vanston, Mr. J. W. Le Sage, Mr. William Lenz, Mrs. Mary Fitzwilliams, Mrs. Charles Murray, Mr. John Kellar, Mrs. Ellen Sheehan, Mr. Richard Sherman, Mr. Robert Ure, Mr. Harry Westerhaus, Mr. Henry Corcoran, Mrs. J. P. Daugherty, Mr. Patrick Keenan, Mr. John Elms, and Mrs. Mary Miller.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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Our Lady of Silence.

BY M. WOELLWARTH.

MOST perfect Flower of Silence,—
 Thou who round thy mother love
 Didst fold the white petals of thy soul;
 Who like earth's rose
 Hast worn the pointed dart;
 Yet when thy thorn pierced thine own heart,
 By word or sigh of pain
 Didst ne'er disclose
 On those pure leaves the crimson stain.
 From the long toll of thy days
 Rare sweet there come
 Thy simple word and phrase.
 Yet on the world's dust-choked and clamorous
 air
 Floats still thy fragrance
 Of unspoken word and prayer.
 O Mary, till all speech be dumb—
 The voice of all humanity be hushed by time,
 Till time itself be lost in all eternity—
 Beside His Perfect Speech Divine
 Shall stand the Perfect Silence, thine.

French Relics of Saint Patrick.

BY JOSEPH MAY.



THE souvenirs that bind Saint Patrick's name to France are almost as numerous as those which associate it with Ireland. To begin with, it is generally believed that he was born in France,—that is to say, in Armorica, Britain, and at Bononia, or Bonaven, now called Boulogne. He was, moreover, a nephew—or, at all events,

some near relative—of the great Saint Martin of Tours; and many traditions telling of Patrick's intimacy with that holy Bishop have come down to us. Even during Saint Patrick's Irish mission the intimacy was not broken; and to this day visitors to Tours may see in its neighborhood a little chapel, scarcely more than a grotto among the rocks, which is pointed out as the spot where Ireland's Apostle, in the course of his visits to Saint Martin, used to retire for solitary prayer and meditation.

One of the most memorable of Saint Patrick's visits to his illustrious relative was made about the year 470, at Christmas time, when the Loire was so swollen that he could get no boatman to row him over. And it is in connection with his miraculous passage of the flooded river that we have the well-known legend of "Saint Patrick's Blackthorn," which the great Franco-Irish composer, the late Augusta Holmes, immortalized in her beautiful song "L'Aubépine de Saint Patrick." In commemoration of this miracle a rustic chapel was built on the spot where it is said to have taken place, and dedicated to Saint Patrick. In course of time there grew up around it a little village to which his name was also given; the chapel serving through long ages as the parish church. Indeed, it was not till as late as 1850 that it ceased to be used for this purpose; and though a new church has been built to meet the growing needs of the parish the original building still exists, and is to this day used as a private chapel by the De Chabord family.

But what is most interesting of all in connection with Saint Patrick and France is a tradition—dear to Brittany—that he was actually buried there, and not, as has been so often asserted, at Downpatrick in Ireland. The tradition holds, furthermore, that it is in French Brittany also that we must seek the ashes of Saint Brigid and Saint Columba, who were buried in the same grave as Saint Patrick. The probabilities are, however, that it was not the bodies of these Irish saints, but a portion of their remains, that were conveyed to France; and that, these relics being mentioned as *corpora* in the Latin inscription authenticating them, some confusion as to their precise nature resulted with the lapse of time. However this may be, I give the legend for what it is worth. It is, briefly, as follows.

Towards the end of the sixth century, "Saint Gildas the Wise" founded a Benedictine monastery at Ruys, near Vannes. Obligated to fly before the Normans, and accompanied by their brethren of Lochmenech, who were also fugitives whose convent had been sacked by the invaders, the monks, under the leadership of a certain Abbot Daiocus, or Dahoc, directed their steps towards the southeast. Among the treasures they succeeded in taking with them were, so the legend runs, the chalice used by our Divine Lord at the Last Supper, and the bodies of Saint Patrick, Saint Bridget, and Saint Columba. During the four years that followed, these monks are said to have wandered from place to place, passing through Touraine and the valley of the Indre till they reached the village of Déols, near Chateauroux. This was about the year 925, at which date the heads of the ancient family of Ebbes were called "Princes of Déols," and ruled like kings over the greater part of Bas Berry. Ebbes de Déols, surnamed "the Noble," welcomed the fugitives with open arms, and found a temporary home for them, in a neighboring wood, where there was a half-ruined chapel of the Blessed Virgin,

and some crumbling cells that had once sheltered a colony of hermits. The generous prince caused both chapel and cells to be restored and handed over to the Breton monks. Later on he built them an entirely new church, and a monastery as well, long celebrated as the Abbey of Saint Saviour and Saint Gildas.

Before the work was quite finished, however—that is to say, in 935,—the Normans appeared once more upon the scene, ravaging and pillaging all before them. Prince Ebbes, at the head of his men, went forth to meet them, and they were driven over the Loire. But he was killed even in the moment of victory, and expired in the arms of his uncle, Archbishop Géronce, of Bourges; and of his son and successor, Prince Raoul, surnamed "the generous,"—a title he seems to have fully deserved. In dying, his father had charged him with the care of the newly constructed monastery of Saint Saviour and Saint Gildas; and Raoul lost no time in having all the precious relics in the hermit chapel of the wood of Déols conveyed to the abbatial church, where they would seem to have remained till 947. They were then transferred to the monastery of Saint Martin at Issoudun, which was restored for their reception, and dedicated to Our Lady, and later on to Saint Paterne, Bishop of Vannes, whose name is borne by the whole district to this day.

The eleventh-century wars necessitated a further removal of the relics, and they were placed in the Abbey of Notre Dame du Château, on the left bank of the Théols. In 1626 Archbishop Hébert, of Bourges, had them examined and verified, and then placed in the church of Saint Paterne, behind the altar of Saint Peter and Saint Paul. Two skulls were missing—namely, that of Saint Paterne, which had been taken from the stone coffin in 1186, by order of a previous archbishop of Bourges, and exposed in a reliquary for the veneration of the faithful; and that of Saint Bridget (or, at least, so much

was presumed), which also was supposed to have been exposed in a separate shrine. It may be remarked in passing that devotion to Saint Bridget of Kildare was characteristic of Bas Berry from the earliest times, and that a chapel in the church of Notre Dame du Château was dedicated to her. La Thaumassière, writing in 1689, mentioned a Confraternity of Saint Bridget, which had been founded at Notre Dame du Château, as still existing in his time.

The alleged relics of Saint Patrick and the other Irish Saints remained in the church of Saint Paterne till the Revolution, when they very narrowly escaped being scattered to the winds; for a band of *sans-culottes* rushed into the sacred building, smashing all before them. But a cloth merchant of the Rue du Château, one François Legé, managed, while their attention was absorbed elsewhere, to rescue some of the relics. He returned on the following day with his sister, Madeline Bordié, a shoemaker's wife; and Helen Fonché, a nun belonging to the Visitation convent of Châtre; and between them they succeeded in carrying off the remaining relics, which Legé then placed in his own house, and in a cardboard box "covered with blue paper and decorated with gold." We are told, moreover, that he was careful to put the names of the saints whose relics the box contained "in gold letters outside."

On the 25th of June, 1795, Legé offered to confide the relics to the Abbé Pignot, *curé* of Sainte-Thorette-sur-Cher, who had been recently released from the prison of Sainte Claire, at Bourges. The offer was accepted; and a few years later—that is to say, in 1802—the *procès-verbal* which Legé had drawn up in French in connection with the relics was, at his request, put into Latin by a priest who was then a State prisoner at Issoudun. By way of extra precaution, it was written upon stamped paper and ran as follows: "*Me contuli in capellam Sanctæ Brigidæ, dicti monasterii; vidi tumulum aperiri, ubi, pluribus*

abhinc sæculis asservabantur veneranda corpora Sanctæ Brigidæ, Sanctæ Colombæ, et Sancti Patricii hybernensis episcopi, eodem in monumento posita."

To these relics Prior Bottier, of the Oratory of Bourges, added, in 1803, some bones of Saint David and Saint Florent; and the whole were placed in a wooden case, with a fresh inscription stating that the relics of "*Patricii, epis. Hibernensis; Brigidæ, Abbat. in Scotia; Colombæ Virginis,*" were among those contained in the box. It should be remembered in connection with the allusion to Saint Bridget as abbess in "*Scotia,*" that Scotia was one of the names of Ireland, long before their descendants carried it with them to North Britain, now called Scotland, in consequence.

After finding a temporary resting-place in the parish of Lapan, in the department of Cher, the relics were placed in the episcopal palace of Bourges, in 1886, where, as recently as 1893, they were examined by the Abbé Roche in the presence of the vicar-general. They were found intact, together with the document of François Legé.

In conclusion, it was at Bourges that Sainte Jeanne de Valois, sister of Charles VIII. of France, founded in 1501 the Order of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin. And it was here also that her unworthy husband, Louis XII.—then Duke of Orleans,—was imprisoned, and confined at night in an iron cage, from which he was released only at the prayers of the saintly wife whom he afterwards discarded. She died on February 4, 1505, and was canonized by Clement XII. in 1738. Her relics were burned by the Calvinists in 1562, but devotion to her remained as warm as ever throughout France. Dom du Bourg, prior of Sainte-Marie, includes her among the holy patrons who, he believes, protected the French Capital from invasion during the present war. May she protect the relics of the Irish saints at Bourges, in whose peaceful cloister she found the happiness denied her in a palace!

James Harrington, M.D.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XII.

WHILE the Doctor gave himself up almost entirely to the duties of his profession, employing his leisure moments in the scientific study in which he delighted, striving to overcome any tendency to depression, and to keep himself in a calm and equable frame of mind, Mrs. Forrester was very unhappy. It seemed like a paradox to say that she had fallen more easily into the hands of the conspirators because of her devotion to the Doctor. That had been for many a long day a species of religion with her. She had lived to please him, to attract his attention, to win his approval; and her very anxiety in these directions had often defeated its own end, especially with her limited mental equipment, which prevented her from seeing anything beyond her own viewpoint.

Had the Doctor been a vainer man, he might long before have taken alarm at Mrs. Forrester's advances in his direction. But, with a certain abstraction of mind with which he very often went into society, he had set her demeanor down to nothing more than a loyal friendship. And it was only the meddling of officious friends that had ever made him think she was open to a matrimonial offer, and would willingly bestow upon him all her worldly possessions. Otherwise, the thought of marrying Mrs. Forrester, save for that one fleeting moment, had never entered his mind, though he had not considered the matter of sufficient importance to keep him out of her society. It had always appeared as if she were incapable of anything more than a mere childish pleasure in the company of one whom she had known so long, and from force of habit had learned to regard.

On her first meeting with Gianetta, Mrs. Forrester had been attracted by the girl's bold, dark beauty, and by

something compelling and almost magnetic in her personality. This ascendancy which she won over the lady of fashion was increased by plenty of adroit flattery, until the girl was taken into something like intimacy with the rich and exclusive widow. While keeping her constantly employed in working, at first on plain sewing and later on in remaking her dresses and refurbishing her wardrobe, she talked to her almost upon an equality, and thoroughly enjoyed the afternoons which she could give up to the sewing room. Gianetta interested her employer, too, by talking of Dr. Harrington; and, until she had felt her way and gained a thorough standing in the house, she had only words of more or less measured praise for him, which she could easily make to agree afterwards with the torrent of abuse she meant to pour forth. The Doctor was "such a fine gentleman," and "that handsome Doctor!" And the faint "buts" and "ifs" and qualifying adjectives were unheeded by the listener's none too subtle ears.

Gianetta well knew that in discoursing thus she was merely serving the subsidiary aim of ingratiating herself with Mrs. Forrester, which was not at all the object which had brought her to the house. Her other and more important business there could only suffer by adding flame to the fuel of the lady's devotion to Dr. Harrington. She dreaded the moment when she must make the hazardous experiment of adding jealousy to that flame and at the same time striving to quench its ardor. It would probably cost her all that she had gained. But her resolve never wavered; for she had a double stake in view: to injure the hated Doctor and to please one for whom she had an infatuation that gave her no rest by day or by night. His lightest word could have spurred her on to anything. A careless word of appreciation, meted out none too generously, was reward enough for all her efforts. And though she had hated the Doctor on her own

account—because of his entire indifference to herself, her personal appearance, or the attractions with which she believed herself so richly endowed,—and also for his attitude concerning the Maloney children, she hated him still more because of the campaign which he had instituted against the Professor, with the result of temporarily driving the latter out of town.

Her first tentative effort to shake Mrs. Forrester's confidence in the physician was made one afternoon when the girl was busy in the sewing room, which adjoined Mrs. Forrester's luxurious apartments. She was making over the identical blue dress which the lady had worn at her initial dinner party, and in which she believed herself to look most captivating. It was also very soon after the Doctor had made, in favor of the Maloney children, efforts which will be chronicled in another chapter, and which had excited Gianetta's wrath still more.

"I am going to give some dinners very soon," said Mrs. Forrester, "and I want to have this gown ready."

"And a beautiful one it is, ma'am," answered Gianetta, going on with her sewing; "and it will be more beautiful than ever done over in this way."

"I think it will," agreed Mrs. Forrester, cordially,—*"I really think it will. You have given some new artistic touches to it."* (This was undoubtedly true; for the girl had a certain skill with her needle.) "And, then, blue is my color. Don't you think so, Gianetta? It matches my eyes and makes them look bluer. Dr. Harrington, though he doesn't notice such things much, always seems to like me in blue."

"Does he now, ma'am?" inquired Gianetta, as if the matter were of the last importance.

"I think so, Gianetta," repeated Mrs. Forrester, in a tone which was always most soft and purring when she spoke of the Doctor. "Of course he really doesn't care about dress at all, he is so clever and so busy with important things."

"I suppose he is," said Gianetta,

throwing into her tone that shade of doubt which she put out as a bait.

"Why, of course!" cried Mrs. Forrester, catching the bait and showing her astonishment.

"I suppose now he really has all the patients that he used to be telling about?"

"I never heard him tell of one," said Mrs. Forrester, shaking her head from side to side to emphasize her word. "Except your sister-in-law, who, he told me, died of cholera, he never seems to speak of his patients."

"Mebbe he has so many other things to talk to yourself about," hazarded Gianetta, slyly.

Mrs. Forrester blushed and simpered, and Gianetta gave a deep sigh.

"And a fine, pleasant way he has with women," she added.

Mrs. Forrester looked vaguely displeased.

"It's always some little bit of flattery or the soft word or—"

Mrs. Forrester stiffened. But Gianetta, spurred on by an interview she had had the evening before with the arch-conspirator, and her own late recollections, was ruthless.

"Or putting his hand on your arm—or the like."

To Mrs. Forrester's horror, it occurred to her that the girl was reminiscent, though nothing in the world could be less like her own impressions of her old friend. But the girl's melancholy air, her sighs—in fact, her little bit of melodrama dexterously acted—filled her with indignation and alarm.

"I don't recognize the description," she said hastily.

Gianetta bent over her stitching, to repress a smile at the admission.

"Perhaps with a grand lady like yourself," she replied, "it would be different entirely. But he has a terrible deceiving way with him."

"You forget yourself!" said Mrs. Forrester, severely. Gianetta, who had been stitching steadily away, after she had

hazarded that stroke, straightened herself up, as if terrified.

"O ma'am, I ask your pardon! I'm talking foolishly."

Mrs. Forrester got up abruptly and left the room. When she returned later, she maintained a frozen silence, or simply gave curt orders concerning the dress-making,—sitting up straight and prim, as if to keep her seamstress at a distance. Gianetta's manner was all that was humble and apologetic. Nor was the subject reopened between them for some days. Then Mrs. Forrester, in an agony of doubt and curiosity, broke through the armor of reserve in which she had encased herself, and put a few leading questions. This gave Gianetta the desired opportunity, and she burst forth:

"Oh, then, ma'am dear, I should never have said a word, seeing that the gentleman is a friend of yours, and one of your own circle! But, since you ask me, I'll tell you plain that if I'm out doing a bit of sewing by the day, instead of staying at home, as I'd wish, to care for the motherless children, that it's no lie to say are like my own, it's because I couldn't stand for a fine, grand gentleman to be comin' so often to the house, foreninst the neighbors, and me alone there, if it wasn't for the children,—and, like as not, they out playing in the yard or on the sidewalk. I spoke to my brother more than once; but he—poor unfortunate fellow, taking a drop too much as he does sometimes—wouldn't hear a word against the Doctor. Like yourself, ma'am, he thinks he's the best gentleman that ever lived. (And, oh, but he has the deceiving way with him!) My brother wouldn't believe a word that I'd be saying. And yet there's many a poor girl would have been expecting a gold ring to be coming next, only that I had more sense in my head than to be expecting it."

Now, this long harangue was delivered by Gianetta in the hurried, breathless fashion of the spiteful, and as if the venom in her system that had been long gather-

ing had suddenly found an outlet. The peculiarity of the foreign intonation in her voice, which always became marked when she was excited, coincided with a strong touch of the brogue. The harangue came to an end with a burst of wild, passionate weeping, which, in fact, had nothing to do with the subject under discussion. Mrs. Forrester, pale, dismayed and stricken to the heart, yet burning with a fiery flame of jealousy, sat, moistening her lips, but absolutely dumb, staring at this consummate actress.

"I thought," went on the broken, sobbing voice of Gianetta, "that it was too hard to bear. My own brother would do nothing, being that bewitched by the Doctor, and befuddled by the drink that he took to drown his sorrow. Then I said to myself that I would be out of the house every minute that I could, doing sewing for ladies. It would save me from being talked ill of by the neighbors. So I come here and I went over to Miss Wharton's." (With all her misery, Mrs. Forrester pricked up her ears at that name.) "But it's a haughty, upsetting lady she is, and not a bit like yourself, ma'am dear. She turned me away after half a day's work: and not a word would she hear agin the Doctor,—he has her that deceived and enchanted, making her think that he's going to marry her, as he has deceived half the girls in the town, I do believe."

The creature's imagination had taken fire. Avoiding safe paths, she was launching out into the melodramatic and the improbable, when she was arrested by the cold, dry voice of Mrs. Forrester, who had perceived something of the incongruities in the narrative.

"Now you are talking nonsense, and imagining a great deal of that."

Gianetta was quick to perceive that she had gone too far, and she was called back from the paths of fancy.

"Mebbe I was," she said contritely; "and it's natural enough, too, that a body's mind would be running away with

her, thinking of one thing all the time."

In order to apply balm to the wounds she had inflicted, Gianetta resorted to adroit flattery, and declared that everybody knew it was Mrs. Forrester the Doctor really preferred. Still she was well aware that, with the dispatching of that sheaf of poisoned arrows, the day of her real ascendancy with Mrs. Forrester was over.

She could count, however, on being allowed to finish the blue dress; for, though Mrs. Forrester's interest in social affairs had visibly declined, dress was still a ruling passion with her, and the fire of vanity could not easily be quenched by any torrent of jealousy. She felt tolerably certain that, upon some pretext or another, Mrs. Forrester would probably dismiss her very shortly. The light in the blue eyes as they regarded her was baleful; and she could realize that to this fine lady, the very beauty in the seamstress, which had at first appealed to her, was now held to be both brazen and bold. For must she not, in a sense, have "thrown at the Doctor's head" such attractions as she possessed? Otherwise he would never have noticed her at all. For, curiously enough, with all her knowledge of a lifelong friend, the widow never disbelieved the story she had been told.

Gianetta much regretted the fact that she would soon be deprived for evermore of this luxurious atmosphere, where she was earning quite a respectable sum, supplemented by much appreciated gifts of dress from her employer, and where she could escape the squalor and the grinding poverty of the Maloneys, with only stupid children to speak to. It is doubtful if her own hatred of the Doctor would have impelled her to forfeit the entrance into this paradise, even though that hatred received an immense impetus when she found, as will be seen later, that the children, bad as they were, were to be taken away from her through the Doctor's machinations. This she felt to be an almost unendurable slight; offered

to her before the whole of Griffintown. It also made her tenure of office as housekeeper to her brother uncertain; for he might now feel disposed to give up housekeeping, as he had sometimes threatened to do, and to go into lodgings. And, miserable as was that substitute for a home, it suited her to remain there at present. So she was divided between the triumphant desire to show the Doctor what the girl he had despised and humiliated could do, in the way of revenge, even amongst his wealthy and fashionable friends, and her regret at having to lose all that she had gained, and much more that might have followed by keeping in the good graces of Mrs. Forrester. And the latter sentiment might have weighed down the scale a little but for the ever-present thought of the Professor, the joy of his approbation, and the scathing sharpness of his rebuke when he taunted her with having done nothing.

Under pain of his everlasting displeasure, she had still one important matter to settle before being formally expelled from paradise. This was to put Mrs. Forrester into communication with her ally, that he might, as he said, "have the chance to pick up some feathers from the golden goose." Gianetta thought that a very clever saying of his, and chuckled over it delightedly to herself. But the introduction of that subject was both delicate and dangerous, especially in Mrs. Forrester's altered frame of mind towards herself. For the next few days she dropped the subject of the Doctor altogether. She humbly begged pardon of Mrs. Forrester for her bad talk against one of her friends, and even tried to intimate that she might have been mistaken.

But the lady acted, as people usually do, in a totally unexpected manner. From her general silliness of tone, her lightness and her flippant skimming over the surface of things, Gianetta had believed that the widow would exhaust the subject in its every possible aspect, and, despite her resentment, keep her at hand until

that process of exhaustion was complete. But the little woman asked no further questions at all after those first agonized inquiries, which in themselves had cost her dear. She kept the seamstress entirely at arm's-length, resuming her own position of great lady in a manner that lent her a certain dignity, and much increased Gianetta's respect for her. Her silence in the workroom was sullen, and her thoughts concerning the girl all coldly malignant. She was furious against the Doctor with a helpless, impotent fury, that caused her to execrate his very name. She believed every word that her informant had said, though she inwardly stigmatized her as a liar.

Yes, she told herself, it was all very clear now that the man who had pretended to be so superior, or rather whom most people had believed to be so superior, was just like others, and a consummate hypocrite into the bargain. It pleased her in her misery to call him by the harshest names. There were moments when she persuaded herself that nothing could be worse than his conduct; and she tortured herself by remembering, in proof of the truth of the story, that the Doctor had striven to prevent her from employing the girl, and had seemed startled and considerably annoyed at the two being brought into communication.

Yet—so curious a thing is human nature—there were other moments when she knew that she could more readily forgive a somewhat vulgar flirtation (and she was certain that it had never amounted to any more) between the Doctor and Gianetta, whose good looks she herself had admired, than that he should be paying court to the brilliant and popular Miss Wharton, who always had admirers, and who had affected to make light of the Doctor and his pretensions. As "to his deceiving and enchanting" that young lady, such a thing was not at all within the bounds of probability. It had chanced that, beyond a vague fear which had sometimes beset her, and which she had

usually quieted by her conviction that Dr. Harrington did not like clever women, she had never had any reason to suppose that his thoughts ran particularly in that direction. It had chanced, indeed, that the widow had never heard of the drive, thanks to the storm collar, the quiet road, and the secrecy of those concerned, which had prevented Mrs. Grundy from exercising her powers on that idyllic afternoon and its influence on two people.

Lucy Forrester thought at times of rushing over to put her possible rival upon her guard. Then she decided to keep the affair as secret as possible, locked within her breast, in so far as her own circle was concerned. Never would she admit to Mabel Wharton that she had a single doubt of the Doctor; nor, as she admitted to herself, would she have felt very comfortable in telling her that, on the authority of an ignorant sewing girl from Griffintown, she had suffered the fine fabric of what she had believed was a sincere and loyal friendship to be destroyed. She planned out her own rôle in the affair, which she hoped at least would deceive others. She was to become all at once indifferent to the Doctor; and, finding that his society palled upon her, to exclude him from her entertainments of all kinds, and notably from her dinners.

People, after a nine days' wonder of surprise, would accept her change of attitude towards her former intimate as an accomplished fact. For, with all her silliness, she knew society well enough to feel assured that she had only to maintain her cold and silent position, saying nothing either in praise or blame of her whilom friend, and society, which always seemed to her as a living entity of colossal proportions, would give up the effort to penetrate the mystery and pass to something else of current interest. Her only endeavor would be to give the impression all the time that it was she who had dropped the Doctor from the circle of her acquaintances,—dropped him not for any

good and sufficient reason, but simply from the caprice of a fine lady.

Nor would she say one word to the Doctor, should fortune bring them face to face,—a contingency which she half desired and half dreaded. She had rehearsed beforehand her manner of acting in such a case: a cold aloofness in her air, which he would find it hard to penetrate, supposing that he cared to make the experiment; even, in course of time, a civility which would not extend beyond a nod, a smile, or half a dozen words. She was well versed in all the tricks of the social world, which had been the arena of all her thoughts and desires ever since, as she said, she was out of short frocks. She knew to a nicety what could be conveyed by a smile, a gesture, an air of patronage, a glacial coldness, or a distant civility.

It chanced, however, that many of these fancied meetings did not take place. She heard of the Doctor at other houses, at the Club, or at the mess table, though less frequently than of old. Men said that he was devoting himself more and more to his profession, to his scientific studies, and to his dealings with those various foreign societies—Austrian, French or Bavarian, no less than British—in which he had been accorded membership, the first amongst Canadians. Sometimes Mrs. Forrester realized with a pang that the man was growing too big for her and her circle, and that she scarcely ever met him at all to practise upon him the tricks of the only trade which she understood. But what she could do, she did. She left him out of her parties, as has been seen; and she particularly avoided looking in his direction when she met him upon the promenade. She flattered herself, in some of her moods that his abstention from society was owing to her attitude, and this was true in a sense. The social world disbelieved in Mrs. Forrester's pretences.

But a still more important reason which prevented the Doctor from going much into general society was that he did not

care to meet Miss Wharton, since those meetings to him were very painful on account of the false position in which he had been forced to place himself. He had a longing to explain himself,—a longing which came between him and much of that scientific work which he was credited with doing, and actively interfered with his happiness and his general well-being. But he never did explain. It would have been so difficult to say: "I can not ask you to drive, since I have been defeated by the malice of my old enemy, Mrs. Grundy. And for the same reason I can not ask you to marry me, as I had hoped and intended to do, and as I wish with all my heart to do." For, in either case, the result of such an explanation would make matters worse instead of better. Either Mabel Wharton (which he did not believe) would say, "I can not marry you while such talk is going round, even if my parents should consent," or she would laugh the reports to scorn and offer to marry him, if it were only to spite Mrs. Grundy. And that he was determined not to do. She should have him at his best or not at all.

And, indeed, if he had but known it, the attitude of mind of this third person vitally concerned in that little life drama was precisely what any one who knew her intimately would expect. She was perfectly well aware of the stories that were in circulation, and took every opportunity to avow her absolute disbelief in them. She also appreciated his attitude towards herself, and it gave him a new hold upon her, which she could scarcely have believed possible. She told herself that it was quite the chivalrous and unpractical thing she would have expected of him, the while that she was angry with him for his diffidence. She was convinced that she would have married him much more willingly than when his character and prospects had been above the reach of suspicion. That it was so now she was perfectly well aware; and yet she would have the opportunity for

which she had longed, of having for the present moment something to explain and something to defend in the man who, she now rejoiced to think, was in reality beyond all cavil.

She was likewise perfectly certain that the rumors which were flying around, and which were easily traceable to his enemies, would very soon be disproved, and that his character, aims, and aspirations would shine out more luminously than ever. She had nothing but contempt for Lucy Forrester, who could thus allow herself to be influenced against one for whom she had professed the most unbounded admiration; and she showed her displeasure at her conduct by studiously remaining away from all her entertainments. Mrs. Forrester, in fact, roused herself to give parties, in order that she might have an opportunity of ignoring the Doctor. Her friends noted his absence, and a new crop of rumors was set afoot. People began to notice also that Mrs. Forrester was looking more ethereal than ever,—in fact, very ill.

And this latter circumstance gave Gianetta the opportunity she desired. Very cautiously she commented on the lady's changed appearance; and, under pretence of the greatest sympathy and commiseration, also under promise of secrecy, recommended a wonderful man who had made the most remarkable cures. "He can't take the title of doctor, because all the regular physicians are jealous of him; and he has to practise secretly, because Dr. Harrington has persecuted him and tried his best to drive him out of the town."

She threw hints regarding the Professor's communication with spirits and other occult practices, which she guessed would be precisely of a nature to attract Mrs. Forrester. This, with her hostility towards the Doctor, was quite sufficient to make her snatch eagerly at the bait; and, despite her anger against the girl, and her determination to get rid of her as soon as the last of her costumes was finished, a

meeting with Mr. Jackson was arranged. And that meeting was to be at the new and imposing house which the Professor had inhabited since he had come into money, and in which he received only a very few and very select circle of patients. Gianetta did not add that they were all wealthy, and formed a complete flock of those golden geese which the wily charlatan hoped to pluck.

(To be continued.)

At Home.

BY E. BECK.

OCH, my eyes are sick with gazing
 Upon buildings high and dark!
 And at home the gorse is blazing,
 And above it sings the lark;
 And the violets are waking
 From their sleep in wood and wold,
 And the buttercups are making
 Of the meadow seas of gold.

Och, at home, at home the thrush's
 Liltling through the hazels rings,
 And the bloom from hawthorn bushes
 Falls whene'er the blackbird sings;
 And at home the rills laugh lightly
 As they rush to join the deep,—
 Sure I hear their music nightly
 When I cry myself to sleep.

Och, at home the dead are lying
 Under green and pleasant grass,
 Where the winds are ever sighing,
 And their kindred's footsteps pass.
 And at home, though one might labor
 From the dawn till close of day,
 There is time to greet the neighbor
 That one meets upon the way.

And on apple tree and cherry
 There are blossoms white as snow,
 And the cuckoo's call is merry,
 And the wild bees come and go.
 Och, at home the gorse is blazing
 And above it sings the lark,
 While through tears my eyes are gazing
 Upon buildings high and dark!

Our Goodly Heritage.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

VII.—REDEMPTION.

IN the present order of Divine Providence, taking things as they actually are, the Incarnation of the Eternal Son of God, and His life and death for us in the flesh, are the one and only means by which man can be saved. This is not because it would have been impossible for God to provide for the salvation of men in any other way. "Even though Christ had never come," says St. Athanasius, "God could have taken away the curse by His mere word."* And St. Augustine writes: "There are foolish men who say that the wisdom of God could not have saved men otherwise than by becoming Man Himself, and by being born of a woman, and suffering all those things at the hands of sinners. To these we say that He could have saved man in some other way."†

But Almighty God, whose thoughts are not our thoughts, nor His ways as our ways, chose not the *least* He could do to save mankind, but the *most*,—chose not the lowest and least costly way, but the highest, and that which demanded an unspeakable and boundless outpouring of His mercy and His love. At the same time He chose the way which was for His highest glory, not only by reason of the supreme manifestation of His divine goodness involved in the Incarnation, but also by reason of the fact that Christ rendered to Him a complete, full, and entirely worthy satisfaction for the insult offered by sin.

The insult of mortal sin has a certain infinitude, because of the infinite majesty of Him who is offended. Only by the act of an infinite person could this insult be completely and worthily atoned for, so that the atonement should be at least equal to the injury. The Incarnation was the only means by which this full satis-

faction could be given to God. If He had so willed, God could have gone without this full satisfaction: in the magnificence of His divine counsels He chose to have it; and thus, out of sin, to bring a glory to Himself, and a restoration to the fallen race of men, not only proportioned to but far surpassing, in its triumphant bringing of good out of evil, the wrong done by the sins of men to Him and to themselves.

In the mode of our Redemption by a Man born of woman, by a death which conquered death, and in many other details of the life and passion of our Blessed Redeemer, a specially appropriate defeat was inflicted upon Satan, and a special triumph gained over his machinations, his pride and envious malice. Neither the Redemption of man, nor the Incarnation as the means of that Redemption, is to be looked upon as a thing which God was bound in strict justice to accomplish: both are, so to speak, what we might have expected from such a God when once we knew something of what He is. But they are entirely gratuitous.

No injustice would have been done had God left man in his fallen condition; it would have been a great mercy had He saved us in some less magnificent way, and placed us upon some plane much lower than that of the supernatural order of union with Himself to which He first raised us in Adam, and has now restored us in Christ. That He has done so much more is a wondrous revelation of the magnificence of the divine generosity which characterizes God's thoughts for us, His creatures,—those thoughts of which the Prophet said of old: "I know the thoughts that I think towards you, saith the Lord,—thoughts of peace and not of affliction."* And again: "My thoughts are not your thoughts, nor your ways My ways, saith the Lord; for as the heavens are exalted above the earth, so are My ways exalted above your ways, and My thoughts above your thoughts."†

In very deed and truth, the salvation

* Sermon 2, against the Arians.

† "Of the Suffering of Christ," ii, 12.

* Jeremias, xxiv, 11.

† Isaias, lv, 8, 9.

of our God is wonderful and glorious beyond anything we could have imagined had not this "mystery unsearchable, . . . which hath been hidden from eternity in God,"* been revealed to us by the coming of God's only-begotten Son. God, in the Incarnation and Redemption, has freely chosen to do for us the highest and the best. In this choice, the Almighty was determined by no whim or caprice. That, of course, would be impossible with God, and a blasphemy even to think. God chose the Incarnation, as has already been implied, because of the exaltedness of the ends to which it leads.

"The Incarnation attains the object of Redemption not only adequately but superabundantly. . . . The superabundance of Redemption by the Incarnation is manifest: to God it gives the greatest glory, as the most perfect manifestation of His wisdom, mercy, and justice combined; to man it offers the means of obtaining the most complete remission of sin and restoration of lost grace, and at the same time it exercises on him the most effective 'pedagogic' influence, by giving him in Christ a perfect Teacher in word and deed.† Again, the superabundance of Redemption through the Incarnation appears in this, that it not only restores but completes and perfects the original order, and thus founds a new and higher order. The union with God, as established by the Incarnation, is higher and more intimate than that of the original state. The dignity of man is raised; grace, instead of being a simple free gift, is acquired by the merits of the new Adam,‡ and settled on mankind as

a permanent possession; and worship is raised to an infinite dignity.

"However appropriate a means of redemption the Incarnation may be, God would not have adopted it but for the exaltedness of the ends to which it leads. Remission of sins alone, or the moral education of the natural man, would certainly not be objects proportionate to such a means. *The real object of that divine abasement is the elevation of man to divine life.* The supernatural and infinite glory which God wishes to obtain through the supernatural glorification of the creature is alone sufficient to account for the Incarnation. 'Christ became Man that we might be made gods.'* And it accounts so completely for this that, even in the hypothesis of the original order's not having been disturbed by sin, the Incarnation would still be justified as its complete and final perfection. It would be justified even if the God-Man were not the means of bringing mankind so near to God; for, in Himself, He (the Incarnate Word) is of such perfection that in Him God is infinitely more pleased than in all the rest of creation."†

Whether, had sin not occurred, God would actually have decreed to seek His glory in the Word Incarnate, and in the elevation of mankind to supernatural union with Himself through the Incarnation; whether, in other words the Incarnation would have taken place for God's glory even if man had not sinned; or whether the Incarnation was chosen as a special and glorious triumph over sin—as is the actual fact now—and, without man's sin, would never have taken place, is a secret of God. Theologians have argued on both sides, but we do not know. What we do know is that, as a fact, the Incarnation, as things have happened, does, in the merciful designs of God, constitute God's glorious triumph over evil, and over the devil and his

* Eph., iii, 8 ss.

† We may add, a Teacher whose personal perfection and attractiveness wins the love of our hearts and commends His doctrines and precepts by an irresistible personal appeal.

‡ Grace is, of course, a free gift to us; but it has been earned for us by Christ, the Giver; and with it we can truly merit further grace and eternal life. Grace now has an added preciousness by reason of the price paid—the Precious Blood of Jesus.

* St Athanasius, on the Incarnation.

† Wilhelm and Scannell: "Manual of Catholic Theology," vol. ii, pp. 48, 49.

hosts, the inveterate lovers and instigators of evil; does constitute the salvation of man from the devil, the world, and the flesh, to which he is subject by sin. That is enough for us thankfully to believe with the Church of God.

The foregoing considerations are quite necessary if we are to appreciate as we ought that goodly heritage which is ours in the Holy Catholic Church, at once the true teacher of the doctrine of the Incarnation and Redemption, and the depository of the benefits that flow to us through Jesus Christ, our Blessed Saviour. Many outside the Church restrict the effects of the Incarnation, at least in their thoughts and ideas, to the two elements of forgiveness of sins and the high example of Christ. But we have seen that these two elements are only part, and not the chief part, of the effects of the Incarnation of the Word of God: there is more; far more, in the Incarnation than that. By the great Redemption which God chose, human nature is joined to God,—inseparably and personally united with God in Christ; united by grace and in the Blessed Sacrament in the case of us men. God is Man, that man may be deified. Sin is got rid of, that the way may be open in the soul of man to the divine life of grace; that as in Jesus human nature is taken up into the Divinity, so in ourselves a divine and supernatural life should be infused into our human nature, and the God who dwells in the manhood of Christ by the hypostatic union should dwell also in us by the gifts of sanctification poured out in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, who dwelleth in us.

This is accomplished, as it was merited for us, by the Incarnation, passion, and death of God made Man,—merited by the sacrifice of Himself upon the Cross; accomplished by our incorporation into the mystical body of Christ, His Holy Church, of which, in its connection with the Incarnation, I propose to speak in the papers immediately following.

(To be continued.)

Two Jewish Brothers and Our Lady.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

SOME three decades ago there passed away in the same year (1884) two priests, the narrative of whose conversion from Judaism to Catholicism constitutes one of the most notable and most charming religious romances of the nineteenth century. Their story has been told more than once in every language of Christendom; but to many of our readers it may prove a novelty, and to all of them its undying interest can scarcely fail to make an effective appeal, as exemplifying once more the tender love and benignant protection evinced to her servants by our gracious Mother Mary.

In the course of the eighteenth century there was established in Strasburg the Ratisbonne family of Jewish bankers. Of the marriage of one of this family, Auguste Ratisbonne, with Adelaide Cerfbeer, there were born ten children,—six boys and four girls. With the second of the sons, Theodore, and the youngest of them, Alphonse, our narrative has to deal; and it will be convenient to give a separate sketch of the life-story of each.

I.

Born in December, 1802, Théodore studied, first at the academy (*lycée*) of Strasburg, and afterwards at the Frankfort Jewish boarding-school, an establishment in which the coeducation of the sexes was even at that date practically carried on. Knowing, as we do in this twentieth century, the moral dangers hardly separable from such a system, it appears somewhat strange that the one branch of knowledge of which the frequenters of the school had really most need was precisely the one of which they heard nothing whatever. The boys and girls were taught to read Hebrew, but the question of God or religion never came up for discussion.

Returning to Strasburg after two years,

the boy took private lessons for the completion of his education. In his sixteenth year he was sent by his father to Paris, in order to be initiated into the banking business in the Fould house. Financial questions, however, did not interest the youth, nor, for that matter, did worldly pleasures or studies. He seemed happy only when surveying the beauties of nature—vast horizons, or picturesque landscapes. Dozens of times, with no fear of the danger attached to the feat, he made the ascent of mountain peaks generally considered inaccessible.

Although he had no religious practices, nor even religious convictions—for he had early shaken off the yoke of the Mosaic observances,—the problem of his ultimate destiny worried him. "I am twenty years old," he said to himself, "and I still ignore why I am in the world. What can be the end or purpose of my earthly existence?" To solve the problem, he took up in turn the most contradictory theories. During some months he led the life of a philosophical Stoic, enduring hunger and thirst, quitting the city and social intercourse to isolate himself in a country district near Strasburg. Freemasonry, which he embraced for a brief spell, responded to his desire for knowledge only by ridiculous trials and frequent appeals to his purse.

Imagining that the study of the natural sciences would flood his intellect with the desired light, he read all the most seductive and most monstrous productions of the eighteenth century,—the works of Locke, Volney, Bolingbroke, Voltaire, and Rousseau. By dint of arguing about good and evil, the power and the impotence of God, and the problem of the universe, he became at length, if not an atheist, a thorough sceptic.

Nevertheless, while in the country one evening, he felt himself so deeply impressed by the stars that shone in the firmament, and by the thought of the marvellous order that regulates their rapid courses, that he cried out: "O

mysterious Being, Creator, Lord, Adonai, if you exist, have pity on your creature! Show me the road that leads to the truth, and I swear to consecrate my life thereto."

To this heartrending appeal of Theodore, God replied by putting him in communication with two exceptionally excellent souls, Bautain and Mlle. Humann. A pupil of Cousin's, Louis Bautain had been named, at the age of twenty, professor of philosophy in the Royal Academy of Strasburg. An unbeliever at first, he became a convert and developed into an ardent defender of Catholicism. The Minister of Education, who had tolerated the teaching of the sceptic and rationalist, deprived the Catholic of his chair. Unwilling to see the word of God enchained, Bautain opened a private school, the lectures in which had for end and purpose the proving of the fact that Catholic doctrine is the last word and the crown of philosophy.

On the advice of a friend, Jules Level, a Jew-like himself, Ratisbonne begged the young professor to admit him to his lectures. "We were then," he afterwards said, "only four students: a Catholic Irishman, a schismatic Russian, and two Jews."

Bautain taught his pupils that the Christian religion is less a new religion than the development and the perfection of Judaism, as a building is the complement of its foundations; and that, to obtain an exact idea of the divine plan, it must be studied in the two dispensations. "Become good Israelites," said he, "and the truth will do the rest." He accordingly advised his pupils to instruct themselves, and to ameliorate the condition of their coreligionists by the establishment of schools.

Under the beneficent influence of this master, Ratisbonne took successively the degrees of bachelor of letters and of sciences, and that of licentiate in law. At the same time, despite his dislike of the work, he accepted the direction of the Jewish schools recently organized in

Strasburg. Aided by a friend, Isidore Goschler, he worked unceasingly at promoting the moral and intellectual development of the young Israelites of the city. Every Saturday he gave to the pupils and their parents a religious instruction, the tenor of which might have been borrowed from the Catholic Catechism.

During the holidays of 1824, Theodore fell gravely ill in Switzerland. He came near dying in a hotel at Geneva. One day, while suffering horribly, it occurred to him that he should pray. But which God should he invoke? That of Abraham or that of the Christians? The soul-storm was a violent one, but grace triumphed. The name of Jesus Christ was uttered with lips and heart as a veritable cry of distress. Thereupon he fell into a sound slumber—and awoke the next morning completely cured. From that day the Holy Name was frequently on his lips; and he soon joined thereto the name of Mary, devotion to whom had been taught him by a pious friend.

Ratisbonne had just been admitted to the Strasburg bar when his parents, who had great hopes of his future, advised him to marry a rich young woman of Vienna. Desirous of getting some light on the matter, the young lawyer consulted Bautain, who answered him in the words of St. Paul: "If you marry, you do well; if you don't marry, you do better." This reply, instead of calming his anxiety, increased it. Not knowing what to do, he finally thought of putting his case to a person who had contributed to the conversion of Bautain, and who was esteemed by all Strasburg on account of her clear mind, her excellent judgment, and her many practical virtues.

Mlle. Humann received her young visitor with great kindness. She was to become a real mother to him. She advised him, in the first place, to reflect much before arriving at any definitive decision. Then, through the practice of the moral virtues, fidelity to a wise rule of life, and the exercise of prayer, she gradually

drew him towards the Christian life, and inspired him with an ardent desire of baptism. With the consent of the ecclesiastical authorities, she herself baptized him secretly on the Holy Saturday of 1827. She shed tears of joy during the ceremony, intuitively foreseeing that this conversion would be followed by many others.

The new Christian experienced during several months the almost sensible effects of baptism. He compared them to the emotions of one born blind on his first seeing the light of day. All his aspirations now centred on the Eucharist, which he received, unknown to his relatives, in the episcopal chapel of Mayence in September, 1827. His friend Goschler made his First Communion at the same time, and a little later the two were confirmed.

Goschler, Level, and Ratisbonne, baptized in the same year, continued, while secretly living the Christian life, to give themselves up to study and to the charitable works which had won for them the affection of their Israelite fellow-citizens. As long as the Jews ignored the change that had taken place in the three young men, they celebrated in prose and verse their disinterested devotion. From the day, however, when they began to suspect that the three had left the religion of their fathers to become Christians, eulogies gave place to insults and threats. The relatives of the trio had admired, without understanding, the dignity of their life; but they now began to feel disquieted, and they subjected the young men to a rigorous vigilance. It was remarked that the suspects associated with Catholics in preference to others, and that occasionally they visited churches even before daylight.

About this time Goschler resigned his position in the Jewish school, and entered a seminary. The surprise and indignation of the Synagogue may be imagined. Ratisbonne was forthwith accused of having also lost the faith of Abraham. His father, to whom he frankly avowed

his conversion, loaded him with severe reproaches. To escape his curse, Theodore hastily left him. His father's affection was not lost, but the son had to give up his position as director of the school. He took up his residence with Mlle. Humann. In vain did his sisters, whom he loved tenderly, implore him to return to the Jewish religion: their tears could not shake his impregnable resolution.

At this epoch (1828) the society of the sciences, agriculture, and arts of the Lower Rhine gave out for competition this question: "In what does moral education consist, and how may it best be imparted to people in the different social conditions?" Ratisbonne undertook the reply by proving that the Church alone is competent for such a mission, because only she possesses what is necessary to accomplish it. His "Essay" having been "crowned" (acknowledged as exceptionally worthy), he dedicated it to his father, who was not insensible to this mark of filial affection.

Theodore's parents were especially anxious to deter him from entering the ecclesiastical state. Their efforts, however, came to naught; for he felt within him an irresistible call. The same vocation having manifested itself in several of Bautain's students, and in Bautain himself, the Bishop of Strasburg hastened to facilitate the entrance of these recruits into the sanctuary. He settled them in a country house at Molsheim, transforming it into a seminary for the higher studies. By 1830 Goschler, Level, Carl, Ratisbonne, and Bautain had received all the Sacred Orders. As subdeacon, in 1828, Theodore was charged with the professorship of history in the Grand Seminary. From the day of his ordination to the priesthood he entertained what was almost a passion for the Holy Sacrifice. When forced to omit saying Mass, he grieved even to the shedding of tears. "The priest and the altar," he used to say, "are one and the same thing. One can not exist without the other."

When, in 1830, Strasburg's Bishop entrusted the direction of his "Little" Seminary to Father Bautain and his disciples, who had formed themselves into a society styled "The Priests of St. Louis," Father Ratisbonne was named professor and prefect. He also accepted the office of non-salaried curate at the cathedral; and in this capacity gave a course in advanced catechism to young women, began the ministry of the confessional, and acquired experience in attending sick-calls.

Called one day to attend a young woman who, in the midst of a festival, had been stricken with a fatal malady, he found her in despair, struggling hopelessly against her agony. Still attired in her festal robes, she could not resign herself to exchanging them for the shroud of death that was rapidly approaching. At sight of the priest and through his persuasive accents, her revolt was subdued, and, after the reception of the last Sacraments, gave place to an edifying resignation. The next day, while Father Ratisbonne was saying the noon Angelus, he saw, outside the window of his room, the figure of her whom he had attended the previous evening, and of whose death he had not as yet received word. He heard her distinctly pronounce the word, "Thanks!" and she then disappeared like a fugitive cloud.

To his teaching and his pastoral work, the zealous young cleric added literary labors; and his famous "Life of St. Bernard," especially honored by Gregory XVI., appeared in 1840. That same year Father Bautain and his collaborators took charge of the College of Juilly, near Paris,—a proceeding which led shortly afterwards to Father Ratisbonne's accepting the subdirectorship of the Archconfraternity founded, in 1836, at the church of Notre Dame des Victoires. It was not a very remunerative office: the subdirector worked for his board, and his superior's table was more frugally than plentifully supplied.

At the outset of his sojourn in Paris, some one asked him one day what position he occupied, and he laughingly replied: "I am almoner to the Queen." The inquirer, thinking he meant Marie-Amelie, Queen of the French, warmly congratulated him, and further demanded whether he was the first or the second almoner. "I am the second," replied Father Ratisbonne; "but the Queen in question is the 'Queen of Heaven.'"

This Queen of his chose him more than once as the instrument of her favors. One evening a young man accosted the subdirector with the inquiry: "Is this the church in which sinners become converted?"—"It is," said Father Theodore.—"How does one set about it?"—"You have only to go in there," said the priest, pointing to his confessional. The penitent entered at once and began his confession. He was a University professor. After a retreat in a house of the Jesuits, he entered a seminary and became a holy priest.

The Archconfraternity had already begun to pray in a special manner for the conversion of the Jews. The remembrance of his oldtime coreligionists and of his family led the subdirector to stimulate the zeal of his associates. His own prayers and supplications became daily more and more ardent. His Mother Mary allowed herself to be touched with compassion. On January 20, 1842, Father Theodore's youngest brother, Alphonse, was miraculously converted at Rome. As soon as the news reached Paris, Father Desgenettes, rector of Notre Dame des Victoires, insisted that, for the honor of the Blessed Virgin, Father Ratisbonne should give a narrative of the event in the church.

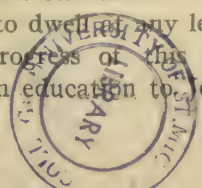
The church was more crowded than usual that evening. When the subdirector, having told the circumstances of the wondrous conversion, added, "And this convert is my brother," there was an audible murmur of joy and admiration. It was as if an electric thrill had passed

through the auditory, many of whom were moved to tears. What particularly touched Father Ratisbonne in the matter of his brother's becoming a Catholic was the strong light which it seemed to shed on the Jewish question. The visible intervention of Our Lady in the event at Rome was for him a forerunner of the speedy accomplishment of the promises made concerning that people.

Having pondered with his brother for a long time over the Scripture texts dealing with the fall and the resurrection of Israel, he set out for Rome (1842), and asked the Pope for a positive mission to work for the conversion of the Jews. Gregory XVI. received him affably and acceded to his request. He placed his hands on the head of this descendant of Levi, now clothed with the priesthood of the New Law, and gave him a protracted blessing, as if to invest him with a plenitude of the grace congruous to the apostolate which he was to assume. His wishes complied with, Father Ratisbonne left Rome, filled with a courage which future contradictions and trials were never able to diminish.

Shortly after his return to Paris, he undertook the task of procuring a Christian education for the young Jewish girls brought by their relatives to the Providence Orphan Asylum, conducted by the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. Before beginning the work, which was to develop into a catechumenate, he addressed this touching prayer to the Blessed Virgin: "If it is you, O Mary, who have revealed this thought to my brother, let me know the will of God by a sign that will make it clear to me. I ask that, before setting my hand to the work, a Jewish child may be presented to me, and that I may baptize it with the authorization of its parents." That very evening the requested sign was given to him, and he set about his plans with assured confidence.

There is no need to dwell at any length on the rise and progress of this work of giving a Christian education to Jewish



girls and boys. Suffice it to say that it grew apacè. Every year baptism was solemnly administered to a growing number of neophytes,—adults and old people as well as the young receiving the grace of regeneration. The publicity given to these functions and the interest they excited naturally provoked the wrath of the Synagogue; and, in 1845, two conversions in particular, those of Dr. Terquem and Rabbi Mikael, gave rise to violent articles in certain journals against Father Ratisbonne and his works.

The band of zealous Christian women whom the "converter of the Jews" had interested in his laudable scheme gradually took on the semblance of a religious community, and in 1848 the members assumed the religious dress and became Sisters of Our Lady of Sion. The Congregation was canonically approved by Pius IX. in 1863, and its Rule received Papal approbation in 1874. The new society spread rapidly, and in comparatively few years had establishments in England, Turkey, Roumania, Costa Rica, and Tunisia. While never neglecting the principal aim of their community, the conversion of the Jews, the Sisters devoted themselves also to educational and charitable work.

Father Ratisbonne, too, varied his labors with apostolic work of different kinds. He figured as the Lenten and Advent preacher in Paris for a number of years, and achieved such success in this capacity that his services were afterwards secured for most of the larger cities of France. Many Protestants and Jews attended his conferences, and conversions were numerous. It is interesting to record that at Marseilles his preaching created such an excitement, and proved so effective in winning Jews to the faith, that the Synagogue of that city prescribed public prayers to obtain the re-conversion of Father Ratisbonne to Judaism, and to offset his proselytizing.

From France he went to Belgium and Italy, and there also acquired the repu-

tation of being a pulpit orator who, without the genius or talents of Lacordaire, nevertheless spoke with a faith capable of moving mountains. When he preached the Lenten Station at Rome in 1851, the number of Communions was double that of the preceding years.

It was on the occasion of his preaching a novena at Boulogne-sur-Mer that he made the acquaintance of Madame Josson de Bilhem, who, in conjunction with him, organized the first Conference of Christian Mothers. In 1852 this association, which already numbered four hundred conferences, was erected into an archconfraternity, and its principal seat thereafter was the chapel of Our Lady of Sion. For more than twenty years Father Ratisbonne was the devoted and the favorite preacher of the Christian Mothers. He appeared to have not only a special knowledge of their needs, but a special grace in instructing, encouraging, and supernaturalizing them. In 1859 he published for their benefit the "Manual of Christian Mothers." At the present time, it may be worth while to add, the archconfraternity numbers more than two million members belonging to twenty-seven hundred conferences.

Yet another foundation of Father Ratisbonne was the Society of the Fathers of Sion, a Congregation destined to accomplish for men what the Sisters of Our Lady of Sion were doing for women. This Society was approved by Mgr. Sibour, Archbishop of Paris, in 1855. Although it did not increase so rapidly as did the community of the Sisters, numbering only ten members in 1870, more recruits joined it later on, permitting the foundation of the splendid establishment of St. Peter's, in Jerusalem.

The later years of Father Ratisbonne were devoted to teaching, confessions, preaching, spiritual direction, a wide correspondence, and literary labors. He was made Prothonotary Apostolic by Leo XIII. in 1880, and celebrated in January of the following year the Golden Jubilee of his

priesthood. Thereafter, the health of the venerable priest began to decline. Early in January, 1884, he received the last Sacraments from the Archbishop of Paris, and the final blessing from Leo XIII. He died on January 10, at the age of eighty-two, a zealous follower of the Christ whom his ancestors had crucified, and a veritable converted Israelite without guile.

(Conclusion next week.)

True to His Word.

AS Sir William Napier, the great English General, was walking along the highway one afternoon, he met with a little girl about five years old, crying bitterly because she had just broken a water jug and was afraid to go home for fear of a beating. Having discovered the nature of her trouble, Sir William said: "Never mind, dear! Here is enough money to buy two jugs."

The tears stopped at once, and the child held out her hand for the money. But it was not forthcoming. The General tried all his pockets, but in vain: he had forgotten his purse..

"Now, listen, my dear! You come here at this same time to-morrow afternoon and I'll be sure to meet you with the money."

"All right, sir," said the little one. "I'll be sure to come, and I thank you very much."

When Sir William reached home, he found awaiting him an invitation to dine the next day with a Cabinet Minister. If he accepted it he could not possibly keep his word with the child. And so he wrote to the Minister that he had an engagement which he had promised to keep at all hazards.

"I should never have had the courage," said Sir William to one of his household afterwards, "to disappoint my unknown little friend, she seemed so thoroughly convinced that I would keep my word. And so I kept it."

Socialism Put to the Test.

IN an exceptionally interesting and well-written paper entitled "The Catholic Church in 1915," contributed to the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* by the Rev. James MacCaffrey, S. T. L., etc., we find this pithy statement of the promise and the performance of one of the Church's most determined opponents:

Another striking feature of the results produced by the war that can not fail to arrest general attention is the complete bankruptcy of International Socialism on the very first occasion on which it was put to the test. In the numerous International Congresses held in recent years the view was put forward that past wars were due to the narrow conception of patriotism fostered by the Church and by rulers for their own selfish reasons, but that, with the rise of Socialism as a world force, war as understood in former times had become an impossibility. The workmen, it was said, would disregard the decrees for mobilization, would proclaim immediately a general strike, hold up the railway service so as to prevent the dispatch of troops, prevent the manufacture or conveyance of the munitions of war, and thus force the would-be combatants to submit their differences to arbitration. The great Socialist leaders in Germany, in France, in Belgium, and in Italy were never tired of boasting that they had prevented all wars in the future, and that such a result, even though they could point to no other, was sufficient to justify the existence of their movement.

But what are the facts? The very moment war was declared the Socialists of the different countries were amongst the first to take their places in the ranks. There was no general strike; no resistance to the orders for mobilization; no holding up of the trains or of the carrying service; no interruption of work in the arsenals or in the munition factories. On the contrary, leading Socialists in Belgium, France, and Italy hastened to place their services at the disposal of their respective Governments, and some of them accepted seats in the Cabinets as a sign to their brethren that the army was to be supported at all costs. Indeed it was only in those countries where Socialism was supposed to have little influence that important strikes were proclaimed or that there was any trouble with the workers. Such a course of action is remarkable, but it is not to be wondered at. It proves only that, despite the ravings of demagogues, the inborn feeling of patriotism

is still stronger than the vague and undefinable theories of Internationalism, and that the cry of the Fatherland in danger still appeals to mankind as it appealed to them from the beginnings of history, and as it will appeal to them till the end of time.

Notwithstanding the foregoing, however, Dr. MacCaffrey holds that it would be a mistake to believe that the war has killed Socialism. In fact, he is of the opinion that when peace is re-established Socialism will be stronger than ever before; and this, principally because the force of circumstances has obliged the different Powers to adopt much of the Socialistic scheme. "They have taken control practically of all the means of production, and they have made themselves public trustees by undertaking the purchase and distribution of the necessities of life. In some places, they have assumed the duty of regulating the amount of food to be consumed. All this is nothing more than an exercise of the *altum dominium* possessed by the State on the admission of the strictest Catholic theologians. But, at the same time, it is sure to be used by the Socialists in their advocacy of State ownership of the means of production. Besides, a period of great industrial depression will almost certainly follow the conclusion of peace. Time will be required for the adjustment of the machinery of the workshops, now engaged in the manufacture of munitions, for the preparation of the goods in which they specialized before the war, for the re-establishment of commercial relations between the belligerent countries, for the opening up again of the markets of the world, and for the restoration of the commercial fleets that have been destroyed. The millions of men now engaged at the various fronts, when they are disbanded from the colors, will be thrown out of employment." All this will of course furnish argumentative powder for the Socialists' guns. It still remains true, however, that, when put to the supreme test, the brethren failed to carry out their vaunted programme.

Notes and Remarks.

Those who, for any good reason, are dispensed from the Lenten fast should not forget that penance in some form or other is incumbent upon everyone. There can be no dispensation from it. "Unless you do penance you shall all likewise perish." Almsdeeds according to one's ability has always been recommended by the Church as a substitute for fasting, because, as the Holy Father says in his letter to the Cardinal Vicar of Rome, calling upon all Christians to redouble their prayers at this holy season for the restoration of peace, 'alms serve to appease the divine justice and to atone for sin.' His Holiness desires that every family, in a measure proportionate to its resources, should make an offering of a mite in charity for distribution to the poor and among the victims of "this horrible war." The poor we have always with us, and there can be no excuse for ignorance of their sufferings and privations. If any such unfortunates are unknown to us, any number of them are known to those who would gladly act as our almoners. One hears every day of men and women who, besides being poor, are tried by sickness, and of many others who are out of work and temporarily dependent upon public charity. Besides the war sufferers, especially in Poland, Belgium, and Armenia, there are the needy foreign missions, not a few of which are threatened with ruin as a result of the deprivation of alms upon which their existence in most places depends.

There was never a time in the history of the world, perhaps, when so many chances were offered to the charitably disposed. To miss all of them would argue an indifference or a hardness of heart of which even unbelievers would be ashamed.

The pessimist will have it that the world is getting worse; and, in proof of his contention, refers to the great war of

nations now in progress, with its cruelties, inhumanities, ferocities, and what not. But, paradoxical as the assertion may appear, is not the present conflict showing rather the moral progress of the race? The world was never more thoroughly convinced than now that war is not only a great evil but an unnecessary one,—an evil that can be and ought to be avoided. All sensible citizens, of course, see the wisdom of having their country prepared for war in case it should prove unavoidable, but this is no indication of a desire for armed conflict. It is the exceptional man who is desirous of having his house burned down on account of its being well insured. And the spirit of the soldier of to-day, as the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* observes, is not the spirit of the soldier of the past. "Time was when insane asylums were filled with men imagining themselves to be Napoleon, so desirable did it seem to be a conqueror. That habit of mind is passing. The world of to-day, though engaged in the greatest war of history, is sick of war as it never was before. Mankind no longer approves of war, no longer believes in military fame as something to be dreamed of; and, because of this, there is real hope that battles some day will be no more on this earth of ours. The glory no longer compensates for the ruin war brings and the condemnation it evokes."

This conviction may not be general as yet, but there can be no question that it is fast becoming so, both in the countries at war and in those at peace.

The words which follow were spoken by Daniel Webster at a dinner of the New England Society in December, 1854. We find them quoted conspicuously in the *New Freeman* of St. John, N. B.:

In our day there is a more enlarged and comprehensive Christian philanthropy, and a conviction prevails, justified by the experience of our Government, that all sects and denominations may be safely tolerated. We are Protestants, generally speaking, but we all know that the gentleman who presides at the

head of the Supreme Judicature of the United States is a Roman Catholic. No man supposes that the judicature of the country is less safe, or that justice is dispensed with less certainty and purity, because the Chief Justice is a sincere and ardent adherent of the Catholic religion. And so in every department of society. In both Houses of Congress, in all departments of the Government, Catholics and Protestants of all denominations take part on equal terms. It is established as our principle that a man's religion is a matter above human law, because he is responsible to none but his Maker for it. Religion is a communication between man and his Maker.

When these words were uttered—sixty years and more ago—they probably impressed all who heard them as singularly free from prejudice and characteristically outspoken,—in fact, eminently worthy of being spoken in Boston. Let them not be forgotten there, and let them be repeated betimes in all such places as, let us say, Buffalo.

No doubt excellent motives inspired the holding of the Religious Educational Convention in Chicago recently; and, merely as a sign of awareness that there exists a need which the educational system does not supply, it is a hopeful sign. It was to be expected that deliberation on that need and the means to satisfy it should result in strange theorizing, for the most part also futile. There is the greater satisfaction, accordingly, to come upon the sane and safe presentation of Catholic principles which was made by Mgr. McDevitt, of Philadelphia. It is only when one has noted the vain babblings of the "eugenists" and kindred faddists that the full force of such a passage as the following is felt:

One of the earliest and assuredly one of the strongest forces for the development of character the uprooting of vice, the inculcation and preservation of virtue in Catholic children, is the Sacrament of Penance, ordinarily known under the term "Confession." From the Sunday pulpit and in the class-room instruction, the priest and the teacher may expound the principles of right living, may warn against vice and strive to make virtue attractive; yet it is clear that such instruction must of

necessity be general in scope, and it is left to the individual to apply the matter to himself. But when a child, after being properly instructed as to the nature, effects and manner of making a good "confession," goes to that tribunal to reveal the sins of which he has been guilty, and the secrets of his conscience which on examination it has shown to himself, then is the favorable moment for the priest to give specific advice. He and the speaker are alone; and admonition, exhortation, warning, and instruction reach the soul as they never could under other circumstances. The potentialities of the sacrament for the eradication of evil, the implantation of the seeds of virtue, are beyond all human power to express. After a personal experience of over thirty years in dealing with children in this most sacred and intimate relation, I can testify to the marvellous power thus given in the majority of cases to the development of a right conscience, a virtuous life, and a reliable character.

Pondering these things, we are reminded of the saying of an old Irish daughter of the Faith, whenever the subject of "Protestants" came up, "Aren't they to be pitied, then,—aren't they to be pitied!"

The secular press gave prominence lately to a report that Pope Benedict was developing modernistic tendencies, and it was bolstered up by the statement that he actually favors having the Gospel of the Sunday read in the vernacular to the assembled faithful. Catholics who have been listening to such vernacular rendering of the Gospel on all the Sundays of their lives smiled at the journalistic comments; and possibly the journalists themselves will admit that they stultified themselves when they learn that, about nine centuries ago, King Ælfric ruled that "the Mass-priest shall on Sundays and Mass-days tell the people the sense of the Gospel in English."

A good word from a Catholic layman for Mr. Sumner, successor to the late Mr. Anthony Comstock as secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, is a gratifying circumstance. Writing in *America*, Mr. J. V. Shields says:

I do not think that Catholics generally either know or appreciate the broad scope and im-

portance of the work for Catholic interests accomplished by Mr. Sumner and the other non-Catholic gentlemen who either compose this Society or contribute the funds necessary for the prosecution of its work. A few months ago, as a result of his investigation of the shops of Italian booksellers in New York, Mr. Sumner arrested some six of the said booksellers, and seized and destroyed over 5000 obscene anti-Catholic books. Recently there was published and widely advertised a book from the Polish entitled "*Homo Sapiens*," which was an attack on the reality of virtue among Catholic women. Mr. Sumner arrested the publisher, and seized and destroyed the plates and all unsold copies of the book. I could go on to tell of much other work of benefit to the Catholic Church done and being done by Mr. Sumner, but I am here concerned to emphasize the indifference of Catholics to work of this kind, even in their own defence, and the complacency with which they behold it done for them by men who are not of their Faith.

It is much to be regretted, by the way, that our Postmaster General is not as active in stopping anti-Catholic literature's distribution through the mails as is Mr. Sumner in his field. It is plainly a "case equal."

All who have the interests of the Foreign Missions at heart—and that should be but another way of saying every Catholic—will rejoice at the Brief of Approbation which his Holiness Benedict XV. has accorded to the directors of the work of the Propagation of the Faith, of the archdiocese of New York. The letter, of which the following is the greater part, is dated Jan. 6, 1916:

... Whenever We cast Our eyes over the world, We see that there are other sheep who are not of the fold of the Church and that it is Our duty to lead them hither. This thought naturally causes Our heart to turn affectionately towards you and the pious Society which you administer, wishing that from day to day better results may crown your labors. It is true that, owing to God's mercy, your solicitude and zeal have brought forth abundant fruit, as is proved by the contributions which you have secured from the faithful, and the numerous apostolic undertakings which these offerings have made possible. But, alas! at the very time when We would have wished the charity of Catholics to become more generous

towards this Society, We behold an unfortunate array of circumstances which both We and you deplore, whereby the ministers of the Gospel, and the subsidies necessary to maintain them, are at the same time reduced. But your tried virtue makes it almost superfluous to ask you not to permit your zeal to diminish, although confronted by increasing difficulties. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith is, as you know, so closely linked with the eternal salvation of men, for which it labors beyond measure, that He who wills that all men should be saved, and who died for all, will give the seed to the sower and the increase to the harvest which the Apostolic laborers have planted.

All, therefore, that We ask of you is that you will persevere in your activity, and that you will always give to the Holy See and to the Church the assistance that you have hitherto given them. Your plans and efforts may sometimes meet with obstacles whereby the fruits of your work are lessened; but assuredly this will not be true of your merit before God, nor of the eternal reward which you may expect.

We look with gratitude upon the services you have already rendered. And to you, very dear sons, and to all your co-workers throughout the world, as a pledge of heavenly gifts and in token of Our special benevolence, We grant very affectionately in the Lord, the Apostolic Benediction. . . .

Once again we urge upon our readers the imperative claims of the foreign missions upon their charity, especially while the disruption of Europe leaves the field with little hope of assistance except that which comes from our own prosperous country.

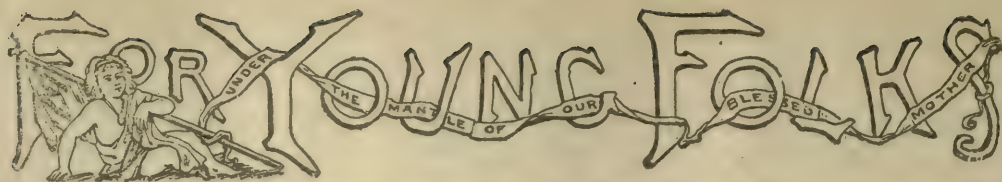
One national policy, or practice, that is likely to be frowned upon in European lands after the war is the iniquitous system known as race suicide. The birth-rate in France, for instance, has been of late years sadly below what it used to be in days when that country was truer to Catholic ideals than has been the case in recent decades; and the tremendous loss of life in this mighty conflict will still further reduce the population. It is to be hoped that in the post-war period French men and French women will revert to the oldtime Catholic family life, even as their cisatlantic cousins, the French Canadians, practise it. A side-

light on such family life in Quebec Province is thrown by this remark of a writer in *Harper's Magazine*:

Soon the twilight grew into night, and the large lamp of the table cast its orange glow over the room and the long table filled with steaming dishes. "You have a large family, Madame," I remarked, as they gathered about the table.—"*Oui, Monsieur*: we are sixteen. It is a good gift to *le bon Dieu*, n'est-ce pas?" she said, turning towards the *curé*.—"C'est vrai, *mon enfant*. There is no better gift than that of another child to His kingdom." I could not but remember that the law also had encouraged large families by passing a bill at Quebec giving ten acres of land to any family having from that time forward, twelve or more children, and how in two years the law was repealed because the demand on those ten-acre lots was in excess of the supply.

It ought to be as plain as daylight to everyone that short cuts to marriage are the cause of easy ways to divorce. Not until it is rendered more difficult to contract matrimony will there be any tightening of its bonds. At present the State will license minors to marry, when it will not permit them to vote, hold office, bring suit at law, or perform other acts of citizenship involving responsibility. Think of a boy's being granted a license to marry who is not entitled to vote for a county treasurer. Everyone favors laws enacted to check political corruption, but very few seem to realize the importance of legislation to safeguard marriage and parenthood. The State is consistent, however, to this extent, that it renders divorce as well as marriage easy.

The *Sacred Heart Review* relates that when the Apostolic Delegate to Syria protested to the Turkish governor of Beirut against the expelling of the French missionaries and the seizure of their property, the governor replied: "I beg your Excellency to note that what my Government has done to these missionaries in time of war between Turkey and France is no more nor less than what the French Government did to them in time of peace."



How He Won His Name.

BY NEALE MANN.

AT sunrise, when the summit of the mountain was red as fire, and the everlasting snows on the Alpine slopes looked like carpets of rose-colored velvet, there was heard down in the village the blast of a rustic horn.

"It's Johnnie Goodman," said the housewives.

And at once they opened the barn doors. The cows came out, stopped a moment to breathe the chilly air, and then slowly made their way to the little square where Johnnie Goodman was waiting for them. When they were all together, he drove them to the pasture land on the flank of the mountain, and guarded them there until evening. During these long hours of his watching, the little village cowherd had ample time to think of his origin and his probable future.

He had been found, one spring morning, thirteen years before, lying on the village square, a little baby about six months old. Who was he? Where did he come from? That desolate portion of Southern France which lies between Modane and St. Jean de Maurienne is always being traversed by Italian emigrants. Possibly some poor mother from Piedmont had abandoned her child in the hope of its betterment. The women of the village discussed the matter volubly.

"What shall be done with the child?"

"Better send it to the Foundling Asylum in the city."

"Yes: we are not rich: we can't afford to keep it."

"I'll take it," said Marie Monnet, wife of the railway guard. "We have no

children. The baby will cheer us up."

She had him christened John; and, at the suggestion of the old pastor, who said that later on the boy might turn out to be a good man, had added Goodman as a family name. Marie had died when the boy was about ten years of age, and now he lived alone with Louis Monnet in the guard's house on the railway line, about a mile from the village.

Life was not very pleasant for him now. In the first place, the villagers held him somewhat in contempt because his parentage was unknown. And then, although Monnet was not a bad man, the death of his wife had saddened and soured him, and very often he returned home in the evening a good deal the worse for liquor. At such times Johnnie had to remain up until midnight to show the lantern as the express went by, though he had to leave for the pasture at five o'clock in the morning. Still, there was one bright spot in his rather melancholy existence,—the friendship of little Ambroisette, the ten-year old daughter of the village mayor. She was about the only one, however, to like him or treat him kindly. The rest of the people used to say of him: "An abandoned child! Who knows what he may be capable of?"

Well, Johnnie was one day to show them just what he *was* capable of. It was during the course of a severe winter. In that season the cows are fed in the barns, so that Johnnie's usual occupation was at an end. He spent the days in reading, and also in knitting, as do many of the men in that poor district. But the days were long and dreary. Louis Monnet spent most of them down in the village with his drinking companions, and the boy was left to perform the duties of the guard whenever the trains passed.

One night, when a great wind was

blowing, Monnet came home about ten o'clock, staggering very much; he was thoroughly drunk. His adopted son repressed a sigh and said, gently:

"You are tired and you must be cold. I was afraid, knowing you to be out in such bad weather. With a wind like this, we are likely to have avalanches."

"I'm going—to bed," said the guard after a while, when he had collected his wits a little. "You'll remember—the midnight—express?"

"Yes: I'll attend to it; don't fear. Take a good rest."

And, by the yellowish light of the oil lamp, Johnnie began to knit.

An hour had scarcely elapsed when he heard on the mountain the well-known rumbling of an avalanche,—first a dull and distant roar, then a frightful crashing, and finally a decreasing noise. The boy listened in much disquietude. Then he got up, saying to himself: "One would think that it came as close as the track."

Quickly lighting a torch, he hurried out and ran towards the place where the noise had appeared to come from when at its height. Sure enough, at a point seven or eight hundred yards from the house, the avalanche had crossed the railroad. Great stones on the track testified to its passage; the rails were torn up and the sleepers, or ties, displaced for several hundred feet.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the terror-stricken boy, "what will happen? The express will arrive in half an hour. What shall I do? What *can* I do?"

Turning about, he ran at full speed to the house and endeavored to awaken Monnet; but it was useless to try: the drunken stupor was too heavy to be so soon disturbed. Johnnie wrung his hands in despair. If he could not stop the express, a wreck and the loss of many lives were inevitable. But would the swinging of a red lantern be enough to stop it? In the blinding snow that the high wind was whirling about, could the engineer see the lantern at all? All at

once he had an idea, and immediately set about putting it into execution. Hurrying to the garret, he carried down a bundle of old clothes, some rolls of paper, and several old sheepskins. Putting all these into a wheelbarrow, he added the ten-gallon can of oil that Monnet had purchased for his winter supply. It was a heavy load enough, as the wind was blowing almost a gale; but Johnnie wheeled the barrow rapidly along the track, beyond the torn portion, in the direction from which the express was to come. And while he hurried he repeated with all the fervor of which he was capable earnest prayers to her whom good Marie Monnet had taught him to love and to invoke in every peril. "O Mother Mary," he pleaded, "let me be in time!"

He stumbled on the railroad ties, fell to his knees and bruised them, and the handles of the loaded barrow blistered his hands; but he hurried on. At last, rounding a curve, he knew that a long stretch of straight track lay before him, and he at once upset the barrow. Piling its contents up in the middle of the track, he poured the oil over the heap of rags and skins and papers. Already he heard the whistle of the express in the distance. Lighting a match, he set it to the pile, and there instantly sprang up a tall flame, visible no doubt a mile away. In the darkness of the night the fire glowed red,—an intense red.

"Oh, thank God and Our Lady!" cried Johnnie, joyfully. "The train will stop,—she won't be wrecked!"

A few minutes later, the express, which generally increased her speed on this level stretch of track, came along quite slowly.

"They have seen the fire," said the boy to himself.

Very deliberately the train approached; a man running could have kept up with it now. Engineer and conductor were leaning out, endeavoring to see what was the matter. When the engine reached Johnnie, he jumped on its step and explained that there had been an avalanche

and the track farther on was torn up. Then the express stopped altogether.

In the meantime the fire had been seen in the surrounding villages; and their inhabitants, thinking that some house was on fire, came running to help extinguish the flames.

"Inside of an hour," said Johnnie to the conductor, "there will be a hundred men here. You can get them to repair the road."

He was right: the men kept coming, and, among them, Louis Monnet, sober at last. When he looked around and saw what had occurred, he grew pale as a sheet, and, clasping Johnnie in his arms, he whispered: "Please God, my boy, I'll drink no more."

Three hours later the express went on its way, taking along the several hundred passengers whose lives had been saved by the presence of mind and the courage of a little boy.

Thanks to one of the railway's directors, to whom Johnnie Goodman had been presented, the village cowherd soon gave up that business to become a student in a distant city. He studied so hard and to such good effect that, some years later, he returned to the Maurienne district with his diploma as a doctor of medicine. And, there, in company with his adopted father and his wife Ambroisette, he lives all the more happily from the fact that he increases the happiness of all those around him. When he drives along the road in his automobile, everybody salutes him; and it is with mingled respect, affection and gratitude that all say: "Ah, there goes Doctor Goodman!"

If one die young he hath left us at dinner; it is bedtime with a man of threescore and ten; and he that lives a hundred years hath walked a mile after supper. This life is but one day of three meals, or one meal of three courses,—childhood, youth, and old age. To sup well is to live well, and that's the way to sleep well.—*Overbury*.

Killykinick.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XII.—THE SECOND MATE.—A CONFAB.

THEN Neb's bell clanged out for dinner, that was served on the long table in the cabin, shipshape, but without any of the frills used on land. There was a deep earthen dish brimming with chowder, a wonderful concoction that only old salts like Neb can make. It had a bit of everything within Killykinick reach—clams and fish and pork and potatoes, onions and peppers and hard-tack,—all simmering together, piping hot, in a most appetizing way, even though it had to be "doused" out with a tin ladle into yellow bowls. There was plenty of good bread, thick and "filling"; a platter of bacon and greens, and a dish of rice curried after a fashion Neb had learned cruising in the China Sea. Last of all, and borne in triumphantly by the cook himself, was a big smoking "plum duff" with cream sauce. There is a base imitation of "duff" known to landsmen as batter pudding; but the real plum duff of shining golden yellow, stuffed full of plums like Jack Horner's pie, is all the sailor's own.

Dan plunged at once into his new duties of second mate. Both Jeb and Neb were well past seventy, and, while still hale and hearty, were not so nimble as they had been forty years ago; so a second mate, with light feet and deft hands, proved most helpful, now that the "Lady Jane" had taken in a double crew.

Dan cleared the table and washed the dishes with a celerity bewildering to the slow brain dulled by the marline spike. He swabbed up the galley under Neb's gruff direction; he fed the chickens and milked the cow. For a brief space in two summers of his early life, Dan had been borne off by an Angel Guardian Society to its Fresh Air Home, a plain, old-fashioned farmhouse some miles from his native city; and, being a keen-eyed

youngster even then, he had left swings and seesaws to less interested observers, and trudged around the fields, the hen-house, the dairies, the barns, watching the digging and the planting, the feeding and the milking; so that the ways of cows and chickens were not altogether beyond his ken.

"Sure and yer board and keep was to be paid for with the rest, lad," said Brother Bart, kindly.

"I don't want it paid, Brother," replied Dan. "St. Andrew's does enough for me. I'd a heap rather work for myself out here."

"Whether that is decent spirit or sinful pride I'm not scholar enough to tell," said the good Brother, in perplexity. "It takes a wise man sometimes to know the differ; but I'm thinking" (and there was a friendly gleam in the old man's eyes) "if I was a strapping lad like you, I would feel the same. So work your own way if you will, Danny lad, and God bless you at it!"

Even heartier was the well-wishing of Captain Jeb after his first day's experience with his second officer.

"You're all right, matie!" he said, slapping Dan on the shoulder. "There will be no loafing on your watch, I kin see. You're the clipper build I like. Them others ain't made to stand rough weather; but as I take it, you're a sort of Mother Carey chicken that's been nested in the storm. And I don't think you'll care to be boxed up below with them fair-weather chaps. Suppose, being second mate, you swing a hammock up on the deck with Jeb and me?"

"Jing! I'd like that first-rate," was the delighted answer.

And, as Brother Bart had no fear of danger on the "Lady Jane," Dan entered on all the privileges of his position. While Freddy and Dud and Jim took possession of the sheltered cabin, and the dignity of the Padre (so it seemed to Captain Jeb) demanded the state and privacy of the Captain's room, Dan swung his hammock up on deck, where it swayed delightfully

in the wind, while the stout awnings close-reefed in fair weather gave full view of the sea and the stars.

He slept like a child cradled in its mother's arms, and was up betimes to plunge into a stretch of sheltered waves, still rosy with the sunrise, for a morning bath such as no porcelain tub could offer; and then to start off with old Neb, who, like other wise householders, began the day's work early. Neb might be deaf and dull, and, in boyish parlance, a trifle "dippy"; but he knew the ways of fish, from whales to minnows. He had a boat of his own, with its nets and seines and lines, that not even the sturdy old Captain in the days of his command dared touch.

That Dan was allowed to handle the oars this first morning proved that the second mate had already established himself firmly in Neb's favor. But, as Wharf Rat, Dan had gained some knowledge of boats and oars; and he was able to do his part under the old salt's gruff direction. They went far out beyond shoal and reef; beyond Numskull Nob (whose light was still blinking faintly in the glow of the sunrise), into deep waters, where the fishing fleet could be seen already at work in the blue distance hauling up big catches of cod, halibut, and other game.

"That ain't fishing!" growled old Neb. "It's durned mean killing."

"And isn't all fishing killing?" asked Dan, as they flung out their own lines.

"No," said Neb. "When you cast a line, or a harpoon even, you give critters a chance; but them durned pirates thar don't give a fish no chance at all."

"Did you ever cast a harpoon?" asked Dan, with interest.

For a moment the dull eyes kindled, the dull face brightened, as some deadened memory seemed to stir and waken into life; then the shadow fell heavy and hopeless again.

"Mebbe I did, sonny; I don't know. It's so far back I've most forgot."

But old Neb's wits worked in their own way still. It took less than an

hour to catch dinners for the whole Killykinick crew; and the fishermen came home to find that Captain Jeb had been doing duty during their absence, and breakfast was ready on the long table in the cabin,—a breakfast such as none of the white-coated waiters in their late journey could beat.

Captain Jeb knew nothing of cereals, but he had a big bowl of mush and a pitcher of golden cream; he had bacon and eggs frizzled to a charm; he had cornodgers and coffee that filled the air with fragrance,—such coffee as old sailors look for about break of day after a middle watch. Altogether, the crew of the "Lady Jane" found things very pleasant, and the first week at Killykinick had all the interest of life in a newly discovered land. Even Brother Bart was argued by the two old salts out of his "narrowness," and laddie was allowed to boat and fish and swim in safe waters under Dan's care; while Jim and Dud looked out for themselves, as such big fellows should.

"Thar's nothing to hurt them off thar," said Captain Jeb, as Brother Bart watched his navigators with anxious eyes pushing out over a stretch of dancing waves. "'Twixt here and Numskull Nob you could 'most walk ashore. Jest keep them out of the Devil's Jaw, that's all."

"The Lord between us and harm!" ejaculated Brother Bart, in pious horror. "Where is that at all?"

"The stretch of rock yonder," replied Captain Jeb, nodding to the northeast.

"And isn't that an awful name to give to a Christian shore?" asked Brother Bart.

"No worse than them ar suck-holes of waves deserves," was the grim answer. "When the high tide sweeps in thar, it kerries everything with it, and them caves guzzle it all down, nobody knows whar."

"Ah, God save us!" said Brother Bart. "It's the quare place to choose aither for life or death. I wonder at the laddie's uncle, and ye too, for staying all these years. Wouldn't it be better now, at

yer time of life, for ye to be saving yer soul in quiet and peace, away from the winds and the storms and the roaring seas that are beating around ye here?"

"No," was the gruff answer,—"no, Padre. I couldn't live away from the winds and the storms and the waves. I couldn't die away from them neither. I'd be like a deep sea-fish washed clean ashore. How them landlubbers live with everything dead and dull around them, I don't see. I ain't been out of sight of deep water since I shipped as cabin boy in the 'Lady Jane' nigh onto sixty years ago. I've been aloft in her rigging with the sea beating over her deck and the wind whistling so loud ye couldn't hear the cuss words the old man was a-roaring through his trumpet below. I've held her wheel through many a black night when no mortal man could tell shore from sea. I stood by her when she struck on this here reef, ripped open from stem to stern; and I'm standing by her now, 'cording to the old Captain's orders, yet."

"Ye may be right," said Brother Bart, reflectively. "It's not for me to judge ye, Jeroboam." (Brother Bart never shortened that Scriptural title.) "But I bless the Lord day and night that I was not called to the sea.—What is it the boys are after now?" he added, with an anxious glance at the boat in which laddie and Dan had ventured out beyond his call.

"Lobsters," replied Captain Jeb. "Them's Neb's lobster pots bobbing up thar, and they've got a catch that will give us a dinner fit for a king."

"It's all to your taste," said Brother Bart. "Barrin' fast days, of which I say nothing, I wouldn't give a good Irish stew for all the fish that ever swam the seas. But laddie is thrivin' on the food here, I must say. There's a red in his cheeks I haven't seen for months; but what with the rocks and the seas and the Devil's Jaw foreninst them, it will be the mercy of God if I get the four boys safe home."

"You needn't fear," was the cheering assurance. "They are fine, strapping

fellows, and a touch of sailor life won't harm them; though it's plain them two big chaps and little Polly's boy are used to softer quarters. But for a long voyage I'd ship Mate Danny before any of them."

"Ye would?" asked Brother Bart.

"Aye," answered Captain Jeb, decisively. "Don't fly no false colors, sticks to his job, ready to take hold of anything from a lobster pot to a sheet anchor,—honest grit straight through. Lord, what a ship captain he would make! But they don't teach navigation at your school."

"I don't know," answered Brother Bart. "I'm not book-learned, as I've told ye; but there's little that isn't taught at St. Andrew's that Christian lads ought to know; to say nothing of God's holy law, which is best of all; but of navigation I never hear tell. I'm thinking it can't be much good."

"No good!" repeated the Captain, staring. "Navigation, no good! Lord! you're off your reckoning thar sure, Padre. Do you know what navigation means? It means standing on your quarter-deck and making your ship take its way over three thousand miles of ocean straight as a bird flies to its nest; it means holding her in that ar' way with the waves a-swelling mountain high and the wind a-bellowing in your rigging, and a rocky shore with all its teeth set to grind her in your lee; it means knowing how to look to the sun and the stars when they're shining, and how to steer without them when the night is too black to see. Where would you and I be now, Padre, if a navigator that no landlubbers could down had not struck out without map or chart to find this here America of ours hundreds of years ago?"

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Brother Bart. "But there seems to be sense and truth in what you say. It's a pity you haven't the light of Faith."

"What would it do for me?" asked Captain Jeb, briefly.

"What would it do for you?" repeated Brother Bart. "Sure it's in the black

darkness you are, my man, or ye wouldn't ask. It's sailing on the sea of life ye are without sun or stars, and how ye are to find the way to heaven I don't know. Do ye ever say a prayer, Jeroboam?"

"No," was the gruff answer. "That's your business, Padre. The Lord don't expect no praying from rough old salts like me."

"Sure and He does,—He does," said Brother Bart, roused into simple earnestness. "What is high or low to Him? Isn't He the Lord and Maker of the land and sea? Doesn't He give ye life and breath and strength and health and all that ye have? And to stand up like a dumb brute under His eye and never give Him a word of praise or thanks! I wonder at ye, Jeroboam,—I do indeed! Sure ye'd be more decent to any mortal man that gave ye a bit and sup; but what ye're not taught, poor man, ye can't know. Listen now: ye're to take us to church to-morrow according to your bargain."

"Yes," said the Captain, gruffly; "but thar warn't no bargain about preaching and praying and singing."

"Sure I don't ask it," said Brother Bart, sadly. "You're in haythen darkness, Jeroboam, and I haven't the wisdom or the knowledge or the holiness to lade ye out; but there's one prayer can be said in darkness as well as in light. All I ask ye to do is to stand for a moment within the church and turn your eyes to the lamp that swings like a beacon light before the altar and whisper the words of that honest man in the Bible that didn't dare to go beyant the holy door, 'O God, be merciful to me a sinner!' Will ye do that?"

"Wal, since that's all ye ask of me, Padre," said Captain Jeb, reflectively, "I can't say no. I've thought them words many a time when the winds was a-howling and the seas a-raging, and it looked as if I was bound for Davy Jones' Locker before day; but I never knew that was a fair-weather prayer. But I'll say it as you

ask; and I'll avow, Padre, that, for talking and praying straight to the point, you beat any preacher or parson I ever heard yet."

"Preach, is it!" exclaimed Brother Bart. "Sure I never preached in my life, and never will. But I'll hold ye to your word, Jeroboam; and, with God's blessing, we'll be off betimes to-morrow morning.—Here come the boys: and, Holy Mother, look at the boatful of clawing craythurs they have with them!"

"Lobsters, Brother Bart!" shouted Freddy, triumphantly. "Lobsters, Captain Jeb! Fine big fellows. Hurry them up, Dan! I'm hungry as three bears."

(To be continued.)

Told of the Iron Duke.

The great Duke of Wellington was very particular about having his orders strictly obeyed, and had a chance once to become the victim of his own stern theory of discipline. It was while he was visiting Lord Derby at one of his numerous country mansions, which was undergoing a series of extensive repairs. A number of the walls were being re-decorated, and in the great hall a beautiful new mosaic floor was being laid. In order to prevent any injury to it, Lord Derby bought a number of pairs of slippers, which he had placed at the entrance to the hall, ordering a young workman, whom he chanced to see there, to insist that any one who entered should put on a pair of the slippers, and remove his boots or shoes.

"But if any one should refuse, sir?" asked the workman.

"Put him out."

"Yes, my Lord."

Very soon after that a hunting party returned, and the Duke of Wellington, covered with splashes of mud, came tearing up to the door of the hall and started to enter.

"Take off your boots, sir!" called out the young man, who was mounted on a ladder near the ceiling.

The Duke, not comprehending the cause of this extraordinary order, grew red with anger, and strode farther into the room; whereupon the workman, slipping down the ladder like a cat, promptly collared the astonished and indignant hero of Waterloo, and thrust him out of doors. It was but natural that he should report this behavior to his host, who, quite forgetting his order to the workman, summoned all the artisans before him and demanded to know who had committed this outrage upon his distinguished guest. The offender stepped forward, all of a tremble.

"I did it, my Lord."

"And how came you to do so outrageous a thing, you rascal?" asked the indignant nobleman.

"Because you ordered me to," was the reply.

"Well, upon my word," answered the owner of the premises, "I believe you are right. I was anxious that no one should dare to spoil my floor, you see," he continued, addressing the Duke of Wellington; "and—"

But the Iron Duke interposed: "I withdraw my complaint, my dear friend, with a thousand apologies to you, as well as to this honest young fellow, who will, I hope, have the kindness to accept a sovereign from an old soldier who believes in obeying orders."

Proverbs in Rhyme.

ALONG the street of "By-and-By"

The house of "Never" you'll descry.

Who lends his lips to naught but blame
Has in his heart no sense of shame.

Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore.

Want of patience and of care
Admits destruction and despair.

Who will not feed the cats,
Must suffer mice and rats.

A hen you'll give to-morrow, you say:
But I'd rather have an egg to-day.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The Shephërd of the North" is the title of a new novel by Richard Aumerle Maher, which the Macmillan Co. are bringing out.

—Schools and colleges which are planning to celebrate this year the tercentenary of Shakespeare will welcome "A Book for Shakespeare Plays and Pageants," by O. L. Hatcher, published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

—The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland has issued as one of its pamphlets "The Founder of the Oblates: An Ideal Bishop," a study of Charles Joseph Eugene de Mazenod, which originally appeared in *THE AVE MARIA*. Its author, Mr. R. F. O'Connor, needs no commendation for grasp of his subject or the interest of his style.

—Well advised was the publication in brochure form, by St. Joseph's Catholic Press, Jaffna, of "A Controversy on Transmigration," which originally was conducted in the *Jaffna Catholic Guardian*. At this time when the invasion of the West by Eastern thought has assumed considerable proportions, this excellent refutation of one of its cardinal delusions is indeed very welcome. Incidentally, we note that the balance of good manners as well as of sound logic is in favor of the Catholic contributors to this discussion.

—When Mr. Theodore F. Mac Manus leaves the advertising lists and enters the forensic field, the latter department is enriched by the appearance of a keen and well-formed intellect and the service of a trenchant pen. "The One Great Gift of the Gods" (printed privately) is the latest of his addresses, and one of the best of its kind that we have ever seen. Our hope is that its author will soon put into substantial and permanent form the various isolated expressions which he has made of his philosophy of life, which is his Faith.

—Many Catholics will be interested to learn, especially at this time, that an excellent reproduction $8\frac{1}{2} \times 11$ inches, in fourteen colors, of the celebrated painting by Gabriel Max known as "St. Veronica's Handkerchief" may now be had in this country of the Smith Co., Flushing, N. Y. The remarkable feature of this picture is that if the closed eyes are attentively watched, they seem to open suddenly. The effect was the result of a happy accident. The original painting, which is valued at \$25,000, is in a private collection at Prague. Gabriel Max's best known work in this country is "The

Last Token" in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. The reproduction of St. Veronica's Handkerchief—the edition is limited—may be had for twenty-five cents.

—Reprints of valuable and timely articles from recent numbers of the *Month* are: "The Latest Portent of Anglicanism" and "French Jesuits at the Front," by Mr. H. S. Dean, an occasional contributor to our own pages.

—French pamphlets and brochures on the war and cognate subjects are multiplying at a rate that promises a whole library from which future historians may learn the Gallic point of view regarding the present European conflict. In Bloud & Gay's series of "Pages Actuelles" we have received: "Du XVIII. Siècle à l'Année Sublime," by E. Lamy; "Contre l'Esprit Allemand: De Kant à Krupp," by L. Daudet; and "La France de Demain," by H. de Villeneuve. From the publishing house of G. Beauchesne, Paris, come "Jeanne la Libératrice," by Mgr. Baudrillart; and "Patriotisme, Imperialisme, Militarisme," by Lucien Roure.

—If a romance is properly defined as a tale or novel dealing not so much with real and familiar life as with extraordinary and often extravagant adventures, then "A Romance of Dartmoor" is quite appropriate as the subtitle of "The Iron Stair," by "Rita" (Mrs. Desmond Humphreys), which comes to us from G. P. Putnam's Sons. The title itself is a phrase from "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," and is suggestive of the warp and woof of the story, which has to do with an innocent convict's trials and escape from an English prison. One does not read a romance for purposes of instruction or edification, but rather for amusement, and distraction from heavier reading or study; and the present volume accomplishes that end more effectively than a good many novels which have come our way of late.

—Of "Songs of the Fields," the first book of a young Irishman, Mr. Francis Ledwidge, whom Lord Dunsany introduces as a peasant poet (the "poet of the blackbird"), now serving as a soldier, the *Athenæum* says: "We did not find near so much about the blackbird—nor that so good—as this invitation had led us to expect; and what we found was, as an expression of opinion, considerably too narrow. Mr. Ledwidge has all the gifts and facilities which, to our thinking, are nowadays somewhat too highly prized. Hitherto, if this is the best he has yet

rendered, he has chosen themes somewhat too easy for his strength. But we rather expect that a young author, whose native vision of things is so acute and so intellectual as the reader comes to perceive Mr. Ledwidge's to be—whose power of mere singing, too, is so real,—will not always be content with making us see fragmentary glimpses, however charming, of wild land and water; but will presently address himself to create a whole."

—The Riverside Press (Cambridge, Mass.) has privately printed "Michael Freebern Gavin, a Biography Edited by His Son," a small 8vo of 157 pages. It is a most interesting memoir and in excellent form. Dr. Gavin was a figure in Boston, touching the life of that city at many historic points. His friendship with such immortals as Oliver Wendell Holmes, his participation in the Civil War, his professional activities extending over a period of forty years, constitute a splendid framework for biography; while the inner and true life of the man made these things worthy of record. Perhaps the highest of many noble tributes paid him was that of his pastor, who said: "He was an ideal parishioner, an ideal Catholic, and an ideal man." Dr. Gavin's life is a noble heritage to the entire Catholic laity.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Blackest Page of Modern History." Herbert Adams Gibbons, Ph. D. 75 cts.

"Talks to Boys." Rev. Joseph Conroy, S. J. 56 cts.

"Christianity and Infallibility." Rev. Daniel Lyons. \$1, net.

"Probation." Maria Longworth Storer. \$1.

"History of Dogma." Tixeront. Vol. III. \$2.

"Europa's Fairy Tales." Joseph Jacobs. \$1.25.

"Mysteries of the Mass in Reasoned Prayers." Rev. W. Roche, S. J. 50 cts.

"What Germany Could Do for Ireland." James K. McGuire. \$1.

"Newman's 'Gentleman.'" Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C. 35 cts.

"Spiritual Director and Physician." From the French of the Rev. Fr. V. Raymond, O. P. Translated by Dom Aloysius Smith, C. R. L. \$1.75.

"The 'Summa Theologica' of St. Thomas Aquinas." Part II. (First Part.) Literally Translated by the Fathers of the English Dominican Province. Third Number (QQ. XC—CXIV).

"Addresses at Patriotic and Civic Occasions." 2 vols. \$3.

"Is Schism Ever Lawful?" Rev. Edward Maguire. \$1.80.

"Life of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque." Mgr. Bougaud. 60 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Anthony Truchard, of the diocese of Galveston; Rev. Gerhard Luehrmann, diocese of St. Cloud; Rev. Emanuel Kabát, diocese of Green Bay; Rev. Dr. James Malone, diocese of Scranton; and Rev. Matthew Thompson, O. S. B. Brother Pius, C. S. C.

Sister M. Augusta, of the Sisters of St. Mary; Sister M. Bernardine, Order of St. Ursula; Sister Margaret, Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Mechtildes, Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister M. Baptista, Order of the Visitation.

Mr. Theophile Papin, Mr. John Kroll, Mr. Thomas Kerby, Mrs. John Slingsby, Mr. Edward Burke, Mr. Joseph Baughman, Mrs. Henrietta Little, Mr. Maurice Riordan, Mrs. James Connolly, Mr. Andrew Pierce, Mr. Thomas Waters, Mrs. Margaret Haylow, Mrs. E. Doyle, Mrs. Mary Stoughton, Miss Nellie Shaunessy, Mrs. P. Cassidy, Mr. Henry Piette, Mr. William Schroeder, Mr. F. X. Nichols, Mrs. Ellen Walsh, Miss Mary Craven, Mr. Patrick Connerran, Mr. Richard Button, Mr. Arthur Lavinge, Mr. Thomas Lambert, Mrs. Mary Harty, Miss Louise Smith, Mr. Matthew McGinnis, Mrs. Catherine Lynch, Mrs. Ann Campbell, Mrs. Elizabeth Johnson, Mr. J. P. Walker, Mr. John Repetto, Mrs. Honora Crow, Mrs. Margaret Murphy, Mr. Jacob Messmer, Mr. John Fletcher, and Mrs. Francis Dumont.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the Chinese missions: F. F., "A promise to St. Anthony," \$2. For the starving children in China: Friend (Marinette), \$1; A. B. C., \$1; "in honor of the B. V. M.," \$1.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. III. (New Series.)

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The Dark Little Rose.*

BY MICHAEL EARLS, S. J.

WHEN shall we find the spring come in,
And the fragrant air it blows?
And when shall the bounty of summer win
Fairer than fields of Camolin
For the dark little Rose?

Long was the winter, the storms how long!
What flower may live i' the snows!
No bloom shall last under heels of wrong
If the heart-blood be not deathless strong
As the dark little Rose.

Sing hers the culture sweeter than rain
That healed old Europe's woes;
Older than bowers of Lille and Louvain
Grew by the Rhine and the towns of Spain
From the dark little Rose.

Leagues in the sunlight never shall fail
While the broad, round ocean flows;
Though never a fleet goes up Kinsale,
See, all the world is within the pale
Of the dark little Rose.

The Message to Mary.†

BY THE REV. J. D. FOLGHERA, O. P.



T. JOHN THE EVANGELIST, whose symbol is the eagle, soars up, at the very opening of his Gospel, to the supreme height of the Godhead, and unveils to our astonished gaze the very bosom of the Most Holy Trinity. This he does to show us the Word 'who was with God and who was God.' And, after his hymn is sung, he plunges to earth

with a sudden and mighty swoop—"And the Word was made flesh." But how was this done? The Word was made flesh,—that is to say, He became man. But in what way? By creation or by birth? And, if by birth, is the Son of God to be also the Son of a woman? So indeed it is; and St. Luke, in his narrative of the Annunciation, gives us her ever-blessed name. He tells us how the Angel Gabriel was sent to deliver a message to her, and he tells us also how he delivered it. It was a divine embassy and a masterpiece of divine diplomacy.

We know and hold this embassy as a fact. It is a page of the Gospel, and a beautiful one. But our reason is not satisfied with giving its assent, however readily. Reason is always acting according to its own nature, trying to understand, endeavoring to explain. In this instance, reason asks questions: Why such an embassy at all? Was it necessary or suitable, and why?

God treats His rational creatures according to their higher nature. His treatment of them is never harsh or overbearing; He respects the intelligence and the liberty He Himself has given them. The sublime vocation of Mary, the Mother of God, was to begin like that of Abraham, the Father of believers, by an act of faith, which is the beginning of all service acceptable unto God. Hence the Angel was sent to her that, by his words, Mary might first conceive in her mind and heart by faith and love Him whom she

* An allegorical name of Ireland.

† See St. Thomas, Sum. Th., p. iii, 9.30, art. 1 and 4.

was to conceive in her womb by the overshadowing of the Most High. As St. Augustine says: "Mary is more blessed in conceiving the faith of Christ in her mind than in conceiving the flesh of Christ in her body. The nearness to Christ which Mary enjoyed as His Mother would have profited her nothing had she not borne Him more gladly in her heart than in her flesh." The conception of the Word in her mind by faith was the principle of the other, and of all her consequent dignity and blessedness; and this precisely is what her cousin Elizabeth, after her infant had leaped for joy in her womb and she herself had been filled with the Holy Ghost, declared with a loud voice: "Blessed art thou that hast believed!"

Next, who was to be the witness of so tremendous a mystery as that of the Incarnation? Who but Mary, the only human being who had a share in it? No doubt God might have illuminated her with an internal revelation and moved her to acquiesce with a most firm certitude. But was it not far simpler for Him to send an angel under a human form to appear before her, to be seen by her, heard by her? So that when in later years she related to St. Luke what she 'had kept, pondering in her heart,' the scene of the Annunciation became in the words of the Evangelist the most vivid picture and the most telling dialogue. We have only to change the personal pronoun from the third to the first person to listen to the narrative as it fell from the very lips of Mary. It was only right that the event should be stamped indelibly on her mind because of its paramount importance. And a message delivered with the utmost solemnity would both befit the awful occasion and at the same time leave on Mary a vivid impression which would come out in her relation of the event. St. Chrysostom says: "The Angel waited on Mary not in sleep but in visible form. Because she was receiving from the Angel a revelation exceeding

great, she needed a spectacle of rare solemnity before so great a thing came to pass."

While she surrendered her mind by faith, Mary delivered up her will by obedience. God acted here as He always does with regard to the creatures whom He endows with liberty. He humbles Himself, as it were; He asks, He knocks. "Behold I stand at the door and knock": He does not break it open. But all the while He is God, the Creator and the Lord. At His asking, a cry of acceptance must answer; at His knock, the door must be flung open from within. The Angel came to Mary with a divine message announcing a thing not yet done, but about to be done; in her, but not without her consent. The words he used seem final in their announcement: "Behold, thou shalt conceive. . . ." But it is only because the infinite wisdom of God had rightly anticipated the affirmative answer which Mary would readily give; and while the Angel was bowing down to her in wonder at such an exaltation of a daughter of men, Mary was bowing still more profoundly and in greater wonder to the ineffable condescension of the God of all towards man and towards her own humble self. And she uttered the words of submission and earnest desire: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done to me according to thy word."

It is said that there are no little things, but only little minds. To a great mind even little things may be pregnant with significance. How are great discoveries generally made but by genius looking at little things? Much more do the things of God, little as they may appear to shortsighted or proud reason, show themselves great to the "enlightened eyes of the heart." At the hour of the Annunciation, the short but astounding drama of the paradise of old was being reacted. While Eve was conversing with the serpent, the whole of mankind was concerned with the tremendous issue which was to follow her consent to the breach of loyalty to God.

At the hour of the Annunciation, Mary, as she speaks with the Angel, is not only Mary, but she represents us all, supremely concerned as we are in the answer she will give to the proffered message. This message is the proposal of an alliance, a union, a spiritual marriage between the Son of God and human nature; and in this transaction of universal interest Mary speaks for all, accepts for all, begins the salvation and the exaltation of all.

In order to act successfully as an ambassador, the Angel Gabriel was to act skilfully as a diplomatist,—that is to say, was to use the proper and adequate means to negotiate his all-important mission and bring it to a satisfactory issue. This St. Thomas gives us to understand when he says that the Angel, the messenger of the God of Wisdom, performed his mission in the most orderly manner, attaining his end by three successive steps: arresting the attention of Mary, enlightening her mind, and obtaining her consent.

We may well believe that God, who 'disposeth all things sweetly,' and who 'hath in His power the times and the hours,' chose a fitting hour for the Angel to appear before Mary. She was no doubt piously occupied,—perhaps in prayer and contemplation; perhaps, as tradition appropriately represents her, she was reading those passages of Scripture which describe the Messiah and the redemption of Israel; sighing after His coming, wondering who should be worthy to become His mother, and humbling herself in the consciousness and confession of her own unworthiness. And, lo! her eyes suddenly see some one standing before her, and her ears are struck by the words he utters: "Hail, full of grace! The Lord is with thee! Blessed art thou amongst women."

Such words were pregnant with a meaning which she could not as yet fully realize. They declared her fitness for the dignity which was to be conferred on her, and which required the plenitude of grace

that God had been pleased to pour down on her from the very first instant of her life; they expressed that dignity itself, since the Lord was to be with her in such a special manner as He was with no one else,—that is to say, not only as the Creator of her being, the Sanctifier of her soul, but as her very own Child, lying in her womb, reposing in her arms, sleeping on her heart. They foretold the effect of that dignity, the supereminence amongst all women of her who was to be the Virgin Mother, conceiving in virginity, bringing forth in joy, blessed first and foremost in Him who was the divine Blessing for all.

Mary, if she did not understand the full import of the salutation, understood one thing at least: that it was a salutation to her. And as nothing makes a humble soul wonder more than hearing its own excellence proclaimed, and as wondering is the chief incentive to the attention of the mind, Mary was all wonder and all attention. As the Gospel has it, she "was troubled at his saying, and thought with herself what manner of salutation this should be."

The Angel reassures her: "Fear not, Mary; for thou has found grace with God." Thereupon, he unfolds his message, and announces what is to take place. How great a miracle! Wonderful in itself and in her. "Thou shalt conceive in thy womb and shalt bring forth a Son." More wonderful still in what that Son is to be: "Thou shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Most High; and the Lord God shall give to him the throne of David, His father; and He shall reign in the house of Jacob forever; and of His kingdom there shall be no end." Yes, wonderful, and wonderful to Mary, virgin in body and in heart; virgin in deed and in promise; for she had vowed her virginity to God, as she says so simply and so naturally, not in incredulity but in admiration: "How shall this be done, because I know not man?" The answer

is a fresh wonder, a miracle. If she is to be a mother, and the mother of such a Son, it will be a work all divine in its execution as it had been from eternity in its design. "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee. And therefore the Holy which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God."

The Incarnation was to be a transcending miracle; but another, not so high but none the less admirable, had already taken place in the house of Zachary and Elizabeth. Mary had heard the undreamed-of tidings, how her cousin had been visited by God's mercy at a time when all hope was abandoned,—'for Elizabeth was barren, and they both were well advanced in years'; and how the birth of a child, the future Precursor, was to gladden their home within a few short months. There was a sign for Mary, since, as St. Ambrose says: "Many barren have brought forth, that credence may be given when a virgin shall bear a child." And this is what the Angel recalls to her mind: "And, behold, thy cousin Elizabeth, she also hath conceived a son in her old age."

A miracle had been wrought for Elizabeth, another and greater might be wrought for Mary. He who created at one word myriads of stars brighter and brighter, can work numberless miracles, and more and more wondrous. This is the final answer and it comes from Gabriel: "Because no word shall be impossible with God." All that man with his shortsighted wisdom, puny power, and half-hearted love, would call impossible, is not so with God, whose wisdom is so deep, whose power is so immense, whose love is so boundless,—all three infinite, and all three shining forth radiantly in this work of His works, the Incarnation.

"And Mary said: Behold the handmaid of the Lord: be it done to me according to thy word. And the Angel departed from her." And while he soars up, as we imagine him, to carry the

answer of Mary's faith and obedience, she remains prostrate in silent adoration and unspeakable joy. "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us." But His first dwelling-place was in her, as Father Faber sings in one of his hymns to the Blessed Virgin,—

Earth gave Him one lodging: 'twas deep in thy
breast,
And God found a home where the sinner finds
rest.

James Harrington, M. D.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XIII.



T was a great day for Montreal when it had the honor of receiving the representative of the Sovereign Pontiff, Monsignor Bedini, Archbishop of Thebes. It was an event of supreme importance to the Northern city, and the Catholics were enthusiastic over the arrangements to give him a suitable reception. In the group of laymen who were appointed to meet him Dr. Harrington was conspicuous. He remembered that day long afterwards.

Dr. Harrington felt his Catholicity, which burned steadily and clearly at all times, rise into a flame of enthusiasm on the occasion. It was with a thrill of real emotion that he knelt to kiss the Nuncio's ring. In a word, it may be said that he was as prominent as possible in all the efforts that were made to do honor to the envoy of the Sovereign Pontiff.

Sunshine, moral and physical, lay over all the city. The mountain was swathed in gold, wreathing the treetops as though they were crowned with glory for the event that was being celebrated. There was, however, an aftermath to that harvesting of peace and good-will. Montreal was presently thrown into a ferment by the arrival there of an anti-Catholic preacher, the apostate monk Gavazzi.* His

* A slight liberty has been taken with the date, since Mgr. Bedini's visit and that of the notorious Gavazzi took place in 1853.

character and antecedents were like so many of his class, who vary but little, no matter when they make their appearance. His coming to the town had been largely advertised, with the announcement that he was to lecture in the City Hall on the iniquities of the Romish Church, her clergy and her nuns,—a campaign which was, of course, the sequel of his own broken vows and personal degradation. In Catholic circles, there were the usual smile and sigh over the fatuous folly of those who could support that miserable man, who had fallen from his high estate of the priesthood, and, as regards his sacerdotal character, might well be compared to “an archangel ruined.”

One point only in the announcement of that forthcoming lecture was seized upon by leading Catholics, who selected Dr. Harrington as one of their chief spokesmen. He headed a delegation which had been chosen to wait upon the mayor, and in the name of the Catholic ratepayers—who were, of course, in the majority—to protest against the use of the City Hall for any such purpose. The mayor took the matter into consideration, with the result that the City Hall was very properly refused. Gavazzi's supporters, and those who helped to make financial or other capital out of the lecture, professed great indignation at this refusal, and announced in flaming posters that the “*eminent convert from Romanism*” would speak in Zion Church instead. So much having been effected by the committee of Catholics, they held a meeting, with Dr. Harrington in the chair, authorizing the printing of a circular, in which Catholics were urged to take no further notice of Gavazzi or his lecture.

In the principal Irish Church of St. Patrick, the pastor, on the Sunday previous, earnestly implored his auditors to keep the peace, to remain in their houses while the lecture was in progress, and to treat that most unhappy man with the contempt that he deserved. Such warnings were needed in the days when religious

animosities ran high, and when attacks upon the Church, which were frequent and often violent, were in some instances, especially by the working class, as violently resented. There are always cases, however, in which the counsels of moderation fall upon deaf ears.

The night of the lecture came. It was beautiful moonlight, and a considerable crowd had assembled outside of Zion Church, on the slopes of the hill, and filling all Haymarket Square. The church which was thus dishonored by the presence of the renegade monk occupied a commanding position upon Beaver Hall Hill, dominating the cluster of other places of worship, and fitly representing, not the oldtime unity of faith which had made the very existence of Montreal possible, but the sad disunion of Christendom.

Zion Church rose high, and on that memorable night all its windows were ablaze with light. The church was well filled; for perverted human nature, it must be owned, loves to hear its neighbors slandered. If the lecturer had any native gift of eloquence, he was debarred from using it by having scarcely any acquaintance at all with the English language. His discourse, according to the opinion of some of the auditory, was one which no decent man would have tolerated in his house, nor any decent woman in her presence.

And yet those sitting there to hear the vilification of priests and nuns were well aware that the latter had acted the part of heroes in the late epidemic; they had been veritable angels of mercy, tending alike, and at the risk of their lives, rich and poor, Jew, infidel, or Protestant. In the St. Camille Hospital alone, it was stated that numerous patients had embraced the Catholic Faith, impelled to that act by the heroic work of the black-robed Sisters of Charity of Providence. It seemed passing strange that in all that congregation there was not one man honest or fearless enough to arise and say: “I know that these state-

ments are false. 'The lives of priests and Sisters here in our own city controvert all these calumnies.'

Outside, the street down into the square was packed with people. Under the clear sky which overarched that city, founded by the blood, the heroic sacrifices, the very lives and deaths of Catholics, were gathered a dense crowd of sympathizers with that traducer, who could not find entrance to the church. Of course there were many more who had come thither out of the idlest curiosity, to see what was going on, and, if possible, to catch snatches through the open window of what was being said within the walls of Zion. There was still another class who had gathered with the deliberate intention of making things unpleasant for the unsavory lecturer. Unhappily, in both these latter classes, despite the warnings of their pastors and other advisers, were a certain number of Catholics. Many of these, as was clearly shown afterwards, were not of the kind who frequented church and would have been likely to hear the counsels that were given. With some of them, perhaps, it was honest indignation that prompted them to try to put an end in their own primitive way to language that reviled what they had been taught to hold most sacred.

Word was brought to Dr. Harrington by a breathless messenger that there was going to be trouble on the Hill. He hurried to the spot, and beheld that multitude of people moving about restlessly, shouting incoherent phrases,—curses, oaths, and injurious words. It seemed as if many of those present had taken leave of their senses. There were groups who seemed filled with a wild, unreasonable fear that the Pope of Rome, descending from his throne in the seven-walled city, had landed in Montreal, to trample upon and bind into slavery his Majesty's loyal Protestants who fairly bristled with alarm and indignation.

The references to Archbishop Bedini were many, and the reverse of compli-

mentary. It would seem, from all the things that were whispered or shouted to the listening ear of night, that that eminent ecclesiastic had come, with arms and ammunition under his purple cloak, and an invisible fighting force at his back, to insure the conquest of the Canadas. The shuffling, jostling, ultra-Protestant section of the crowd, amongst whom were Orangemen, Young Britons, and the like, were assuring each other (though no one was listening to what the other said) that neither the Pope nor Bedini would ever rule over Canada, and that Britons never would be slaves. They hurled opprobrious epithets at those whom they believed to be Papists.

And under all, like a sullen, ominous growl, were the voices of those who had come thither to protest even by violence against the insults to the Church. Amongst these were persons of neither wisdom nor reason; they would not take advice; and, though they talked less than their opponents, those rude quarrymen, dock hands, and the rest, were keeping their ears open and preparing at any moment for action. That moment came when some who had got access to the church began to shout at the preacher and answer his vile talk by fierce denials. This seemed to be accepted by those without as a signal, and a rush was made towards the church; blows were exchanged, agitators on both sides shouted themselves hoarse, and for a few minutes a very pandemonium reigned.

It was into this scene of mad disorder that Dr. Harrington rushed with but one thought in his mind—to do what in him lay towards restoring order. At the greatest possible risk to life and limb, he sprang to a high position upon some steps, in the full light of a street lamp and almost directly opposite the church, and there began to harangue a portion of the crowd, which from their talk he judged to be upon the Catholic side. There he was a shining mark for missiles of all sorts; while from both parties of the rioters rose the cry of, "Knock him down!"

But his clear, incisive voice, which had great carrying power, prevailed, at least to some extent. His appearance was familiar to most of those present, once they had taken time to look at him. Amongst some of his coreligionists there was a disposition to raise a cheer. Perhaps they even misunderstood, at first, the meaning of his presence there, and of the words which he was trying to speak. He managed to make silence round him, and his voice rang out clear as a clarion note, begging of them, for God's sake and for the sake of the religion they were pretending to defend, to commit no violence, but to go to their homes peaceably.

There was the roaring of many voices in the air all around, save in that one corner where Dr. Harrington was striving his best for order. It seemed as if the evil passions which that wretched speaker up there in the church had let loose in this lately peaceful town were reproducing all the clamors of that City of Dis, and of the "evil brood" described by the poet. Finally, in the neighborhood of the church there was a mad rush of rioters and frenzied shouts of, "Bring out the foul-mouthed ruffian! We'll stop his dirty talk." The police found themselves powerless; and presently above the tumult was heard the tramp, tramp of the soldiers, who had been called out.

Dr. Harrington redoubled his efforts. Leaving his post of vantage, where he had been a conspicuous mark for all the contestants, he pushed his way here and there through the crowd, wherever the uproar was fiercest. The old fighting spirit of his gallant father was uppermost, and he cared nothing about the danger which he ran, or the blows which he received from this or that antagonist, who had no thought of respecting persons. But all that militant spirit which had been evoked was never for one instant on the side of warfare. He argued, he jested, he cajoled, wherever he could get a hearing. His appeal was usually to Catholics; but now and again, if he

found himself amongst a group of rabid Protestants, he appealed to them, and in all cases to justice and common-sense, to intelligence against ignorance, and to good citizenship against mob brutality. But, generally speaking, in these latter cases his words fell upon deaf ears.

In one corner, where fierce fighting was in progress, a figure which had the very semblance of a demon incarnate, egged the people on. And this, with a shock of surprise, the Doctor perceived to be Professor Jackson. The unnaturally bright eyes were aflame with a rage that seemed clearly diabolical. The red cheeks glowed almost purplish, and the voice was raised into shrieks that vainly tried to be heard above the tumult. The Professor, who never, to the knowledge of the Doctor or of any one else, had identified himself with any church, was now urging his "fellow-Protestants" to deeds of violence, in a language that rivalled only that of the ex-priest in the church above.

To Dr. Harrington, the figure of Jackson, and the words which he caught from his lips, set the climax to a scene of sickening horror; yet he could feel a certain involuntary thrill of sympathy with the rough and ignorant quarrymen and others of the lowest class who had come to resent, in the only way that they understood, those coarse and brutal attacks upon their religion. For their sakes, no less than for the sake of public order and of religion, he was anxious that the tumult should be quelled. Over and over again he cried out to all who could be made to hear: "He is below contempt, my men."

The Doctor was full of consternation when he heard the tramp, tramp of the regular soldiers,—an ominous sound, which momentarily seemed to still the wild uproar. The soldiers took up their position, and in the pause that ensued Mayor Wilson read the Riot Act in a voice that sounded agitated and tremulous. Then a new access of fury seized upon the mob, and the fighting in some quarters grew faster and more furious; though there were

sections of that multitude which had come within the sound of Dr. Harrington's voice, and were willing to be guided by his advice; or still others who were awed by the reading of the Act, the purport of which they well understood. What happened afterwards was never clearly known, though the matter was often called into dispute. No one could tell who gave the orders for the soldiers to fire. Some contended that it was no officer that did so, but a tall man in gray, who was not recognized by any one. The superstitious, of course, had their own theory; but it was on all hands admitted to have been a deplorable mistake. A half dozen volleys were fired, with fatal results for a few; and, as usually happens in such cases, the victims were chiefly amongst the innocent.

From that time on, the tumult gradually subsided. A hush and an awe stole over everyone when the report began to circulate that many lives had been sacrificed. The lights in Zion Church were extinguished one by one, and the valiant exponent of hatred and falsehood, who had evoked, as it were, from the night all those horrid shapes of bigotry, hatred, and ill-will, was smuggled away in a closed carriage.

Dr. Harrington had to remain for some time on the ground, giving his services to the wounded, irrespective of the side upon which the injured had been busy. Some of the injuries were of so serious a nature that the patients had to be removed to the hospital. In a few cases the physician bent pityingly over forms, some of which were youthful, for whom human skill was for evermore unavailing; and for these he could only breathe a prayer for mercy at the judgment-seat.

Presently the quiet moon looked down upon what so lately had been a scene of wild disorder. The Haymarket Square was silent and deserted, and not a human form was to be seen upon the slopes of Beaver Hall Hill. As if by magic, all that passionately excited multitude had melted away. And as the Doctor, likewise leaving

the spot, turned to look back upon that arena of a most unexpected and astonishing conflict, the stillness that had suddenly fallen seemed almost sinister and ominous. The moonlight made weird streaks and crossbars over the grass in the square which was torn and trampled; over the gray stone houses and the pavements; over the church, with its tall steeple still pointing heavenwards, as though it had not lent itself to a most unheavenly drama, which had had its climax in bloodshed.

The Doctor was weary and exhausted after his exertions—vocal, mental, and physical. He felt a certain weariness with all things, and with humanity itself, in which passions of hatred and strife could be stirred by every wind that blows. Then his thoughts turned to Professor Jackson, who, he now knew for a certainty, was back again in the city, and probably carrying on surreptitiously his nefarious traffic in the bodies of men, as to-night he had been practising upon their souls. He was glad to get away from those thoughts and from that neighborhood, and to see the moon looking down upon the now deserted streets, and lying in long, shining patches upon the sides of old Mt. Royal. There was a singular suggestion of peace in the green shadows of that familiar eminence, into which that still radiance penetrated in shafts of silver.

From the garden near the Doctor's house, fragrance was pouring forth,—the scent of many flowers, some of which he could perceive in the white radiance. Here, too, was a suggestion of rest, of refreshment to his tired senses; and the tall man leaned for several moments over the low fence and feasted on all that beauty, those exquisite things of the Lord's creating that might well have made the earth a paradise but for man's inhumanity to man.

As his mind grew calmer, and the beauty of the night forced itself upon him, the impression produced by the late scenes of violence began to fade away, and one image rose strong and clear, and with a

distinctness that cut it off from all other images in his mind. It was that of Mabel Wharton. As he stood motionless there in the moonlight, leaning over that garden of sweet scents, all the shades of character, even to her very faults, that had made to his lover's eyes a perfect whole, unfolded themselves before his view. The expression of the girl's eyes as they met his on New Year's Eve night, when first, as in a lightning flash, it had been revealed to him that the sentiment between them—or at least that which he had entertained so long, more or less unawares—was love. That was the nature of the attraction which had alternately drawn him towards her and repelled him. In her eyes that night he had had a glimpse of one side of her nature, full of tenderness and of sympathy which hitherto she had closely veiled from him. Never again could he believe that, despite the surface brilliancy of her social gifts, she was merely hard.

Then there had been the drive; and that, he did not attempt to disguise from himself, was his happiest memory. He now dwelt upon it lovingly; and a longing stronger than pride, or the too sensitive honor which tormented him, grew within him to see her again, and under circumstances which should permit the free interchange of thought and feeling. She must know that he loved her, not with a mere ordinary, fleeting attraction, but with something that would last all his life through, and survive the death of the body. If by any mysterious power he could have summoned her to his side just then, he should have known once and forever how far she reciprocated his feelings.

He sighed, and then smiled at his dream. But he carried with him into the house the romance engendered by that solitary vigil,—a romance far more vivid than the horrid impressions of the earlier evening. And he was content to merge the one into the other, and with that latter to conclude what had been an eventful and, otherwise, a disheartening day.

(To be continued.)

Their Child.

BY THOMAS E. BURKE, C. S. C.

HE will be tall and strong and fair
 When he becomes a man;
 His eye has now a happy light,
 His skin a ruddy tan,—
 But will he always go to Mass
 When we have seldom gone, alas!
 And if he should have great success
 In gaining worldly things,
 If he should drink from pleasure's cup
 And make his home with kings,
 What will this profit by and by
 When all alone he comes to die?
 He will remember us, 'tis true,
 In the bright banquet hall;
 The treasures that we left for him
 Ofttimes he will recall;
 But when we sleep beneath the clay,
 He'll not, perhaps, kneel down to pray.
 Our graves will be of richest green;
 'Tis he will make them fair;
 A gardener will give his toil
 To keep the summer there;
 But will he, as the grey year rolls,
 Ask mercy for our restless souls?

Our Goodly Heritage.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

IX.—THE CHURCH THE BODY OF CHRIST.

PROFESSING Christians who take up the individualistic attitude in religion, who reject the Church and priesthood as an unwarrantable interference between the soul and God; whose religious denominations, though often dignified nowadays by the name of "churches," are merely a matter of convenience, or rather an arrangement inevitably demanded by that social instinct of mankind which, in truth, finds its highest realization only in the one true Church,—such religionists show a lamentable ignorance of the real nature of the divine plan of restoration; and, in their ignorance, deprive themselves of the goodly heritage which God meant that they should enjoy in Christ.

There is no doubt, also, that many Catholics, though possessing that goodly heritage by virtue of their membership of the Holy Catholic Church, yet fail to realize its full significance, and so fail also to appreciate as they ought the grand privileges of Catholic life, with the result that their own spiritual life suffers. That life is neither so full nor so vigorous as it might be; for, not appreciating them to the full, such Catholics do not adequately use the advantages of their Catholic membership. True it is that the Catholic instinct is alive, and intensely alive, in many simple souls who could not put into words what a childlike faith and the holy grace of God teach them about the Church; yet it is true also that God expects those who have the capacity and the opportunity for doing so, to study and learn all they can about His Church, to which He has granted them the inestimable privilege of belonging.

By the divine plan of salvation* we are called to the most intimate union with God the Blessed Trinity by divine charity, through and by Christ. This union is begun on earth and consummated in heaven. As has been shown in previous papers, God has destined us to a share in His own divine life of contemplation and love: to know Him as He knows Himself, so far as supernatural and divine gifts of grace here and glory hereafter can render (as they do render) the creature capable of that knowledge; and in the light of that knowledge to love Him with an ardor of charity awakened by the face-to-face vision of His adorable majesty, beauty, and goodness; while His eternal and unspeakable love wraps us in its consuming yet life-giving embrace.

This present life is for the Christian a beginning of that glorious life of the hereafter. The Christian Dispensation is

* The following treatment of this subject is largely based on a most suggestive chapter in a recent work "*Les Principes de la Vie Spirituelle*," by the Rev. J. Schryvers, C. SS. R. It bears the *Imprimatur* of the Diocesan authorities of Mechlin.

the means by which a supernatural and truly divine life is infused into our souls. The work of the Christian is, by co-operation, to cultivate that divine life,—the life of grace and charity; his perfection consists in the full development of that life; while the fulfilling of the law of Christian life and perfection is in nothing else than the possession and exercise of divine love, or charity, the "bond of perfection,"* by which the frail creature is caught up into union with God, and made Godlike and Christlike in character and actions.

The individualist in religion assumes that this magnificent transformation of the creature—if, indeed, with his short-sighted view of things, he can conceive any idea of it—is to be worked by the action of God exercised directly and singly upon each soul, independently of the similar work of divine grace and love in the souls of others, each soul standing alone before God. Not so. If it were thus, why that trumpet call to unity voiced by the Apostle, "I therefore, a prisoner in the Lord, beseech you that you walk worthy of the vocation in which you are called . . . careful to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. One body and one spirit; as you are called in one hope of your vocation. One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in us all"?†

No: we do not stand alone in our restoration to the sublime destiny to which we are called. Salvation is not a solitary process. It is personal, indeed; and each one, by personal faith and by personal acts of the will, must co-operate with the action of God upon him and within him, by which he is saved. Yet, besides being a personal matter, salvation is also a corporate matter. We must be joined to the number of those that shall be saved;‡ and, with them, to Christ, and through Christ to God; and the

* Coloss., iii, 14.

† Eph., iv, 1-6.

‡ Acts, ii, 47.

Holy Catholic Church is the divinely appointed body in which we are united to each other in Christ, and to Christ Himself, and to God the Three-in-One.

When we were baptized we became members of a *society*,—a world-wide society, famous, powerful in influence, impressive, known to the whole world as the Catholic Church. She is a society with a grand history. To her kings and princes have bowed down; emperors have been her nursing fathers; nations have been proud to do her honor. To her they have owed civilization, learning, arts, science, even their very existence as nations with "a place in the sun." She has been the protector of the poor, the upholder of the rights of the workers; she has put down tyrants; she has freed slaves, she has emancipated woman, she has converted the heathen to faith in Christ—there is no end to her beneficent action, which is carried on to-day as vigorously as ever it was. The future also is hers, for God has promised that she shall triumph, and that the powers of hell shall not prevail against her.

It is a grand thing to be a member of such a society. Yet when we have said all these things, when we have realized all these things, we are still far from having a complete notion of the Church and of what it means to be a Catholic. These things give us only the outward aspect of the Church. Even her enemies will allow these things to be true of her. The Church *is* all this, but much more,—more than the mother of nations; more than the school of the highest thought and noblest conduct that the world has ever known; more even than the teacher and propagator of the purest, fullest and most satisfying religion that has ever shed light upon the mind of man and uplifted his soul to things divine. She *is* all this, *because* she is much more than this; she is all this on her human side, because she has a divine side; because she lives with a divine life, which is communicated to her members. The

Church, in fact, is part of the mystery of the Incarnation—*itself*: her life is, in a most true way, the continuation and prolongation—the extension—of the Incarnate life of Christ upon the earth.

St. Paul is the great teacher of the truth and mystery of the real nature and life of the Catholic Church on earth. He learned it first on the way to Damascus, when he heard the voice of the Master, whom he was to love so well, asking: "Saul, Saul, why dost thou persecute *Me*?" They were the followers of Jesus whom he sought to slay; but Christ identified these with Himself: to persecute them is to persecute Christ. This solidarity, amounting to an identity, between Christ and His true believers, was taught by the Divine Master's own lips on several occasions: in His comparison of Himself and us to the vine with its branches; in His description of the Last Judgment, where the good are praised for the benefits they had conferred upon *Him* when they had shown pity to His brethren, and the wicked are condemned for neglecting *Him* in that they did not relieve the wants of others.

That these instances go beyond a moral identity, true enough in itself, between Christ and His followers, arising from their conformity to His will, or that mutual love which makes our interests the interests of Jesus, and His ours, is clear from the strong and plain teaching of the Apostle of the Gentiles. The comparison to which St. Paul returns again and again to make known the doctrine of the oneness, the identity, in the spiritual order, of Christ and the faithful, is that of the human body. It is the most striking and the most accurate comparison which his inspired mind could choose to teach the great spiritual mystery of the intimate unity—not indeed fully to be comprehended, since it is a divine mystery, and for the same reason going, in its reality, beyond the inspired comparison used to teach it—that exists between the Incarnate

Son of God and the members of His true Church.

St. Paul teaches that, just as Christ has a physical, material body which He took from the Blessed Virgin Mary, His true Mother, so He has another body—a body in the spiritual order of Redemption,—consisting of all those who by baptism are joined to Him. That body is the Church Catholic. The Church is the body of which Jesus Christ is the Head; Christ and His Church form one complete Being in the moral and spiritual order. Just as a body without a head would be lifeless, and a head without a body an anomaly in nature, so not only would the Church without Jesus Christ be spiritually lifeless, but Christ also without His body, the Church, would not be the complete Christ whom it was the purpose of the Incarnation to bring in perpetuity into this world.

This doctrine may at first sight appear fanciful or exaggerated. The reason is, perhaps, that it is too little insisted upon and explained, and is consequently unfamiliar to many. But it is the doctrine of Jesus Christ and of the New Testament; and it is worthy of remark that the Fathers of the Vatican Council had proposed to them, in the scheme of doctrines that they were to consider with a view to deciding whether they should be solemnly defined, this very truth that the Church is the mystical body of Christ.

Christ Himself, according to St. Paul, "is compared to the human body. The human body is composed of head and members. The Head of this corporate body is Jesus; the members consist of all Christians. [All those who are incorporated in Christ by baptism.] This complete Christ, then, is made up of Jesus and Christians. 'Christ,' in this sense, does not mean only the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, but a new Being, a Being in the moral order, composed, on the one hand, of the Church as the body, and, on the other, of Jesus as the Head of the body. This moral

Being is the mystic Christ. But is not this mystic Christ a mere abstraction, a conception devoid of reality? By no means. If we can not comprehend it, nor express it save by comparisons, this merely proves the feebleness of our understanding.

"The only object proper to our minds is the essence of material things. To obtain a knowledge of spiritual things, and of God Himself, we must form approximate ideas by means of similitudes drawn from things material. It is in this way that the human mind must proceed in order to gain a knowledge of the mystic Christ, that moral Being, most real, . . . which is composed of Jesus and the faithful together. . . . Study this comparison without fear; push it as far as possible; carry it to its fullest extent, and even then you will come short of the consoling reality. *God*, says St. Paul to the Ephesians,* has given Jesus to be the incomparable Head of the Church, which is His body, the completion of Him who is completed in all (His members)."

"The body—that is to say, the Church, the company of Christians,—completes, therefore, Jesus the Head (in the new spiritual order established by the Incarnation); and He, though Himself perfect God and perfect Man, has need of us His members.† How could the head exercise its vital functions if it were not served by an organism? We are the organism of Jesus, His complement, as He is our Head, giving to His members unity, growth, and life."‡

Since the Church is the mystical body of Christ, writes Fillion, "the Church

* The author from whom this passage is quoted uses the translation of these words of the Apostle given by Prat, in his work on the Theology of St. Paul.

† Has need of us, not as if He were not perfect and all-sufficient to Himself; but in order that the divine plan of our salvation by membership of Him in the mystical body may be accomplished.

‡ Schryvers, "Les Principes de la Vie Spirituelle," pp. 57, 58.

completes Christ. In fact, Christ can not be the 'Head, if He have not members, forming with Him a complete organism,* and thus the Church is the 'plenitude,' or completion, of Christ. So Christ can no more be conceived of without the Church (always speaking not of what might have been in another order of Providence, but of what actually is, under the dispensation of the Incarnation now) than the Church can without Christ. . . . Because He is the Head, Christ communicates to the Church a supereminent glory and perfection; and the Church, for the same reason, contributes in a real way to the glory and perfection of her Head. Each of the members of which the Church is composed, by practising the Christian virtues, therefore 'completes' Christ."†

This doctrine is of such importance that no excuse is needed for its somewhat lengthy development, and the continuation of the subject in another paper. For the present, we may end with the thought that we are "citizens of no mean city"; that our heritage is, indeed, goodly beyond all that we could have conceived or desired; and with the earnest prayer that, according to the exhortation of the Apostle, we may walk worthy of the vocation—the sublime vocation—to which we are called.

* It must be remembered that in this use of the term "Head" by St. Paul, "Head" means more than "Chief" or "Ruler." Christ is Chief and Ruler of His Church, but, as Head and Body, the relation of Jesus to the Church and of the Church to Jesus, is, in the spiritual order of the Incarnation, truly represented by the mutual relations of the head and body, with its members, in a man.

† Fillion, "La Sainte Bible Commentée," vol. viii, on Eph. i, 22, 23.

(To be continued.)

WHEN one calls Mary "Mother of God," one can not say anything greater of her or to her, even though one had as many tongues as there are blades of grass, stars in heaven, and sands on the seashore.—*Luther.*

Two Jewish Brothers and Our Lady.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

II.

TOBIAS CHARLES ALPHONSE RATISBONNE, the youngest brother of the Father Theodore, whose life has been sketched in the first part of this brief biography, was born at Strasburg in 1814, when Theodore was twelve years of age. His mother died when he was only four years old. Whether or not that event had anything to do with his education, the fact remains that religion formed no part of his early training. He was merely taught to read Hebrew, which he did not even understand. His classical studies, begun at the Royal College of Strasburg, were completed in a Protestant institution, where the sons of wealthy families "formed themselves," he said, "on the fashionable life of Paris, and gave themselves up to pleasure a great deal more than to study."

At sixteen, Alphonse had secured the bachelor's degree; and, in consequence of the death of his father, had at his disposal a large fortune. One of his uncles, having first sent him to Paris to study law, wished to attach the young man to the banking-house of which he was head in Strasburg. Alphonse's idea was that one's business in life is to enjoy one's self: accordingly he pursued pleasure with passion; the subject of religion was the last thing he could think of. "I was a Jew in name only," he said later on; "for I didn't believe even in God. I never opened a religious book, and neither in the home of my uncle nor in the houses of my brothers and sisters was there practised any prescription of Judaism."

He loved all his relatives, with the exception of Theodore, whose conversion to Catholicism, and especially his ecclesiastical vocation, excited his indignation. One day as Father Theodore was about to baptize a little nephew of his who was dying, Alphonse pushed him rudely

aside and overwhelmed him with reproaches. A complete rupture of fraternal relations naturally followed.

In 1841, the wishes of his family, and his own inclinations as well, led Alphonse to become engaged to one of his nieces, the daughter of his eldest brother. As the prospective bride, however, was only sixteen years of age, it was thought advisable to delay the marriage for a year. In the meantime the future bridegroom undertook a voyage for pleasure purposes. Leaving Strasburg in November, he sailed from Marseilles for Naples. In this latter city he spent a month, seeing everything, and writing in his journal blasphemous tirades against the Church, and gross insults to the clergy, who seemed to him to be altogether out of place in that beautiful country. He had no intention of going to Rome. Nevertheless, the insistence of the Baron de Rothschild and of a Protestant, M. Coulmann, former legislator of Strasburg, decided the young traveller to visit the City of the Popes.

While in Rome he visited with monotonous admiration galleries, antique ruins, and splendid basilicas. On one of his sight-seeing expeditions he chanced to meet a former schoolmate, Gustave de Bussi re, a zealous Protestant. This old friend brought Alphonse into communication with his elder brother, Baron Theodore de Bussi re, who had abandoned Protestantism to enter the true Church. On the eve of the day set for his departure from Rome, Alphonse went to Baron de Bussi re's to say good-bye. So zealous was the Baron, however, that he persuaded the young man not only to defer his departure from the Eternal City, but to wear a medal of the Blessed Virgin.

On the afternoon of January 20, 1842, Alphonse met the carriage of Baron de Bussi re on one of the public squares, and accepted his friend's invitation to get in. The carriage soon brought them before the Church of Sant' Andrea della Fratta. In this church was to be held

the funeral service of Count de la Ferronnaye, who had died three days previously, after having prayed much for the conversion of Alphonse. The Baron asked his friend's permission to get out. While he proceeded to the sacristy to make some arrangements with respect to the funeral, his companion visited the church. As for what then took place, Alphonse himself gave this account:

"I was hardly a moment in the church when I felt myself seized with an inexpressible anxiety. I raised my eyes, but the whole building seemed veiled to my view. A single chapel (that of St. Michael) appeared to have concentrated, so to speak, all the light; and in the midst of this radiance there appeared on the altar—tall, brilliant, full of majesty and sweetness,—the Blessed Virgin, just as she looked on my medal [the Miraculous Medal]. An irresistible force impelled me towards her. The Virgin signed to me with her hand to kneel. She seemed to say to me: 'It is well.' She did not speak to me, but I understood perfectly."

What he understood was the horror of the state to which he had reduced his soul, the deformity of sin, the truth of the Catholic religion, and the immense mercy of Mary. He had an intuition that his conversion was due to the prayers of Count de la Ferronnaye, his brother Theodore, and the Archconfraternity of Notre Dame des Victoires. With this complete change of his mental attitude came an ardent desire to be baptized at once. To those who suggested that he should wait some days, he replied: "What's that? The Jews who listened to the Apostles were baptized immediately, and you want me to wait, after I have heard the Queen of the Apostles!"

Father de Villefort and Baron de Bussi re taught him the truths of Catholic doctrine, and found his dispositions to be most admirable. His apprehension of the truth was so swift and clear, he understood so thoroughly all that was proposed to him, and retained it so exactly, that

learned theologians were not slow to see in the matter a special providence. On the last day of January, 1842, Cardinal Patrizi baptized and confirmed Ratisbonne in the church of the Gesù. When he was asked what name he desired to take, he replied in a burst of gratitude: "Mary."

In the meantime the news of his conversion spread all over the world and created something of a sensation. While Catholics naturally rejoiced at the event, the Jews, Protestants, and infidels gave the most fantastic and calumnious explanations of the occurrence. Since it was a question which concerned the glory of God and His Holy Mother, and the honor of religion, it was thought worth while to dissipate all uncertainty as to the facts of the case. Gregory XVI. accordingly ordered an official investigation. It was held, and the result was that the supernatural character of Ratisbonne's conversion was established.

After three months spent in companionship with his brother, Father Theodore, Mary Alphonse gave all he possessed to the work of Providence and entered the Jesuit novitiate at Toulouse. The Society of Jesus was to be to him a cenacle wherein for ten years he was to prepare himself for the mission to which he had vowed to devote his life—the conversion of the Jews.

During those years Mary Alphonse kept up an active correspondence with Father Theodore, who liked to consult him before arriving at any important decision. The younger brother took a lively interest in the establishing of the catechumenate which was the cradle of the Congregation of Our Lady of Sion. It was he who taught the neophytes and their mothers the divine prayer: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do!" He encouraged the young community in its trials, and counselled its members to redouble their efforts and their prayers. Not infrequently his superiors allowed him a trip to Paris, and each of his visits was followed by a new outburst of pious zeal, on the

part of the Congregation, for the salvation of Israel.

Ordained priest in 1848, Father Mary Alphonse gave himself up to the work of preaching. He was one of those religious priests who, in 1850, gave missions to the galley slaves, or prisoners, of France. "My heart overflows with joy to be with you," said Father Ratisbonne to the prisoners at Brest. One of the older criminals, approaching him with respect, made an effort to kiss his hand. "What! My hand!" cried the missionary. "Why, my poor fellow, my whole heart is yours!" And, seizing him in his arms, he gave the prisoner an affectionate embrace.

Father Mary Alphonse was sent to other galley stations to continue his good work, and did so much of it that Father Theodore used to say, with a smile: "My brother the galley slave is always in prison." In 1851 the "galley slave" was named professor in a college at Paris. Teaching, however, neither appealed to his natural tastes nor satisfied his supernatural longings. These tended more and more to the conversion of his oldtime coreligionists. Finally, Father Theodore betook himself to Rome and exposed to Pius IX. the motives which impelled his brother to join the priests of Our Lady of Sion. The Pope replied that the great thing was to discover what was the will of God in the matter, and then to follow it to the exclusion of all human considerations. Accordingly, in December of that year, Father Mary Alphonse with the authorization of the Superior General, left the Society of Jesus, to which, however, he always preserved a strong attachment.

For several years thereafter he occupied himself with catechising neophytes and looking after the temporal administration of the catechumenate. In 1855, in company with Mgr. Jules Level, he went on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. The pilgrims visited all the sanctified sites in and around Jerusalem, and had several interviews with the Patriarch of the city,

Mgr. Valerga. This prelate warmly encouraged Father Ratisbonne's plan of establishing near Calvary a community of the Sisters of Our Lady of Sion.

As a result of this encouragement, Father Mary Alphonse, the next year, led a first band of the Sisters to the Holy City. After mature reflection and much prayer in order to discover the precise place in which to build the new house, he decided upon the Pretorium.

"The work of expiation," he wrote, "should be accomplished *there* where Pilate, showing to the Jews Him whose death they demanded, said to them solemnly and prophetically, 'Behold your King!'—*there* where the cause of the Divine Victim's condemnation was attached to the Cross from which it is inseparable, 'Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.' It is *there*, at that Station on the Dolorous Way, that Jesus Christ will once again meet the daughters of Sion and say to them: 'Weep for the children of Israel.' 'Tis *there*, in fine, that will be reared the expiatory sanctuary wherein the blood of Jesus Christ will flow once more, not for reprobation and ruin but for grace and salvation."

The work of excavation and cleaning up was begun at once. Soon there was discovered a small lateral arch, that had formed part of the great triumphal arch, or entrance of honor, to the Antonia citadel and the palace of Pilate. On January 20, 1858, Father Ratisbonne, accompanied by eight Sisters, took possession of the site of the *Ecce Homo*, and celebrated the Holy Sacrifice under the arch recently discovered. In that locality, after the Consecration, was heard for the first time the chant, *Pater, dimitte illis!* ("Father, forgive them!"),—a chant rendered in subdued tones for fear of the Jews and the Turks.

Providence furnished the resources necessary to pay for the property, and for the building of a splendid sanctuary, as well as a convent and an orphan asylum. In the shadow of the sanctuary, raised

to the dignity of a minor basilica, a number of works are established: boarding school, house for the neophytes, the asylum for orphans, and a school for Mussulmans.

In saying that Providence furnished the resources essential to the accomplishment of all this, we did not mean that the funds for the work were given miraculously. Providence acted through the mediation of Father Alphonse, who, from 1856 to 1860, made a number of voyages to France and elsewhere in quest of the necessary money. Having made a tour of the different provinces of France, he next visited England, Ireland and Scotland. By the middle of March, 1860, he was back in Jerusalem, where he was visited by the Count of Paris and the Duke of Chartres. A little later, on Holy Thursday, he celebrated Mass in the Cenacle,—a favor won by the Princess of Hohenzollern, through the instrumentality of considerable *bakshish*.

In June of this same year, 1860, the Druses, encouraged by the Turks, committed a horrible massacre of the Christians at Damas and other points in Syria. Thousands of children, bereft of their parents, wandered along the roads, dying of hunger, and exposed to all sorts of dangers. Desirous of saving these orphans, Father Mary Alphonse looked out for a site on which to build a home for them. He found it at St. John in *Montana*, a little village called by the Arabs, Ain-Karim, and situated a few miles south of Jerusalem. It had been the birthplace of the Precursor of Our Lord.

About this period, the excavations effected at the *Ecce Homo* Convent led to some important discoveries: many large cisterns, an immense Hebrew tunnel perfectly preserved, and a canal always full of sweet water; then a gate of one of the towers of the ancient citadel, a portion of the oldtime walls, and a number of slabs of the *Lithostrotos*. These discoveries, and especially that of the canal of sweet water, caused considerable sen-

sation in the city. The Jews came in bands accompanied by their rabbies, asking to visit the source and to carry away some of the water.

Between 1862 and 1867 Father Mary Alphonse undertook another series of trips to collect the funds indispensable to the success of his works in Palestine. His experience as a collector was varied. Sometimes, as at Strasburg and Marseilles and in Belgium, the most delicate hospitality was extended to him, and families gave him their alms unstintedly. Sometimes, on the other hand, his journeys proved sterile and his efforts unavailing; he was even made the butt of calumny and was accused of begging money for works that did not really exist. Now welcomed in some handsome castle, then sheltered in a poor presbytery of a country curé; here the recipient of a hundred attentions, there reduced to the extremity of sleeping on a chair,—he was uniformly serene, and quite willing to endure anything for the sake of his enterprises in Palestine. In fact, he justified the saying of Father Theodore: "In behalf of Sion, Father Mary Alphonse would allow himself to be cut into a thousand pieces."

In 1873, desiring to round out his mission, Father Ratisbonne resolved to do for the boys of the Holy Land what he had already done for the girls. A house was provisionally rented, and the new establishment, approved and blessed by the Patriarch of Jerusalem in 1874, took the name of St. Peter's Institute, in honor of the chief of the Apostles. It was a free school and comprised two divisions: one, the smaller, for students devoted exclusively to letters and the sciences; the other and larger, for boys destined for the arts and crafts. The statement of his plan for the new work concludes with these words, aptly characterized as a defiance flung by faith in the face of human prudence: "As for the financial side of the matter, this institution will be on all fours with the *Ecce Homo*

Convent and the asylum of St. John in *Montana*; that is to say, our money cares will be deposited in the maternal Heart of Mary, and consequently there will be no further need of anxiety about them."

During five years the school had insufficient accommodations. Desirous of securing for it guarantees of its perpetuity, Father Mary Alphonse sought for a site large enough for the establishment of workshops, yards, and gardens. He found one not far from the Gate of Jaffa, to the west of Jerusalem, at the place where, according to tradition, Isaias had delivered his famous prophecy: *Ecce Virgo concipiet* ("Behold, a Virgin shall conceive").

The zealous founder went again to Europe to collect money with which to erect one of the largest edifices in Jerusalem. He spent part of the year 1877 in France, Belgium, and Germany. At the beginning of 1878 he was in Rome. On the 26th of January, with profound emotion, he entered the church of Sant' Andrea della Fratta. It was filled with people, and decorated in consequence of the Forty Hours' Devotion's being held at the time. After a brief stop at the spot where, thirty-six years previously, the Baron de Bussiére had found him prostrated, he hastened to the high altar where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed. His emotions may be imagined.

Despite his weakness and his suffering, Pius IX. insisted on receiving the converted Jew who had become the apostle of his people. In the person of Father Mary Alphonse, the aged Pontiff (who died six days later) blessed the Congregation of Our Lady of Sion and all its works. Returning to France, Father Mary Alphonse traversed the southern parts of the country. From Toulouse, where he heard of the election of Leo XIII., he proceeded to Lourdes to pay a loving visit to the shrine of his beloved Mother. With the alms collected during this trip Father Mary Alphonse was enabled to complete the construction of St. Peter's Institute. In 1879 the organization was

thoroughly effected. "Our position is very beautiful," wrote the founder; "it dominates the whole country; our view extends to the Dead Sea."

During the years 1880 and 1881 pilgrims of distinction were numerous in Jerusalem. Father Ratisbonne received visits from Prince Rudolph of Austria, the three brothers of the Emperor of Russia, and the two sons of the Prince of Wales. Even the Shah of Persia betook himself to Palestine. These royal passages formed a prelude to the imposing manifestations which, under the name of "Pilgrimages of Penance," were to strengthen the ties binding the Orient and France, rouse Jerusalem from its torpor, and bring about the transformation of the old Jewish town into a modern city. Father Mary Alphonse aided the movement with all his influence.

In his later years the Jewish question preoccupied Father Ratisbonne habitually. He thought the moment for the conversion of the Israelites was at hand, and he besought God to hasten that moment. In the meanwhile he deplored Jewish preponderance, employed to undermine the faith, in society at large as well as in individuals.

His faith in the divine power and mercy was heroic; the history of each of his foundations shows this clearly. Not one of them was begun with anything like sufficient resources, yet not one of them failed to achieve success. This faith was equalled only by his devotion to Mary and his profound humility.

Having led for many years what he styled his "sorrowful life of a beggar," the holy priest saw his end approaching with serene tranquillity. The death of his friend, M. Magnan, of two of his brothers who had remained Jews to the end; and especially that of Father Theodore, detached him more and more from earth. In vain was he requested to go to Paris and assume the direction of the Congregation of Sion: he felt that he was neither strong enough nor courageous enough for the work. "For pity's sake," he protested,

"leave poor Father Mary in his corner. He has never been good for anything, and now he is more incapable than ever. Beside, he is becoming altogether blind, and asks for nothing more than to die in peace on the Dolorous Way."

Stricken with pneumonia on the opening day of Our Lady's month of May, he piously breathed his last on the 6th of that month, 1884, at St. John in Montana. A few moments before the end a heavenly light shone over his features; his eyes opened wide, expressing at first, surprise, and then, rapture. The ecstasy lasted three minutes, and those around his bedside were thoroughly convinced that he was being favored with another vision such as he had in January, 1842.

Father Mary's body reposes, in accordance with his own desire, in the cemetery of the orphan asylum.

(The End.)

Groping after Unity.

BY J. P. H.

AT the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church held (if memory serves aright) in Cincinnati in 1910, a movement was set on foot to inaugurate a "World Conference on Faith and Order," to bring about something approaching unity amongst the various denominations of Christians. The plan included an appeal to his Holiness and the Greek Patriarch to countenance and aid the effort to bring some order out of existing chaos. Action in the matter was delayed by the European war; but some weeks ago a preliminary step was taken by the convening of a conference of delegates from various non-Catholic bodies, at Garden City (Long Island), N. Y., to formulate plans and consider methods. This conference was made up of prominent divines and laymen from all over the land, representing each of the great Protestant bodies, and all under the presidency of the Protestant Episcopal

Church. A formal notification of the proposed conference was sent to his Holiness, and much elation was experienced when the following acknowledgment was received from his Eminence the Cardinal Secretary of State:

The aid and earnest prayers of the Roman Pontiff will never be lacking to any one who, having freed himself from prejudiced opinions, with a true and sincere will, strives with all his life and strength that the unity of faith and fellowship instituted by Christ and built upon Peter may be restored, and that all that are enrolled in the name of Christian may betake themselves to the one most loving Church.

A number of papers were read, cordial and complimentary sentiments exchanged, and the whole terminated by the singing (with clasped hands) of the hymn "Blest be the tie that binds." After which the various delegates, expressing intense gratification over the results of the meetings, bade each other a fraternal farewell and returned to their respective fields (and methods) of activity.

Were it not for a certain element of pathos which colors the entire affair, the absurdity of the effort, under existing conditions, would call up a smile. It is pathetic to contemplate a score or more of intelligent and scholarly men, all of whom in all sincerity profess allegiance to Jesus Christ, yet each, like the Corinthians rebuked by St. Paul,* having his psalm, his doctrine, his revelation, his tongue, his interpretation, realizing "the great danger they are in by their unhappy divisions" (to quote the "Collect for Unity" from the Episcopal Prayer Book), and gathering to formulate some sort of compromise and call it "union." It presents the spectacle of an unhappy and distracted band of wanderers astray in a trackless forest, who in their self-will have straggled from the highway, and now in alarm would settle upon a road where all their pathways could approximately meet—so long as it be not the well-trodden highway. Darkness is about them on every side, and never a ray of

sure light to illumine the obscurity. They are not helpless; for they have every natural gift—intellectual power, warm hearts, wealth, and social prestige. Yet "desolation is left among them and calamity oppresses them."*

Then there is the glaringly apparent absurdity of the plan. The movement is inaugurated by the Protestant Episcopal Church, which is daily becoming more of a city of confusion, with her "schools of thought" and bewildering varieties of ritual. From bare Protestantism, through blatant Modernism, to a pseudo-Catholicism, she touches every phase. Conservative High Churchmen and extreme Ritualist vehemently claim her catholicity and demand that she be called *par excellence* the "American Catholic Church," while her official Board of Missions would affiliate with her Protestant neighbors in the Panama Congress of Missions. On the title-page of her official publications she blazons her legal title, "The Protestant Episcopal Church in the U. S. A."

According to the Rev. E. M. Stires, the Broad Church rector of wealthy St. Thomas' Church in New York city, the two parties meet upon a common ground. He says: "Is our church Catholic or Protestant? It is both. In our church we have groups including some of these to the one side or the other." On the other hand, Bishop Anderson, of Chicago, who was most prominently identified with this very conference, says: "When, O when, shall we get done with these slippery compromises, this steering between 'Yes' and 'No,' this serving of two masters? Let us go in or stay out: let us be fish, flesh or fowl. If the Episcopal Church is fundamentally Catholic, let us govern ourselves accordingly. If it is fundamentally non-Catholic, let us do likewise. But, in the name of consistency, let us get done with this acrobatic business of riding two horses at the same time; for we are sure to ride to a fall."

* I. Cor., xiv, 26.

* Isa., xxiv, 12.



Commenting upon this straddling pose of the P. E. Church, the *Outlook* of recent date says: "While they themselves [the Episcopalians] are not Roman, they are Catholic, and desire therefore to refrain from anything that can endanger a future reconciliation with the Roman Catholic Church. . . . If you want to be reconciled with the Church of Rome, the process is a very simple and easy one. All you have to do is to walk into the door which the Church of Rome is always holding open for you. But we should add: If you enter that door, remember there can be no more splitting of hairs about the word 'Catholic.' The only true Catholic Church is the Roman Catholic Church."

It is only necessary to compare the *Outlook's* warning with Cardinal Gasparri's letter quoted above, to see just where the P. E. Church—or, as one of her bishops calls her, "the Church of Reconciliation"—is likely to come a cropper. Yet it is under the lead of this dignified body of combined theologians, ritualists, philanthropists, and sociologists that the divided cohorts of Protestantism are to seek a longed-for unity,—a unity which will not interfere with the chant of any one's psalm, the exposition of his doctrine, or the unfolding of his revelation, so long as he will sing right lustily, "Onward, Christian soldiers marching as to war!"

The question which presents itself just here, and one not easy to solve, is: How will it be possible, out of such widely differing elements, to bring a true unity such as Our Lord prayed for in the seventeenth chapter of St. John: "That they may be one, as we are"? Or such as St. Paul exhorted the Corinthians to cultivate: "That you stand fast in one spirit, with one mind laboring together for the faith of the Gospel"?* Such a unity as this is found only in oneness of essence and nature, both internal and external. Our Lord describes it as a vine and the branches; therefore, the

branches must of necessity be one with the parent stock. They must possess the life derived from it, manifesting itself externally in all alike. No matter how far they may be from the root and parent stem, so long as they be not severed from it, these external evidences will continue the same. Their surroundings will not affect them. Whether they grow in a forest glade or by a city wall, the life which flows through them will be the same; the fibre of the branch will be the same in all; the leaf will be uniform, regardless of the angle at which it grows; the fruit borne will be of like pulp and flavor.

If we are one body in Christ,* then we are truly of one flesh. The whole is governed by one will, which in turn is illumined and directed by one mind. When Jesus prays that His disciples may be one, even as the Father is in Him and He in the Father,† He means a unity of essence. The unity of the Church is such as this; otherwise her members would be "as children tossed to and fro and carried about by every wind of doctrine."‡ Like our National Union, it is a union held together by a central, federal authority supreme over all, and not a loose confederation dissoluble at will.

Let us now consider the two points emphasized in the title of the proposed conference—faith and order,—and look for the essentials there. As to faith:

I. What is the Church? (a) The Anglicans say it is "a congregation of faithful men in the which the pure Word of God is preached, and the Sacraments be duly administered according to Christ's ordinance."§ According to the article, this "congregation" has no life nor power in itself, but is dominated entirely by "God's Word written." As questions arise from time to time, she can not meet them as did the Apostles in Jerusalem, but rather must seek out a text or two that will fit the occasion. The only thing

* Phil., i, 27.

* Rom., xii, 5.

† St. John, xvii, 21.

‡ Ephes., iv, 14.

§ Article of Religion xix.

they seem certain about is to denounce the Church of Rome as "in error in life and ceremonial and also in matters of faith"; though in her is preached the Word of God, and the Sacraments are duly administered according to Christ's ordinance.

(b) The Presbyterians divide it into a visible and invisible body. The first is made up of all who have received the *sign* (sic) of baptism; while the second consists of the whole body of the elect wherever they may be found. As the visible Church may be separated by oceans and tribal barriers, so in it may be peculiarities of faith and order.

(c) The Congregationalists assert that it is purely a local organization, wherein each congregation is a rule unto itself, and independent of all others in both faith and order.

(d) The Baptists confine it to those who by a definite act of the will have acknowledged Jesus Christ, and have so testified by baptism (by immersion only). As no provision is made for infant baptism, but, on the contrary, it is rejected as a heresy, it consists only of adults; there is no room in it for children, wherein they are wiser than their Lord.*

(e) The Lutherans boast of a "Christian assembly," and embellish their definition with an unintelligible jargon of Catholic terms and Protestant dogmas, a veritable pinchbeck or alloy of Calvinistic copper and Zwinglian zinc to counterfeit the gold of a truly Christian faith,—like Roboam's shields of brass made and burnished to replace the bartered shields of gold† provided by Solomon.

One could go on indefinitely listing the variety of "views" as to what constitutes the Church, and he would still ring the changes on the peculiar conceits of the several "denominations," only to find that their one centre of unity is an undying hostility to the one undivided Church and the Chair of Peter.

II. (a) What are we to understand by the "Word of God"? The sects agree that the Bible, and the Bible only, is the rule of faith, and that "whatsoever is not read therein nor may be proved thereby is not to be required as an article of the faith."* But what are we to understand by the term "Holy Scripture"? And why should it constitute the rule of faith? The answers vary as widely as do theories as to the origin of the American Indians. The Bible, which is venerated with idolatrous reverence by some bodies of non-Catholics, is tolerated, if not rejected with scorn and contumely, by others; and is cut up, and trailed about, and revised, much the same as if it were the skeleton of an antediluvian monster. As for interpretations, they cover a realm between Cornelius à Lapide and Strauss; any theological fledgling, magazine novelist, lawyer, doctor, or merchant may "expound God's Word written." All have an equally profound contempt for tradition, *if* it be pre-Reformation in its origin. And yet these Scriptures, of whose origin and inspiration they have no uniform and authoritative definition, are their safe rule of faith!

(b) What is of faith as to the Sacraments? The Ritualistic Episcopalian consults Aquinas, others John Calvin or Luther, while others follow their own pet theories. The Episcopal Church puts forth a fairly Catholic definition, which is nullified by the vague interpretations of her clergy, and by the contemptuous repudiation of five sacraments which have been accepted and followed since the days of the Apostles. The rest of the brethren make of the two which they profess to accept but empty ceremonies,—outward and fanciful signs of an inward and uncertain grace. All, save only the extreme Ritualists, unite doctrinally in a requirement of intention; only it is on the part of the recipient and not the minister,—on the principle, offer a man a gold piece, and if he believes it to be

* St. Mark, x, 13-16.

† III. Kings, xiv, 26, 27.

* Episcopal Book of Common Prayer.

such, it is; otherwise it is base metal and a counterfeit.

As to order: What is the ministry and what are its powers? Again the kaleidoscope is turned before our bewildered eyes. (a) Ordination, according to the High Church Episcopalian, depends upon an "Apostolic succession" and a sacerdotal system; while his Low or Broad Church brother dwells upon an "historic episcopate" with a "ministry of the Word," or preaching. Amongst these bodies so eagerly seeking unity, in some cases, only a "bishop" can ordain;* in others, the "presbytery"; while in still others, the congregation "set apart." All are united, however, in opposition to the See of Peter—the Rock upon which are built authority and order.

(b) In powers they differ as widely. The Ritualist claims full sacerdotal power; he firmly believes that his offering is a true sacrifice, and his absolutions effective. The Calvinist claims only to "expound the Word." The rest, as a rule, are best described as the managers of certain corporations; all are equally under the thumb of the laity and but little better than ecclesiastical hirelings. Yet all alike are satisfied, and in decorous attire would meet together for a conference with a view to unity, and at its close join hands and tearfully sing "Blest be the tie that binds," and then go home,—the bishop to resume his "magpie" and pectoral cross, the Presbyterian his silk gown and bands, the Congregationalist and the Baptist their long-tailed coats and white chokers. And out of this confusion they would build a tower whose top will reach heaven!†

Truly this groping after a longed-for unity is pitiable. United in zeal and good works, each would cling to his own psalm, his own interpretation, and yield only in minor matters, and call the resultant discord unity. Without any common

definition of the Church and ministry, of the Word and Sacraments, to aim at unity, except it be a sham, is like sailing a shallop through a maelstrom. One Lord variously apprehended, one faith variously interpreted, one baptism which may or may not convey grace, is but a poor rendering of St. Paul's standard,* and an impossible foundation for unity, however well it may serve for a compromise. All the while the Father's house stands open, warmed and lighted; the best robe and the ring of grace are laid out for them, and abundant bread is provided to satisfy them.

O Catholics all, bow the knee and join our prayers to those of the Holy Father! Together, let us offer up the Sacrifice and implore the aid of Mary and all the saints; together, let us entreat the Throne of Grace and Mercy to hasten the day when, 'freed from prejudiced opinions, with true and sincere wills, men will strive with all their lives and strength that the unity of faith and fellowship instituted by Christ and built upon Peter may be restored, and that all who are enrolled in the name of Christian may betake themselves to the bosom of the one most loving Church.'

* Ephes., iv, 5.

THE special name by which Our Lord was known before His coming was that of Messiah, or Christ. Thus He was known to the Jews. But when He actually showed Himself on earth He was known by three new titles: the Son of God, the Son of Man, and the Saviour; the first expressive of His divine nature, the second of His human, the third of His personal office. Thus the Angel who appeared to Mary called Him the Son of God; the Angel who appeared to Joseph called Him Jesus, which means in English Saviour; and so the Angels, too, called Him a Saviour when they appeared to the Shepherds. But He Himself specially calls Himself the Son of Man.—*Newman.*

* Preface to Ordinal, Book of Common Prayer.

† Gen., xi, 4.

Charing Cross.

Notes and Remarks.

IN the year 1290 Queen Eleanor of England set out to join her husband, Edward I., who was at the time in Scotland. On her journey northward, she was seized with a fever at Hardeby, near Grantham, in Lincolnshire, and died there on November 20. King Edward followed, in person, her corpse during a thirteen days' progress from Grantham to Westminster Abbey, in London; and, as all England was Catholic in those times, wherever the royal bier rested at the end of each stage, a great memorial Gothic cross was erected. Originally there existed thirteen of these monuments; only two of them—those of Northampton and Waltham—now remain to recall the lively Catholic faith of the England of olden days.

One of the stopping places of the royal funeral procession was the village of Cherringe, and the cross erected there has become the most noted of all the thirteen memorials. In the course of the centuries the village became a part of the city of London; its name, or the spelling thereof, became Charing; and, from its outstanding monument, its site was called the district of Charing Cross. It is on the northwest bank of the Thames, between the Strand and Whitehall; and the cross proper stood a mile and a quarter west-southwest of St. Paul's Cathedral.

In 1647, the Long Parliament demolished this monument as a "relic of Popish superstition," and for two centuries "Charing Cross" was really a misnomer for the part of London thus called. In 1865, however, the Southeastern Railway Company, whose yards occupy the territory of the thirteenth-century village, of Cherringe, erected a copy of Edward I.'s cross near the original site. The site itself, as near as it can be determined, is now occupied by Le Sueur's equestrian statue of Charles I., unveiled with ceremonious pomp in 1674.

Our Government is now facing in Mexico the situation which we predicted weeks ago. It is a grave one, and all the more deplorable because it might so easily have been averted. At a time when the best attention and the wisest action of the Administration were demanded, the President was attending to his matrimonial affairs; and his Secretary of State, who declared that his salary was insufficient, was lecturing anywhere he could to earn an honest penny. They adopted what was called a policy of watchful waiting, refusing to receive light on a situation about which they imagined themselves to be already fully informed; and disregarding the fact, upon which leading citizens all over the country were insisting, that an ounce of prevention would be worth a ton of intervention.

Mexico is now as far as ever from having a stable government. Carranza is "between the devil and the deep sea." He hopes to have Villa suppressed (the sooner the better); but he fears that his own supporters, as well as those of the bandit with whom our Government was holding diplomatic relations only a few months ago, will resent the intrusion of American forces on Mexican soil. Villa is a villain, but he is also an idol, and has a considerable following that is no less devoted to him than opposed to his rival. And, in fact, there is not much choice between them, though Carranza is the revolutionist whom our Government saw fit to recognize as First Chief.

When this step was taken, instead of increasing our military force on the border as a warning to Villa against any acts of revenge, the number of troops was lessened. The military establishment there is now being hurriedly strengthened. Gen. Funston wants at least 50,000 troops, though Gen. Miles holds that a "small, well-equipped force" is all that is necessary. Both of these men are experts in

their way, having had considerable experience of guerilla warfare. Civilians are naturally at sea over the matter, and are talking wildly. It may be said in sober earnest, however, that it will probably require a large army and take a long time to subdue Villa and his bandits. It took us seven years to suppress the hostile Indians of Texas.

We have so often made the point emphasized in the following quotation that we would hesitate to reiterate it, were it not for the fact that the personage quoted is Canon William Barry, who will assuredly not be charged with any overweening fondness for Germany, or anything for which that name has come to stand. Speaking of government aid to denominational schools, he writes:

I turn to the German Empire, divided like England into various religious bodies, and I am told that each of the leading denominations has its own teachers in schools provided and kept up by the Imperial Government. No denomination is taxed twice over because it remains faithful to its creed. If we were looking round for an example to illustrate our principles of the Free School instead of the Board School, we could not light upon one more instructive than that of the Fatherland, which reveres and cultivates learning as the mainstay of its prosperity.

Some day or other this country will produce far-seeing statesmen who, recognizing that the permanence of the Republic can not be insured unless religion-inspired morality permeates the masses of its citizens, and that non-sectarian schools are incapable of imparting such morality, will "take the bull by the horns," so to speak, and settle once for all the matter of aiding religious bodies to educate their children according to the tenets of their own creeds.

"I suppose," said Emerson to Father Hecker, somewhat contemptuously, when he learned that the latter was going to become a Catholic,—"I suppose it was the art and architecture, and so forth, and so on, in the Catholic Church which

led you to her."—"No," answered Father Hecker, "but it was what caused all that." This little anecdote, which is told in an article by Father John J. Burke, C. S. P., contributed to *Sursum Corda*, illustrates the true philosophy of faith. The Sage of Concord saw phenomena, and never thought to seek the realities of which these externals were the expression; the eye of faith saw that what brought these things into being and gave them purpose and power was the thing that mattered, and it was that Father Hecker sought in the Church, and found, to his supreme satisfaction.

The expert malaria investigators of the U. S. Public Health Service have found that discarded tin cans containing rain water are breeding places for the mosquito, which is the sole agent in spreading malaria. "A hole in the bottom of the empty can might have resulted in the saving of a human life. Certainly it would have assisted in preventing a debilitating illness. Empty tin cans have no business about the premises, anyway; but if we must so decorate our back yards, let's see to it that the can has a hole in the bottom."

We quote from the "Health News" issued by the U. S. P. H. S. The advice is good so far as empty tin cans are concerned; but we can not help thinking that full cans are often quite as much of a menace to public health as empty ones. The back yard would undoubtedly be the best place for American "sardines" and perhaps numerous other kinds of food put up in cans.

That the Italian soldiery, in common with the rank and file of all the other European armies, are becoming more religious as a result of the great war is clear from the following incident, the authenticity of which is vouched for by the *Brooklyn Tablet*:

A company had gone ahead a bit, and dug themselves into a sheltered and apparently

secure position on the edge of a hill. An enemy's shell came and demolished the foundations on which their carefully prepared retreat rested; and it went slithering down into the valley. They slithered, too, but picked themselves out of the débris and found that there was not one badly hurt. Having called the roll, the officer in command, seeing how badly shaken up they were, told them to get back to the canteen and have a dram before beginning all over again; and he gave them the money for it. After a short consultation, the men said they would like to put the money by, if they might, and use it for votive candles to the Madonna for their miraculous escape. The officer agreed that it *was* miraculous, but sent them off, all the same; saying that they would, all of them, carry out the other intention also as soon as they could be free to get to a church.

The celebration of Shakespeare's tercentenary is sure to revive the dispute about his religion. However difficult it may be to prove conclusively that he was a Catholic, it is still more so to prove that he was not. His familiarity with the teaching of the Church on certain points and his reverence for what Protestants of his time were wont to deride is an argument in itself. And the Davies MSS., preserved at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, relating to Shakespeare, concluded thus: "From an actor of plays he became a composer. He died April 23, 1616, aged fifty-three years, probably at Stratford; for there he is buried and hath a monument, on which he lays a heavy curse upon any who shall remove his bones. He died a Papist."

We are not surprised to find in reports sent out by a famous Conservatory of Music that the pupils of convent schools rank highly among those pursuing specialized studies in music; much less are we surprised to learn that the Sisters who are associated with the institution in question are remarkable for application and earnestness. Nobody will accuse the director of exaggeration when he says:

Teachers are alike, whether they be nuns or not. Some are excellent musicians, some are very poor musicians, and some are ordinary.

Among the really excellent teachers I have met and the excellent students we have taught, a large percentage is composed of nuns. These very excellent teachers and musicians do not represent any one part of the country. As a rule, Sisters make good students: they are invariably conscientious and disciplined, and this can not always be said of other students. So far as their individual talent is concerned, their average is the same as other people. The statement which I have often heard made by the directors and teachers concerning convent taught girls—that they are seldom well taught—I can not appreciate. True, it may be possible that the convents which have sent their students to us may have had especially good music teachers; but my personal experience has been most satisfactory, as the students who have come to us from the Sisters have been above the average and have proven to be most excellent and satisfactory.

For a reason for which it would be unnecessary to seek far, the secular newspapers of the South are much superior in moral tone to those of the North. The best of Southern journals not only avoid publishing anything calculated to corrupt morals, but they often contain articles inculcating virtues that the present generation is prone to neglect. For example, the *Miami* [Fla.] *Metropolis* lately contained a thoughtful editorial on parental responsibility and the importance of setting a good example to children, taking for its text this declaration of an evangelist who lately visited Miami: "The meanest man I know of is the one who will get on a railroad train with his fourteen-year-old boy and pass him off for half fare. As the conductor comes down the aisle the father says, 'Shrink, Johnny!' and the father informs the conductor that Johnny is only eleven. Next Sunday father warns Johnny that he must never tell a lie, and Johnny says to himself, 'Father's an old hypocrite and thief himself.'"

"After all, it is what Johnny is saying to himself about his father and mother that counts," continues the editor. "Pascal once said: 'Every child at the outset of his life is a little impulsive being, pushed

indifferently toward good or evil according to the influences which surround him.' And only those parents who live their daily lives with the thought of how their actions and their words and their looks are affecting the development of their children are what may be called successful fathers and mothers."

The remark with which the editor concludes his article is also worth quoting: "‘Little pitchers have big ears,’ we’ve been long told, but they also have depths in which are stored all the impressions of their childhood; and a strange assortment it must be in the case of many a child struggling to grow up straight."

While the pulpit or other official utterances of priests and prelates are, as a rule, immune from criticism in the Catholic press, the same immunity can scarcely be expected for any public statement given in their specific character as mere citizens, however prominent they may be. Such, at least, is the contention of an able Catholic editor of a Canadian contemporary, who concludes an editorial on a concrete case with this reflection: "Bishop — is too sane, too practical, and too broad-minded to suppose for a moment that opinions on public matters to which he as a distinguished citizen may give utterance in the public press or on the public platform are exempt from any but episcopal criticism."

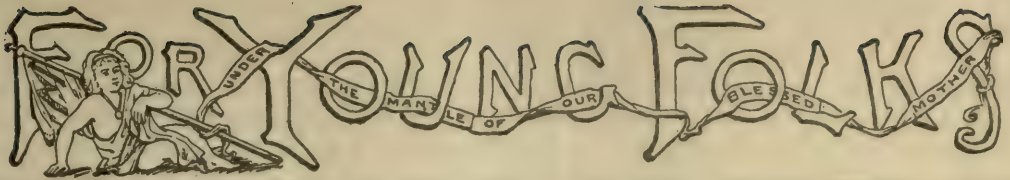
A widely-known and most exemplary Catholic layman was lost to Catholic activity in the death in New York, on the 10th inst., of Mr. Thomas M. Mulry, president of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. For many years he was identified with Catholic charity work, being largely instrumental in making the adjustments required in the machinery of the Society of which he was president, so as to enable the organization to operate with full effectiveness in our country and time. It was chiefly in recognition of his important services to Catholic charity that the

University of Notre Dame, a few years ago, presented him with the Lætare Medal. Something of the home life of the deceased can be gauged from the fact that his three sons are studying for the priesthood; and that as many as four of his brothers are priests.

Many honors had Mr. Mulry in life and in death; his funeral was an event, even in New York city. But we dare say his highest reward is the prayerful remembrance he has in the hearts of thousands of the poor to whom he was so devoted a friend. *R. I. P.*

It would be hard to say which deserved chastisement more, two boys, ten and twelve years of age, or their father who took them to a Court in St. Louis last month and told the judge they were incorrigible,—that he could do nothing with them. Incorrigible, and not yet in their teens! If the judge said nothing to that father, he missed a great opportunity. He might have reminded him of Solomon's saying about sparing the rod and spoiling the child, and assured him that juvenile Courts, probation officers, reform schools, and all the modern machinery of errancy, are as nothing to home training, the general lack of which accounts for incorrigibles among boys and criminals among men.

The reticence of the Catholic press regarding the electrocution of the unfortunate priest whose name has become a burden to the memory of the present generation of the faithful in this country was natural and commendable. Still one may be permitted to express the hope that a more strict observance of the Ember Days everywhere will be a good result of a career so astounding in many respects, and an end so deplorable. It was an evil day when fasting began to be neglected. There are some other lessons to be drawn from this sad case, which it would be quite useless to point out to any who have not already determined to profit by them.



The Children's Lent.

BY S. MARR.

©ENTEN shades are now upon us,
And the Church, our mother dear,
Bids us leave the walks of pleasure,—
Bids us to the Cross draw near.

So, dear children, would you follow
In the way your Master trod,
Fast from sin in word and action,
Do each deed alone for God.

Strive to act with greater kindness;
Strive more promptly to obey;
Let the light of your example
Brighter shine from day to day.

And if thus in ways of virtue
You will keep the holy Lent,
You will have a happy Easter,—
Not in vain will it be spent.

Killykinick.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XIII.—AT BEACH CLIFF.

BROTHER BART and his boys were up betimes for their Sunday journey. Breakfast was soon dispatched, and four sun-burned youngsters were ready for their trip to town. Dud and Jim, who had been lounging around Killykinick in sweaters and middies, were spruced up into young gentlemen again. Freddy's rosy cheeks were set off by a natty little sailor suit and cap; while Dan scarcely recognized himself in one of the rigs presented by Brother Francis, that bore the stamp of a stylish tailor, and that had been sponged and pressed and mended by the kind old wardrobian until it was quite as good as new.

The day was bright and beautiful, sky

and sea seemed smiling on each other most amicably. The "Sary Ann" was in the best of spirits, and the wind in the friendliest of moods.

"Sit steady, boys, and don't be philtering!" warned Brother Bart, anxiously. "It looks fair and aisy enough, but you can drown in sun as well as storm. Keep still there, laddie, or ye'll be over the edge of the boat. Sure it's an awful thing to think that there's only a board between ye and the judgment-seat of God."

And Brother Bart shook his head, and relapsed into meditation befitting the peril of his way; while the "Sary Ann" swept on, past rock and reef and shoal, out into the wide blue open, where the sunlit waves were swelling in joyous freedom, until the roofs and spires of Beach Cliff rose dimly on the horizon; white-winged sails began to flutter into sight; wharves and boat-houses came into view, and the travellers were back in the busy world of men again.

"It feels good to be on God's own earth again," said Brother Bart, as he set foot on the solid pier, gay just now with a holiday crowd; for the morning boat was in, and the "Cliff Dwellers," as the residents of the old town were called at livelier seaside resorts, were out in force to welcome the new arrivals.

"This is something fine!" said Dud to Jim, as they made their way through the chatting, laughing throng, and caught the lilt of the music on the beach beyond, where bathers, reckless of the church bells' call, were disporting themselves in the sunlit waves. "It's tough, with a place like this so near, to be shut up on a desert island for a whole vacation. I say, Jim, let's look up the Fosters after Mass, and see if we can't get a bid to their house for a day or two. We'll have some fun there."

"I don't know," answered easy Jim. "Killykinick is good enough for me. You have to do so much fussing and fixing when you are with girls. Still, now we are here, we might as well look around us."

So when Mass in the pretty little church was over, and Brother Bart, glad to be back under his well-loved altar light, lingered at his prayers, the boys, who had learned from Captain Jeb that they had a couple of hours still on their hands, proceeded to explore the quaint old town, with its steep, narrow streets, where no traffic policemen were needed; for neither street cars nor automobiles were allowed to intrude.

In the far long ago, Beach Cliff had been a busy and prosperous seaport town. The great sailing vessels of those days, after long and perilous voyage, made harbor there; the old shipmasters built solid homes on the island shores; its merchants grew rich on their whaling vessels, that went forth to hunt for these monsters of the great deep, and came back laden with oil and blubber and whalebone and ambergris. But all this was changed now. Steam had come to supplant the white wings that had borne the old ships on their wide ocean ways. As Captain Jeb said, "the airth had taken to spouting up ile," and made the long whale hunts needless and unprofitable. But, though it had died to the busy world of commerce and trade, the quaint old island town had kept a charm all its own, that drew summer guests from far and near.

Dud and Jim made for the resident streets, where old Colonial mansions stood amid velvety lawns, and queer little low-roofed houses were buried in vines and flowers. But Dan and Freddy kept to the shore and the cliff, where the old fishermen had their homes, and things were rough and interesting. They stopped at an old weather-beaten house that had in its low windows all sorts of curious things—models of ships and boats, odd bits of pottery, rude carvings, old brasses

and mirrors,—the flotsam and jetsam from broken homes and broken lives that had drifted into this little eddy.

The proprietor, a bent and grizzled old man, who stood smoking at the door, noticed the young strangers.

"Don't do business on Sundays; but you can step in, young gentlemen, and look about you. 'Twon't cost you a cent; and I've things you won't see anywhar else on this Atlantic coast—brass, pottery, old silver, old books, old papers, prints of rare value and interest. A Harvard professor spent two hours the other day looking over my collection."

"Is it a museum?" asked Freddy politely, as he and Dan peered doubtfully over the dusky threshold.

"Wal, no, not exactly; though it's equal to that, sonny. Folks call this here Jonah's junk-shop,—Jonah being my Christian name. (I ain't never had much use for any other.) I've been here forty years, and my father was here before me,—buying and selling whatever comes to us. And things do come to us sure, from copper kettles that would serve a mess of sixty men, down to babies' bonnets."

"Babies' bonnets!" laughed Dan, who, with Freddy close behind him, had pushed curiously but cautiously into the low, dark room, from which opened another and another, crowded with strangely assorted merchandise.

"You may laugh," said the proprietor, "but we've had more than a dozen trunks and boxes filled with such like folderols. Some of 'em been here twenty years or more,—shawls and bonnets and ball dresses, all frills and laces and ribbons; baby bonnets, too, all held for duty and storage or wreckage and land knows what. Flung the whole lot out for auction last year, and the women swarmed like bees from the big hotels and the cottages. Got bits of yellow lace, they said, for ten cents that was worth as many dollars. The men folks tried to 'kick' about fever and small-pox in the old stuff, but not a

woman would listen. Look at that now!" And the speaker paused under a chandelier that, even in the dusky dimness, glittered with crystal pendants. "Set that ablaze with the fifty candles it was made to hold, and I bet a hundred dollars wouldn't have touched it forty years ago. Ye can buy it to-morrow for three, and a quarter. That's the way things go in Jonah's junk-shop."

"And do you ever really sell anything?" asked Dan, whose keen business eye, being trained by early bargaining for the sharp needs of life, could see nothing in Jonah's collection worth a hard-earned dollar. Mirrors with dingy and broken frames loomed ghost-like up in the dusky corners; tarnished epaulets and sword hilts told pathetically of forgotten honors; there were clocks, tall and stately, without works or pendulum.

"Sell?" echoed the proprietor. "Of course, sonny, we sell considerable, specially this time of year when the rich folks come around,—folks that ain't looking for stuff that's whole or shiny. And they do bite curious, sure. Why, there was some sort of a big man come up here in his yacht a couple of years ago that gave me twenty-five dollars for a furrin medal,—twenty-five dollars cash down. And it wasn't gold or silver neither. Said he knew what it was worth, and I didn't."

"Twenty-five dollars!" exclaimed the astonished Freddy,— "twenty-five dollars for a medal! O Dan, then maybe yours is worth something, too."

"Pooh, no!" said Dan, "what would poor old Nutty be doing with a twenty-five dollar medal?"

The dull eyes of the old junk dealer kindled with quick interest.

"Hev you got a medal?" he asked. "Where did you get it?"

"From a batty old sailor man who thought I had done him some good turns," answered Dan. "Where he got it he didn't say. I don't think he could remember."

And Dan, whose only safe deposit for boyish treasures was his jacket pocket, pulled out the gift that Freddy had refused, and showed it to this new acquaintance, who, holding it off in his horny hand, blinked at it with practised eye.

"Portygee or Spanish, I don't know which it says on that thar rim. Thar ain't much of it silver. I'd have to rub it up to be sure of the rest. Date, well as I can make out, it's 1850."

"It is," said Dan. "I made that much out myself."

Old Jonah shook his head.

"Ain't far enough back. Takes a good hundred years to make an antique. Still, you can't tell. The ways of these great folks are queer. Last week I sold for five dollars a bureau that I was thinking of splitting up into firewood; and the woman was as tickled as if she had found a purse of money. Said it was Louey Kans. Who or what she was I don't know; mebbe some kin of hers. I showed her the break plain, for I ain't no robber; but she said that didn't count a mite,—that she could have a new glass put in for ten dollars. Ten dollars! Wal, thar ain't no telling about rich folks' freaks and foolishness; so I can't say nothing about that thar medal. It ain't the kind of thing I'd want to gamble on. But if you'd like to leave it here on show, I'll take care of it, I promise you; and mebbe some one may come along and take a notion to it."

"Oh, what's the good?" said Dan, hesitating.

"Dan, do,—do!" pleaded Freddy, who saw a chance for the vacation pocket money his chum so sorely lacked. "You might get twenty-five dollars for it, Dan."

"He might," said old Jonah; "and then agin he mightn't, sonny. I ain't promising any more big deals like them I told you about. But you can't ever tell in this here junk business whar or when luck will strike you. It goes hard agin my old woman to hev all this here

dust and cobwebs. She has got as tidy a house as you'd ask to see just around the corner,—flower garden in front, and everything shiny. But if I'd let her in here with a bucket and broom she'd ruin my business forever. It's the dust and the rust and the cobwebs that runs Jonah's junk-shop. But it's fair and square. I put down in writing all folks give me to sell, and sign my name to it. If you don't gain nothing, you don't lose nothing."

Dan was thinking fast. Twenty-five dollars,—twenty-five dollars! There was only a chance, it is true; and a very slim chance at that. But what would twenty-five dollars mean to him, to Aunt Winnie? For surely and steadily, in the long, pleasant summer days, in the starlit watches of the night, his resolution was growing: he must live and work for Aunt Winnie; he could not leave her gentle heart to break in its loneliness, while he climbed to heights beyond her reach; he could not let her die, while he dreamed of a future she would never see. Being only a boy, Dan did not put the case in just such words. He only felt with a fierce determination that, in spite of the dull pain in his heart at the thought, he must give up St. Andrew's when this brief seaside holiday was past, and work for Aunt Winnie. And a little ready cash to make a new start in Mulligans' upper rooms would help matters immensely. Just now he had not money enough for a fire in the rusty little stove, or to move Aunt Winnie and her old horsehair trunk from the Little Sisters.

"All right!" he said, with sudden resolve. "Take the medal and try it."

And old Jonah, who was not half so dull as, for commercial purposes, he looked, turned to an old mahogany desk propped up on three legs, and gave the young owner a duly signed receipt for one silver-rimmed bronze medal, date 1850, and the business was concluded.

"Suppose you really get twenty-five dollars, Dan," said Freddy, as they bade old Jonah good-bye and kept on

their way. "What will you do with it?"

"I'm not saying," replied Dan, mindful of his promise to Father Mack. "But I'll start something, you can bet, Freddy!"

And then they went on down to the wharf, where the "Sary Ann" lay at her moorings, and Brother Bart was seated on a bench in pleasant converse with the Irish sexton of the little church, who had been showing the friendly old Brother some of the sights of the town.

"Here come my boys now. This is Dan Dolan, and this is my own laddie that I've been telling ye about, Mr. McNally. And where—where are the others?" questioned Brother Bart, anxiously.

"I don't know," answered Dan, after he had reciprocated Mr. McNally's hearty hand-shake. "Dud said something about going to the Fosters."

"Sure and that isn't hard to find," said Mr. McNally. "It's one of the biggest places on Main Street, with hydrangeas growing like posies all around the door. Any one will show ye."

"Go back for them, Danny lad. Ye can leave laddie here with me while ye bring the others back; for the day is passing, and we must be sailing home."

(To be continued.)

The Pirate and the Emperor.

The great Alexander was called upon to judge a pirate. "Why," asked the King, "dost thou trouble the sea?"—"Why," retorted the pirate, unabashed, "dost thou trouble the land? I take one ship and go hunting adventures, and am called a pirate; you take a whole army and go out to slay, and men term you Emperor. The only difference between us lies in the fact that you do rather more mischief than I."

Alexander had never before realized so vividly the tendency of the world to excuse the grossest crimes and to punish the lesser ones. He was so impressed with the force of the pirate's words that he ordered his discharge.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"A Life of Christ for Children" that should be known to the heads of Catholic families is the one by the Countess de Ségur, adapted by Mary Virginia Merrick; though we are not sure that the dialogue form is the most successful mode of narration. The illustrations, mostly by Hoffmann, will be sure to interest the young folk. The book is published by B. Herder, and sells for one dollar.

-A brochure of exceptional merit is "Christian Feminism," by Margaret Fletcher. It is No. VIII. of "Catholic Studies in Social Reform," a series of manuals edited by the Catholic Social Guild of England. We have already called attention to the work, and need only repeat that American Catholic women, whether pro-, or anti-, suffrage, will do well to procure and read it. For sale in the U. S. by B. Herder.

-A little book of admirable apologetic value is "The Expansion of Christianity in the First Three Centuries," an authorized translation from the French of the Rev. Jean Rivièrè, published by Mr. B. Herder. The work aims to show that Harnack's two volumes with the same title do not destroy, but rather confirm, the traditional argument explanatory of the growth of Christianity during the period mentioned.

-The Rev. Dr. Zahm's latest volume on South America, "Through South America's Southlands," recalls the two previous ones of the series, published under a pseudonym, and this author's other learned and interesting work, "Women in Science," issued a few years ago, and also under another name. These four books may prove the most valuable contribution which Dr. Zahm has made to our literature, as they are assuredly among the most readable which any American Catholic writer has made in recent years.

-As if the terrific and protracted conflict in Europe, to say nothing of our own imbroglío in Mexico, were not enough to satiate the American public with "wars and rumors of wars," our fiction writers must need dip into the future, and tell the story of wars to come. Robert Allen, for instance, in "Captain Gardiner of the International Police" (Dodd, Mead & Company), gives us a narrative of the next great world-struggle, to occur in the last quarter of the present century. It is to be between the Western world (Europe and America) and the Orientals. The story is an interesting one, and

well developed. The average reader of novels will like it, although the fastidious among them may deplore the fact that Mr. Allen has thought it necessary to make his soldiers imitate the bad example of those bygone martial heroes of whom Uncle Toby asserted: "Our armies swore terribly in Flanders."

-We are glad to see a second printing of "Priest and Protestant," a pamphlet by the Rev. J. B. O'Connor, O. P., in which there is an able refutation of "various calumnies directed against the Church by an anonymous writer, and also an exposé of some of the characteristically unscrupulous methods of anti-Catholic controversy." It is to be had of the Rosary Press, New York, and deserves to be widely circulated.

-The *Catholic Citizen* observes that the name of a very popular novel, in spite of being "all over Irish," has been no drawback to its success; and adds: "If a man's name is Crowley, Patrick goes much better with it than Reginald." There is something in this. Algernon O'Shaunessy doesn't seem to be a good fit, though Patrick Frothingham is "all right." A convert of our acquaintance, with a similar family name, surprised and edified the priest who received him into the Church many years ago by saying: "I shall be proud to bear henceforth the name of one of the most illustrious of saints and the most renowned of apostles."

-Not merely as a biography, but also as a study of the ancient Irish monastic régime, "The Life of St. Columban (St. Columbanus of Bobbio)," by Mrs. Thomas Concannon, M. A., is an exceedingly interesting and valuable piece of work. In the first place, it is the only extended biography of the saint in English; interest attaches to it further, as the work was inspired by the offer of a substantial money prize by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Shahan, Rector of the Catholic University of America, for the best Life of the saint, written for his thirteenth centenary which occurred last year. Mrs. Concannon's work won that prize. That a committee of the hierarchy of Ireland were responsible for the decision gives at once the highest commendation to the work. Even readers whose interest in Irish hagiography is only remote will find in this volume a quality of scholarship and a skill in narration that will hold their attention to the end. It is a wonderful era and a wonderful history; "touch but a stone, and start a wing,"—so close is the

unseen world to this, in St. Columbanus' Ireland and Italy. Mrs. Concannon's volume is a crown octavo of three hundred and thirty-eight pages, with Introduction, appendices, index, etc. For sale by B. Herder.

—The really beautiful biography of "Mother Mary Veronica, Foundress of the Sisterhood of the Divine Compassion," which the Rev. Herman J. Heuser, D. D., has just published through P. J. Kenedy & Sons, is the story of one of those elect children of grace with which the annals of our religious communities might almost be said to teem. A child of our own time and country, Mary Caroline Dannant was not from birth a child of the Church; it was only by long and arduous stages, after much wandering in the City of Confusion, that she reached the blessed haven that was to supply her soul with both the inspiration of her life work and the grace for its achievement. The story of this fruitful and inspiring career is told with rare insight and skill in these entrancing pages. We hope the biographer may find many another such winning subject, and the publishers produce many more such excellent books. The very illustrations are a form of spiritual reading. A beautiful and notable book.

The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Expansion of Christianity in the First Three Centuries." Rev. Jean Riviére. 50 cts.
- "The Life of St. Columban (St. Columbanus of Bobbio)." Mrs. Thomas Concannon, M. A. \$2.
- "Captain Gardiner of the International Police." Robert Allen. \$1.35.
- "Mother Mary Veronica, Foundress of the Sisterhood of the Divine Compassion." Rev. Herman J. Heuser, D. D. \$2.
- "Christian Feminism." Margaret Fletcher. 20 cts.
- "The Blackest Page of Modern History." Herbert Adams Gibbons, Ph. D. 75 cts.
- "Talks to Boys." Rev. Joseph Conroy, S. J. 56 cts.

- "Christianity and Infallibility." Rev. Daniel Lyons. \$1, net.
- "Probation." Maria Longworth Storer. \$1.
- "History of Dogma." Tixeront. Vol. III. \$2.
- "Europa's Fairy Tales." Joseph Jacobs. \$1.25.
- "Mysteries of the Mass in Reasoned Prayers." Rev. W. Roche, S. J. 50 cts.
- "What Germany Could Do for Ireland." James K. McGuire. \$1.
- "Newman's 'Gentleman.'" Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C. 35 cts.
- "Spiritual Director and Physician." From the French of the Rev. Fr. V. Raymond, O. P. Translated by Dom Aloysius Smith, C. R. L. \$1.75.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Robert Haire, of the diocese of Sioux Falls; Rev. Henry Jajeski, archdiocese of St. Paul; Rev. Stanislaus Olesinski, archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. Valentine Closa, diocese of Monterey; Rev. J. F. Power, diocese of Peoria; Very Rev. J. W. Crowe, diocese of Alton; and Rev. William Marr, C. S. C.

Sister M. Lawrence, of the Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister M. of the Holy Family, Order of St. Ursula; and Sister M. Grace, Sisters of the I. H. M.

Mr. Charles Radcliffe, Mr. Henry Leteker, Miss Margaret Purcell, Mrs. Mary Stackpole, Mr. J. J. Toner, Mr. A. Kuhn, Mrs. Catherine Manton, Mrs. Mary Hickey, Mr. George Close, Mr. Peter Fox, Mrs. Mary Martin, Mrs. W. Hyland, Mr. Edmund English, Mrs. C. Cunningham, Mr. Charles Van Ashe, Mr. Francis Barr, Mr. F. H. David, Mrs. Denis McCarthy, Mrs. Annie Malady, Mr. John Detinger, Mr. Denis Brady, Mrs. Margaret Moore, Miss Catherine Tierney, Mr. Frank Berberich, Mr. A. J. Butler, Mr. David De Charles, Mrs. J. T. Moore, Mr. J. H. Griesse, Mr. John Repak, and Mrs. Anastasia Furlong.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the Foreign Missions: A. and M. K., \$3; B. J. M., \$7. For the Indian Missions: E. R., \$1. For the starving children in China: Friend (Bradford), \$1; E. C. W., \$2; Friend, \$5; M. M. F., \$10. For a mission in India: Mrs. A. J. B., \$1. For the war sufferers: "in honor of St. Joseph," \$10. To supply good reading to prisons, hospitals, etc.: Friend, \$5.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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To Calvary.

BY MARIE F. SWIFT.

WORD, from the Valley of Despair
I lift mine eyes to Thee!
The world goes by,—the path is nigh
That leads to Calvary.
From many a heart bowed down with woe
Thy love hath cast out fear,
So why should I from Sorrow fly
If only Thou art near?
Thou who hast trod the stricken road,
Be with me lest I stray.
The cross-crown'd height shall glow with light
If Thou but lead the way.
Up to that green and holy Hill
I lift my tired eyes:
A voice is heard,—the old, sweet word,
"O weary one, arise!"
Alone, yet not alone, I walk;
Be Thou but near to me,
Lest I should lose, lest I should lose
The road to Calvary!

Our Lady of Montaignu.

BY J. B. C.

IT seems doubtful whether there is any country in the Catholic world, Italy not excepted, where the wayside shrines, as well as the magnificent temples and their miraculous statues, which are as magnets attracting a constant stream of pious pilgrims throughout the year, are more numerous than in Catholic Belgium. Along country lanes and at crossroads small shrines are

very frequently met with. The little kneeling bench in front invites the passer-by to a short prayer, and the silent invitation is often heeded. The farmer on his way to the fields invokes Mary's blessing on his work. Groups of happy, laughing children will stop on their way to or from school, or in the midst of their play, to breathe a fervent "Hail Mary" on the well-worn and weather-beaten bench. It is all done with such absence of affectation and of human respect that only the most childlike and deep-seated piety could prompt it.

Every year, on the eve of the first of May, after the day's toil, happy groups from the neighborhood gather around the little shrine. A pine tree has been brought entire from the forest; it is decorated with flowers, tinsel, bunting, flags, and set up in front of the shrine, to stay there all through the ensuing month as a small token of love and veneration. Then the Rosary is said and the Litany of Our Lady, after which the gathering disperses, and all return to their humble homes.

Almost equally numerous are the slightly more pretentious chapels of brick built along the highways by some fervent client of Mary in accomplishment of a vow. The little chapel is surrounded by evergreens and an abundance of flowers during the summer. Every evening during May, and October, and every Sunday afternoon throughout the year, a few worshippers gather for the Rosary. Mary is indeed the Queen of all hearts and homes, and devotion towards her is inbred in the people. It is not surprising, therefore,

that throughout the land should be found numerous large sanctuaries, where her clients gather in great numbers, and where she seems to take particular pleasure in dispensing her benefits with most lavish hand.

Among those sanctuaries none is better known and none is more frequented than the great shrine of Our Lady of Montaigu. Literally, the name means Our Lady of "the sharp hill." It is situated some twenty miles to the northeast of historic Louvain, and has been built on a hillock rising slightly above the monotonously flat country that extends for miles around. The church, which is quite large, is built in the baroque style of the fifteenth century, and is surmounted by an imposing dome studded all over with brightly gilt stars. When bathed in sunlight it is visible at a great distance; and the weary foot pilgrim, on getting his first sight of it glittering against the sky line, presses on with renewed vigor towards his goal.

The building owes its origin largely to the generosity of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Catholic sovereigns of Spain. Its style of architecture presents nothing remarkable, neither are its interior decorations of great artistic value. But the deep piety of the pilgrims makes up for what is lacking in human art. Right under the dome stands the main altar, covered from bottom to top with plates of solid silver. In the center of it rests the diminutive miraculous black statue of Our Lady, that attracts many thousand pilgrims every year. A very large number of discarded crutches, and ex-votos in wax and marble, bear grateful testimony to the blessings received at this favorite spot; whilst in the hearts of thousands there is imprinted the equally grateful remembrance of blessings without number vouchsafed to humble suppliants of the Heavenly Queen.

Well do I remember, while at Louvain University, our annual pilgrimage to this sanctuary, under the leadership of Monsignor (now Cardinal) Mercier. His de-

votion to Our Lady was as strong as it was tender and childlike, and he unceasingly inculcated it in everyone under his charge. The pilgrimage generally took place in May. We left, in a group, about eleven o'clock at night, Monsignor Mercier walking with us. All through the night we went along country lanes and highways, now chatting gaily, then again lifting our voices in song resounding over the quiet countryside, or reciting the Rosary together. All remained fasting during the long tramp, which brought us to the sanctuary about five o'clock in the morning. The cool night breezes, wafting to us the fresh fragrance from green and fertile fields, were invigorating indeed, and none would show fatigue or complain even if his limbs ached from the long exertion and the lack of sleep.

All repaired at once to the church where Monsignor said the Mass, during which his companion pilgrims approached the Holy Table. The arrival of our group of clerical students, led by a university professor of renown, always created somewhat of a stir in the little community of Montaigu, accustomed though it was to great and various throngs of pilgrims. After Mass, breakfast, another visit to the church, and then the return journey to Alma Mater.

Although Montaigu is easily reached by train both from Louvain and Aerschot, a real pilgrimage is one that is made on foot, as in days of old when faith was strong, and the discomfort of travel was looked upon as and accepted as a penance gladly endured for love of God and His Blessed Mother. From the provinces of Brabant, Limburg, and Antwerp those pilgrimages flock to Montaigu, and they generally have fixed days of the year on which they arrive. For many of them it means a long, steady tramp from six, seven or eight o'clock in the morning until late in the afternoon or evening, often under a broiling summer sun, with a short halt for a bite of food carried along and eaten by the wayside. The tediousness

of the long march is relieved by prayer and singing. Young and old join in these pilgrimages; and many there are who have made them for twenty, thirty, forty, and sometimes fifty consecutive years, never missing once. They are justly proud of their record of perseverance and devotion.

As the pilgrims catch sight of the beloved and familiar dome, there is a perceptible straightening of the weary, dust-laden shoulders, and all burst forth in a hymn of praise; for many of such hymns are very familiar to the Flemish peasant, who loves to sing with all his heart. If it were not the view of the dome on the hill, there is still another reminder to the pilgrim that he is nearing the goal of his journey. For about a mile out, on every highway leading to Montaigu, he finds at regular intervals, squatted or standing in the middle of the road, every specimen of human deformity begging for alms. Some have been maimed by sickness or accident; others are merely pious frauds who make begging a means of getting an easy living. But no one stops to inquire and make sure. Charity to the unfortunate is a work of mercy. If it goes sometimes to the undeserving, it originates in a kind heart, and is ennobled by a high motive. All receive their mite from the throngs that pass by, and that are always generous. It is not unlike the charity of Him at whose approach the halt and maimed lined the wayside, never to be disappointed in their confidence.

Straight to the sanctuary the pilgrimage winds its way. If it arrives early in the afternoon, there is time left for other devotions. One of these is the Stations of the Cross. They are erected in the open air back of the church, on the declivity of the hill; and the prayers are said aloud by all. Then the pilgrims repair to their lodgings in the town for the evening meal. Immediately thereafter they return to church for confession, and Holy Communion the next morning. For no pil-

grimage would be complete without the reception of the Sacraments, and no one would dare to absent himself from them.

Mass is being said at one of the numerous altars practically all the time from four in the morning until noon, and priests alternate in distributing Holy Communion at the main altar all this while. The number of Holy Communions received in one year at this favorite shrine of the Mother of God is almost unbelievable.

Soon the members of the pilgrimage gather in the beautiful little park in front of the church, and they wend their long way home afoot, as they came, praying and singing, and glad at heart for the blessings received.

The legend has it that the miraculous statue now venerated at Montaigu was found standing one morning in the branches of a tree by a peasant. On being moved to his house for safe-keeping, it was again found in the tree the next day, on the spot where the church now stands. Whatever may be the origin of the devotion, its beneficent existence for several hundred years past is well authenticated. It bears testimony to the faith of a nation that has ever remained deeply attached to the Church Catholic, perhaps the more so because devotion to Mary has always been a national characteristic.

It is a great satisfaction to know that the age-old sanctuary, although midway between the ill-fated cities of Louvain and Aerschot, has been spared from devastation in this war. All through these dark days pilgrimages have come to it with even greater fervor. And when the days of reconstruction shall come, they will bring with them a deeper faith and a stronger confidence in the Saviour and His ever-blessed Mother.

THE brilliant virtues of Mary are like the stars which shine at night. Their lustre strikes the eye of all alike, unless they wilfully refuse to look upon them; and the heart, enamored of their beauty, forces the lips to speak their praise.—*Anon.*

James Harrington, M. D.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XIV.

IN so far as his professional and other duties permitted, Dr. Harrington fulfilled his self-imposed task of looking after the Maloney children. More and more every day he realized that Gianetta was far from being the proper person to take care of them, and that, in fact, they were being almost entirely neglected. Largely through the girl's influence, the father had been prevented from taking the pledge, and was going from bad to worse. And, though Gianetta never would have acknowledged her mistake, she complained loudly to the neighbors of Hugh's misconduct and of her own consequent miseries.

Having on his mind this added anxiety, Dr. Harrington went one afternoon to see Sister Monaghan at the orphan asylum. It was when his own troubles were beginning to press upon him, and he was presenting to the world an undaunted front. He passed in through the familiar courtyard by the Dorchester Street gate, where he had passed innumerable times since he had been physician to the institute. He went in for a moment by the side door to St. Patrick's church for a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. That fine Gothic pile was empty save for a handful of worshippers, silent figures kneeling absorbed in fervent prayer. Though scarcely two decades old, the edifice had gathered around it many memories. Its devoted clergy had ministered through epidemics of cholera and of the equally deadly typhus or ship fever.

Coming out of the church, the Doctor crossed the courtyard, mounted the steps of the gray stone building opposite, and was soon in the presence of Sister Monaghan. He always found it a pleasure to deal with her. Her very countenance inspired confidence. Her direct common-sense, clear intelligence, and absolute

simplicity charmed him. He knew that no word was spoken for effect, and all the actions of this religious were governed by the single eye of a holy intention. Sister Monaghan's kindness of heart was proverbial.

"Sister," he said, "I have come to speak to you about the Maloney children. They are a good deal on my mind."

"And on mine," agreed the Sister of Charity.

"I fear they are in the wrong hands."

"There is little doubt of that, Doctor. So what is best to do?"

"Can we take the younger ones away? I mean can they be put in your charge? I will willingly pay what is fair."

"Don't speak of that, Doctor," she said. "If Providence will only give them to us, for the sake of their dead mother and for the sake of Him who loved little children, we will take care of them. And you have done so much already!"

The clear eyes behind the spectacles were full of tears.

"If only we can get the father's consent," said the Doctor, doubtfully.

"That might be easy enough when the poor fellow is sober," replied the Sister, thoughtfully. "But Gianetta will oppose it by every means in her power."

"Especially if she knows I have advised it," added the Doctor.

"Yes: she is, as her brother expresses it, 'dead set agin you.' But she need not know anything about that. I will take all the responsibility."

"Responsibility has been your life, Sister," the Doctor said, smiling at her.

His heart warmed at the very aspect of that familiar garb of gray, with cape and headgear of black, which he had found at so many a bedside during the late epidemic, and which was never absent from scenes of sorrow and suffering. No others—save, indeed, those black-robed Sisters of Providence, who had stood shoulder to shoulder with them during the cholera—could have been such a tower of strength in the land. Only a

physician could pay fitting testimony to their labors and their valiant, unselfish and fearless service. He always said that the lives of priests and nuns, especially as they were known to a doctor, made the mission of Christ more clearly understood, and faith in His doctrines a reasonable faith, because of this living commentary thereupon.

Sister Monaghan and the Doctor, for the next two minutes, discussed the plans they had in view, without the waste of many words, since both were busy and fully appreciative of the value of time. Before the coming of Gianetta, all would have been simple. The Doctor would probably have had sufficient influence over Hugh Maloney to check his downward career, and Hugh would have been willing to accept his judgment concerning the children. Now there was this obstinate and headstrong girl, against whom they had to struggle. It was agreed that Sister Monaghan should take such steps as she thought necessary, and that the Doctor would be prepared to support her, financially or otherwise. The two had before them as they talked the pathetic picture of that mother on her deathbed, having to leave her little ones, but accepting with simple faith and resignation beyond praise the fiat of her Creator. They resolved that, in so far as depended on them, her faith in Providence should be justified.

By a singular coincidence, that very afternoon the Doctor met Hugh Maloney, whom he had not seen for some time; and he saw that the work of deterioration was progressing rapidly. He was not quite intoxicated, but sufficiently so to make him only partially responsible for his words and actions. His condition made him surly and aggressive, and supplied him with false courage.

"Well, Maloney!" the Doctor said. "How are you? I have not seen you this long time."

"I'm well enough," answered the man, uncomfortably conscious of the keen professional eyes that were scanning his face.

"And how are the little ones?" asked the physician. "I have been too busy to see them much of late."

"The childer is all right, and well looked after, too," replied Maloney. "They don't need you nor any of your like comin' spyin' round the house after them."

"Do they not?" said the Doctor significantly, looking Maloney full in the face.

"And while we're talkin' on the subject," said Hugh, with a truculent stare at the Doctor, "I'll trouble you to keep away from my house when I'm out. It's all very well for you to make the childer a pretence, as if a man still young like yerself, and that spends every minute of his spare time with the big swells uptown, would care a haporth about a parcel of motherless little ones! No, no, Doctor, I'm not so simple as that!"

When the fellow's meaning flashed upon the Doctor, so astounding was it, so unlike anything for which he was prepared, that he stood dazed before him, reddening from chin to forehead.

"Maloney," said the Doctor at last, and his tone was so stern and menacing that it momentarily cowed the other, "there is only one excuse for you, if it can be called an excuse, and that is that you are drunk. No man in his senses would dare to speak to me like that."

Something of the Doctor's old ascendancy over him reasserted itself at that moment, and the fellow began to whine:

"When my young sister, that has no one but me to look to in the world, tells me that she had to take to going out sewing by the day with the fine ladies up there, askin' them to protect her, why, it's not much wonder that I'd spake out."

"That is an infernal lie of Gianetta's, and you know it very well!" said the Doctor, trying to control his voice to something like calmness. And it must be owned that, save for the wretched man's condition, and the difference in their stations, his impulse would have been to fell the other to the earth. But half

"tipsy" as the creature was, and enfeebled by dissipation, it was not to be thought of. Besides, this was merely repeating parrot-like what the poisonous tongue of Gianetta, in her wild searching after revenge, had put into his mind.

"God forgive you, Maloney," he said, "for the manner in which you have neglected the most sacred of all trusts—those little ones whom your dying wife left in your charge! That you have dared to turn a foul, slanderous tongue upon me is a small matter in comparison. My reputation can take care of itself. But it does grieve me to the heart to see the hands into which you have let those children fall. But one thing I promised beside your wife's dying bed—that I would look after them, and I will."

"O Doctor," said Maloney, shamed and alarmed by the expression of the other's face, "it isn't that you would be meanin' any harm!"

"Harm?" echoed the Doctor, furiously. "You are a thundering idiot, Maloney; and the poison of the snake has got into your veins."

"Och, then, don't say that, Doctor dear!" cried the man in alarm, his face pale and terror-stricken; for he believed that the Doctor was alluding to his physical condition, and in his muddled mind were some confused ideas as to the connection between snakes and an over-indulgence in alcohol. "Sure it's just a drop I took to keep me warm, and me perishin' with the cold, and that down-hearted. For the love of Heaven, Doctor, is there anything I could take to drive them snakes out?"

But the Doctor turned on his heel and left him, after a stern admonition to guard his tongue in future, or he might find himself in trouble one of those days.

The man stood still, staring stupidly after him.

"Oh, what will become of me at all, at all," he muttered, "if it's the poison of snakes that's got into me? They'd be like to make an end of me entirely. Och,

why didn't I take his advice, instead of listenin' to that misfortunate Gianetta?"

And then he began to work himself up into a rage, and to shake his fist at the departing figure of the physician, even attempting a tipsy run to catch up with him, and muttering alternate threats and supplications.

But the Doctor was thinking with concern, despite the brave front he had put on, how remarkably helpless he was in face of such venomous talk. The tongue of that tipsy wretch, wagging freely amongst the laborers of Griffintown, derived its poison from the carefully considered malice of Gianetta. It was clear that she and that other to whom the blind piper had referred were, indeed, fellow conspirators, and had carried out the plan of which Mr. Ferguson had got an inkling. It was not hard now to guess the identity of the chief conspirator, since the Doctor himself had seen him busy in that scene of disorder and violence on Beaver Hall Hill and in the Haymarket Square. He was then certainly in the city, and had been most active in fomenting hatred and all uncharitableness among citizens of various religious beliefs.

He saw all too well how cleverly Gianetta had worked with that villain. Whether by her own initiative, or acting upon his advice, she had wormed herself into the houses of his own patients, even of his friends, using his name as a passport, and with incredible audacity had striven to turn them against him. He knew that she had gone to Miss Wharton's, where she had been employed but a single afternoon; for the honorable and high-minded young mistress of the house had discharged her after hearing, through a housemaid, one of her remarks. To that girl she had said:

"Oh, the Doctor wanted awful bad to marry the widow lady for the money that she had! But Mrs. Forrester found him out, and would have nothing to do with such a deceiving person."

The Doctor was sore troubled. He had never dreamed that any one could assail, even in this vague and formless manner, his reputation. But he could perceive now the whole chain of evil that had been formed link by link. And the baleful traces of those two despicable enemies were to be found on every side.

It is true that the best of Griffintown people—such a class of Irish as have, in this Western World, laid the foundations of many a pioneer town on the broad basis of faith, morality and good citizenship—had stood by the Doctor. If Denis Hogan, in his austere and uncompromising virtue, had at first been disposed to question if the Doctor might not have been imprudent, and done something unwittingly to give color to these stories, his wife with clearer insight had promptly rebuked him; and, besides, had repeated that confidence of Dr. Harrington's on the night of the Jubilee, that he had promised the dying Mrs. Maloney to care for the motherless children. Others, at first hostile, had begun to come round; but Mrs. Forrester had still remained implacable, and the Doctor had of late entirely dismissed her from his mind.

He knew now what was the sort of accusation made against him, though it was purposely as indefinite as possible. He was convinced, since his interview with the tipsy Hugh, that there was no course of action which he could possibly take. Denial would be worse than useless, even if he would condescend to such an expedient. Nor could he make up his mind to discuss the matter with any one, save possibly his Father Director; nor yet to mention it to his mother, though he would much like to have had the pronouncement of her calm judgment upon it. He raised his head to the sky, with a movement of hope and confidence, as he resolved not to move a finger in any effort to disprove statements or circumvent malice. He would walk as always, honestly and fearlessly, in his accustomed path; and would

wait for time to correct falsehoods that to nearly all who knew him must seem palpably absurd.

He had to hurry home for his office hours; and as he went he had a second encounter, this time with the young subaltern, who walked with him to his door. He talked away in his frank and boyish fashion, amongst other things declaring that he had a notion to give up the army, if his regiment were recalled, and settle in Canada. Now, the Doctor was pretty well aware that the notion had its origin in the boy's constant devotion to the débutante whom he had met at Mrs. Forrester's dinner; and, knowing all the difficulties that would be in the way of carrying out that determination, he ventured to remark:

"A notion is a fine thing, only life is so full of 'buts.' They crop up all along our way like nettles."

"That is the worst of it, as I jolly well know," responded the youth, somewhat dejectedly.

"We can hew a good many of them down, though, as I have discovered," observed the Doctor.

"I have made up my mind to try," said the young man.

"To your good success!" replied the Doctor, as he put his key into the door. "My best wishes are with you."

"Thanks awfully!" said the other.

When the Doctor was pushing open the door, he found attached to it a small object. It was of pasteboard and oblong in shape, with a word or two written upon it, and a skull and crossbones attached by a cord. It was a miniature coffin, across which was written a threatening line. At first he regarded it in astonishment, and then he remembered that he was supposed to have made himself obnoxious to the supporters of Gavazzi and extreme Protestants in general by having headed a delegation to the mayor, requesting that official to refuse the City Hall for any such partisan and violent attack as Gavazzi meant to make upon

the religion of the majority of the ratepayers.

"Isn't it singular how bigotry can distort the judgment and lead even apparently sane men into absurdities?" he said, as he crushed the little figure in his hand and threw it into the stove.

He did not tell his mother, simply because he fancied that even her strong judgment and habitual fearlessness might be troubled by the possibility of some danger, little or great, to himself. He never gave it a second thought, even when he had to go out alone, and of course unarmed, at all hours of the night, and into the lowest as well as the loneliest neighborhoods.

But what did add considerably to his perturbation, not on the ground of fear but on other and serious considerations, was the receipt by mail of a number of letters relating to that same subject. Some of these were couched in terms of fiery indignation, descending to the lowest and coarsest invectives. Others were more friendly, but expressed the utmost astonishment, or administered the most scathing and dignified reproof. Of these one came from the chairman of the Board of Directors, whose nose he had narrowly missed on that pleasant and care-free morning, which now seemed so far away. The majority were from Protestants of all shades of opinion, from the bluest of Presbyterians to the broadest of Unitarians; and they were, in truth, a curious and a motley collection. A few were from Catholics, most of whom were of the ultra-liberal variety, who desired above all things to stand well with their non-Catholic neighbors and acquaintances, and who deprecated with all their energy the Doctor's late proceedings.

Dr. Harrington, with a grim smile, made some remark on the absence of what is popularly known as spinal development in those latter individuals, for whom he had a great deal less respect than for the fine, old fighting Bible Christians, who thought they were doing

good service to the Lord of battles by stirring up strife and discord. All these persons had been "credibly informed," or had learned "with grave concern," or hastened to express their "horror and reprobation" of his late conduct, especially in leading on his ignorant and misguided coreligionists to a breach of the peace, to an attack upon that most sacred right of "free speech," and upon the person of the "eminent convert from Romanism" who had "honored the city by his presence, and given his experiences on the upward path of pure Gospel light."

"Was there ever a phrase so misused as that of the right to free speech?" said the Doctor to himself. "Though, of course, if I were guilty of the charges here brought against me, I should deserve a great deal more than a bunch of scurrilous letters."

He remembered his exertions upon that memorable night, and how by his influence, exerted at great personal risk, he had succeeded in turning backwards a section at least of the rioters. At first he wondered how such a misconception could have arisen, or how it was that any one who knew him even by repute could accuse him of such utterly uncharacteristic conduct. Then all at once he remembered. The Professor had been there in the thickest of the fight, not striving to make peace, but to egg on the combatants; and he it was who had circulated through the lodges, or in any other quarter that he could, those abominable calumnies. The Doctor felt, with a kind of hopeless dismay, that persecution from that direction was persistent, general in its character, and singularly effective; for to any of these calumnies there was no possible answer.

It was only a day or two after Dr. Harrington's interview with Sister Monaghan that Hugh Maloney came to see him in his office. On this occasion Hugh was sober, and his manner fairly civil and even respectful; but he was disposed to protest in the strongest way against the arrangements which Sister Monaghan was bent upon making. She proposed to

take the younger children into the asylum, to place the older girls at the convent, and the oldest boy as a half boarder at the Christian Brothers. The Doctor listened to the arguments, which he knew were Gianetta's, and which he proceeded to demolish. He also declared that it was by his advice and concurrence that Sister Monaghan had made her suggestion. He mercilessly put before the father his own misconduct, which had made him incapable of giving the proper care to his children, even if any man who had to be at work all day could have done it. He touched lightly but pointedly on the utter unfitness of Gianetta to bring up the little ones in such a way as their dead mother would have desired.

A dark look of suspicion and distrust crossed the listener's sullen face when the Doctor spoke of the girl, and he said, with a touch of his former insolence:

"It's a strange thing to see, Doctor, how dead set you are agin that poor friendless girl."

The Doctor turned and regarded him with a look so scathing that it made him move uncomfortably from one foot to the other, as though he had felt the sting of a lash.

"What a poor creature you are, Maloney!" he said. "And how easily the poison of the asp has taken effect on you! Let me tell you now, once for all, that Gianetta and yourself would interest me no more than the dead leaves of last autumn, were it not for the children." He threw down, as if to emphasize his words, the paper knife which he had been balancing on his finger, as he continued, with unwonted heat. "Don't you see, man, that those children will go to the dogs if we don't do something? Have you no memory of that wife who so generously made the sacrifice of her life, and offered it perhaps for them and for you?"

Hugh Maloney was awed. Never had he seen the Doctor so moved; and for that instant, at least, every doubt was

dispelled, and he saw him as he was—an upright and noble man, deeply moved by the misfortunes of others.

"For her sake, Maloney, for God's sake, let Sister Monaghan have her way."

From Maloney's mind faded all those specious arguments which had been Gianetta's; and the result of that interview was that he stood out against her, though she raged and stormed with a fury that he had never seen equalled. Perhaps that very circumstance opened his eyes; or it might be that the influence of the dead mother arose to assert itself on behalf of her little ones.

And that same fury was directed against Dr. Harrington one day when he was called professionally to one of the neighbors and afterwards stood, not far from the Ma'oneys' house, in conversation with Billy Reilly, the old dried-up little man who had expressed so unflattering an opinion of the girl on the evening of the Hogans' merrymaking. The door of the Maloney's house was suddenly flung open, and Gianetta rushed out in one of those rages that caused people to regard her as temporarily insane. She poured forth an incoherent torrent of abuse directed against the Doctor, who contented himself with turning his back in her direction and continuing his conversation with the old man as calmly as though it were merely a wind blowing. The latter, however, was full of distress and agitation.

"Glory be to God, Doctor, but she has a terrible tongue!" he murmured. "And she to be talkin' that way foreninst yourself!"

"It's like the engine down the road yonder," said the Doctor, smiling, and indicating the blue smoke of an engine just entering the station, which lay but a short distance away. "It will have to blow off steam sooner or later."

"Oh, it's a terrible sight to see her!" said Reilly, who was visibly trembling. "It looks as if she'd tear to pieces everything that came in her way."

"She probably has some method in her

madness," suggested the Doctor, calmly. Then, looking at his watch, he added: "But I'm afraid I can't wait for the final explosion. I have an appointment at noon."

"Oh, then, Doctor dear," said the little man, "don't leave me here all alone, or it's on me she'll be turning next!"

"I'll see you safe in at your door, out of reach of your ferocious neighbor," laughed the Doctor.

In the meantime Gianetta, whose fury had exhausted itself to some extent, had retreated to her doorway, and stood silently watching. But as the Doctor passed by without taking the slightest notice of her fury, she burst forth into a parting volley.

"You'll rue the day," she cried,—“you'll rue the day that you ever meddled with the children, or that the dolt of a Hughie let you and the Sister take them away!"

Her voice, rising into a peculiar rasping scream, with its mixture of the Irish brogue and a Mexican patois, had a curious effect, and followed the Doctor some distance down the street, to the scandal of such as chanced to be passing.

"Now that the children are safely out of her reach and in the best of hands," the Doctor said to himself, "she can rattle her bells and play the fool as often and as long as she likes. But it is a pity. It seems to me there might be some good in that girl, if only her strength and energy were rightly directed, and if she had not fallen, as I fear, under some evil influence."

(To be continued.)

Meetings.

BY SPEER STRAHAN.

SPRING comes to find the mighty forest bare,
 Its summer beauty fled,
 The limbs on which she lavished her sweet care
 Sapless and almost dead:
 So did His Mother, Blessed Mary, meet
 Her Jesus at the turning of the street.

Our Goodly Heritage.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

IX.—THE CHURCH THE BODY OF CHRIST.

(CONTINUED.)

IT will be well to begin this paper by quoting from St. Paul some of the chief texts in which he teaches the mysterious doctrine that the Church is the mystical body of Christ; that she and her members are not merely united to Him, but identified with Him, so that He and they, in the Church, form one complete organism; in a mysterious way, indeed, beyond our human powers of comprehension, yet in a perfectly true way, of which the identity of a man's head and members as one organism, the human body, affords a similitude, not exaggerated, but falling short of the great reality which it seeks to express. And, first, one should read the whole twelfth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, where the similitude between the mystical body and the human body is fully drawn out; where Christ is identified with the Church, and it is shown how different members of Christ have different offices and correspondingly different gifts and graces.

"As the body is one," writes the Apostle (xii, 12), "and hath many members; and all the members of the body, whereas they are many, yet are one body, so also"—and here we might naturally expect the sentence to end with "so also is the Church," or "so also are Christ's followers"; but so fully is the mind of the Apostle taken up with the truth of the identity that exists between Christ and His members in the Church, so brightly does the divine inspiration teaching him this wonderful truth flash into his soul, that with a startling unexpectedness he concludes, "so also is Christ." That is to say, "as the body is one and many, so Christ is One and many; as the members, being many, are yet one body, so Christ is constituted of many members in the one body—one

whole body of head and members together—the mystic Christ, the Incarnate Word and Christians, His living members.

And the Inspired Text continues: "For in one Spirit were we all baptized into one body, whether Jews or Gentiles, whether bond or free. . . . And if one member suffer anything, all the members suffer with it; or if one member glory, all the members rejoice with it. Now you are the body of Christ, and members of member." (xii, 13, 26, 27.)

Here we see how, in His body the Church, Christ still lives on in this world in a mystic prolongation or extension, by means of the Church, of His Incarnate life,—lives and works in His mystical body; suffers in His members from age to age; triumphs in their triumphs, joys in their joys; is persecuted in them; repeats in the varying history of His Church and in the lives of the faithful, the history of His own earthly life again and again; goes by way of the cross to the crown; is now oppressed, now acclaimed—proving continually the triumph of seeming failure.

And Christ's members live with the very life of their Head, even as the life of the head and members of the human body is one same life. Each member also, if he be faithful, supplies his own contribution to the life and activity and growth of the whole body. Thus St. Paul writes to the Ephesians, exhorting them to the union of charity in the one body, that, "doing the truth in charity," both they and he "may in all things grow up in Him who is the Head, even Christ, from whom the whole body, being compacted and fitly joined together, by what every joint supplieth, according to the operation in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body, unto the edifying of itself in charity.*

As the physical body has a soul, which is its life principle, so the very soul and life principle of Christ's mystical body is His own Holy Spirit, who dwells alike

in the Man Christ as Head of the Church, and in the Church at large, and in each faithful member. To each member, according to his place and vocation by the calling and determination of God, and according to the secret counsels of the Almighty for the building up of the body, are given divers gifts and powers and graces. So "there are diversities of graces, but the same Spirit; and there are diversities of ministries, but the same Lord; and there are diversities of operations, but the same God, who worketh all in all. . . . But all these things one and the same Spirit worketh, dividing to everyone according as He will."*

Then the Apostle gives the reason of this in the passage already quoted: it is *because* all are one with Christ in the mystical body. "For as the body is one and hath many members, . . . so also is Christ." And, therefore, the members must have their spiritual life from the same Holy Ghost who dwells in the Head Himself, who is the vital source of all their spiritual functions in the Church, and of their individual spiritual activities in the supernatural order to which membership of Christ in the Church raises them.

Amongst other remaining texts of St. Paul teaching the doctrine of the mystical body, it will suffice to quote the following: "He [Christ] is before all, and by Him all things consist; and He is the Head of the body, the Church."† Let us add that mysterious declaration of the Apostle which is so incomprehensible apart from this doctrine, where he says: "I now rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up those things that are wanting of the suffering of Christ, in my flesh, for His body, which is the Church."‡ St. Paul is a member of Christ, so that Christ, the Head, suffers still in His Apostle, as He suffers (not indeed in His physical and glorified flesh in heaven, but in His mystical body, truly one with her Head) in the sufferings of every martyr, in every

* Eph., iv, 15, 16.

* I. Cor., xii, 4-6 and 11.

† Coloss., i, 17, 18.

‡ Ib., i, 24.

saint, in the willing self-denial and penance of those who take up the Cross and follow Him, in every Christian who patiently endures for His dear sake the trials and afflictions of life.

Again the Apostle writes to the Romans: "As in one body we have many members, but all the members have not the same office; so we, being many, are one body in Christ, and each one members one of another."* How inspiring is the thought that as baptized Catholics, we are members of the body of Christ, members of, and one *with*, Christ Himself! Rightly does St. Paul declare to us, "Your life is hidden with Christ in God";† for it is in Christ, and with Christ, as one with His Divine Son, that God looks upon Christ's redeemed ones. Since we are Christ's members, all that is His, which can be communicated to men, we share; while all that we do and have, in the spiritual order and life, belongs also to Him. There is an essential relation between us as Christians and Jesus. He exists for us, and we for Him, to make up His body, the Church. He dwells within the bosom of the Blessed Trinity; He sits at the right hand of God; and we are one with Him, and raised, in Him, to those heights.

Our worship, then, and our praise; our good works and our penances; our patient sufferings, our merits, our exercise of virtues, poor though these things would be in God's sight if regarded as belonging to mere human individuals, are not poor, but immensely ennobled, because they belong to Christ,—belonging, as they do, to those who are His members, and springing, as they do spring, from the life of divine grace within them, communicated to them by Christ's Holy Spirit. "Being essentially members of Christ, our perfection is an integral part of Christ's perfection. To be complete, the perfection of Christ demands ours; as ours, in its turn, requires His. . . . The love with which we love our Heavenly

Father, whilst it necessarily remains a personal act, proceeds from the entire Christ" (i. e., from Christ and His mystical body together, as they constitute one real organic whole). "It is in that Christ—Head and body*—that we love the Father; and it is the Holy Spirit who, by the charity that He pours out in that Christ—that is, in Jesus (as Man)—and us, makes us, Head and members together, to love the Father. 'In Christ,' says St. Paul, 'we have access to the Father by the Holy Spirit.'"†

This is that great mystery of which the Apostle so often speaks, which he was called to make known to the world; and of which he says that it "hath been hidden from ages and generations, but now is made manifest to His saints, to whom God would make known the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles, which is Christ, in you the hope of glory."‡ It is the mystery of salvation, the divine plan conceived by God from eternity, but revealed only in the Gospel of Christ,—the plan to save all men, Jews and Gentiles, Greeks and Barbarians, by identifying them with His well-beloved Son in the unity of the mystical body.§

No Christian, then, need feel that he is too insignificant for his worship and love to reach the great Heart of God; for with Christ, and in Christ, as a member of Christ, identified with Him in the life of the mystical body, he is caught up to the very bosom of the Father, and enters into the Holy of Holies, the sanctuary of the Divine Trinity Itself. He is a son of God, a brother of Jesus, joint heir with Christ of the eternal kingdom of heaven.

* Not that this "Church-Christ," so to speak, is a *different* Being from the Word Incarnate, but it is the Word Incarnate with the members that rightly pertain to Him in the plan and economy of the Incarnation.

† Schryvers: pp. 63, 64.

‡ See Coloss., i, 24, cited above, in conjunction with the passage, 25–27, here quoted; also Rom., xvi, 25, 26; Eph., i, 9; ii, 8–11; vi, 19, 20; Coloss., ix, 3.

§ Schryvers: p. 62, Note.

* Rom., xii, 4, 5.

† Coloss., iii, 3.

God sees and loves him in Christ; and in Christ he loves God; and the bond of his love for God and of God's love for him is that same sacred Spirit of God who is the bond of love between Father and Son in the Adorable Trinity.

All human similitudes of supernatural truths and mysteries, even when God Himself uses human language to teach man, must fall short of the grand reality. This is due to the insufficiency of human understanding and speech; it is no fault of the wisdom of God. And there is this difference between the members of a physical body and the members of the mystical body of Christ: the members of a physical body, or the innumerable cells of which its parts are composed, have no personality or will of their own; the members of the mystical body have.

Hence they have also a personal and individual responsibility: they must personally co-operate with God and Christ. Their salvation is not an automatic process: they will not be saved or become perfect simply because they are members of Christ in the mystical body. Or, rather, if they fail to co-operate by personal conscious effort and action with the graces and gifts of God which flow from Christ to themselves as His members, they will cease to be living members at all. They can open wide or constrict or close altogether the channels by which the divine life of grace flows from the Head through the body to themselves as members. They can cut off that life by mortal sin, and become like mortified members, unless Divine Mercy intervene to restore life and health again.

Co-operation, then, with the divine plan of restoration is necessary. And if it be asked in what that co-operation consists, how best a Catholic may cultivate a vigorous and healthy spiritual life as a member of Christ's mystical body, the answer is plain: *let him throw himself wholly and trustfully into the Catholic system; let him be Catholic-minded; let*

him be noted in all things for a truly Catholic spirit. That is the way of all the saints, and it is the right way. Was it not St. Teresa who declared she would die for a rubric of the Church, and found comfort and security in the hour of death from the fact that she was a Catholic, a child of the Church?

No love for the Church can be too great or too enthusiastic; no reverence for her lightest word or her smallest ceremony too deep. Her priesthood is the priesthood of Jesus Christ, her teaching is the teaching of Jesus Christ; her Sacrifice is His Sacrifice; her liturgy of prayer and praise is the voice of Jesus Christ lifted to God in worship, in petition, in intercession; for she and Christ are one. In her Christ is loved by her lovers and scorned by her scorners. Alms to her are alms to Him. He acts in her Sacraments. As of old He proclaimed truth by His own lips with authority and "not as the Scribes and Pharisees," so now by the voice of His Church and of her visible Head, His Vicar, the Sovereign Pontiff, does He proclaim that same truth with infallible authority in contrast with the vacillating utterances of self-taught teachers.

Her ordered hierarchy; the varied spiritual gifts of her children; her discipline—strong but kind, uncompromising when principles are at stake, yet ever full of love and mercy for the erring; her schools of theology, her religious Orders, her multiplied associations for every good work,—these things are as her nerves and sinews, her joints and framework, all vivified and energized by the divine life that pulsates through her. By loving the Church, by identifying ourselves with her, by bringing ourselves as much as possible under the divine influence which she exercises in so many ways, we shall best co-operate—indeed, we can not otherwise co-operate as we ought—with the divine plan of salvation, and enter fully, here and hereafter, into the goodly heritage which is ours.

The Turning.

BY MARY HAYDEN HARKINS.

BARBARA LAWTON entered the Corner Bookstore, nodded pleasantly to an affable salesman of her acquaintance, then began a leisurely survey of the shelves. One particular title arrested her attention, and she seized the book for a critical glance at its pages.

Two young girls came to examine the books on the shelves close by.

"What did you return to-day?" asked one.

"'Those of His Own Household' and 'Hugh: Memoirs of a Brother,'" came the reply.

"Oh, I must get a book for Elsie, and I don't know what kind she likes!" the girl murmured softly.

Although Barbara Lawton's eyes were riveted upon the open page, the fresh, clear voices had attracted her, and she listened—not stealthily but curiously,—the result of a habit formed long ago; for from scraps of conversation, as well as the faces of the passers-by, she had gathered stray material for many a story.

"Helen, did you ever read this?"

"Oh, what is it?"

"'A Gleaning' is the title."

"No, I don't think so. Who wrote it?"

"Lawton,—Barbara Lawton."

"Yes, I read—or rather skimmed over it. I remember now."

"Helen, did you know that this Lawton woman is" (the voice grew hushed and lower) "a Catholic?"

"Just supposed to be, I think," was the unconvinced reply.

"It is true, though. It was Miss Marsh who told me, and she ought to know; for she went to school with her at the old convent down on Chester Square."

"Well, I suppose it is so. But I should think that she would find it hard to reconcile some of the things in that book with her religion."

Barbara Lawton heard but never stirred. "Let's look down there at those books, Helen. I don't see anything here."

The girls moved along. Barbara turned quickly to catch a glimpse of the retreating figures: a short, plump girl in her teens, and a pale, spectacled girl.

"My critic, no doubt," Barbara soliloquized softly under her breath, as her glance rested on the second girl. "Well, the old adage concerning the listeners did not carry false this time." The woman's mouth formed into a sneering line. "If my young lady only knew it," she thought, "the popular, successful novel calls for religion, inoffensive, unobtrusive, or preferably none at all; and Catholicism is used only for a poetic veneering."

The woman turned disgustedly away from her own thoughts, and replaced the book, which she was still holding, rather forcibly upon the shelf.

After the purchase of a magazine, she left the shop. It was growing late in the afternoon; and, revelling in the keenness of the autumn wind, Barbara walked swiftly along the avenue. Her restless eye and shifting gaze roved over the landscape; finally it fell upon a quaint, low stucco edifice, whose gilded cross seemed to attract the rays of a golden sunset. Rebelliously, she suppressed the impulse to enter there, and hurried along, with unbowed head, and eyes averted.

Reaching her apartment, Barbara paused and threw a glance around. Everything spoke of smartness, comfort, even elegance. It was not always thus; for Barbara could look back, not remotely, to the days when she had worked on the *Sentinel*. Then long, short and hard labor had brought no such recompense as she now enjoyed. Left alone in the world, an orphan, with unconquerable courage and no small amount of talent, this woman had climbed the steep way of literary success.

"Well, Annette?" Barbara asked when a trim, deft maid appeared in the doorway.

"Mr. Sherwood!"

"Surely!" Barbara flushed and nodded.

A minute later Sherwood entered. Barbara arose and extended her hand in friendly greeting.

"I just dropped in as I was going by," he said genially.

"Where have you been?"

"Out on the links; and I met old Fernald, a deucedly queer old chap."

He sat down and rested his dark head against the dull, leathern chair. Barbara watched his face and movements admiringly, unaware that they were both distinctly effeminate.

"Then you found Fernald interesting?" She sank again into her chair.

"I'd like to have you meet him. We must arrange it somehow." He paused, then asked suddenly: "Did you work to-day?"

She shook her head negatively.

"Neither did I."

He smiled, while her face assumed an answering glow. The man was tall, dark, handsome,—suggesting an actor playing his rôle. One half expected at any moment to see the mask fall from his countenance, and curiously one wondered how he would look unmasked.

The woman went over to her desk and drew out a package of neat, typewritten pages.

"Here comes our best-seller!" Sherwood exclaimed.

Barbara smiled again.

"You know, the world is dying of *ennui*!" he went on. "It hates the old themes. This nervous craving for novelty,—the world is eager for it. Surely this one ought to satisfy; for the plot is swift, keen, and—" he broke off.

Barbara ran her fingers through the pages.

"I have been thinking," she hesitated, "that I might cut out some of this,"—she indicated a few pages.

He looked up quickly.

"What! Entirely?"

"Yes. It's too—strong."

She made no attempt to analyze the

feelings that she knew were leading her into a conflict to-night.

"Sheer nonsense! You'd destroy the flavor."

"But I could substitute," she urged.

"No, no! Absurd!"

His tone of finality grated upon her.

"But I think I could," she persisted.

"Of course, as you wish."

He assumed an air of nonchalance to conceal his irritation; yet meanwhile thinking how extremely awkward it would be should this woman develop any perverse tactics just when he had decided that it would be useful for him to crop her budding genius and graft it into his own.

Barbara noted with concern the shade of annoyance on the other's face, her pulsations quickened, and she asked herself:

"Oh, what am I doing for a schoolgirl's words of folly?"

She threw aside the printed pages and sat down again.

"Do you know the firm of Freeman, Brandon?" It was she who had spoken after a spell of silence.

"Yes: I did a little business there a couple of years ago."

"I am dining with the Brandons to-morrow evening. I met Mrs. Brandon recently,—I had not seen her for years. I had no reasonable excuse to offer, so I accepted her invitation."

Sherwood lifted the lids over his half-closed eyes, and they sought the woman's face questioningly.

"In fact, I'm rather glad to go; for Madeleine promised me it would be just a family party,—her husband and the babies," she continued. "I'm rather curious to see her husband; for people thought that Madeleine married a little beneath her. Brandon was only a struggling lawyer a few years ago."

Sherwood's lips parted, but moved soundlessly. Still Barbara talked on:

"I remember Madeleine as a fragile, flower-like girl. She is still pretty and

seems so happy. We were once very fond of each other in true, schoolgirl fashion."

"But aren't you picking up the threads of a ravelled friendship?" Sherwood asked dryly.

She was quick to perceive and resent the irony in the tone.

"I had no engagement." Her eyes darkened. "I couldn't lie out of it, for I hate deceit."

If the man in the chair opposite winced a little at the last phrase, it passed unnoticed by the woman in her sudden burst of feeling.

"But I say," Sherwood asked easily, "at what school did you meet Mrs. Brandon?"

"We were both day pupils at the old convent school at Chester Square. It's not there now: they've moved to the Drive."

He appeared interested.

"You never go there now?"

"No: I'm quite sorry to say I've outgrown it—those people and that circle,—although I've joined no better circle." Her voice was a mixture of bitterness and sadness. "I suppose it might have been different if mother had lived. Father made a good start, but death came, and then mother followed him so soon!"

He was silent, and appeared a trifle bored.

"Reminiscences, like religion, weary you, I fear," she said knowingly.

"Then I am absolutely destitute of faith and sentiment? No: hardly sentiment, or we would not be collaborating on one of the greatest novels of the year," he returned, with a whimsical smile.

Another time such words from him would bring a flush of pleasure to her cheeks; but to-night a silly schoolgirl's words recurred and tormented her.

He rose from his chair.

"Cancel that engagement and dine with me to-morrow evening," he said in a conciliating tone. "We'll make a party."

"No: my previous engagement still binds," she laughed.

He laughed, too, but unpleasantly.

"Very well. I can't stay to coax," he rejoined, as he took his departure.

Madeleine was of the old type of woman. Barbara mused as she watched her,—an "ivy woman": clinging, strong, constant. She looked again at the husband's face, and every line of it told of energy and determination: his black hair, touched with white; his clear eyes, bright and alert; his chin, square and strong; his mouth firm; and his lips—gently caressing the soft, gold hair of the little child whom he clasped in his arms. "What a pretty picture!" thought Barbara. Sherwood was the axis around which her world revolved, and she often in her mind's eye placed him in strange positions; yet too well she knew him to venture to picture him in this guise. She turned to Madeleine, and again her glance fell as it rested again upon that sweet, confiding woman and the little lad who stood up so straight by his mother's knee. With a swift onrush of feeling, Barbara realized that here was a domestic sanctuary—a home.

"Time is up, and toddlers go off to bed!"

Madeleine arose and bore the little ones away.

The conversation slackened. Brandon spoke of her work, and Barbara replied, remarking on it lightly. Then, since she had achieved the listener's art, she drew him on to speak of his. She was eager to study this man of the world of affairs; for she was about to marry an "idealist," and she had often declared to Sherwood that only the trials of differing temperaments could be theirs.

Finally, Sherwood's name was mentioned. It was she who spoke it.

"Have you met him?"

"Yes." The tone was incisive and uncommunicative.

"He is very clever, do you not think so?" she asked.

"So is the devil," was the laconic, enigmatic comment.

"Why, John, I fear you're shocking Barbara!" Madeleine laughingly remonstrated, returning noiselessly to her chair.

"But the devil isn't a man. I fancy he favors the serpentine form in which our father Adam met him."

There was a smile on Barbara's lips, as she said this, but her eyes challenged Mr. Brandon.

He raised his eyes unflinchingly until they met the speaker's; then he said slowly:

"Strange, now that you speak of it, but I have always thought of Sherwood as a reptile—cool, lean, glittering, coiling."

She longed to cry out, to crush this man; but with excellent self-control she said:

"I heartily disagree with you in your portrayal of Mr. Sherwood."

Making no reply and betraying no embarrassment, Brandon regarded the woman with eyes distended and thoughtful.

"I didn't know that lawyers were addicted to such a thing as character sketching," Barbara continued, with a touch of irony.

"Sometimes, in our branch of law especially," he replied, "I might say men and women are our merchandise."

Barbara thought, "'Tis plain this man knows more of Sherwood than I, his promised wife. Oh, what was the business of which he spoke last night? It was evident that he did not wish me to visit here. But why? Does Sherwood fear this man, or what he knows concerning him? And I, who have trusted him, know nothing." The humiliation stung her.

"Mr. Sherwood came from John's home town, back in New England," Madeleine ventured, hoping to restore harmony.

"Indeed!" Barbara made an effort to appear unconcerned, though mentally commenting that Sherwood had not mentioned this fact last night.

"I met another old acquaintance to-day,—Horace Kent." Brandon turned towards his wife. "You've heard me speak of him. He is a priest, Miss Lawton. Sherwood, Kent and I were boys together."

He paused. "It's the old story of gain and loss: what is one's gain is another's loss."

Barbara found voice to ask:

"What did Sherwood lose?"

"His faith," said Brandon, shortly. "Kent found it, and Sherwood lost his, or rather gave it up. He sold out cheap for the shouts of the crowd,—for the shouts that turn to jeers before they die away."

"Yes. It always ends that way," Madeleine agreed.

But Barbara was speechless and motionless, for the thrusts were coming home.

"Quite a dear bargain, on which the world sets an eternal price," Brandon murmured half aloud. "Well, I suppose he ran aground with his career, had to lighten the craft, and faith weighed the heaviest."

"Why so serious to-night, John?" Madeleine glanced apprehensively at Barbara, who sat with downcast eyes and face aflame.

"I don't know; perhaps meeting Father Kent. 'Tis apparent he walks with men; yet, priest-like, sees only souls."

Barbara's heart was rent with a struggle waging there. Sherwood a renegade! Why had he hidden it from her? She had been so open and frank with him! She knew that her idol was falling and crumbling into an inert, shapeless mass. But then came the bitter discovery that, after all, it was made of clay.

"Seems to me that the stern Baptist ancestors of Kent would not rest in their graves could they behold him in his monastic enclosure!" Brandon exclaimed.

"But doesn't the new monastery rise superbly from the morning mists on its height above the city?"—Madeleine addressed Barbara.

Barbara nodded silently. A little later she arose, and, in a subdued, thoughtful frame of mind, quitted the house which she had entered a self-sufficient woman.

"A likable girl!" John Brandon remarked when Barbara had gone.

"Yes, yes." Then thoughtfully Made-

leine added: "But she doesn't seem quite happy, dear!"

"I fancy that she knows more of Sherwood than she pretended," he suggested.

"Then why did you rail at him so?" the woman demanded uneasily.

"Because," he answered, "Sherwood has worked havoc with more than one woman's heart. Perhaps it was due her—and coming to him," Brandon finished a trifle vindictively.

Urged by a sudden impulse, Barbara alighted from the car at the small, stucco church on the avenue. The night was starry and silent. No gleaming cross sent out its sacred signal to-night; instead the pale crescent of a moon floated above her head and soft shadows enveloped her as she moved swiftly up the steps. She grasped the handle of the door, pulled, and it would not turn. "Locked!" she murmured breathlessly. She could not enter. Jesus Christ had waited long for her coming. Only last night she hastened by. Was, then, the Heart of God closed against her? And it was she herself who had put up the bars! Ah, she had forgotten that earth can not content the heart forever! Now her heart cried out for God, and she dare not stifle the cry; for the cry of the human soul for God is an awful cry.

She turned away, and endeavored to stem this flood of agonizing thoughts, but in vain. Reaching her abode, she sank down and for once acknowledged that her home was empty, her life a farce, and the days she had dreamed of as golden had become hideous.

"Madame," Annette began, "Mr. Sherwood has been here; he waited, then left the note there upon the desk."

Barbara stood up. "Thank you, Annette!" she said, as the girl disappeared.

Finally, Barbara brought herself to break open the note and to read. It dropped from her fingers, and she pondered upon its contents. He had urged her to reconsider her decision concerning the

changes she had intended to make in their story; he threatened the jarring of their pleasant relations, and clearly insinuated that hers was the blame, and he the offended. She hesitated. For an instant the future assumed a happy haze: money could smooth her pathway, and love smile away her fears.

But no: these were vital fears. Oh, often she had declared that her individuality would always be free to assert itself; but now she saw herself enchained and enslaved; for too well she knew that the freedom of love is slavery. It was clear now that either he would drag her down or she would raise him up. But was she strong enough to do this? She sank on her knees and groaned. He had defied the living God and made unto himself another called self. Ah, had he not tried to rob her, too, of her priceless gift? She shuddered thinking of the door that would not open.

"Is this the last flicker of a dying faith?" She shivered as she faced her own question.

Her thoughts went back again to Sherwood; and, stripped of his mask, she saw him—a deceiver, a renegade, a reptile. She sprang to her feet and seized her pen. Very few were the lines that she wrote. "Then with extreme deliberation she rang for Annette.

"Kindly mail this letter, Annette. It is important that it should go at once."

"Certainly I'll attend to it." Annette took the letter and went out of the room. Left alone, Barbara drew from her desk a pile of typewritten matter.

"The only copy of the best-seller," she murmured half bitterly. "'Tis mine, however, to do with as I please,—my work, my sin!" she whispered.

She went over to the fireplace, struck a match and a blue flame leaped up. Cautiously she fed it with the papers in her hand. When the deed was accomplished, her weakness had disappeared. It was only then she realized that she had reached the turning which led to paths of peace.

The Last Resting-Places of the Apostles.

ST. PETER, Prince of the Apostles, suffered martyrdom about thirty-four years after Our Lord's Ascension. His remains were at first consigned to the Catacombs, at the foot of the Janiculum, or Vatican Hill, crowned to-day by the Palace of the Vatican. The body of the Saint now rests, as everyone knows, in St. Peter's. St. Paul also suffered martyrdom in Rome. Being a Roman citizen, he was put to death by the sword. His mortal remains rest in St. Peter's:

St. Andrew was crucified on the 30th of November, sixty-two years after the birth of Our Lord, in the Greek city of Patras. In the year 357, during the reign of the Emperor Constantine, the martyr's relics were removed with great solemnity from Patras to Constantinople, and placed in the Church of the Apostles. In 1210, through the instrumentality of Cardinal Pietro, the Saint's body was taken to Italy and placed in the cathedral at Amalfi.

St. James the Greater was beheaded on the 25th of March, A. D. 11, in Jerusalem, where he was buried. Some time afterward his body was taken to Spain and interred at a place then called *Tria Flavia*, now known as *El Padron*, on the borders of Galicia. At the beginning of the ninth century, in the reign of Alphonsus II., surnamed the Chaste, the Saint's remains were discovered and removed to Compostella, where they now rest in the cathedral.

St. James the Lesser, surnamed the Just, was cast from the pinnacle of the Temple at Jerusalem in the year 43, then stoned and beaten with a club. He was first interred where he expired, but in the year 572 his holy remains were removed to Constantinople.

St. John, the Beloved Disciple, passed to his Master in Ephesus, at the age of one hundred—or, as some say, ninety-six. A church was built in his honor on a hill near Ephesus, in which his holy body reposes.

St. Thomas died at Kalmia, in India.

(also called Thomastown, Moliapoor, Malipur, etc.) He was buried in a subterranean chapel. In 1523 John III., King of Portugal, caused a search to be made for his remains, which were discovered; a piece of a lance and a phial of blood were also found in his grave. These precious relics were deposited in the church at Edessa in Mesopotamia. St. Thomas is called the Apostle of the Indies.

St. Philip, when eighty-one years of age, was bound to a cross, head downward, and stoned to death in Hieropolis, in Phrygia, in which city he was buried by the Christians. Later his body was taken to Rome, where a church was built in 260 in honor of the two Apostles, St. James and St. Philip.

St. Bartholomew, also called Nathaniel, was first flayed alive, and then beheaded. He suffered this cruel martyrdom in Albanopolis, in Armenia. In 508 the relics of St. Bartholomew were taken, by order of the Emperor Anastatius, to Duras, in Mesopotamia; thence they were removed at the close of the fifth century to Lipari in Sicily. The invasion of the Saracens in 809 caused the Saint's remains to be again removed; they found a temporary resting-place in Benevento until 983, when, in the reign of the German Emperor, Otto II., they were transported to Rome, where they now rest in a church dedicated to St. Bartholomew.

St. Matthew received the crown of martyrdom in Ethiopia. His remains are venerated at Salerno, in Italy, whither they were carried in 954.

St. Simon was crucified by the pagan priests in Persia. He was interred by the Christians in Kertch, where a slab still marks his resting-place.

St. Judas Thaddeus was put to death by heathen soldiery. The place of his interment is unknown. On account of Judas, the arch-traitor, this Apostle is usually called St. Thaddeus.

St. Matthias, chosen to fill the place of Judas Iscariot, was stoned and then beheaded by the Jews in the year 64.

The Empress Helena brought his remains to Europe, Rome being their first resting-place, but they now repose at Treves.

St. Mark was put to death at Alexandria. He was dragged over rough stones until he expired. His last resting-place is in Venice.

St. Luke's martyrdom took place in Patras, when he was eighty-four years of age; he was hanged from an olive-tree. His body was taken to Constantinople in 375.

A Plea for Religious Vocations.

THE Catholic papers of the country are to be congratulated on their very general practice of publishing in full the Pastoral letters of the Ordinaries of the various dioceses. All of those that we have read contain matter eminently worth as wide a circulation as possible among the faithful; and some of them are of especial timeliness and practicality. Prominent among these latter is the Pastoral of Bishop Morris, of Little Rock. It is a fairly lengthy document, dealing with the general topics proper to the Lenten season,—prayer, meditation, and fasting; and emphasizing with especial earnestness the subject of vocations—to the priesthood and the religious life. There is so much robust sanity in this portion of the letter that we feel it a privilege to pass some of it on to such of our readers (the great majority) as will not see the *Guardian*, from whose columns we borrow our extracts. One point about which Bishop Morris is quite sure there is a good deal of fallacious thinking he thus disposes of:

It would seem that the sight of the Sisters daily coming and going to their various works of education and charity, ought to strike the heart and imagination of our Catholic young women, and impel them to consider embracing a life of such compelling beauty and attractiveness. One would think that the ideals of a religious life ought to make themselves heard above the din and clatter of a thoughtless world. And here, it occurs to us, it is not unlikely that the priests and Sisters themselves may be somewhat to blame. It is quite possible that they have left the impression that the religious life is attainable only by angelic or

saintly natures. If Sisters or priests have left this impression, they ought, for the sake of religion, to remove it; since there is, in our opinion, a suspicion on the part of girls growing up that the religious life is so unutterably hard that no one except a born saint may dare endure it.

Now, this is as far from the truth as it can be. The life of priests and Sisters in the olden days was hard indeed; but from the material side, regarded merely in their physical character, these hardships pressed as much upon the laity as upon the religious of the time; and so it is to-day. With the improved conditions of living, life in the convent is easier than it used to be. It is true, everything is plain; a life is led in common; and each one is bound by the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. But in all conscience, even from a worldly standpoint, if our experience counts for aught, the religious life has not the disadvantages and trials and heartaches that are daily borne by dozens of mothers of large families.

That last paragraph makes excellent reading, not only for young women of the world, but also for occasional or exceptional religious who sometimes forget that their present lot, in the carefully guarded sheepfold of monastic or conventual life, is probably a much pleasanter one, even from the purely natural standpoint, than would be theirs had they remained out in the world. These further paragraphs of Bishop Morris' Pastoral are equally judicial and practical:

It is true that the religious life cuts one off from society, club, theatre, etc. But it is equally true that these so-called pleasures are fraught with dangers never experienced in the peaceful life of the convent. The Sisters can not possess anything, but they have enough to provide their simple food and clothing. They must obey superiors, but who is there who must *not*? Many a girl working in a store or fulfilling the duties of a stenographer has far harder superiors to obey, without having the merit of doing it for God's sake.

We feel bound to speak frankly upon this subject, so that our Catholic girls may be disillusioned about what is known as the hardships and almost impossibilities of the religious life. We feel that many are consciously or unconsciously kept out of religion on this account. Now, do not misunderstand us. It is hard to obey, it is hard to be poor by vow; but when we obey and are poor for God's sake, the compensation of peace and consolation is

sufficient reward to keep any heart cheerful. We do not speak of the vow of chastity; for those of us who know the Catholic young woman understand how easy it is for her, even in the world, to overcome the vulgar passions that destroy others.

Young women, then, in considering the vocation to the sisterhood, should bear in mind that God's vocation is so compelling as to sweeten all the trials which come up in the course of a life in the convent. Our experience has generally been that the Sisters are more cheerful and more care-free than any other class of women we have met; and the reason is that, by their regular life, they are spared the anxieties and follies which break in mind and body so many women who live *in* the world and *for* it. They are also spared the anxieties of mothers for their sons and daughters....

The religious life taken by and large, even viewed from a worldly standpoint, promises more peace and real happiness than any other vocation to which a woman can aspire. Add to this the unselfish vow as a spouse of Christ, and the reward promised to those who in poverty, chastity and obedience follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, and you will have a picture of happiness to be found nowhere else under heaven. Of course the religious life has its trials. To get up early in the morning, to pray at certain times, to have to eat food which we might not choose if we had our own homes, to be cut off from our friends and families,—these are sorrows and trials; but balance them with the sorrows of others you see around you, and balance the reward that God gives with the reward the world gives, and tell me on which side you will strike the higher average.

There is much more which, did space permit, we should like to quote; but the foregoing is surely suggestive enough to set thinking seriously many a young woman, and many a mother of young women, about the relative advantages of life in the world and in a convent. A vocation to the religious life is a great grace, and one to be, not only sincerely thankful for, but eagerly corresponded with. The Catholic father or mother who opposes the following of such a vocation by son or daughter is taking no slight responsibility; and the youths or maidens who hush the voice of Christ whispering to their hearts, "Come, follow Me," is incurring not a little danger of making a total shipwreck of life.

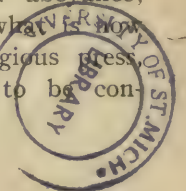
In Fairness.

ALL who have read the French brochure entitled "The German War and Catholicism" should feel obliged to read also the German pamphlet in answer to it, the authorized American edition of which bears the title, "The German War and Catholicism: German Defence against French Attacks." "*Audi alteram partem*" is a good motto at all times,—a most useful one at the present time, when the air is charged with misrepresentation, and official statements of one nation at war are flatly contradicted by those of another. It ought to be easy for neutrals to suspend judgment in all such cases, and not too difficult for Christians among them to realize fully the implications of the Christian profession.

In the French pamphlet to which we have referred Germany is represented as being hostile to religion and Catholicism; France, as being favorable to both. In the German rejoinder the Allied cause represents the forces of secularism and irreligion, not those of morality and Christianity. The aspect of both pictures is a false one. Fostering hatred of Germans is no more to be justified by the sayings of French Catholics than by the sayings of French infidels. Germany, it should be remembered, is contending against the French Government, and official France is nothing if not antagonistic to Christianity. But the French people, let it also be remembered, are Catholic at heart.

The German apologists do not deny that excesses have been committed by the inferior elements that compose their great armies; but wholesale accusations of atrocity on the part of officers and men, so often repeated, are indignantly and vehemently denied.

All is *not* fair in time of war, nor are the Ten Commandments in abeyance; though in reading much of what is now published, even by the religious press, one would think such was to be considered the case.



Notes and Remarks.

While the work of the Italian branch of the Good Press apostolate possesses, perhaps, little more than academic interest for the faithful of other lands, it is well to remember that the action recommended by the Holy Father in Italy is hardly if at all, less necessary in our own country. Support of the Catholic press is becoming more and more a stern duty, if the Church is to extend her mission here; and, accordingly, the declaration of Cardinal Gasparri on the subject is of interest to Americans as well as to Catholics the world over. "It is the will of the Sovereign Pontiff," he wrote a year ago, "that all Catholics, and especially all priests and religious, convents, colleges, sodalities, parishes, and pious institutes, consider it a duty to promote the Work of the Good Press, both by enrolling themselves and paying their fees, and by taking every opportunity to recommend it, and to secure for it the esteem which is its due and an ever-increasing diffusion."

The Lenten Pastoral letter of the Archbishop of Glasgow has for its subject Ireland and her people, their evangelization by St. Patrick, and their great work in the missionary history of the Church. Towards the close of this timely and enlightening document, the Archbishop draws some practical conclusions,—lessons which are needed by the faithful here not less than by Scotch Catholics. "We must remember," he writes, "that we who do not live in the pure atmosphere of Ireland have special dangers. We have to mix in our daily work and recreation with many who have no religion except that of the world and the flesh. We are tempted by evil sights and sounds; by the example and, it may be, the suggestions of those who strive to get rich by fair means or foul; of those who make up for days of hard work by other days of impurity and intemperance. The Israelites fell into the vices of the Canaanites. And we know

that, though—thank God!—there are so many of our neighbors who fear Him and strive to keep His holy law, there are far too many Canaanites, some even of our own flock.

"Our race is safe if each one does his best to keep himself 'unspotted from the world.' Every one of us who gives himself up to ways that are not the ways of his forefathers is a traitor to God, and a traitor also to his country and to her traditions. We must carefully live in the morality as well as in the faith of those who have gone before us; we must educate our children by word and example to follow the same paths, if we are to help to the fulfilment of the Apostle's loving desire on Croagh Patrick."

It can never be too much emphasized that individual virtue is of pre-eminent importance. Membership in any number of worthy societies will not save one: it is one's self must be worthy.

The necessity of American help, in men and money, to the Foreign Missions is a subject which is bound to grow more and more insistent as the months go by; and it may be well to envisage sundry aspects of the question at once. We note in the *African Missionary*, published at Cork, Ireland, an adequate reply to a frequent and somewhat plausible argument against generous assistance to such missions. The argument runs: "Haven't we heathens at home? Zeal, however fervent it may be, can always find here work enough and to spare. If a man may find gold in his garden, why go to Alaska or Australia, suffer many hardships, perhaps, after all, to unearth very little of the precious metal?"

There are of course several obvious answers to such reasoning, Christ's command, "Go ye and teach the Gospel to the whole world," being of itself an adequate rejoinder; but here is a reply which may also prove effective:

Again we must distinguish between formal and material heathen. People at home here

have had chances over and over again. Everything is in their own hands. Graces are superabundant, and they have only themselves to blame if they neglect to avail of the opportunity. If a man squanders a sum of money, whose fault is it if he becomes poor? The case is different with a man brought up in squalid surroundings, who has always had a hand-to-mouth existence; and this is precisely how many pagans are spiritually. *They have never had a chance!* Therefore, why not give it to them? Splendid cathedrals and chapels are in profusion over the land, with wide-open doors for the heathen at home; but a few wretched zinc-roofed shacks, representing God's house, attended by little bands of missionaries, are the only helps of Christianity available to the millions of benighted creatures in vast continents. Humanity always takes the part of the weaker side. Pagans represent the weaker side intellectually and spiritually.

The fields are ripe for the harvest in many a foreign mission; but the laborers, alas! are fewer than ever since the outbreak of the Great War.

Two outstanding figures in the history of the world's literature, Shakespeare and Cervantes, disappeared from the earthly stage three hundred years ago this month. Both died on the same day—April 23, 1616. It may impress the general reader as somewhat singular that, whereas Spain, which is at peace, purposes celebrating the tercentenary of Cervantes only after the conclusion of the European conflict, England, which is at war, intends holding the Shakespearian celebration on the day itself. Possibly the English idea is to impress the world with the conviction that Great Britain is "doing business as usual"; but it is rather a pity that the glorification of the "myriad-minded" writer could not be participated in by many more than will give him a thought during the present month.

Forestalling the possible charge that it was not until aerial raids on Italian cities began that Pope Benedict XV. protested against such unprecedented acts of war, the editor of *Rome* takes occasion to remark that many an appeal of the

Sovereign Pontiff, in connection with the war, has not been heard of at all by the outside world. Only when his efforts have met with some measure of success has his mediation become public. As for the specific case of bomb-throwing from airships, our contemporary says: "If it has been deemed opportune to publish Cardinal Gasparri's communication to the Archbishop of Ravenna, the reason is not assuredly because the Pope makes a distinction between aerial raids in Italy and aerial raids elsewhere, but because in the Austro-Italian war he is dealing with two nations who might be supposed to listen more readily than others to his fatherly exhortations."

Discussing the increasing frequency with which non-Catholic parents in various parts of this country are sending their children to Catholic schools, the *Brooklyn Tablet* incidentally relates this occurrence:

Some years ago, in Philadelphia, the proprietor of one of its largest department stores had, as his private clerk, a young woman whose modest demeanor no less than her ability won his admiration. He asked her one day where she had received her education, and she replied that it was in a Catholic school. "Then that's the place to educate my boys," was his prompt deduction. He was a Hebrew, but he sent his three boys to Villa Nova College.

The incident suggests a reflection to which graduates of Catholic institutions might well give more consideration than they commonly do. It is that their conduct in post-graduation days inevitably wins praise or invites censure for the school which they have attended. Whether or not the man in the street is familiar with Scripture, he undoubtedly makes application of the Scriptural text, "By their fruits you shall know them"; and so the Catholic graduate is constantly promoting or injuring the prospects of the school, academy, college, or university in which he studied.

The recent reunion of the bishops of Northern Brazil at Bahia—the fourth

such reunion in the present century—invites comment on the progress of the Church in that South American republic. A quarter of a century ago, when the Brazilian Empire adopted the republican form of government, the Catholic hierarchy consisted of an archbishop and eleven bishops: to-day there are a cardinal, an archbishop primate, seven metropolitan archbishops, thirty-four bishops of dioceses, four auxiliary bishops, three bishops of vicariates apostolic, and four prefects apostolic. This increase in the hierarchy naturally connotes a corresponding growth in the number of parishes, churches, and educational establishments.

An interesting detail of the reunion at Bahia is that, in the Pastoral letter issued by the prelates there assembled, spiritism is roundly denounced. Declaring that the spiritistic sect is an instrument of the devil for the ruin of souls, the Pastoral goes on to state that members and supporters of the sect can not be regarded as ordinary sinners, "but must be considered and judged as heretics and upholders of heresy, both *in foro interno* and *externo*; and therefore not to be admitted to communion and to the Sacraments until they have repaired the scandal they have given, and utterly abjured the tenets of the sect."

The question whether a theatrical production is artistic or crude is one for dramatic critics to decide; but it is a question entirely different from the query whether or not the production is morally elevating or the reverse. Special and educated taste is requisite for the critic; an ordinary Christian conscience quite suffices for the moral censor. The matter is well put by "Looker-On" in the *Pilot*. "Reduced to simple terms," he says, "the responsible authorities of a community, not personally but officially, act like wise parents to the public. It is really a simple matter to decide whether a play does harm or is merely an innocent amusement. It requires nothing except experi-

ence in human nature. And let me say here one good word for the politicians: they do know human nature. Any responsible elected official, be he old bachelor, husband or father, can tell very soon whether an exhibition is good or bad for the public; and, what is more, he will rule rightly. It is not a matter of art; it is a matter of common-sense and decency. If a theatrical censor is to be appointed, he should be what is called an 'average citizen' with a home and children of his own."

And such a citizen, let it be added, need not be disturbed by denunciation on the part of money-seeking playwrights or theatre-managers who, under the plea of art for art's sake, would foist the indecent on their more or less unsophisticated patrons.

We sincerely pity the children who are obliged to make use of such a prayer-book as lately came under our notice. It is astounding how this manual ever secured an *imprimatur*—perhaps it didn't. The examination of conscience is what we object to most,—a long catalogue of sins, a great many of which children not only do not commit but do not even know, may never learn, the meaning of. After going over this examination, perhaps only for the purpose of ascertaining how he should accuse himself of laughing at Father L'Abbé for saying "pur-gat-ory," the child will be sure to find many sins of which he will imagine himself guilty—"impugning the known truth," "rejecting the perspirations of grace," etc. What a gratification it would be to see every copy of this "child's prayer book" and any like it burned to ashes and the plates thereof forever destroyed!

Much as we are in favor of short examinations of conscience for children, we would, however, lengthen those for their elders so far as to include this "document" of the Book of Proverbs:

"Six things there are which the Lord hateth, and the seventh his soul detesteth:

haughty eyes; a lying tongue; hands that shed innocent blood; a heart that deviseth wicked plots; feet that are swift to run into mischief; a deceitful witness that uttereth lies, and him that soweth discord among brethren."

Not all the harrowing scenes and events of the past half-year were staged in the European war zone. A story as pitiable as any that has come from Europe is told, in the *Missions Catholiques*, of the Abyssinian mission of Alitiena. Father Gruson, the Lazarist Vicar Apostolic of Abyssinia, writing in December last, says that for the previous six months the mission had been resounding with the lugubrious cry, *Ambita! Ambita! Ouailona!* (The locusts! The locusts! Woe is ours!) It appears that the oldtime Egyptian plague of locusts has completely devastated the district. Not content, as in Pharaoh's time, with passing over the country, they settled down permanently. "The whole earth is black with them," writes Fr. Gruson. Crops, leaves, and the bark of trees,—all has been devoured, and not a blade of grass has been spared. As a natural consequence, famine and death are rife in the afflicted land; and the missionaries are continually listening to distressful cries "that would draw tears from hearts of bronze." Father Gruson's appeal for help for these famishing children of Christ's nascent fold in Abyssinia may well move generous souls to effective charity; and it is a case in which to give quickly is to give twice.

A thought-provoking contribution to the current *North American Review* is Sydney Brooks' "The New America." The distinguished English journalist writes graphically and strongly of the chasm of sentiment which separates the belligerent peoples of Europe and the population of this country. Of New York he says that, "always a feverish and pleasure-loving city, it is to-day simply drunk with money." Further enforcing his point

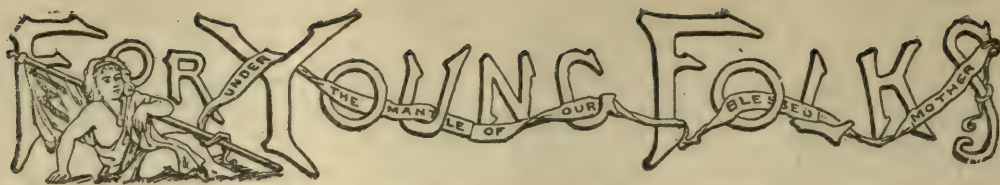
of view, Mr. Brooks uses an illustration not less striking in its inner meaning than humorous on the surface:

In New York the fact and the vastness of this chasm of sentiment assail the visitor with the sharp finality of a bayonet thrust. Louvain and Rheims are among the stricken victims of the war, but New York is its supreme and gilded tragedy, and has, I fear, neither the sense nor the soul to know it. Americans must by now have heard of the English charwoman whose husband was at the front and who was drawing her weekly separation allowance. She was asked what she thought of the war. "What!" she replied. "A pound a week and no 'usband! Why, it's 'eaven! It's too good to last!" There is something in New York's attitude towards the war which reminds one of this simple soul.

It is to be hoped that a decision by the Appellate Court of California, relative to criminal libel, will be reaffirmed or adopted by Courts throughout the country. In a case against a publisher who had printed and circulated the false oath alleged to be taken by the Fourth Degree Knights of Columbus, the defendant urged the old plea that a libel against a class contains no malice towards the individuals of that class. The plea has never commended itself to the common-sense of the average man, and the Appellate Court rejected it in the following terms:

It is undisputed that the publication was false; that the prosecuting witnesses were members of the society of the degree in question, and the inevitable conclusion to be drawn from the article is that every member of the order of the Fourth Degree had taken and subscribed to the public oath. The article asperses the character of such members, and ascribes to them base and dishonest motives, and as to them its publication constitutes criminal libel.

As *America*, from which we quote the decision, sagely remarks, the same ruling applies, or should apply, to the defamers of the Church; and they can be prosecuted for criminal libel by individual Catholics whenever it is found advisable to do so. In California, at least, if nowhere else in the country, the action should hold, and the defamers be found guilty.



The Wind.

BY BISHOP VAUGHAN.

A SERVANT of the Lord, I wait
Attentive to His will;
At His behest, I range the plain,
The valley, and the hill.
I stir the ocean in its sleep,
I churn the curdling foam,
And lift the billows from the deep,
And bear the wild bird home.
I pluck the old man by the beard,
I toy with maiden's hair;
I rock the young birds in their nests,
I drive away dull care.
I make a music midst the leaves—
A music soft and low,—
And fill the air with minstrelsy,
As when the pipers blow.

Killykinick.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XIV.—POLLY.

MAIN STREET was not hard to find, neither seemed the Fosters.

A corner druggist directed Dan without hesitation to a wide, old-fashioned house, surrounded by lawns and gardens, in which the hydrangeas—blue, pink, purple—were in gorgeous summer bloom. But, though the broad porch was gay with cushions and hammocks, no boys were in sight; and, lifting the latch of the iron gate, Dan was proceeding up the flower-girdled path to the house, when the hall door burst open and a pretty little girl came flying down the steps in wild alarm.

"Bobby!" she cried. "My Bobby is out! Bobby is gone! Oh, somebody catch Bobby, please,—somebody catch my Bobby!"

A gush of song answered the wail.

Perched upon the biggest and pinkest of the hydrangeas was a naughty little canary, its head on one side warbling defiantly in the first thrill of joyous freedom. Its deserted mistress paused breathlessly. A touch, a movement, she knew would send him off into sunlit space beyond her reach forever.

Quick-witted Dan caught on to the situation. A well-aimed toss of his cap, and the hydrangea blooms were quivering under the beat of the captive's fluttering wings. Dan sprang forward and with a gentle, cautious hand grasped his prisoner.

"Oh, oh, oh!" was all the little lady could cry, clasping her hands rapturously. "Don't—don't hurt him, please, please!"

"I won't," was the answer. "But get his cage quick; for he's scared to death at my holding him."

Bobby's mistress darted into the house at the word, and reappeared again in a moment with a gilded palace that was surely all a bird could ask for.

"O Bobby, Bobby!" she murmured reproachfully, as Dan deposited his subdued and trembling captive behind the glittering bars. "When you had this lovely new cage and everything you wanted!"

"No, he hadn't," said Dan, conscious of a sudden sympathy with this feathered prisoner. "He has wings and wants to use them."

"But he couldn't find seed or chickweed for himself, and the cats and hawks would have had him before morning. Oh, I'm so glad to get him back safe I don't know how to thank you for catching him for me!" And the little lady lifted a pair of violet eyes, that were still sparkling with tears, to her benefactor's face.

"Pooh! It wasn't anything," said Dan, shyly.

"Yes, it was. You threw your cap fine. My brothers couldn't have done it,

I know. They would have just laughed and teased, and let Bobby fly away forever. You are the nicest boy I ever saw," continued Bobby's mistress, who was at the age when young ladies speak their mind frankly. "What is your name?"

"Dan Dolan," was the reply, with the smile that showed Aunt Winnie's boy at his best. "Let me carry your bird cage to the house for you. It is too heavy for a little girl."

"Oh, thank you! But I'm not such a little girl as you think: I am nearly ten years old," said the young lady, as Dan took up Bobby and his cage, and they proceeded up the broad gravelled path to the house; "and my name is Polly Forester, and—"

"Forester!" blurted out Dan. "Then I'm on the wrong track. They told me this was the Foster house."

"Oh, no!" Miss Polly shook her head, that, with its golden brown ringlets, looked very much like a flower itself. "This has been our house for more than a hundred years. My grandfather lived here, and my great-grandfather and all my grandfathers. One of them fought with George Washington; we've got his sword. Would you like to see it?" asked Miss Polly, becoming graciously hospitable as they approached the porch.

"I'm afraid I haven't time," answered Dan. "You see, I'm looking for two of our fellows. We're a lot of St. Andrew's boys off for the summer, and the boat is waiting to take us back to Killykinick."

"Oh, are you staying there?" asked the young lady, with wide-eyed interest. "I've passed it often in dad's yacht."

"Polly dear!" called a sweet voice, and a grown-up image of that young person came hurriedly out on the porch,—a lovely lady, all in soft trailing white and blue ribbons. "What is the matter? Your cry woke me out of a sound sleep and put me all in a flutter."

"O mamma dear, I'm sorry! But it was Bobby. He flew out of his cage when I was trying to teach him to perch on

my hand, and got away. He would have gone forever if this nice boy had not caught him for me! His name is Dan Dolan, mamma, and he is staying at Killykinick with a lot of college boys. Dan is looking for the other boys, who are at the Fosters; and some one told him this was the house, and he came just in time to catch my Bobby under his cap, and—"

"The Fosters?" interrupted mamma, who was used to clearing up things for Polly. "Probably you are looking for Colonel Foster, who came down last week," she continued, turning a smiling face to Dan. "They have rented the Pelham cottage for the summer. You know where that is, Polly?"

"Oh, yes!" answered the little lady, cheerfully. "You take care of Bobby, mamma, and I'll show Dan the short cut through our garden."

And she darted ahead through an old-fashioned maze, where tall box hedges were clipped into queer shapes around beds of gay blooming flowers. Then, swinging open a vine-wreathed gate, Dan's little guide led into a steep narrow way paved with cobblestones.

"Pelham cottage is just up there," she said, "at the top of Larboard Lane."

"And here the boys come now!" exclaimed Dan, as the sound of familiar voices reached his ear, and down the lane came a laughing, chattering group,—Minna Foster, and her sister Madge and brother Jack gleefully escorting Jim and Dud back to the boat, and claiming the promises of speedy return to Beach Cliff.

Dan hailed his schoolmates, explained his search and his mistake, and they were all taking their way down the stony path together,—Polly being of the sort to make friends at once with every nice boy or girl within reach.

"Isn't she the cutest thing?" said Minna Foster, who had fallen behind with Dud. "We have just been dying to know them; but her mother is an invalid, and doesn't go out much, though

they are the finest people in Beach Cliff, mamma says. They have lots of money, and the loveliest old home filled with all sorts of beautiful things, and horses and carriages and a big yacht."

"And Dan Dolan has struck it with them," said Dud, watching Miss Polly dancing along loyally by her nice boy's side. "Dan Dolan! Can't you give them a tip about him?"

"A tip?" echoed Minna, puzzled.

"Yes," said Dud, his brow darkening. "People like that don't want to know such low-down chumps as Dan Dolan. Why, he's in St. Andrew's on charity; hasn't got a decent rag to his back except what we give him there; used to shine shoes and sell papers on the streets. His aunt is in the poorhouse or something next to it; he's just a common tough, without a cent to call his own."

"Goodness!" gasped Miss Minna. "Then what is he doing up here with boys like you?"

"Pushed in," answered Dud, hotly. "He has enough nerve to push anywhere. St. Andrew's gives a scholarship at the parochial school, and he won it; and, as he hadn't any place to go this summer, they bunched him in with us. But you can see what he is at one look."

"Oh, I did,—I did!" murmured Miss Minna. "I saw at the very first that he was not our sort; but, being with nice boys like you, I thought he must be all right. He isn't bad-looking, and such nerve for a bootblack! Just look how he is making up to little Polly Forester!"

To an impartial observer it would have really seemed the other way. Polly herself was "making up" most openly to this nicest boy she ever saw. Tripping along by Dan's side, she was extending a general invitation, in which Dan was specialized above all others.

"I am going to have a birthday party next week, and I want you to come, and bring all the other boys from Killykinick. It's the first party I've ever had; but mamma is feeling better this year, and

I'll be ten years old, and she's going to have things just lovely for me,—music and dancing, and ice-cream made into flowers and birds, and a Jack Horner pie with fine presents in it. Wouldn't you like to come, Dan?"

"You bet!" was the ready answer; for a party of young persons like Miss Polly was, from his outlook, a very simple affair. "When is it coming off?"

"Thursday," said Polly,—"*Thursday* evening at six, in our garden. And you needn't dress up. Boys hate to dress up, I know; Tom and Jack won't go any place where they have to wear stiff collars."

"I'm with them there," rejoined Dan. "Had to get into one on Commencement Day, and never want to try another."

"You see, I don't care for some boys," said the expectant hostess, confidentially. "All Tom's and Jack's friends are in long trousers. Some girls like that, but I don't: they look too grown up, and they stand around and tease, and won't play games, and are just horrid. You would play games, I'm sure."

"Just try me at them," answered Dan, grinning.

"Oh, I know you would! So I want you all to come," said Miss Polly, who, having reached her own gateway, paused for a general good-bye. "I don't know your names, but I want you all to come with Dan to my party."

"If we can get here," replied Dan. "Captain Jeb wouldn't trust us to sail his boat, and I don't know that he could come with us."

"Oh, he will,—he must!" persisted Polly.

"He ain't the will-and-must kind," said Dan, nodding.

"Then maybe I can send for you," the little lady went on eagerly. "My cousins are coming over from Rockhaven on dad's yacht, and I'll make them stop at Killykinick and bring you all with them to my party."

And, with a gay little nod that included all her nice boys, little Miss Polly dis-

appeared among the hydrangeas; while the others kept on down to the wharf, where the "Sary Ann" was already swinging out her dingy sail, and Brother Bart was growing anxious and nervous.

Merry good-byes were spoken, and very soon the boys were on their homeward way, with Beach Cliff vanishing in the distance. There had been no bids to the Fosters' cottage, which was already filled with grown-up guests. Dud was sullen and disappointed, lazy Jim a little tired; while Freddy, seated in the bottom of the boat, dropped his curly head on Brother Bart's knee and went off to sleep. But to Dan the day had been a most pleasant experience, a glimpse of a friendly, beautiful world whose gates he had never thought to pass; and Aunt Winnie's Dan was very happy as, under Captain Jeb's watchful eye, he steered the "Sary Ann" over a smiling summer sea without a clouding shadow.

"How did you push in so quick to the Foresters?" sneered Dud.

"Looking for two lost donkeys," retorted Dan, who was learning to give Dud as good as he sent.

"Maybe you think you'll get there again," said Dud. "Well, you won't, I can tell you that. It was all very well to make up so strong to a little fool girl; but they are the tiptoppers of Beach Cliff, and you won't hear any more of Miss Polly's yacht or her party."

"I'm not worrying over that, are you?" said Dan, philosophically. "You look as if you had a grouch on about something."

"I have," blurted out Dud, fiercely. "I hate this horrid Killykinick and everything on it; and I'm not going to be mixed up before decent people with roughs and toughs that are fit only to black my boots—like you, Dan Dolan!"

(To be continued.)

THE lily is the special property of "The Lily of Israel," our sweetest name for the Blessed Virgin. The snowdrop is the flower of her purity.

Tickets.

IT used to be said that an educated person should know something about everything, and everything about something. On this principle, educated people have never been very numerous in any age of the world's history, because not only have there been very few who knew something about everything, but there have been still fewer perhaps who knew everything about something. Nowadays, it is understood that one must be content to be ignorant of very many things, and it is considered no disgrace for even an educated person to know nothing at all about many subjects unconnected with his business, profession, or calling.

As for knowing everything about some one thing, how many of our young folks know all that is to be known about so common a word as "ticket"? To begin with, how many are aware that the word itself comes from the German *stecken* (stick), and that it reached our language through the French *etiquette*, thus (e) tiquet (te)? A ticket was originally a bill stuck up on a gate or wall as a public notice. In Fuller's "History of the Worthies of England," published in 1662, we read of one Samuel Collins that he gave notice of the time of his lectures "in a ticket on the school doors."

Again, how many know that it was once perfectly correct English to speak of getting goods "on ticket," for "on credit"? That use of the word is now obsolete, or out of date, although its contraction "tick," "to buy on tick," is still employed colloquially. Another meaning once given to ticket, but now no longer in use, is revealed in this sentence from a book entitled "Cecilia," published in 1782: "Why, a ticket is only a visiting-card with a name upon it; but we all call them tickets now."

Apart from obsolete meanings of the word, its legitimate present-day definitions are fairly numerous. The most common one, and perhaps the only one of which

nobody is ignorant, is: a slip of paper or cardboard, on which a memorandum, notice, order, acknowledgment, or the like is written or printed; a card or slip of paper serving as a token or evidence of a right or of a debt; as, a theatre-ticket, a railway-ticket, a lottery-ticket, a pawn-ticket.

Another use of the word with which almost everybody in this country is familiar is the political one. In politics a ticket is a list of candidates nominated or put forward by a party or a faction for election; as, the Democratic or the Republican ticket. When a ticket or ballot is made up of names of candidates from two or more parties, it is called a *split* ticket, and when a voting-ticket or ballot has been changed in some way by erasure or substitution, it becomes a *scratched* ticket.

To mention some specific meanings of the word modified by another word,—allotment ticket, or note, is a document signed by a sailor authorizing his employers to pay periodically a part of his wages while he is on a voyage to some other person, as to his wife or his mother. A benefit ticket is the winning ticket at a lottery. A commutation-ticket is one issued at a reduced rate by a carrier of passengers (railway, steamer, etc.) entitling the holder to be carried over a given route a limited number of times, or as often as the holder wishes during a certain period. A limited ticket, in railroad usage, is one that does not give the holder all the privileges of an ordinary ticket; as, for instance, one limited to a trip begun on a specified day or by a particular train, or excluding the right to break the journey by stopping on the way and taking a later train.

A mileage ticket is one issued by a carrier of passengers, entitling the holder to be carried a certain number of miles. A through ticket on a railway or steamship is good for the whole of a journey, and often entitles the holder to travel on the lines or conveyances of more than one

company. A season ticket is a ticket or pass entitling the holder to certain privileges for the season, or for a specified time: as a season ticket entitling one to travel at pleasure between specified places on a line of railway; or, a season ticket to a baseball-park, to an art-gallery, or to a place of amusement. A ticket of leave is a permit issued sometimes in Great Britain and her colonies to a prisoner or convict who has served part of his time and who is entrusted with conditional freedom.

All the foregoing are good English words or expressions; but when one reads, in Thackeray's "Newcomes," that a person "is not the ticket, you see," or, in Trollope's "Orley Farm," "That's about the ticket in this country," one has an example of a colloquial or slangy use of the word, in which it signifies the right or correct thing, proper form. When the present writer was a small boy, about as favorable a comment as could be passed on anything was: "that's the ticket." And now, our young folk know, if not everything about something, at least a good deal about tickets.

A Good Instance of Egotism.

A few days before his death, the French poet Colardeau received a visit from his friend, Nicolas Barthe, the dramatic author. Barthe's purpose in calling on that poet was to read to him his latest comedy, "The Egotist." Worn out with aches and pains, Colardeau did not have strength enough even to request that he might be spared such reading. When he had finished, Barthe insisted that the sick man should tell him what he really thought of the play.

"Well, you see in what a state—"

"Yes, yes; but your opinion."

"You have forgotten—forgotten something," murmured Colardeau.

"What is it?"

"A good instance of egotism."

"Let me hear it."

"An author who forces a sick man to listen to one of his works."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Who Goes There?" is the title of a new book by the author of "Aunt Sarah and the War." It is to appear immediately. Burns & Oates are the publishers.

—A revised and enlarged edition of "The Shadow of Peter," by Herbert E. Hall, M. A., is published by Burns & Oates. There is a preface by Cardinal Gasquet.

—A collection of Fra Angelico's Passion pictures, reproduced in color by the Medici Society, with text by Fr. Martindale, S. J., is announced for early publication.

—"Private Judgment," by the Rev. L. A. Lambert, edited by John J. Quinn, Ph. D. (Diederich-Schaefer Co.), is a brochure of fifty-three pages. Like all the apologetic work of the regretted author of "Notes on Ingersoll," it is eminently worth reading.

—Father J. Gliebe, O. F. M., has done an excellent bit of work in his "Dream of Geron-tius," with Introduction and commentary, for use in high schools, academies, and colleges. A brief history of the poem precedes an admirable exposition of its metrical structure, and this is followed by a clear synopsis of the seven paragraphs into which the poem is divided. The critical notes are sufficiently explanatory without being too copious, so that the whole work is confined to a sixteenmo of 92 pages. It should have a wide sale, especially among Catholic educational institutions. Published by Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss.

—A new play by the author of "Peg 'o my Heart" (Mr. J. Hartley Manners) is sure to raise favorable anticipations; it is debatable, however, whether "Wreckage" will fulfil these expectations. To begin with, it is an altogether different sort of play from the other. It is not a care-free comedy, but a serious "problem" play,—a play with purpose pre-pense, its aim being to create such public opinion as will slay the monstrous evil of the drug habit. It is simply a crusade in dialogue. Happily, its object is a noble one. Whether it is at all actable, only experiment can determine. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

—In Leslie Moore's new novel, "The Wiser Folly," there are many passages that will gratify Catholic readers, among them this one:

There is your man, your male individual, all over. Dog-matic religion—however vague the dogma—church-going is often outside his own category, yet for his women folk—to speak against it holds for him a hint

of distaste. It just serves to destroy that soft light of idealism with which he loves to surround women. Every man has one woman, at least, in this idealistic shrine, or, if he has not, he is of all men most miserable. And here it is that your adherents to the old Faith—the oldest Faith in Christendom—have a pull over your so-called enlightened individual. There is always One Woman to whom those of that Faith can turn, one for whom no shrine is too fair, too lofty,—can be bedecked with no too costly wealth of love and homage. Here, in this shrine, at her feet, may idealistic thought of man towards woman be placed, preserved, and cherished.

—"The Heir of Duncarron," by Amy McLaren (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is an excellent example of what can be done in the way of fiction by a woman novelist who is womanly in the oldtime sense—unaffected by the craze for "ologies" and "isms" and eugenics and birth control, and a dozen other sociological hideosities. It is a catholic story in the sense that its appeal is universal,—a good, wholesome novel, telling the love-story of two healthy Scottish young people, with interesting secondary characters, more or less romantic setting, sufficient action, a spice of mystery, and the felicitous dénouement that will satisfy the sympathetic reader. It leaves no bad taste in the mouth, and no unpleasant images in the memory.

—Much space would be required to describe adequately "The Shepherd of the North," by Richard Aumerle Maher (the Macmillan Co.), and to express fully one's admiration for this story. It is altogether uncommonplace, almost in a class by itself; in some respects like the best novels of the day, in others wholly unlike most of them. It is an unusually strong story, with a fresh plot skilfully and purposefully elaborated. The hero is an American bishop whose nobility of character is portrayed in scenes of varied interest, some of them being intensely dramatic. The minor figures, Ruth Lansing in particular, are also well drawn. Of the plot we shall not speak. "The Shepherd of the North" will appeal to a wide circle of readers, and produce, we hope, the same effect upon them that intercourse with Bishop Winthrop produced upon Jeffrey Whiting. The author is to be congratulated both on the promise and the performance of his task.

—Recently published penny pamphlets of the Australian Catholic Truth Society, whose headquarters are at 312 Lonsdale St., Melbourne, are: "The Papacy: A Pastoral Letter," by Cardinal Mercier; "The Christian Home," by Cardinal Gibbons; "Children's Early and Frequent Communion," by the Rev. Joseph

Husslein, S. J.; "The Kulturkampf and its Significance," by Dr. G. R. Baldwin; "National Education: A Statement of Principles and a Comparison of Systems," by P. S. Cleary, L. C.; "The Origin of Life," by the Rev. H. V. Gill, S. J.; "Thoughts on a First Reading of the Life and Poems of Francis Thompson," by Miss N. Boylan; "The Drink Evil in Australia" and "The Priest on the Battlefield," by the Rev. W. J. Lockington, S. J.; "The Mothers of Saints," by the Rev. F. Drouet, C. M.; "The Ethics of War," by the Rev. Edward Masterson, S. J.; "Catholicism and Peace," by the Rev. Joseph Keating, S. J.; "Will They Never Come?" by Constance Clyde; "The Children's Army," by Miriam Agatha; "Ludwig Windthorst," by P. S. Cleary, L. C.; "The Peasant Pontiff," by M. A. S.; "Blessed Peter Chanel," a play for children by T. S. Cornish; "The Mass: A Liturgical Drama," by the Rev. W. Devine, B. A., B. D.; "Mates" and "Some Christmas Stories," by Miriam Agatha; "The Flaming Cross," by the Rev. F. C. Kelley, D. D.; "Through the Furnace," by Benjamin Hoare; and last, but by no means least, "Noël: a Christmas Story," by Christian Reid.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Shepherd of the North." Richard Aumerle Maher. \$1.35.

"The Heir of Duncarron." Amy McLaren. \$1.35.

"The Dream of Gerohtius." Newman-Gliebe. 30 cts.

"Wreckage." J. Hartley Manners. \$1.

"The Expansion of Christianity in the First Three Centuries." Rev. Jean Rivière. 50 cts.

"The Life of St. Columban (St. Columbanus of Bobbio)." Mrs. Thomas Concannon, M. A. \$2.

"Captain Gardiner of the International Police." Robert Allen. \$1.35.

"Christian Feminism." Margaret Fletcher. 20 cts.

"The Blackest Page of Modern History." Herbert Adams Gibbons, Ph. D. 75 cts.

"Mother Mary Veronica, Foundress of the Sisterhood of the Divine Compassion." Rev. Herman J. Heuser, D. D. \$2.

"Talks to Boys." Rev. Joseph Conroy, S. J. 56 cts.

"Christianity and Infallibility." Rev. Daniel Lyons. \$1, net.

"Probation." Maria Longworth Storer. \$1.

"History of Dogma." Tixeront. Vol. III. \$2.

"Europa's Fairy Tales." Joseph Jacobs. \$1.25.

"Mysteries of the Mass in Reasoned Prayers." Rev. W. Roche, S. J. 50 cts.

"What Germany Could Do for Ireland." James K. McGuire. \$1.

"Newman's 'Gentleman.'" Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C. 35 cts.

"Spiritual Director and Physician." From the French of the Rev. Fr. V. Raymond, O. P. Translated by Dom Aloysius Smith, C. R. L. \$1.75.

"The Life of Father de Smet, S. J. (1801-1873)." E. Laveille, S. J. Authorized Translation by Marian Lindsay. \$2.75.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Thomas Brennan, of the diocese of Dallas; and Rev. Anthony Eilert, diocese of Toledo.

Brother Bonaventure, C. S. C.

Sister M. Coronata, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. Charles Miller, Mr. Anthony Berger, Mrs. Henry Bayard, Mrs. Ellen Meany, Mr. John E. Fitzgerald, Mr. Hugo Sicken, Mrs. Augusta Hoening, Mr. Michael Kane, Mr. Thomas Kane, Mrs. Margaret Mahoney, Mr. John Freeman, Mr. Benjamin Foy, Mr. William Blaine, Mr. Maurice Quille, Mr. Edward Cuniff, Mr. J. P. McMahon, Mr. Joseph Steppert, Mrs. Ellen Delahanity, Mr. William Becker, Mr. David Blair, Mrs. J. J. Heany, Mr. J. G. Bieg, Mr. Jacob Gross, Mrs. James Looney, Mr. John Hulzer, and Mr. Joseph Walter.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the starving children in China: Child of Mary, in honor of St. Joseph, \$1; A. M. D. G.—B. V. M., \$75; Rev. M. C., \$5. For the Foreign Missions: M. A. T., \$2. For the Chinese Missions: Mrs. J. O'G., \$1; O. M., \$10. To supply good reading to prisons, hospitals, etc.: Friend, \$5.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. III. (New Series.)

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One April Eve.

BY MATTHEW A. COYLE.

NEATH the broken Figure—white
With death—the Mother stood,
And watched the pallid sight
Fade upon the wood.

The air was still; the birds,
Abashed at man's own deed,
Held back their song; the herds
Of cattle would not feed.

Housed was the Roman chief,
And filled were all the inns,
While God, the branded Thief,
Died, homeless, for our sins.

A Famous Norfolk Priory and Its Shrine.

BY WALTER J. PIPER.



ALTHOUGH England and her people everywhere paid loving allegiance to the Blessed Mother of God in the Ages of Faith, there were undoubtedly certain privileged districts where this devotion was more noticeable than in others. East Anglia, I think it will be generally agreed, may justly claim to be one of these favored spots.

Norfolk, in the Middle Ages, was aptly termed "St. Mary's County"; for within its bounds were to be found numberless ancient fanes dedicated in her honor. Even to this day, there are at least one hundred and fifty parish churches, out

of an approximate seven hundred and thirteen in the county, so dedicated. The patronage of All Saints comes next, with no fewer than one hundred and twenty-seven. Among these, it is conjectured, were many originally called after St. Mary.

Then again there was no county in the realm—perhaps nowhere else in a similar area—where so many religious houses were to be found during the Middle Ages as in Norfolk. Many of these were dedicated to Our Lady. It is estimated by an eminent writer on local monasticism that there were no fewer than one hundred and fifteen. The three great Orders—the monks, Regular Canons, and friars—had respectively eleven, eighteen, and twenty-one houses. There were, besides, secular canonries, hospitallers, Templars, nunneries, forty-two hospitals, etc. A large number of the monasteries possessed shrines to our Blessed Lady. So we may very easily imagine that Norfolk must have been from the earliest times a famous place of pilgrimage from all parts of the country and from abroad.

But perhaps Walsingham, of all the Norfolk shrines, was the one most frequented; for we know that kings and queens, princes and nobles, the rich and the poor, flocked there with their petitions, many of them enduring great hardships to accomplish this labor of love, which was often the one wish of their life,—to offer to our Blessed Lady that homage which they considered was due to her as their Heavenly Queen and Mother. Wal-

singham indeed is so closely associated with our Blessed Lady that we can hardly think of one without the other. The Old-World devotion to Our Lady of Walsingham can never be forgotten by the people of England.

Nearly four hundred years have passed since Henry Tudor's visitors paid their fatal call at the priory gates, followed shortly after by the commissioners. The former in due course sent in to their royal master their "report," which was not flattering to the good Canons. It was a malicious report, which bore on its pages the very stamp of enmity and falsehood.

It is difficult to-day to realize fully, while gazing on the crumbling walls, the ruined arches, and the sleepy villages in the vicinity, that it is actually the same Walsingham which for centuries was the common meeting place of all professing the ancient faith, all bent on venerating the sacred shrine of Our Lady. It was a holy place, full of tender associations and pious thoughts. In spite of the fact that the shrine was situated in a most secluded position (for hardly any place in England at that time could have been more inaccessible than North Norfolk), it attracted many more pilgrims than any other shrine in the country. Multitudes thronged the narrow lanes and roads of Eastern England on their way to this famous priory.

It was piously believed that the very stars in the firmament guided the pilgrims to its locality; for the "Milky Way" was commonly called in those days the "Walsingham Way." And, besides this, to assist the great concourse of people, in nearly every village for ten or twelve miles around there were roadside crosses erected as guiding posts. Crosses were often found, too, as places of rest for the wayfarers. Several remain to this day, notably those of Binham, and others in the district of the Burnhams. There were also many pilgrims' chapels. Two of these are still to be seen,—that of the

celebrated "Slipper House" at Houghton-le-Dale, near Walsingham, and the well-known "Chapel of the Mount" at King's Lynn. The former, we are happy to state, is once again in Catholic hands, and has been restored by a pious lady of the neighborhood.

And what of Walsingham and its priory to-day? The writer during the autumn of last year paid a visit to this ancient town, not in the same way as the pilgrims of old—by the old highway, much less barefooted, as did "Bluff King Henry,"—but by a comfortable, though very prosaic, railway. On leaving the station, a walk of about fifty yards brings us to a narrow street with a couple of ancient inns, a few old-fashioned shops, and a number of cottages, all in a more or less battered condition. In a few minutes we are before a large and dilapidated gateway, very similar to many that may be seen in our old university towns. This gateway the good people of the town call the "Abbey Gate." By its appearance, it dates to the Decorated period. On the front may be noticed two empty niches, and also two side lights, which prove that at some time it was inhabited. Between these windows is carved in stone a man's head, and on each side of the building there are two smaller heads used as gargoyles. They are said to represent the porter and the wardens on the look-out to greet strangers on their arrival.

Entering the gateway and standing beneath its deeply recessed arch, one can not but pause with wonderment and think of the thousands of pilgrims that must have passed under this very arch, each bent on his own pious errand,—some possibly careless and jaunty, others devout and deeply recollected; many undoubtedly in sadness; some to pray for an absent husband or wife, a son or daughter; others to expiate some past sin which had cast a shadow over their lives.

After passing through the arch, we

come upon beautiful gravel paths between the trimmest of turfs, with a border of the darkest of evergreens. On our right is seen a magnificent archway which was originally the great east window of the priory church; it reaches high up above the foliage of the surrounding trees. Every vestige of tracery has disappeared from this beautiful window, which is said to be over sixty feet high. It was erected in the reign of Henry VII. The buttresses on each side consist of three stages of niches rising one above the other,—very similar to St. Osyth's Priory, Essex, and that of St. John's Gate at Colchester. Above this ruined arch is a large rose window, almost perfect, now tenanted by doves, and their gentle cooings have been likened to the "guardian spirits hovering over this sacred place in a form which symbolizes the purity and innocence of the Mother of God." This once beautiful window reminds visitors of the great east window at Glastonbury, where the ruins again rise from the green turf of a modern gentleman's house.

Near Walsingham ruin may be seen a large group of structures, built into a modern house, and forming, in fact, part of it. This is "New Walsingham Abbey," the residence of the present owner of this once holy place, and of the broad acres which were claimed by its priors. The estate is surrounded by a high wall, over a mile in length, giving an air of seclusion to its mansion and grounds. Near the new abbey may be seen a small Saxon doorway said to be a portion of the original church. Parts of the ruined cloisters are still standing, and near by are a large bath and two uncovered wells, now called the "Wishing Wells." Our guide-book informs us that "The pilgrims of old were taught to believe that whoever had permission to drink of the waters could obtain, under certain conditions, whatever he might wish for."

With feeling of sadness we give a last passing glance at this state of desolation, and our minds revert to the venerable

Robert Southwell, S. J., the martyr poet, a Norfolk man, and a native of St. Faith, whose home nestled under the very shadow of the old Benedictine priory of that village. It is told that he paid Walsingham a visit a few years after the dissolution of the priory; and we readily realize his sadness on beholding what met his gaze by the following verses written by him about this time:

Bitter, bitter, oh, to behold the grass to grow
Where the walls of Walsingham stately did
show!

Such were the workes of Walsingham while
shee did stande;

Such are the wrackes as now do shewe of that
holy land.

Levell, levell with the ground the towers do
lye,

Which with their golden glittering tops pearsed
once to the skye.

Weepe, weepe, O Walsingham, whose days are
nights,—

Blessings turned to blasphemies, holy deedes to
dispites!

We now pass to the history of this ancient priory, probably the earliest house of the Austin Canons in England. From Dugdale's "Monasticon" we learn that its erection was due to the piety of a Saxon, the Lady Richeldis de Favaraches, who in 1061 lived at Little Walsingham, and who, in compliance with a warning she had received in a dream was led to found there a church in honor of Our Lady. This church was modelled after the Holy House of Nazareth and dedicated to the Annunciation. Her son, Sir Geoffrey, shortly after the Conquest, endowed it, and granted it to his clerk Edwin, with eight acres of land and many other possessions, agreeing at the same time to make up twenty shillings of rent out of his manor. He also founded a priory beside it; and the two religious houses became, as it has been quaintly said, "two blossoms on one stalk." This Norman church existed for centuries.

About the year 1420 a great church, of the Decorated style, was built to replace this Norman edifice, enclosing at

the same time the Holy House, containing the shrine of Our Lady within its walls. The Holy House itself was very small—23 feet by 18,—and it was roughly constructed of wood; but its interior was brilliantly colored, and the shrine which stood within was “as bright as gold and silver and jewels could make it.” The miraculous image of Our Lady was of small dimensions, and carved from one piece of wood. It appears she was represented as the Madonna seated on a throne, with the Divine Infant on her lap; in her right hand she held a lily. The statue was covered with jewels, from her crown to the loadstone at her feet,—“emblematic of the second and sinless Eve’s victory over the serpent.”

This slight sketch ought to include a few remarks on the pilgrims and historic personages who made their way to Our Lady’s shrine. We find Henry III. came in 1241, and his example was followed by his successors, Edward I., Edward II., Edward III., Henry VI., and Edward IV., who was accompanied by his queen. In 1344 David Bruce, King of Scotland, with his retinue and twenty knights, stayed at the priory on the way to Edinburgh. In 1486 Henry VII., while on a visit to Norwich, “went from thence as a pilgrim to Walsingham, where he visited Our Lady’s church famous for miracles, and made his prayers and vows for help and deliverance.” In 1487, after the battle of Stoke-on-Trent, the same king sent his banner to be placed in the priory church. A few years afterwards he made a second visit.

During the next reign, Henry VIII.—soon to become the spoiler of the shrine,—appears before the great gate of the priory as a humble pilgrim, having walked barefoot from East Barsham in order to bestow a valuable necklace upon the miraculous statue. On this occasion he stopped at the chapel of Houghton-le Dale. This was in the year 1510. Three years later Queen Catherine, as she was nearing Walsingham, learned the news of

the victory of Flodden Field. The Duke of Norfolk came in 1457, and again in 1469, with the duchess; the Duke of Buckingham, in 1478; Cardinal Wolsey, in 1517; and Erasmus, it is recorded, made two visits.

In the “Paston Letters” much is said about Our Lady’s clients, and of their frequent visits to her shrine. One can hardly bear to think of the next few years. Pilgrims came and went as usual; but the ominous clouds looming up in the distance must have already cast their shadows even over this remote shrine. At last the storm broke, and the final destruction of the religious houses was as swift as it was irreparable.

And so it came about that Walsingham soon learned of its fate. It was in 1534 that the prior and his convent were called upon to subscribe to the King’s Supremacy. Soon after—on August 4th, 1538,—the priory was surrendered into the King’s hands. Sad to say, the Canons, on the whole, throughout the country were not so faithful as they should have been; yet there were many who preferred to lay down their lives rather than betray their Faith or give up the property that was consecrated to the service of God. Among the latter were the sub-prior and sixteen of his brother Canons. Fifteen of these are said to have been condemned for high treason, and at least five were executed. It was probably in this same year that the miraculous image of Our Lady was sent to Chelsea to be publicly burned.

One is reminded at this point of an observation which occurs in one of Monsignor Benson’s books when he was writing of these sad times: “When Mary was torn from her niche, Jesus soon left the Tabernacle.” Alas, how true! For, within ten years the site of this famous minster, and hundreds of others besides, had become a ruin and a wilderness, and what remained of the house of God the home of the owl and the bat.

In conclusion, I will redeem my promise

to say a few words about the revival of devotions to Our Lady of Walsingham in the county where she once loved to bestow her favors. The most prominent of these is the special devotion in her honor at the church at King's Lynn. Many years ago, when Father George Wigglesworth was rector of that mission, a plan was devised for modelling a copy of the little sanctuary that stood in the midst of the ancient minster. This was successfully carried out, and is now within the church mentioned, whither a numerous pilgrimage wends its way every year. The statue in this pretty church was specially blessed by his Holiness Leo XIII. The Holy Rosary is recited there daily, and lamps are constantly kept burning before the little shrine. Besides this, there is a church built at Fakenham, in the immediate neighborhood of Walsingham, where this devotion is practised with great fervor.

But perhaps the greatest acquisition towards the devotion we are considering is the possession of the "Slipper Chapel" at Houghton-le-Dale. Dom Feasey, in his book on Walsingham, says "it is one of the most perfect of its kind in the country," and was in pre-Reformation days the property of the Benedictines of St. Faith's Priory, as was also the village church of Houghton. The chapel is thoroughly restored and superbly furnished. A presbytery has been added to this ancient chapel, and the whole property placed once more in the possession of its original owners—the Benedictine Order. It is hoped that this chapel will play a conspicuous part in reviving and fostering the devotion to Our Lady of Walsingham.

Last, but not least, the capital of Norfolk is showing signs of this revival; for in the magnificent minster erected in Norwich by the Duke of Norfolk—a fane of cathedral proportions—we find in the north transept an apsidal chapel called the Walsingham Chapel. This, with its splendid stained-glass windows—each rep-

resenting a scene in the story of Walsingham—will surely act as an incentive for the old devotion in this twentieth century. The centre light shows our Blessed Lady, as before described. In the predella below may be seen Queen Catherine returning thanks for the victory of Flodden Field (September 13, 1513). On her right kneels the victor, Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey and afterwards Duke. His wife Agnes stands by his side. The famous miraculous image is shown on the right of the altar. A legend below reads: "Queen Catherine giving thanks for the victory of Flodden, 1513." There are also five other lights giving different episodes in the varied history of Walsingham's famous shrine.

I think sufficient has been written to justify my optimism in declaring that there is a steady revival of Walsingham's devotion, that a bright future is before us, and that the sun of prosperity will rise again and shine upon our endeavors with the same warmth as it did in ages past. This all depends upon England's seeing the error of her ways, and desiring once again to return to the Ages of Faith. But will she ever return? The similitude of our Blessed Lord will help us to arrive at a proper conclusion: "When the branch is now tender, and the leaves come forth, you know that the summer is nigh." When, then, we witness manifestations not only of faith, but also of fervor, may we not hope to believe that a new age of faith is nigh?

LIFE is rich in contrasts; and a susceptible and highly-strung human soul would break down, like a bridge under the measured tread of soldiers, if it were allowed to let the burden of the heaviest thoughts and strongest feeling work upon it in undisturbed monotony. But just as in music every key-note has its harmonies, so when we cause one chord of our heart to vibrate for long, all sorts of strange notes respond and clang, often those which we least expect.—*Anon.*

James Harrington, M. D.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XV.

NOW, although the Doctor had told his mother very little of what had been going forward for a considerable time in relation to the so-called Professor, and nothing at all with regard to Gianetta, she had been very fully informed. Acquaintances, particularly those old cronies who came from time to time to enjoy a sociable cup of tea, did not fail to let her know, chiefly under the guise of sympathy and commiseration, all that was being said concerning her son. And her clear, penetrating judgment was able to show how vague were those allegations, and that there was not a single thing definite, not one into which probability even remotely entered. Every one, of course, expressed her disbelief; and it must be owned that it was not only to the Doctor's mother that such incredulity was expressed.

To her son, Mrs. Harrington had never mentioned the matter; but through all that trial—which seemed to be sent because it would be most grievous of all to one of that son's calibre—the mother, like Moses on the mountain-top, was the silent force which comforted and sustained him. Her gift of silence, of discretion, was, perhaps, the most wonderful thing about her,—a sixth sense, a tentacle, by which she could hold knowledge and use it beneficially.

At last came a time when she had certain information which she could no longer withhold. She waited until the quiet hour when they sat together, with the old clock on the mantle ticking away moments and hours of her own noble life, which had given tone and color to that other.

"My son," she said quietly, "the girl Gianetta was here to-day."

The Doctor started. That name, from

its association with so much that was disagreeable, had naturally become hateful to him. But he only said:

"I hope she did not annoy you."

The mother made a gesture as if waving away an unpleasant subject.

"Oh, no!" she replied. "There was no room for that now. The girl was a very pitiable object. She was in a fury of indignation at first, but I managed to calm her down. It was so easy, after all; and she sobbed like a heartbroken child."

The Doctor could imagine the scene,—the strong, calm influence of his mother controlling that mad outburst of passion, and touching the gaping wound of that sin-stained, miserable creature with hands of love and pity.

"We can think of nothing but pity," the mother continued, though her son had averted his face, as if the subject were unendurable, "and of how we can help."

"There is no way *we* can help, mother," the Doctor said. "It would never do at all. Neither you nor I can have anything to do with her."

"Can we not, you and I, rise above vulgar malice and outrageous calumny, which bear their own refutation?" asked the mother.

The Doctor silently bent his head. Strong man as he was, never in all his thirty-seven years of life had he withstood that influence.

"She is in dire straits, alone and friendless. After a quarrel, her brother cast her off. And, indeed, his conduct of late, as you know, has made her position in his house intolerable. She has gradually lost her work. People are afraid of her. It seems her very attitude towards you has roused indignation against her in the better class of the Griffintown population, and the others will do nothing."

"But, mother dear, what is the cause of all these new misfortunes? She is perfectly well able, I think, to fight her own battles."

"It is the old, sad story of a man who has deceived and abandoned her."

"I need not ask the name of the man!" cried the Doctor. "Good heavens, to think that that scoundrel has added this to his other villainy!"

"Leave the man to God, my son," said the mother, solemnly. "And, indeed, things are not so bad as they appear, since she tells me he was secretly married to her. She has her 'marriage lines.' It is true the ceremony was performed by a minister who has since left the town. The better to keep the matter secret and probably for other reasons, the prospective husband refused to go near a priest."

"The villain!" cried the Doctor.

"The girl has kept his secret very closely, however, until she heard that he was attempting marriage with—a lady very much above him in station. At least he had proposed to her."

Again the Doctor started. He guessed with absolute certainty, though his mother did not mention the name, who that lady would be. He seemed to see as in a flash that whole plan of action. Gianetta had ingratiated herself into the graces of the woman of fashion, and, ostensibly for his pecuniary interests, had brought her into contact with the Professor. Poor little Lucy Forrester, in her silliness and soreness of heart, her pique, or whatever might be the nature of her sentiments towards himself, had gone to the length of involving herself with a scoundrel.

Dr. Harrington did not know all, but he could make a tolerably shrewd surmise as to the course of events. Professor Jackson, ignoring his past, would, no doubt, have represented himself as a man of wealth, a scientist, a dabbler in the occult,—all of which would have proved attractive to the poor little widow, with her love of new sensations.

The Doctor, who was usually the last one to hear gossip, much as he mingled with his fellowmen, and with such widely differing classes, had been informed, in fact, that Mrs. Forrester had taken the

self-styled Professor to drive in her carriage. He had been astonished by the act, which he did not suspect was done in a spirit of revenge towards himself. He had at first thought of playing the part of a friend, and writing to remonstrate and to warn her against any intimacy with such a man. But he was sensitive, and that warning might have been open to misconstruction. He was quite unaware that Mrs. Forrester had gone further, and on more than one occasion permitted the supposed scientist to drive her out in a showy equipage which he had lately acquired. Naturally, she would never have done so had she been aware of the man's antecedents, his life in Griffintown, and the rest, concerning which Gianetta had been careful to keep her in the dark. The few of her own circle who had had any dealings with the charlatan kept that knowledge religiously to themselves; though they wondered privately what the exclusive Mrs. Forrester, vague and unreflecting as she was about most things, could be thinking of in encouraging such a man, whose intentions were evidently matrimonial.

But it must be owned that the young widow had no idea of carrying her pique to the extent of marrying a creature like Jackson. Even to her silliness, and despite a certain influence he had over her, such an idea would have seemed preposterous. True, she was to some degree attracted by the man. He carried the art of flattery to the highest possible degree; and he was able to persuade her that he, being a man of deep learning and high culture, was able to appreciate the lady's qualities as well as her rare and ethereal beauty, which he extolled in all sorts of images carefully collated from books of poetry he had read.

He very wisely left to Gianetta nearly all abuse of the Doctor. Only occasionally did he indulge in enigmatic words or phrases concerning that member of the medical fraternity 'who had shown so paltry a spirit of spite and jealousy

towards him, and had been active in his persecution. For himself, he was above such pettiness.' Mrs. Forrester could never guess what exquisite satisfaction it gave him to see how completely she had lent herself to his own efforts and that of his fellow-conspirator, Gianetta, who had shown a positive genius in the matter. Many a low chuckling laugh escaped him as he gloated in secret over that success, which he fancied himself to have attained in much larger measure than was really the case.

Judging the Doctor by himself, and knowing nothing of the latter's attitude towards Miss Wharton, he had thought it beyond question that his adversary had intended to marry the rich widow. Whether it was for love—a passion, by the way, for which Jackson professed a supreme contempt—or for purely mercenary motives, did not matter. The latter seemed the more probable, since it was unlikely that a man of the calibre of Dr. Harrington, for whom Jackson felt a reluctant admiration, could be attracted by such a feather weight. But, in any case, it would be the finest of revenges if the widow could be induced to marry himself.

At first this had seemed utterly out of the question. He had merely, as he declared to Gianetta, hoped to pick up some of the feathers from the golden goose by obtaining high fees for his professional services. But of late the presumptuous design had formed itself in his head of securing the bird itself. It would be such a bitter mortification for the Doctor! And, though he lived there no longer, he frequently visited his old quarters, especially after dark, for the fabrication of his syrup; and there he often paced up and down the familiar dining room, convulsed with sardonic mirth as he pictured the Doctor reading that marriage announcement in the papers.

Martha Craney often wondered what he was at, there above her head, when

he walked about thus, and sometimes talked aloud, in the frenzy of his hate or the exuberance of his rejoicing at the blow which he hoped to inflict upon his adversary. But the old woman was more afraid of him than ever. For on his return from his supposed sojourn in the United States, where he had really remained but a short time, he had, as he said himself, "led her a dance,"—caused her to walk over burning ploughshares for every one of her innocent pastimes during his absence. It was he, indeed, who had spied upon her from the side window, not only upon one occasion, when she had detected him, but upon many others, till he had been baffled by the heavy curtain. He had punished her by every device short of actual violence. He had caused her to rehearse the same scenes; he had mimicked her attitude; he had threatened her with imprisonment for opening his desk or peering into his cupboards, though these latter deeds he had not seen her do, but had only surmised their commission, until he had her begging for mercy before him.

When he learned through the butcher's boy that she had sent for Dr. Harrington, he had taken down a dog whip; and, though he did not strike her, he had threatened her with such fury in voice and accent that she had whimpered aloud in terror, and shivered with chattering teeth for some time after she was released from his presence. In fact, she was utterly subdued, entirely cowed; though there were wild moments when she had thought of flight. Nor did she any longer enjoy her master's absence from the house when he had repaired to his new and luxurious dwelling. She always felt afraid that he might be somewhere in the vicinity and spying upon her; for one of his first acts had been to remove the curtain from the window.

Now, in the way of Mr. Jackson's latest scheme there was one formidable obstacle, and that was the girl Gianetta. For a couple of years he had paid court

to her,—at first, because he had been really attracted by her showy style of good looks, which were precisely of a sort to please him; then by a certain force of character she had managed for a considerable time to hold him, as well as to sustain and assist him in his various schemes. She had entered with the greatest ardor into his vindictive sentiments against the Doctor; for, besides having her personal grievances, she had made her own of Jackson's. Her infatuation for the latter had induced her to consent to a secret marriage. The man had urged it at the time, but he had since cursed himself for his folly.

To Gianetta, that had been the supreme moment of her life when she had bound herself to him by what she believed to be inviolable bonds. She had been astute enough, it is true, to distrust somewhat the secrecy with which it had been attended, and the Professor's elaborate precautions against discovery. She had also hesitated a little when he had suggested a Methodist minister as the celebrant of that ill-starred union. She had never had sufficient religion or conscience to make her repulsion to that suggestion either very deep or efficacious. But on many accounts she would have preferred that Father Connolly, the pastor, or one of the other priests of St. Patrick's, should perform the ceremony. That would have made it still more binding, she fancied, and have given it its proper value in the whole of Griffintown.

But Professor Jackson had a fierce bigotry of his own; and he extended his hatred of the Doctor to the clergy, especially since they had taken part in a campaign against him. He was resolved that he would never permit one of those "Mass mongers" to marry him. And perhaps in the back of his mind was the reason precisely opposite to that of Gianetta—that he did not want the marriage made too binding. As the time came when he was tempted by the golden prospect of a marriage with the rich and influential

widow, while at the same time indulging his passion for revenge, he fancied that it would be easy to invalidate his marriage to Gianetta. The minister was a none too reputable personage: he had chosen him as being needy, friendly to himself, and having an unhappy tendency to drink. If he had kept any register at all, it might be easy to obtain possession of it. And for that purpose he took a trip to the border town, where that unfortunate man, giving up his charge, had buried himself. The result of that journey, with the sum which he expended, was quite satisfactory to Jackson. Everything seemed in the villain's favor. But in all his calculations he had reckoned without Gianetta, and it was precisely in leaving her out of his reckoning that his schemes were put to naught.

Now, though Mrs. Forrester had never forgiven Gianetta for her share in the unhappiness that was really undermining her health, still, at rare intervals, she employed the girl for the work of reconstruction on her toilettes, in which she found her more skilful than any one else. It was on one of these occasions that the fine lady broke through the frozen reserve, in which she had lately enwrapped herself as in a veil, and confided to Gianetta that that ridiculous Professor had so far forgotten himself as to propose marriage to her. Mrs. Forrester told the astounding fact simperingly and coquetishly, though she affected to consider the offer absurd. Gianetta, listening, grew pale and red by turns, and was gradually working herself into a fury. Her only comment, however, in a voice so choked by rage that it was scarcely audible was:

"Oh, the villain! the villain!"

If Mrs. Forrester, absorbed in her own thoughts, and anxious for a listener, caught this expression at all, she would only have supposed that the girl was marvelling at the Professor's presumption. Gianetta had played her part and served all his purposes in that drama which had

been enacted, and had actually paved the way for this. Of late he had kept away from her altogether, always harping upon the necessity for caution when she had gone to reproach him, saying that she would have her brother and the whole of Griffintown in arms against her because she had been married by a minister. On other occasions he had flown into a rage and threatened to leave Montreal for good and all, and to put the ocean between them.

That was an alternative which he had in mind, should this bold attempt he was making with the widow come to naught. Indeed, it was his intention, should Mrs. Forrester consent to marry him, as his fatuous vanity led him to expect, to induce her to live abroad, since he knew that he would never feel safe in the near neighborhood of Gianetta. Should the lady's consent be gained, he meant to hurry over the marriage in as quiet a manner as possible. After that, if need be, he would boldly deny his first marriage, of which he had been made to believe there was now no record save the certificate. He had arranged all that with the fallen minister, who had given him what he supposed to be the only copy of a page from a register. As for Gianetta's "lines," he meant to declare them a forgery. He counted very much on the girl's friendless position, on the degradation to which the brother had reduced himself, and to the enemies which she had made in Griffintown. It would go hard, if his word did not prevail against hers. In any case, as in the commission of any other crime, the man blinded himself to the possible consequences, hoping for impunity in his most audacious attempt. Never once had it occurred to him to count upon the course of action which Gianetta had actually taken.

Moreover, he had found Mrs. Forrester much less easy of conquest than he had anticipated. She was perfectly willing to bask in the sunshine of his flattery, to be amused and interested by his pretended

communications with the unseen, his references to the occult. To her he seemed a remarkably interesting personage, and she enjoyed to the full those séances at his handsome house, into which he threw an air of mystery. She always attended these with a confidential friend, and usually found there a select group of other patients or disciples. The Professor at first prescribed some doses of his "cure all," put up now in small and very ornamental bottles; and then, having pronounced Mrs. Forrester cured, she was willing to accept the verdict.

It had been a more daring move on his part when he had induced her to give him a seat in her sleigh, and next to drive out with him in the showy equipage which he had purchased on credit for the purpose. Only once during the course of these conversations had the talk turned upon Gianetta. The Professor had spoken of her as one of his poorer patients, such as did not very often come into a practice which, he suggested, was for the select few, who alone were permitted to attend those esoteric meetings. He took the opportunity to express the regretful opinion that the girl's mind was unbalanced, and he subtly conveyed to the lady an impression that her infirm mentality had taken up certain fancies in relation to himself. This was to prepare her mind for any disclosures that Gianetta might ever make.

He was foolishly counting as a help to his deception the strained relations between Mrs. Forrester and Gianetta. Since he had been keeping away from her, and since Mrs. Forrester did not mention the subject, he had no means of knowing that they had met, and that the fine lady, despite her late displeasure, had actually stooped to repose confidences in the sewing girl. He remembered with satisfaction that in one of his last interviews with Gianetta, she had made much of the sad necessity which she was under, in the working out of their plans, to give up a lucrative position, and lose the foot-

hold she had gained in the good graces of the wealthy widow. Gianetta, whether stunned by the unexpected revelation which her employer had made, or merely to gain time for deliberation upon what was to be done, had said no word to Mrs. Forrester, but had stolen away, wounded to the heart and burning with rage.

The parts had been completely reversed between them, and it was now Gianetta's turn to receive from Mrs. Forrester's hand that same cup of bitterness which she herself had dispensed so recently to this woman whose slightest wish, save in that one important particular of the Doctor, had hitherto been law. It was, as the girl intuitively felt it to be, a Nemesis; and that circumstance in itself had momentarily paralyzed her energies, and left her uncertain as to the proper course of action.

(To be continued.)

Dusk Dreams.

BY ARTHUR J. EVANS, S. J.

WHEN in the cool of Orient even,
Thy Treasure, cradled on thy breast,
Beheld afar the wide-flung heaven
Dusty with star-gold east and west,
Would Jesus say celestial fires
Grew dim before thy face,
The spotlessness of angel choirs
Blushed at thy purer grace?
Or would His arms entwine thee now
With strands of heaven's light,
And diadem thy brooding brow
With all the stars of night?
Did He unbar the door a space
To courts beyond the blue,
To show thee thy predestined place,
Thy seraph retinue?
His laughter, did it seek to hide
The sadness of the after-time;
Or baby tearlets e'er confide
That tale of sacrifice sublime,
Made from Salvation's bleeding Tree?
Ah, Mother, said He aught of me?

Our Goodly Heritage.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

X.—DIVINE GRACE.

INCORPORATED with Christ in His mystical body the Church, sharing the divine life which pulsates from the Head, through the body, to each separate member, we are lifted up beyond the plane of our natural being, and, by our participation in the life of Christ in the Church, are made capable of, and put upon the road to, our final destiny—the Beatific Vision of the Godhead in heaven above. That destiny, the glorious vision and reciprocal intimate love of God as He is in Himself, is, as we have already seen, altogether beyond the power and scope of our unaided nature and its faculties.

There is nothing in our nature as human beings—nothing, that is, in man as man—that demands, as the natural development of our faculties, capacity for the supernatural vision and the supernatural love of the Infinite God. That we should have been elevated to so high a destiny, and should have received the supernatural means by which alone we can attain it, are therefore purely gratuitous benefits from the goodness of God. No created, finite intelligence, though it were that of an archangel, can reach by itself, and remaining on its own plane, the direct intellectual perception, intuition, or "vision" of the Divine Being in its essential nature,—the vision of God as He is; nor, consequently, can it attain to the intimate supernatural love of friendship with God,—that lover's love, which can arise only from knowing Him "even as we are known."*

Naturally—that is to say, by use of our unaided natural faculties—we can do no more than validly infer the existence of God from His creation; know somewhat of His nature and attributes from their image faintly mirrored in His works,

* I. Cor., xiii. 12.

and love Him with an inferior love. Hence our supernatural destiny, the face-to-face vision, the intimate knowledge and love that shall be ours in heaven, involves the gift to us by God of wholly supernatural powers and energies, and, indeed, of a new supernatural life and mode of being conferred upon the soul.

At the same time there is in human nature, by its creation, a capacity for receiving this supernatural life. Our faculties of intellect, will, and the rest, are capable of being elevated by supernatural endowments with a view to the high destiny for which we are in this world. For God, when He decreed to create man, decreed also to lift him up above the plane of the natural, and designed his nature therefore such that he could receive supernatural life and endowments; these being grafted, as it were, upon a nature provided, in its making, with a point of insertion.

The soul is constituted in its new and supernatural life by grace, conferred upon our first parents, lost by their sin, restored to us by Jesus Christ, flowing from Him, the Head, to His members in the mystical body,—that grace which is termed in Catholic doctrine “divine sanctifying grace.” This is truly a new creation, a new birth, inasmuch as it gives to the soul a new mode of existence. By grace the natural man is made spiritually a new creature; for the very essence and being of the soul is affected by grace, and infused with new principles of supernatural activities.

This is first effected by the Sacrament of Regeneration, holy baptism; and not otherwise than by incorporation in Christ Himself through membership of His mystical body, into which by baptism we enter. Then it is that the divine life of grace, deriving from the Incarnate Word, who is the Source and Fount of all grace given to men, is poured out in us by the operation of the Holy Spirit of Christ; making us “in Christ a new creature.”*

What is the intimate nature, the ultimate essence of sanctifying grace as a created entity, we can not know clearly till we see all things in the vision of God; for it is among those wholly supernatural matters, of which the essential nature is beyond the reach of our understanding till the veil of faith shall be drawn aside. At the same time Holy Scripture and the divine tradition of the Church supply us with analogical concepts that give us some knowledge of what grace is, and tell us enough of its action and effects to assure us that, with the gifts that are annexed thereto, it is the most precious of all things that God has bestowed upon us, except only the gift of Himself. We know, in fact, that grace is the very means by which God makes our hearts and souls His home; the means also by which our being and faculties reach out to Him, possess Him, and become His own possession.

Sanctifying grace is a real and permanent quality infused into the soul by the Holy Ghost, who dwells in the blessed soul of Christ and in the souls of Christ’s members, and pours out in them the gifts of grace and charity. By grace the soul is sanctified and unspeakably ennobled, since grace produces in us a likeness to God far closer and truer than that which we have by our creation. By grace we are made sons of God and brothers of Jesus. Our sonship of God by grace is a sonship of adoption, it is true; for only the Eternal Word of God can have sonship by divine generation: yet this sonship of adoption by grace is no mere legal fiction. It produces in us a new and true relationship to God in Christ His Son, with whom we become mysteriously identified as members of Christ; being taken thus into the family of the Divine Trinity. By grace God dwells in us, and we become shrines of the Blessed Three-in-One.

Together with sanctifying grace, the gifts of faith, hope and charity are bestowed upon us, as well as moral virtues and the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost.

* II. Cor., iv, 17.

As sanctifying grace is a new and supernatural life permeating and renewing the soul's inmost being and essence, so faith, hope, and charity are as the operative faculties of that new life, elevating our natural faculties to the performance of supernatural acts proper to that new life,—acts by which we tend to, and ultimately reach, our final supernatural destiny; while the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost are as supernatural instincts, making us readily and promptly, and as it were “connaturally,” responsive to the influences and inspirations of the Spirit of God,—just as the instinct of self-preservation, for instance, makes a man instantly and almost automatically ward off a blow.

By grace, again, and its inseparable accompaniments, faith, hope, and charity, the life of the Christian even here below is truly assimilated to the life of God Himself; since by faith he already knows God in a supernatural manner, though at present “as in a glass, in a dark manner”; by hope he makes real to himself the good things to come, the future possession of God in heaven; by divine charity he is actually united to God in the bonds of a mutual love that shall last into eternity. Thus, as God's own life is a life of divine self-knowledge, self-contemplation, and love, so the life of a Christian in a state of grace is a life of knowing and loving God after a manner higher than mere natural knowledge and love; though it is true that now God veils Himself from our direct vision, awaiting the snapping of the slender thread of life to show Himself, unveiled at last, in the light of glory.

It is the teaching of the Church that every act, even the simplest, done for God in a state of grace—such as the giving of a cup of cold water,—is meritorious of an eternal reward; also that sanctifying grace is susceptible of increase, and is increased in the soul by every good work, by prayer, and by sacraments received. This increase is by way of a more and more intense permeation, and

a more and more complete possession, of the soul by its divine influence,—as fire more and more intensely permeates and possesses iron as the furnace is fanned.

It is of vast importance to increase our store of grace as much as possible; for to the degree of grace possessed at death will be proportioned the degree of glory and bliss in soul and body that we shall receive hereafter; and every additional degree of glory will be like a new heaven superadded to our joy. Here is a convincing reason for frequent reception of the sacraments, by which grace is greatly augmented; and also for constancy in prayer and all good works, by which we trade with this great talent entrusted to us. With every increase of grace, the supernatural virtues also are increased; and thus not only our merits for life eternal grow greater and greater, but our supernatural powers of knowing, loving, and serving God grow too.

Now, it is an axiom of Catholic philosophy that no creature can bring its powers and faculties into actual exercise without a concurrent action on the part of God. This is so even in the natural order. St. Paul implied this when he said to the Athenians that in God “we live and move and are.”* The philosophical reason is that a new act of any kind is a new entity; and no creature, of itself and by itself, can produce a new entity: there is needed for this the concurrence of the Creator, the Primal Cause of all being. Thus I can not think a new thought, make a new determination of my will, or perform a physical act, without God's concurrence, which, indeed, in these things is given as part of His ordinary laws in the conduct of His creation. Such action of God upon the creature—action which does not interfere with free will, nor make the act less the creature's own,—when concerned with natural actions is called the “natural concurrence” of God. In the supernatural order, and when given for and adapted to the eliciting by us

* Acts, xvii, 28.

of supernatural actions—such as prayer, acts of faith, hope, love or contrition, or any good action meritorious of eternal life,—it is a supernatural concurrence of God, which He grants when and to whom He wills.

This action of God upon the creature is none other than what we term actual grace. Actual grace is a transitory divine influence, impulse, or movement, by which we are enabled to put into action the divine life and supernatural powers constituted of sanctifying grace and the supernatural virtues; also, in the case of those not yet possessing sanctifying grace, actual grace enables them to tend towards their justification. As in the natural order our co-operation with the divine concurrence is necessary for the performance of an action, so also our co-operation is necessary in the supernatural order of grace. It is ours to accept and to use actual grace; and we are free to reject it or leave it on one side.

A whole chain of actual graces, down to the final grace of perseverance at the last, is necessary for salvation. These graces are most wonderfully prepared and adapted by God to suit the character, the temptations, and the circumstances of each one. By using well the graces offered to us, we can merit further graces. But the first and last grace—the grace of final perseverance—we can not merit by anything we do: the first, from the very nature of the case, since grace can not be merited except by the aid of grace already given; and the last, by the secret disposition of the holy will of God, who has decreed that it shall be so.

Many are the means of obtaining actual graces from our most loving Father in heaven,—sacraments, sacramentals, the intercession of saints, the prayers and blessings of the Church, in a special degree the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; and, always available, as they are most necessary and indispensable, our own humble and persevering prayers to God. By prayer, indeed, the grace of final perse-

verance itself, which, strictly speaking, can not be merited, can be, as St. Augustine puts it, “merited by supplication.” In other words, God will certainly grant it to constant, earnest, and humble prayer. There is no doubt whatever, from the teaching of Holy Scripture and the saints, that those who pray well will secure their salvation; while those who neglect prayer are throwing salvation away.

St. Alphonsus spoke of his little book on prayer as the most valuable he had ever written, and wished that every Christian might read it. He complained, too, that the paramount and urgent necessity of prayer as an indispensable means of grace and salvation was not nearly enough insisted upon by preachers and confessors. It is true that God gives to all men sufficient grace by which they can save their souls if they will; but many fail to use that grace, and, through neglecting prayer, do not attain to perseverance.

Amongst those who read these lines there may be some who are often discouraged in their fight with sin. They are inclined to ask how it is that, with the abundant riches of the grace of God, they do not succeed in overcoming temptations. It is not God's fault. Such persons must remember that past sins have deprived them of many graces that might have been theirs; that sinners have need of special and powerful graces to re-establish them in a good life and to effect a permanent cure. These graces are to be obtained by earnest repentance, heartfelt prayer, and a careful and frequent use of the sacraments. Let such persons begin to take themselves seriously,—seriously reflect on the supreme importance of getting right with God, that they may not be deprived here and hereafter alike of the goodly heritage to which they have a right.

Let them begin by a thoroughly good confession; go on by daily and hourly prayer in simple words straight from the heart; with a good will, let them begin

to do things, even little things, for God, in spite of falls,—little acts of self-denial, little kindnesses to others for Christ's sake, little acts of praise and of thanksgiving, as well as of sorrow for sin. Let them be regular and persevering in these things, and in going to the sacraments whatever may befall, and graces will be showered more and more upon them; God's grace will win the victory in time; and, in answer to their fervent prayers, the grace of final perseverance will at last crown the work.

(To be continued.)

From Camp to Cloister.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

THE transition from the camp to the cloister, from the soldier's life to that of the ascetic—priest, monk or missionary,—has not been infrequent in the history of the Church. Neither is the transition incongruous. Many of the qualities required in a soldier are analogous to those inculcated in or cultivated by the religious or the priest,—self-oblation; devotion to a cause, or what the French call *dévouement*; submission to superiors; comradeship in a common cause, or *esprit de corps*; self-effacement, or the subordination of self-opinion to the general aim or direction determined by those in authority. The army is a great school of discipline, of fidelity to duty even at the sacrifice of life, just as the Church is, with this difference that in the former only human aims or ends are sought to be achieved; while in the latter, human organization and methods are only aids to the attainment of the highest of all objects—the salvation of souls.

But we have not had to wait for a war to make manifest the spirit of sacrifice, of abnegation, of heroic fidelity to a high ideal, of which some are capable. In a small volume of one hundred and twenty-four pages, Father Joseph Smith, C. P., has just related the life-history of one

who was a fine example of those noble qualities—Father Paul Mary Pakenham, the saintly Passionist. Of noble lineage, with all the adventitious aids to advancement which rank and fortune insure, with brilliant and alluring prospects, with a splendid career before him, he turned aside from all these attractions, when in the prime of life, to become a humble religious. Accustomed to all the refinements and luxuries of a life of ease, this high-bred gentleman joined one of the most austere Orders in the Church to lead henceforward a mortified life, practising extreme self-denial, the severest self-discipline, and humility the most abject.

Son of the second Earl of Longford, and grandson of the first Earl Beauchamp, brother of Sir Francis John Pakenham (British Envoy at Buenos Ayres and Minister Plenipotentiary to Paraguay) brother also of a rear admiral in the British Navy, and nephew of the Duke of Wellington, the renowned victor of Waterloo,—the Honorable Charles Reginald Pakenham was born at Longford House, 10 Rutland Square, Dublin (now, by a freak of fortune, the headquarters of Irish Orangeism), on September 21, 1821.

Most biographers make it a point to search out and bring to light traits in early life which foreshadow the future careers of their heroes. Very little is known of the first years of young Pakenham beyond the fact that they were passed between the town house of the family in Dublin and their country-seat, Pakenham Hall, Castlepollard, in the county of Westmeath. It is related, however, that once, when he was convalescent after a serious illness, his Irish Catholic nurse took the child for an airing to her native village of Kiltoom, and, like a devout Irishwoman, went into the unpretentious parish church to say her prayers. The aged parish priest, a man of very holy life, was attracted by the appearance and intelligence of the little Protestant boy; and, patting his head with fatherly fondness, and blessing him, said at parting:

"This child will yet be a light in the Church of God."

Before that prophecy was to receive its fulfilment, however, Pakenham was to gain experience of the world in quite a different sphere. Personal inclination as well as parental choice led to his embracing a military career. On July 14, 1835, he entered Sandhurst. Four years later he was gazetted an ensign in the 72d Regiment, then in Barbados. He rose rapidly. On October 12, 1841, he was made lieutenant, and in 1846 captain of the 69th Foot. On the 24th of October of the same year he was transferred as captain to the 1st Battalion of the Grenadier Guards, when his uncle, Major-General Lygon, Inspector-General of Cavalry, appointed him his aide-de-camp.

The world was before him, beckoning him to follow an earthly career leading directly to fame and fortune. He had started under the most favorable auspices, and was most likely to rise higher and higher in the profession he had adopted. Neither was he at all insensible to its allurements. "He used to say," observes Father Tennyson Woods, who wrote a brief biographical sketch of him for an Australian Catholic magazine, "that he led a wild and dissipated life at this time; but it does not appear so from other circumstances, at least in the sense in which dissipation is usually taken. He was too studious, retiring and temperate to be dissipated; and at the very time he told me that he was so hard a student that he would spend six or eight hours a day in study when not otherwise engaged. Thus he acquired not only a thorough knowledge of his profession, but also of four or five modern languages, all of which he could speak with tolerable fluency."

The Pakenhams were Protestants; and Irish Protestants, it is well known, are hidebound in their prejudices. Numerically in the minority, the paucity of their numbers has a narrowing influence upon their outlook. It was not then dis-

established, and was theoretically identified with the Church of England "as by law established"; but their Church stood aloof from the current of religious thought which, set in motion by the Tractarians, was disintegrating Protestantism across the Channel. Pakenham's uncle was Dean of St. Patrick's in Dublin,—the deanery made historic by Swift. Fortunately, his nephew's longer residence in England safeguarded him from the taint of local bigotry, and drew him within the radius of the High Church party, who took a sympathetic interest in the Catholicizing tendencies of Tractarianism, which were anathema to Irish Protestants.

During a visit to Ireland about 1841, as he was journeying from Sligo to Longford, he fell into conversation with McCloskey, the stage-coach driver (a bit of a controversialist in his way), who, at parting, gave him a Catholic book to read, assuring him that if he did so he would be of a different opinion when they next met. His words came true. "When Charles Reginald Pakenham next returned to Ireland," says Father Smith, "he was a Catholic and a priest of the Congregation of the Passion."

Here is another foreshadowing incident of those early days which his latest biographer relates. Charles came one day into the room of his sister (afterwards Lady Katherine Freke), and, seeing among other trinkets on her table a little silver medal of the Blessed Virgin, asked her the meaning of it. "Well, Charles," she said, "a French lady left it here. I will give it to you if you promise not to wear it."—"Why not?" he asked.—"Oh, they say that all who wear these medals become Romanists!"—"Well, then," he said, at once suiting the action to the word, "I will wear it to disprove what they say." He wore that medal till the day of his death, and often used to tell the story of how he came by it.

Pakenham's was never a shallow, frivolous, surface-skimming mind. He took things seriously, whether studying military

tactics at Sandhurst or following the development of the momentous changes in the Parliamentary Church brought about by the Tractarians. This thoughtful bent is revealed in a commonplace book kept in 1846, which is full of quotations from the Patristic writers, from Thomas à Kempis, Scupoli, Newman, Pusey, and others, intermingled with passages from profane authors, poets, and prose writers; for he was an omnivorous reader. This disproves, or at least qualifies, his avowal that he had led "a wild and dissipated life"; for the love of reading damps the ardor for gross pleasure.

Those who, following the attraction of grace calling them to a higher life, have turned aside from the world, are apt, in looking backward, to regard the time that preceded their conversion as misspent and frivolous, if not positively sinful; and Pakenham may have so regarded his early life, the thoughts and feelings that then actuated him being so dissimilar from those that moulded his later years. He went much into society, enjoyed to the full its pleasures and pastimes, and was very popular with his brother officers,—being light-hearted and joyous, and not averse to fun or frolic; there being nothing straitlaced or puritanical about him.

But a great change in his life was impending. It had already taken place in others. There had been something more than a stirring of dry bones, symptomatic of a religious resurrection, or revival of spirituality, in the Church of England. The "second spring" had dawned. Newman's reception into the Church at Littlemore on the memorable night of October 8, 1845, by Father Dominic, the saintly Passionist whom the hand of Providence had led to England as its instrument in the reconversion of that country, as fore-shown to St. Paul of the Cross, had dealt the Anglican Establishment a blow from which, as Disraeli said, it reeled. Men like Faber, Dalgairns, Ward and others, who were to leave their mark upon the religious history of their time, were coming

over. The Romeward movement, still progressing, had begun. All who devoted any thought to the religious question were more or less affected by it. Such a man as Pakenham could not be indifferent; it was not in his nature or habits of thought to be so. He began to entertain serious doubts about his position as a member of the Church of England. He took to reading Newman's "Parochial and Plain Sermons." "It was Newman," he used to say afterwards, "who taught me the beauty of religion. I gladly embraced his teaching. Fasting, prayer, and constant attendance at church became my delight."

On Fridays he took no food whatever until evening. His abstinence and religious tendencies were remarked by his brother officers. "He braved the censures of the world," wrote Father Ignatius Spencer, "by following up all alone his religious exercises without concealment, yet without ostentation, in the midst of his comrades; though he once declared, when the question was asked him, that, owing to the high-breeding and gentlemanlike feeling in the regiment, not one contemptuous or unpleasant remark was ever passed upon him on this account by others, not even by those who followed the most opposite course. This respectful deportment of his brother officers towards him, which he thus attributed to their high tone of gentlemanlike feeling, is to us at the same time evidence of the high character which he bore among them."

He fell under Puseyite influence. Dr. Pusey was like a signpost pointing the direction of the right road to the wayfarer but remaining stationary himself. The Rev. Upton Richards, a Puseyite clergyman, whom he met at St. Margaret's, where Canon Oakeley officiated before his conversion, influenced him a good deal, became his "confessor" and spiritual director, and gave him "The Spirit of St. Liguori" to read, after he had begun to practise mental prayer, using for that purpose "The Imitation." This good man had

unconsciously some share in the preliminary formation of the future Passionist, for he was the first to recommend him to meditate on the Passion. A further study of St. Liguori's writings showed Pakenham the impossibility of reconciling the Protestant religion with Catholic principles; and as he pursued it the untenableness of his position became more and more apparent.

The "kindly light," which, "amid the encircling gloom" of heresy, had led Newman into the Church, was leading him Romewards too; only those half-doubts, difficulties, and scruples, which the enemy of truth magnifies to deter converts from embracing it, held him back. Then that thoroughness and directness of purpose which in him were innate prompted him to go to the fountainhead of Catholicity in England. In the summer of 1849 he consulted Wiseman, who had no difficulty in dispelling his doubts and difficulties. Still a year passed before he made up his mind to take the decisive step. Meanwhile he read Moehler's "Symbolism," Balmez's "Protestantism and Catholicity Compared," etc. The Gorham Judgment, which expunged baptismal regeneration from the creed of the Church of England, hastened his conversion.

The film of heresy which had obscured his inner vision was removed; he now saw clearly that there was only one Church which preserved unbroken the Apostolic tradition, which safeguarded through all ages the sacred deposit of truth; and he decided to seek admission into it. He saw Mr. Richards and told him. That worthy man replied: "Well, of course it is useless to try to stay in the Church* if you have lost faith in her system." A few days afterwards, on the feast of the Assumption, 1850, he was received into the True Fold by Wiseman.

"I did not leave one moment too soon," he afterwards recalled. "Already some of the leading Tractarians had made their choice between Rome and infidelity in

favor of the latter. And I began to fear for my faith. Yet it was a hard fight, because the spirit of irreligion had sunk so very deeply into society in England that I stood quite alone. I met no sympathy anywhere. My uncle advised me to travel. My brother, Lord Longford, was amazed at my mental anxiety about so trifling a matter. My favorite sister wished me to see a very high authority on the Roman question; but on inquiring his name I found that it was the Rev. Tresham Gregg,* one of the very men who, I may say, had driven me out of the Church of England. It was a hard struggle for me, who had nothing in a pecuniary sense to lose by the change. What, then, must be the difficulty where Rome means penury or almost starvation?"

His conversion raised a storm of opposition in the family. It is even questionable, it is said, if his mother ever saw him again. The only ones who stood by him were the Duke of Wellington, who knew the sterling character of the man and said, "Well, you have been a good soldier, Charles; strive to be a good monk"; and his good old uncle, General Lygon, in whose country house, Spring Hill, in Worcestershire, he made a long sojourn, going to Mass at the Passionist church at Broadway, where the evident piety of the tall, handsome young officer impressed the congregation of villagers. There he first met Father Vincent Gotti, the superior, and frequently visited the community. There, too, he made a short retreat, which resulted in his begging to be admitted into the Order as a lay-brother,—a request which was at first refused on account of the delicacy of his constitution. It was pointed out to him that the austerity of the Rule would ill accord with the life to which he had been accustomed; and, further, that it enjoined that "one of noble family should be proved by a more strict and prolonged trial." He was urged to enter some less austere Order,

* The Church of England.

* A notorious bigot.

All arguments, however, failed to divert him from his fixed resolution; not even the renewed opposition of the family and the earnest and pathetic pleading of his childless uncle who loved him as if he was his son, were of any avail. So, on a Saturday afternoon early in May, 1851, having resigned his staff appointment, sold his commission and his library, and distributed the money in charity, he rode out of the park gates, accompanied only by a groom. Dismounting at the monastery at Broadway, he sent back his horse in care of the groom, with an affectionate note bidding farewell to his uncle. That very evening the aristocratic young officer became the humble postulant, Brother Charles Mary,—a name he was permitted to change to Paul Mary after the beatification of the founder of the Passionists.

His condition on his entrance into the novitiate house is described as that of almost complete prostration, by reason of the spiritual and emotional conflicts through which he had recently passed. He was scarcely able to speak, and seemed like one bereft of consciousness. For three days he endured mental pangs. One never makes an important change in one's mode of life without a wrench. In Pakenham's case, he had broken completely with his past. He was isolated from home and kindred; he had cut himself adrift from his old moorings, and was alone in the midst of new and strange surroundings, among companions very different from those who had been his associates. He had, besides, idealized the religious life, and found a wide difference between the real and the ideal.

This first trial did not last long: after three days he recovered his serenity of mind, which, as time went on, deepened into perfect and abiding peace, until he avowed that the more he knew of the institute the more he was charmed with it. He took his share of the menial work that devolved upon postulants and novices, and cheerfully submitted to the peni-

tential humiliations imposed upon them.

On May 22, 1851, he was invested with the habit by Father Vincent Gotti; among those present being Dr. Manning, then making the spiritual exercises at Broadway preparatory to his ordination. The future Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster spoke to him some words of encouragement, which he ever afterwards remembered with gratitude. Twice, through humility, he begged to be permitted to join the Order as a simple lay-brother, and twice he was refused; his superiors rightly deciding that his education and judgment qualified him to render more service to souls and to the Order in the sacred ministry.

He was given plenty of opportunities of practising humility in other ways, as, for instance, as assistant sacristan, when his old friends, Lord Northwick, his cousin Viscount Elmley, his brother-in-law the Marquis of Exeter, and Lord or Lady Campden, would call to see him and find him broom in hand, sweeping the church; or when he went out and was jeered or giped at by former acquaintances; for at that time the "No Popery" craze consequent on the restoration of the hierarchy had so far embittered the feelings of the English people that, as Faber wrote, "even gentlemen shout from their carriage windows at us." All this did not upset Pakenham's mind, now made up and at rest. He was happy and contented. "How little have I given up for so much!" was the thought that passed through his mind at night as he knelt to pray before lying down on his poor pallet and pillow of coarse straw.

He had been hardly three months in the novitiate when a painful inflammation of the eyes obliged him to remain all day in a darkened room, while heart trouble threatened more serious consequences. After a sojourn at Prestbury, near Cheltenham, he was, at his earnest solicitation, although far from well, allowed to return to Broadway. "As we looked on his manly features so pale and

emaciated," said one of his fellow-novices, "we felt that God had not given him to the Passionists for many years." Though during his novitiate he was often ill, he rose at midnight with the rest of the community, strictly observing the Rule, which he called his "medicine"; made light of his ailments, and only when put under obedience did he avail himself of indulgences or mitigations accorded to the sick. "I am a Passionist," he would say; "and if any distinction is to be made it should be in favor of those who have given their youth and energy to God's service, and not to one like me, who has come into the monastery quite tired of the world."

He was a most exemplary novice, practised all the virtues proper to that state with scrupulous exactitude, and was greatly beloved by all the community. He used to say that before he entered the Congregation, one of the things which had most strongly attracted him was the joyous countenances and unaffected simplicity of the novices. When he became one of them, he was the same himself. As his novice master said: "Melancholy fled before his sunny smile, and peace and joy were always his attendants."

It is not, therefore, very surprising, though unusual, that one who had been a model novice should, less than twelve months after his profession (June 1, 1852), and the beginning of a brilliant course of studies at St. Wilfrid's, Oakamoor,* be appointed vice-master of novices at the

* Cotton Hall, Oakamoor, Staffordshire, had been donated by the then Earl of Shrewsbury to Father Faber in 1846, and renamed St. Wilfrid's by the latter, who made an attempt to found there his "Congregation of the Will of God." Within two years it was merged in the Oratory; and, after being disused for two years more, was acquired by the Passionists, who made it a house of studies. It was there the poet Caswall, afterwards a priest, composed his hymns; and there also Hutchinson, Wells, Stanton, and Dalgairns, all converts and most of them ex-parsons, translated the Oratorian *Lives of the Saints*.

suggestion of one who knew him best—his own master. He was remarkably well fitted for the post. "Constant intercourse with him and a daily opportunity of witnessing his eminent virtues," says Father Woods, "had filled me with reverence for his sanctity. He was a chosen soul. Every act and every word of his was calculated to instruct and edify. His humble piety and his exalted wisdom, his affable cheerfulness and his hidden austerity, his hatred for sin, yet his gentle winning demeanor to all, made everyone love him."

He was an embodiment of the Rule and spirit of the Congregation. "By the beauty of his example, inspiring as it was unostentatious," says Father Smith, "he unconsciously diffused around him a new and fascinating influence, that seemed to lift those young beginners at once to a higher plane of spirituality. They could not help regarding him as the very impersonation of the ideal at which they aimed. They were captivated, too, by that subtle mixture in him of the natural and human elements with the supernatural, which constituted his chief charm." The same writer notes that he had a particular aptitude for distinguishing between true and false fervor, however indistinguishable to outward show. Though many novices passed through the novitiate during his term as vice-master, his judgment was never once known to be at fault.

After his ordination by Dr. Ullathorne at Oscott on September 29, 1855, he was sent to Rome as spiritual director of a number of students. An Italian biographical sketch says that while in Rome he "continued to give the most beautiful example of virtue," and a consultor-general who was his companion spoke of him as "a man of God" who "always appeared recollected." He was almost idolized by the community in Rome. After a sojourn there of eight months, he was recalled to England towards the close of June, 1856.

The next, last, and most important phase of his all too brief career was to be co-founder of the Congregation in Ireland along with Father Vincent Gotti, whose love of Ireland and the Irish, Father Smith says, amounted almost to a passion. The Passionist communities in England were then mainly composed of Italians, and, as very few English subjects joined, they turned their attention to Ireland, always the best recruiting place for priests and religious, as the missionary spirit of the race has been kept alive by its fervent Catholicity. It was felt that, unless it struck root in Ireland, the Province would die out through lack of subjects. The Irish bishops being favorable to its introduction, the first foundation was made, in 1856, at Mount Argus, Harold's Cross, one of the southern suburbs of Dublin, and Father Pakenham was appointed its first rector.

He was the right man in the right place. A native of Dublin, he was one of those Anglo-Irish who become more Irish than the Irish themselves, if that be possible. When he quitted England, never to return to it, he left English views of Ireland and the Irish behind him. Whether owing to what Froude calls the subtle spell of the Irish mind or an impartial study of Irish history, he became a pronounced Nationalist. He did not share Father Ignatius Spencer's ideas about England, which that good man regarded as a blemish in so saintly a religious. Although he came out from the ascendancy landlord caste, he discarded their narrow class-prejudices, and was Irish through and through, sympathizing warmly with the national aspirations of the Irish democracy. The Catholic atmosphere in which he now found himself must have made his heart glow with increased warmth of feeling for the Irish and their ancient creed,—the only thing of which England had failed to deprive them.

When Father Pakenham said Mass for the first time at Mount Argus, in one of the rooms of the old dwelling-house, he

had a congregation of only five persons. The house was called Blessed Paul's Retreat, in honor of the recently beatified founder; since his canonization it has borne the name of St. Paul's. The little temporary chapel, hastily run up in three months to provide for the already increasing number who frequented Mount Argus, has since been replaced by a large Retreat and a handsome church in the Romanesque style. Like many other good works, it began in poverty. When Father Pakenham took possession of the house and grounds, he had not a shilling at his command. His idea was to revive the fervor and austerity of the early times of the Congregation, when St. Paul of the Cross and his brother lived like hermits on Monte Argentaro.

"One of his theories," observes Father Smith, "was that a religious vowed to poverty should feel the pinch of it in something of a like degree with the very poor of the country in which he lives. Hence food should be of the poorest and plainest, and everything with the appearance of a superfluity should be dispensed with. In pursuance of this idea, he was accustomed at first to do the marketing himself, accompanied by a lay-brother: they would go around the small shops of Patrick Street and its slum-like vicinity, and buy scraps of meat and other necessities for the table,—dealing just as the poor dealt and purchasing only what was within reach of the very poor. The rigid regimen of the zealous rector was afterwards slightly relaxed in deference to the wishes of the Provincial. He was as great a lover of poverty as St. Francis of Assisi. "If he had his way," says Father Pius Devine, "our houses should be but one story high, coming as near as possible to the style of early Irish architecture which had just emerged from the *cloghans*."

It speaks well for the spirit of the Passionists of that epoch that none of them murmured at this austerity, and that all the community were most devotedly attached to their rector, who was,

the first to practise what he preached. The veneration of outsiders, of the laity, was on a par with that entertained for him by his own religious. The poor were his especial favorites. He spent in his labors whatever strength remained in him, and his work at Mount Argus is said to have been a perpetual mission. He was looked upon as a saint, and there are no people quicker to discern sanctity than Irish Catholics. A peer who had known him in the world wrote that he had never heard any one speak like Father Paul; another said that to see him was enough without hearing him speak a single word.

All this time the hand of Death was on him, and he knew it. He seems to have had a premonition that he would not live long. When, during his student days, his total disregard of everything conducive to bodily comfort gave his superiors cause for anxiety, and when he was urged, with affectionate solicitude, by his fellow-students, to take things more easily, he would reply: "What does it matter? You know I can not live very long at best; and if I take notice of every little ailment I shall end by doing nothing at all for my time in the world."

Before a mission in Rathmines in which he took part was halfway through, he was seized with his chronic heart trouble, and had to give up at the bidding of his superior; though, prostrate as he was, he would have preferred to remain. It was his first and last mission. For nearly two months after his return he labored at Mount Argus, though "dying on his feet," as one of his religious said. Towards the close of February, 1857, he broke down completely. His case was pronounced hopeless. After he was anointed by Father Gotti, he addressed a few parting words to the community, blessed them, and then saying, "I can speak no more," prayed silently. For a whole week he lingered in agony until on the 1st of March death released him from his sufferings. He was truly "made perfect

in a short space"; for he had not completed the thirty-sixth year of his age nor the sixth of his religious life.

Thirty-seven years after his interment, when the little chapel he built, in which his remains had been deposited, was being demolished to make way for the new cemetery, his coffin was reopened. The body was found to be perfectly intact and incorrupt, the face having a most lifelike expression, as of one in a peaceful slumber. It now rests near the large Celtic cross, emblematic of the faith and the country which Father Pakenham loved so ardently and served so well.

An Apostolic Work.

THE annual "Report of the Mission Work among the Negroes and the Indians," issued by the Commission which is responsible for the disbursement of the fund contributed by the faithful for this purpose, is prefaced by a merited tribute to the zeal of those engaged in this good cause, signed by Cardinals Gibbons and Farley and Archbishop Prendergast. The Commission write:

"This is really an Apostolic work. 'Go, preach the Gospel to every creature,' is just as binding upon the followers of Christ to-day as it was nineteen hundred years ago. To do this adequately we need missionaries and means. Of the former we have not enough by far. But what we lack in number of devoted priests, nuns, and Brothers who are consecrating life and its energies to bringing the light of faith to benighted souls, is, in a measure, made up by the enthusiasm which they everywhere manifest. In their superbly Christian lives the Church has what is not in the power of gold to purchase. Their splendid example of self-sacrifice wins converts where the salaried agent would fail utterly.

"Yet, whilst asking nothing for themselves save the food they eat, the clothing they wear, and the roof which shelters

them, they are always hampered by a lack of funds in their burning desire to instruct in the things that appertain to God. Here they are distinctly at a disadvantage when contrasted with the men who labor in the interest of the various sects.

"When any Protestant missionary society sends out its call for means upon which to base its activities, immediately there is the donation of a fortune by some philanthropic capitalist. If our Catholic missionaries had at their disposal anything like the sum cheerfully contributed to sectarian organizations, the amount of good they would accomplish thereby is simply incalculable.

"Like all Catholic works, this, too, depends almost entirely upon the generosity of the faithful in the middle and the poorer classes of society. These in every parish are vastly in the majority. To these we appeal, with the assurance that now, as in the days of the Apostles, they will give liberally for the spread of Christianity. The widow's mite, the day laborer's piece of silver, the skilled workman's dollar, the clerk's humble offering,—all seem small in themselves, but when added to like contributions heartily donated in every parish of an immense country, they will amount to a sum which will gladden the noble bands of missionaries amongst the Indian and Negro races, will bring many souls into the True Fold, and will draw upon every contributor the blessing of Him who issued the command: 'Go, preach the Gospel to every creature.'"

It is important to emphasize the value of small contributions. To begin with, the merit of those who give according to their means is not measured by the objective amount which they offer; and, secondly, if all gave according to their means, the lump sum derived from the offerings of sixteen millions of Catholics would be considerably in excess of the amount at present contributed to this most deserving cause. It ought to be remembered among Lenten charities.

Notes and Remarks.

Within the last month or so there was buried with all military honor Josias King, the first man to respond to Lincoln's call for volunteers in 1861. Josias King was a Catholic. Little more than a week ago, the first American soldier to yield up his life in the Villaistic raid in New Mexico, Thomas Butler, was buried from St. Lucy's Church, in St. Agnes' Cemetery, Syracuse. Not so long ago, Patrick Haggerty, a Boston parochial school product, gave up his life for the colors at Vera Cruz. Almost within the week, James S. Gillian, one of the last of the celebrated Duryea Zouaves, was buried from Our Lady of Lourdes Church, Brooklyn. Mr. Gillian's father had fought in the Mexican War, two of his brothers served in the Civil War, and four of his sons fought in the Spanish War.

These items, culled from various exchanges of last week, are all interesting,—doubly so when it is remembered that certain organizations, which question our patriotism (mainly because they hate our religion), sent messages of flattering support and even monetary assistance to the bandit, Villa, hardly more than a year ago, when he was perpetrating in his own country what he has since done in New Mexico. And as yet we have not read of a single Guardian of Liberty or Knight of Luther who has been buried with military honors.

Whatever the errors of Prohibition may be, there is no denying the benefits that have resulted from it in some States where it has been honestly "tried out." Local Option is preferable, in our opinion; still, we should not wish to be classed among the opponents of Prohibition, after reading the "dry" reports from Oregon and Washington. In the former State, drunkenness in January decreased nearly 800 per cent under December. And drunkenness, as everyone knows,

affects the whole criminal order, from murder to wife-beating. In Washington also the moral benefit has been remarkable. There used to be an average of 2600 arrests a month in Seattle for crimes and misdemeanors resulting from the abuse of intoxicants, before the State "went dry." In January, the first month under the new law, there were only 400 arrests, and sixty of those were "hang-overs" from the old year.

In view of these statistics, it is to be hoped that Oregon and Washington will remain dry for the future, and that the drink evil will be controlled by local option in all the States that prefer to remain "wet."

The present investigation of the State Board of Charities in New York seems likely to accomplish much more than its instigators intended. Whether, as the Hon. Bird S. Coler, former New York Comptroller, asserts, the attack on the administration of private charities is an out-and-out Socialist action, or whether, as others have declared who are no less competent to judge, it is the expression of a force quite as radically mischievous, there is no doubt it is sufficiently grave to fill with alarm any mind concerned for the well-being of our country or of our Faith. Mr. Coler's testimony is exceptionally interesting and authoritative:

When I went into office we had to pay bills for city nurseries and other institutions for the care of children. Our investigations showed a mortality in these institutions much greater than the mortality in similar institutions conducted by the various religious denominations.

We gathered together the leaders of charitable work in New York, representing all the denominations. We found that in the case of a founding the civil service was a failure. You have a heart in these things, and our experience was that a loftier purpose than usually animates those who merely work for city hire was necessary.

We had the law changed: we inspected the institutions and we paid honest bills. That system insured the most humane care of the helpless little ones, but it does not fit in with the philosophy of Socialism. Hence all this

business that we have here. Do you believe that institutions conducted by the Sisters whose whole life is a sacrifice are going to treat children cruelly,—that institutions which have the support of men like Mr. Williams and the philanthropic men and women who take charge of the splendid Hebrew charities are not doing the best they can for their charges?

The real promoters of these attacks want to get the State to take care of the children. This is no mere investigation into the administration of a State department. It goes deeper than that. It is a step in a movement that affects the welfare of the world. The system is even going so far that they are taking the children out of their homes and putting them into institutions

Assuredly, a situation so grave demands all the force we can muster to resist it, and makes imperative our co-operation with any lawful power that can be enlisted upon our side.

Although no point of history has been more clearly elucidated than that of the naming of the Western world, certain fantastic theorists, ignoring the facts established by the savants of Saint Dié, France, in 1507, and published in the well-known work "*Cosmographiæ Introductio*," are attempting to revive the controversy about the origin of the name America. An utterly useless discussion it would be. Worthy or unworthy, Amerigo or Amerigo Vespucci (both forms were used by him), who discovered the coast of South America in 1501-2, gave his name to the Western world. The savants of Saint Dié referred to the new country as the "land of Americus" (*Americi Terra*), and this name was immediately accepted by the whole civilized world.

A pretty Lenten story of contemporary interest was recently told at some length in the *New York Herald*. A Catholic father, having seen his two little daughters, aged thirteen and eleven, seated at a table in the grill-room of his hotel, left them to order their own meal while he hastened to attend to a matter of business. The children, after mature consideration, decided that a tenderloin steak would

best suit their appetites. No sooner, however, had the waiter taken their order and gone off to have it filled, than they remembered that it was Friday. With a common impulse, they left their table, hurried through the room, and forthwith invaded the kitchen, where they astounded the chef with the downright statement: "Mister, we ordered meat, and this is Friday. We got to eat fish." Poetic justice demanded that the chef should be a Catholic; and he was,—one from France. A fish of the children's own choice was substituted for the tenderloin, and they ate their meal with an appetite rather invigorated by the knowledge that their Catholicity had not been compromised. We wonder if all Catholic grown-ups would have taken the like trouble to correct such a mistake made in good faith.

The Archbishop of Chicago has established himself upon a high plane of social humanity and apostolic charity by his letter in favor of the relief of Poland. In that document speaks the voice of Catholic charity and fraternal sympathy in terms of unmistakable sincerity. We can do no better than cite a part of it, trusting that its message will find a response in the hearts of many American Catholic readers. Writing of the sufferings of Poland, that "ever-faithful daughter of the Church," his Grace says:

And now it would really seem that the climax of her suffering has come. Every able-bodied man and boy has been impressed into the three contending armies; and we must witness the heartrending spectacle of brother fighting against brother, not for their country's freedom, but for a cause in which they have no interest, and for the nations that hold their own in bondage. But, what is even more pitiful, the silent, innocent sufferers are the aged and the weak, the women and the children. With their bread-winners torn from them, in most cases never to return, with their homes razed to the ground, they are reduced to misery and starvation that is appalling.

All Poland has been the battlefield of the war. Three great armies have swept over its cities and its fields again and again, until to-day

there is hardly a pebble or a blade of grass in the land that has not been crushed by a soldier's foot. From trustworthy sources we learn that more than ten thousand small towns and villages have been destroyed; nearly all children under seven years of age are dead; and half a million of old men, of women and children are facing starvation.

Stricken, crushed, bleeding from every pore, literally dying from hunger and want, Poland cries out to the world for help; and the Sovereign Pontiff, the father of all the faithful, the protector of the weak and defenceless, brings the cry of this suffering people to our notice. In most of the dioceses of this country, the bishops have published this appeal of our Holy Father, adding thereto a commendatory message of their own. And in nearly every case the result has been a most gratifying response from the faithful,—a splendid outpouring of generosity for their unfortunate brethren of the faith in a war-scarred country.

The assertion is not likely to be contradicted that the good and gifted woman, best known as Carmen Sylva, will be remembered when the most famous of present-day warriors are forgotten. Death's love for a shining mark was shown when his icy finger was laid upon her brow. She was the dowager queen of Roumania; but her loss is mourned by her own people as that of a beloved friend and benefactor—"little mother" they called her,—and by the world as the loss of one who sought to console the unhappy and the afflicted. Her good works were as varied as they were extensive. If she was not a great poet, she was a true one,—simple, sane, and, above all, optimistic. Her stories, essays, and novels, as well as her poems, were written with the object of benefiting her readers, and they also have been translated into many languages. The world has been bettered by the life of Carmen Sylva, and chastened by her death.

The ludicrous incongruity of some American practices was graphically illustrated recently by Mr. Joseph Scott in a lecture on the Missions of California. "I have very often commented," he said, "upon the remarkable enterprise and

persistency of the Puritans of this country in causing the story of the Pilgrim Fathers to be brought home to every child in these United States. In Southern California, where the Puritan is numerically a very small portion of the community, our school-children of Irish, German, French, Spanish and Slavonic descent still sing with great gusto:

Land where my fathers died,—
Land of the Pilgrim's pride.

This flight of imagination is developed daily, although the first location of a permanent 'Pilgrim' in California was centuries after the first Mass was celebrated by the Carmelite Fathers with Viscaino, under the slope of Monterey, in the year 1602. Is not the story of Father Junipero Serra and the Catholic missionaries of California and of the entire Southwest, far into the heart of Kansas, as thrilling and equally inspiring, purely as history, as the voyage of the 'Mayflower' and the subsequent adventures of its passengers?"

The answer is obvious; and one of the duties of those who prepare Catholic text-books—readers, histories, etc.—is to see to it that the exploits and glories of oldtime Catholics in this country be set in their proper perspective.

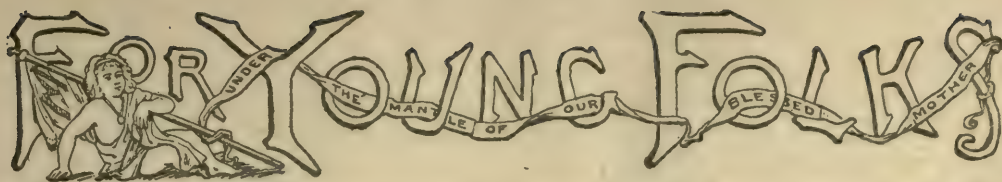
If the press of England reflects at all adequately the public opinion of that country, there is a very decided conviction throughout the kingdom to the effect that "after the war" there will be some notable changes in the social and industrial condition of its people. Democracy has made rapid strides in Great Britain of late decades: witness the abolition of the veto power of the House of Lords, and the growth of the Labor Party, with its representatives in the Commons. But it would appear that the equalizing process by which the people secure more, and the privileged classes enjoy less, of genuine power is to be notably hastened when at last the country is at peace. In the course of an editorial

captioned "Why do we fight?" the *London Catholic Times* has this paragraph:

A nation is an aggregate of individuals. It would be folly to end the work of restoration and restitution by erecting a political framework and leaving social reform untouched. When the men who have defended England come back from the fighting, we must secure for them a part of England larger than that six feet by two which they will own—or at least occupy—when they are dead. We must let them have land to cultivate and live on while they are alive. The great estates must be broken up. Peasants must be allowed to oust pheasants. England must become a land sown and tilled and dwelt upon. The people must be brought back to the countryside, and the slums swept away, and healthy homes provided for the children. And, as great a reform as any, the children must not be brought up doomed to become future victims of the Moloch of war.

The Lætare Medal was awarded this year to Dr. James J. Walsh, of New York city. The choice will be generally applauded. Dr. Walsh is a gentleman of high character and a staunch Catholic. He has rendered especially important service to Church and State by voice and pen. His contributions to literature and science had already won high honors for him. The Lætare Medal represents appreciation of his worth and work on the part of his coreligionists. This annual gift of the University of Notre-Dame could not, in our opinion, have been more worthily bestowed.

"Please stop sending THE AVE MARIA: it's too English for me," writes an Irishman in California. Having complied with this request, we are hoping that an Englishman who complained that we were not "over English" will now see that we are just English enough—"neutral to a nicety," as a German correspondent expresses it. That editor in Milwaukee who lately accused us of injustice to Germany, and heresy or something besides, is entirely excusable on account of his evident unfamiliarity with the English language.



Spring's Messenger.

BY ERNEST H. LAKE.

I HEARD a robin sing to-day
Down in the maple tree;
I think I never saw a bird
So musical as he.

The red was ruby in his breast,
The sun shone on his wing,
And from his little throat he poured
This simple song of Spring:

"The sun is warm, the breeze is soft,
The lilac blooms are here,
And morning's perfume seems to fill
The saddest hearts with cheer.

"The winter snows are gone away,
And I have come to bring
To all the busy countryside
A message of the Spring."

Killykinick.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XV.—A RESCUE.

FOR a moment Dan's blue eyes flashed, his strong arm quivered. Every hardy nerve was tingling to strike out at the insolent speaker, who lost no opportunity to fling a scornful word. But this beautiful day had left holy as well as happy memories. Dan had knelt at Brother Bart's side before the altar light, that through all his hard rough young life had been Aunt Winnie's boy's beacon,—a beacon that had grown clearer and brighter with his advancing years, until it seemed to rise above earth into the dazzling radiance of the stars. Its steady light fell upon his rising passion now, and his fury broke as the swelling surf breaks upon the beacon rock—into foam and spray.

"It is a sort of mix up, I must say," he answered. "But I'm out of the boot-black business for good and all; so what are you going to do about it?"

"Cut the whole lot," said Dud, "just as soon as I can get the money to do it."

"Well, I won't cry after you, I'm sure," retorted Dan, good-humoredly; though there was a spark in his eye that told the fire was smouldering still, as even under the beacon light such fires sometimes do.

But a stentorian shout from Captain Jeb put an end to the altercation.

"Wind's a-veering! Swing round that ar boom, matey Dan! Duck, the rest of you boys,—duck—quick!"

Freddy was asleep, with his head pillowed safely on Brother Bart's knee. Jim was dozing in the stern, out of harm's reach; but on Dud, seated at the edge of the boat and fuming with rage and pride, the warning fell unheeded. As the sail swung round there was a splash, a shriek.

"He is overboard! God have mercy on us!" cried Brother Bart, roused from his third Glorious Mystery of the Rosary.

"Didn't I tell you to duck, ye rascal?" roared Captain Jeb, to whom a tumble like this seemed only a boy's fool trick. "Back aboard with ye, ye young fool! Back—aboard! Don't ye know there's sharks about in these waters? Lord, ef he ain't gone down!"

"He can't—can't swim!" And Jim, who had started up half awake and who could swim like a duck, was just about to plunge after Dud, when he caught the word that chilled even his young blood to ice—*sharks!* Jim knew what sharks meant. He had seen a big colored man in his own Southern waters do battle with one, and had sickened at the memory ever since.

"A rope,—a rope!" thundered Captain Jeb, whose right leg had been stiffened for all swimming in deep waters ten years

ago. "If he goes down again, it's forever."

"O God have mercy! God have mercy!" prayed Brother Bart, helplessly; while Freddy shrieked in shrill alarm.

In that first wild moment of outcry, Dan had stood, breathless while a tide of feeling swept over him that held him mute, motionless. Dud! It was Dud who had been swept over into those foaming, seething depths; Dud, whose stinging words were still rankling in his thoughts and heart; Dud, who hated, scorned, despised him; Dud, who could not swim, and—and there were sharks,—sharks!

Dan was trembling now in every strong limb,—trembling, it seemed to him, in body and soul. Sharks! Sharks! And it was Dud.—Dud who had said Dan was fit only to black his boots!

"O God have mercy! Mother Mary—Mother Mary, save him!" prayed poor Brother Bart.

At the words Dan steadied,—steadied to the beacon light,—steadied into Aunt Winnie's boy again.

"Don't scare, Brother Bart!" rang out his clear young voice. "I'll get him."

"Dan! Dan!" shrieked Freddy, as, with the practised dive of the Wharf Rats, the lithe young form plunged into the water. "O Dan,—my Dan, the sharks will get you, too! Come back! Come back, Dan!"

Dan caught the words as he struck out blindly, desperately, almost hopelessly, through depths such as he had never braved before. For this was not the safe land-bound harbor; this was not the calm lap of the river around the sheltering wharf. This was a world of waters, seething, surging, roaring around him, peopled with hunting creatures hungry for prey.

"Dan, Dan!" came his little chum's piercing cry as he rose for breath.

"Come back, ye fool!" thundered Captain Jeb. "He's gone, I tell ye,—the boy is gone down!"

But even at the shout something dark swept within touch of Dan's outstretched arm; he made a clutch at it and grasped

Dud,—Dud choking, gasping, struggling,—Dud, who sinking for the last time caught Dan in a grip that meant death for both of them.

"Let go!" spluttered Dan, fiercely,—
"let go! Let go or we'll drown together!" And then, as the deadly clutch only tightened, Dan did what all Wharf Rats knew they must in such cases—struck out with the full strength of his hardy young fist, and, knocking the clinging Dud's fast-failing wits completely out of him, swam back with his helpless burden to the "Sary Ann."

"The Lord, matey, but you are a game un!" said Captain Jeb, as he and Jim dragged Dud aboard.

"Ah, God have mercy upon the poor lad's soul! It's dead entirely he is!" sobbed Brother Bart.

"Not a bit of it!" said Dan, scrambling up the side of the "Sary Ann." "He's just knocked out. I had to knock him out, or he would have pulled me down with him. Roll him over a little, so he can spit out the water, and he'll be all right."

"Sure he is,—he is!" murmured Brother Bart, as Dud began to cough and splutter encouragingly. "It's gone forever I thought he was, poor lad! Oh, God bless you for this day's work, Dan Dolan,—bless you and keep you His forever!"

"It was a close shave for all hands," said Captain Jeb, permitting himself a long-drawn sigh of relief, as Dan, after shaking himself like a water-dog, sank down, a little pale and breathless, at his side. "And you were what most folk would call a 'consarned fool, matey. Didn't you hear me say these 'ere waters had sharks in 'em?"

"Yes," said Dan, whose eyes were fixed upon a drift of sunlit cloud in the blue distance.

"Then what the deuce did you do it for?" said Captain Jeb, severely.

"Couldn't let a fellow drown," was the brief answer.

"Warn't nothing special to you, was

he?" growled the old sailor, who was still fiercely resentful of his "scare." "Ain't ever been perticular nice or soft spoken as I ever heard to you. And you jumping in to be gobbled by sharks, for him, like he was your own twin brother! You're a fool, matey,—a durn young fool!"

And Dan, who understood his old sailor friend, only laughed,—laughed while his eyes still followed the drift of swinging cloud fringing the deep blue of the sky. They were like the robe of the only Mother he had ever known,—the sweet Mother on whom Brother Bart had called to save Dud. And Dan had heard and obeyed, and he felt with a happy heart his Mother was smiling on him now.

But to Dud this thrilling adventure left no pleasant memories. He was sick for several days from his overdose of salt water, weak and nervous from fright and shock; there was a bruise over his eye from the saving impact of Dan's sturdy fist, which he resented most unreasonably. More than all, he resented the chorus that went up from all at Killykinick in praise of Dan's heroism.

Jim testified openly and honestly that the cry of "Sharks" got him, and he couldn't have dared a plunge in those waters to save his own brother.

"I saw a nigger cut in half by one of those man-eaters once, and it makes my flesh creep to think of it."

Even dull-witted old Neb rose to slow appreciation of Dan's bold plunge, and said he "reckoned all boys wuth anything did sech fool tricks some times."

Good old Brother Bart felt it was a time for warning and exhortation, which Dud found altogether exasperating.

"Sure it's on your knees you ought to go morning and evening to thank God for bould, brave Dan Dolan. If it hadn't been for him, it's food for the fishes ye'd be now. The Lord was merciful to ye, lad; for I'm misdoubting if ye were fit for heaven. Though it's not for me to judge, ye have a black look betimes, as if God's grace wasn't in yer heart. This

ought to be a lesson to ye,—a lesson that ye should never forget."

"I'm not likely to forget it," was the grim answer. "I couldn't if I tried."

"And I'm glad to hear ye say so," said the simple-minded old Brother. "I'm thinking sometimes ye're not over friendly with Dan. It was a rough bating he gave ye before we left the college." (Dud's black looks grew blacker at the memory.) "But he has more than made it up to ye now, for he has given ye back yer life."

"And what are you going to give him for it, Dud?" questioned Freddy confidentially, as the good Brother moved away.

"Give who?" growled Dud, who was sick and sore and savage over the whole experience, and, strange to say—but such are the peculiarities of some natures,—felt as if he hated his preserver more than ever.

"Why, Dan!" continued Freddy. "You always give a person something when he saves your life. Dick Walton told me that a man saved him when he was carried out in the surf last summer, and his father gave the man a gold watch."

"So Dan Dolan wants a gold watch, does he?" said Dud.

"Oh, no!" answered Freddy, quite unconscious of the sneer in the question. "I don't think Dan wants a gold watch at all. He would not know what to do with one. But if I were you," continued Dan's little chum, his eyes kindling with loyal interest, "I'd make it a pocket-book,—a nice leather pocket-book, with a place for stamps and car tickets and money, and I'd just fill it *chock* full. You see, Dan hasn't much pocket money. He pulled out his purse the other day at Beach Cliff to get a medal that was in it, and he had only a nickel and two stamps to write to his aunt."

"So your brave Dan is striking for ready cash, is he?" said Dud, in a tone that even innocent Freddy could not mistake, and that Dan coming up the beach with a net full of kicking lobsters caught in all its sting.



"Ready cash," he asked, looking from one to the other. "For what?"

"Pulling me out of the water the other day," answered Dud. "Freddy says you're expecting pay for it."

"Well, I'm *not*," said Dan, the spark flashing into his blue eyes. "You're 'way off there, Freddy, sure."

"Oh, I didn't mean,—I didn't say," began poor little Freddy, desperately. "I only thought people always got medals or watches or something when they saved other people, and I told Dud—"

"Never mind what you told him, kid" (Dan laid a kind hand on his little chum's shoulder); "you meant it all right, I know. But Dud" (the spark in the speaker's eye flashed brighter),—"Dud didn't."

"I did," said Dud. "My father will pay you all you want."

Then Dan blazed up indeed into Irish fire.

"I don't want his pay: I wouldn't touch it. You ain't worth it, Dud Fielding."

"Ain't worth what? My father is worth a million," said Dud quickly.

"*That* for his million!" and Dan snapped his two fishy fingers under Dud's Grecian nose. "You ain't worth a buffalo nickel, Dud Fielding; and I wouldn't ask one for saving your measly little life."

And Dan went off with his lobsters, in a wrath almost fiery enough to boil them alive. Pay!—pay for that wild plunge into watery depths—the doubt, the fear, the icy terror of hungry monsters around him! Dud Fielding was offering him pay for this, very much as he might fling pay to him for blacking his boots. Ah, it was a fierce, bad moment for Dan! His beacon light vanished; murky clouds of passion were blackening dream and vision; he felt he could cheerfully pitch Dud back to the sharks again. And then, as still hot and furious, he strode back with his lobsters to old Neb, Freddy, who was remorsefully following him—remorseful at having stirred up a row,—piped up in sudden excitement:

"O Dan, look,—look what's coming here to Killykinick! Dan, just look!"

Dan turned at the cry. Past Numb-skull Nob, making her cautious, graceful way through rocks and shoals, was a beautiful white-winged yacht, her mast gay with pennants. One, fluttering wide to the breeze, showed her name, "The Polly."

(To be continued.)

Quite a Signature.

Public employees sometimes forget that they are really the servants of the public, not their masters, and that in consequence they should treat the public with courtesy.

A telegrapher in a post office of Madrid once received a good lesson on this point from the Duke of Veragua. The Duke was the lineal descendant of Christopher Columbus, and in that capacity visited this country during the Columbian Exposition in 1892. That, however, is another story. On the occasion to which we refer, the Duke, at that time ex-Minister of the Spanish Marine, entered the Madrid office and asked a telegrapher about the price of a message to some distant point.

"How much for a dispatch of ten words?"

"Three francs," curtly replied the operator.

"Is the signature included?"

"Free."

"Even if it comprises several words?"

"Makes no difference."

The Duke smiled to himself, took a blank, wrote out his ten words, and proceeded to sign simply:

"Cristoval Colon de Toledo y Larreategui de la Carda Ramirez de Baguedano y Sante Almirante y Adelantado, Mayor de las Indias, Marquis de la Jamaica, Duque de Veraga y de la Vega, Grande de España, Senador del Reino, Caballero de las insigne Orden del Toison de Oro, Grand Crux de la Concepcion de Villaviciosa, Gentil Ombre de Camara del Rey de España."

And then the Duke quietly handed to the thoroughly disconcerted telegrapher a three-franc piece.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have published "The End of the Chapter," by Shane Leslie. It is a memoir of his contemporaries.

—Spring announcements of the publishing firm of Laurence J. Gomme, New York, include "Poems," by Hilaire Belloc; "The Circus, and Other Essays," by Joyce Kilmer; and "The Dead Musician, and Other Poems," by the Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C.

—The long-delayed "Day Hours of the Church," in Latin and English, compiled by the Benedictine nuns of Stanbrook Abbey, has just been published by Burns & Oates. There is an Introduction by the Rt. Rev. Abbot Cabrol, O. S. B., an exhaustive rubrical guide, and as many as eight indices.

—On its own merits, as well as for the laudable cause in behalf of which it is sold, the little pamphlet, "How to Converse with God," by Father Michael Boutald, S. J., translated by F. Loughnan, is worthy of purchase. It advances sane and plain instructions on prayer, suitable for the laity as well as for religious. Pastors will do well to give it a place in their book-racks. It may be had of the Marian Press, Corpus Christi, Texas.

—Two excellent little books of spiritual reading and prayer are: "At the Feet of the King of Martyrs," by a nun of Tyburn Convent, with a preface by Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.; and "Christian Armour for Youth," by the Rev. J. Degen, with an Introduction by the Rt. Rev. John S. Vaughan. The former booklet is especially attaching, as revealing the spirit of the martyrs who have made Tyburn so hallowed a spot; and the second is full of sound counsel pithily expressed. These tiny books are sold at the rather excessive figure of seventy-five cents. Benziger Brothers are the American publishers of them.

—Whatever may be thought of the plot of Leslie Moore's new novel, "The Wiser Folly" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), it is sure to be classed as one of the most delightful books of the season. The characters are all interesting and convincing, and their story is charmingly told. It turns on the struggle in the mind of an American, who after long effort has obtained a judgment awarding him an English estate that has been for centuries in the possession of another branch of the family. He feels out of place in his new surroundings, and has no wish to oust the kind people who have held it;

finally, he decides to give it up at the moment that his claim is proved to be baseless. Every one who has enjoyed that delightful story, "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," will be reminded of it in reading "The Wiser Folly," and, if he has not already done so, will be impatient to secure Mr. Moore's two other books, "The Peacock Feather" and "The Jester." We can recommend both unreservedly, and are very glad to do so again.

—In a sixteenmo of 185 pages the Rev. F. Laun discusses "The Chief Points of Difference between the Catholic and Protestant Creeds." The main divisions of the work are: Where is the True Religion? Holy Scripture, The Church and Ecclesiastical Authority, The Forgiveness of Sins, Faith and Good Works, The Veneration of Saints, The Sacraments. The author's plan is to give, first, the Protestant assertion, and then the Catholic reply. The book would make a stronger appeal to non-Catholics, perhaps, if the Protestant assertion, instead of being a summarized statement of non-Catholic belief, were a quotation from recognized Protestant authorities; but even in its present form the book has genuine apologetic value. Published by Joseph F. Wagner.

—Welcoming the appearance in book-form of "The Secret Bequest," by Christian Reid, the learned editor of the London *Tablet's* "Literary Notes" writes:

Readers who are already familiar with the work of this delightful Catholic novelist will surely welcome another book from her pen. And it will be a sufficient recommendation if we assure them that this new work is written in the author's happiest vein, alike in the skillful construction of the plot, in the delicate delineation of character, and in the religious *leitmotif* that runs through the whole story. Other readers may find a sufficient attraction in the fact that it is a well-told story of a conversion to the Catholic Faith, and that a conversion in which human love and art and literature are made to serve as the instruments of heavenly grace. But beyond these circles of readers who delight in the works of Christian Reid and those who have a general predilection for stories with a like religious interest, there is yet another class of readers in this country to whom this book is likely to appeal in a more special manner.

The writer goes on to express his appreciation of the fine tribute which Christian Reid pays to the power of Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven":

So much has already been written in praise of the poetry of Francis Thompson and in interpretation of his message that we confess we should have thought it almost impossible to say something original and illuminating on this subject, and to pay this true English poet a new tribute that may seem to surpass all else that has been written in his praise. And yet this almost impossible feat has been

accomplished by the American novelist. It may seem rash to make an assertion which can scarcely be substantiated here. For those who would appreciate this tribute at its true value must betake themselves to the book in question, and read the story for themselves. Yet, without pretending to prove what has been said here, it may be possible to give the reader some idea of the tribute which the author pays to the power of Francis Thompson's poetry. It will be enough to say that the heroine of the story is being powerfully drawn by grace to the Catholic faith, from which she is, nevertheless, kept back, not by the common obstacles, but difficulties arising from apparently conflicting duties. And then, at a moment of spiritual crisis, a copy of "The Hound of Heaven" falls into her hands, and proves the turning point of the story. There could surely be no higher praise of a great religious poem than to make it thus the means of spiritual enlightenment, and give it, as it were, a sacramental efficacy, so that it becomes the cause or occasion of the triumph which it describes by its vivid symbolism. But it may be well to add that the novelist does not merely tell us that the words of the poet had this happy effect on her heroine. That would be a tribute which any novice in the art might pay to some favorite religious author. But here, on the contrary, the reader is enabled to understand how the great poem would really have this fateful effect. For all that has gone before shows that the heroine of the story is herself in the case described by the poet, and, though she knows it not, she is fleeing from the chase that incessantly pursues her. As she reads the poem it illuminates the secret recesses of her own heart, and she sees herself as in a mirror. To some readers that episode may recall a real fact in French literary and religious history. And they may remember how La Harpe, when he was imprisoned in the Reign of Terror and in daily anticipation of death, was suddenly enlightened and converted as he read a page of the "Imitation."

The Latest Books A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Chief Points of Difference between the Catholic and Protestant Creeds." Rev. F. Laun. 75 cts.
 "The Wiser Folly." Leslie Moore. \$1.25.
 "The Shepherd of the North." Richard Aumerle Maher. \$1.35.
 "The Heir of Duncarron." Amy McLaren. \$1.35.
 "The Dream of Gerontius." Newman-Gliebe. 30 cts.
 "Wreckage." J. Hartley Manners. \$1.
 "The Expansion of Christianity in the First Three Centuries." Rev. Jean Rivi re. 50 cts.
 "The Life of St. Columban (St. Columbanus of Bobbio)." Mrs. Thomas Concannon, M. A. \$2.

- "Captain Gardiner of the International Police." Robert-Allen. \$1.35.
 "Christian Feminism." Margaret Fletcher. 20 cts.
 "The Blackest Page of Modern History." Herbert Adams Gibbons, Ph. D. 75 cts.
 "Mother Mary Veronica, Foundress of the Sisterhood of the Divine Compassion." Rev. Herman J. Heuser, D. D. \$2.
 "Talks to Boys." Rev. Joseph Conroy, S. J. 56 cts.
 "Probation." Maria Longworth Storer. \$1.
 "Christianity and Infallibility." Rev. Daniel Lyons. \$1, net.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HUB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Stephen Ortynsky, bishop of the Ruthenian rite Catholics in the U. S. A.; Rt. Rev. Mgr. George Houck, of the diocese of Cleveland; Rt. Rev. Mgr. James Lewis, archdiocese of New York; Rev. Francis Campbell, diocese of Monterey; Rev. Patrick Fox, diocese of Winona; Rev. Michael McNamara, San Francisco; Rev. M. J. Fleming, Detroit; and Rev. Francis Mershman, O. S. B.

Sister M. Claudia, of the Sisters of St. Dominic; Madame M. C. Hogan, R. S. H.; and Sister Magdalen, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. William Waseem, Mrs. F. Hallman, Miss Martha McKiernan, Mr. Thomas Campau, Mr. Redmond Roche, Mrs. M. A. Metzler, Miss Ann Gore, Mr. John McCaffrey, Mrs. Mary Steinmetz, Mr. Michael Costigan, Mrs. Jane Powers, Mr. C. T. Breuss, Miss Mary Callaghan, Mr. James Burleigh, Miss Ellen Haughey, Mr. David Cuneo, Mrs. Elizabeth Conlon, Mrs. Mary Smith, Mr. James Oberend, Mrs. P. Furlong, Mrs. Joseph Desmond, Mr. John Simmerman, Mrs. J. L. Hough, Mr. J. T. Ruppenthal, Mrs. Mary Harty, Mrs. Nora Jeffrey, Mr. William Henschel, Mrs. Frances Reidy, Mr. Thomas Renaud, Miss Katherine Lennan, Mr. Richard Johnson, Mr. Joseph Masur, Mr. John Morgan, Mr. Patrick Morgan, Mr. Frank Perano, and Mrs. M. Davis.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the Foreign Missions: Mrs. J. H. D., \$5. For the starving children in China: A. M. C., in honor of the Blessed Virgin, \$1; Friend, \$5. For the Indian Missions: Friend, \$5; "In honor of St. Joseph," \$5.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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April in the Streets.

BY S. S.

WHENEVER at dusk I cross this bridge and
look to the evening sky,
Far down the river I see where lines of shadowy
roof-tops lie;
I know they're mostly warehouses and facto-
ries dark and old,
But one of them is a church spire and it wears
a cross of gold.
I know within those sombre walls there burns
a Heart of fire:
It is the Heart of all the world, and It throbs
with all desire,—
The Heart that fills the sky with grace, and
gladdens each dim way,—
That shines like a pillar of fire by night and a
soft cloud by day.
I lift my heart to that Heart of Christ who in
the city street,
From His rest beneath that golden cross, makes
every roadway sweet;
And I think of the dear far Aprils when I with
Him shall go
Through green eternal pastures where timeless
daisies grow.

LET us stand at our post and do our
duty like good soldiers, under the eye of
our true and sovereign Chief. And when
death comes it will find us ready; its
summons will be to us an awakening
from sleep, the vanishing of a dream,
the dawn of the real day, and of the
life which is the beginning of bliss.

—Mgr. Darboy.

The Crucifix in the European War Zone.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

THE wayside cross or crucifix
was in pre-Reformation days
a feature not only of the
countryside but also of the
towns and cities of England. In the
later Middle Ages, the crosses in the
cities and towns became elaborate archi-
tectural structures. A form which they
frequently took was what one may
describe as a small spire forty or fifty
feet high, adorned with niches, under
whose canopies were statues of the local
saints, a carved cross forming its apex.
Many of these crosses were destroyed
during the Reformation, and most of those
that survived it were demolished by the
victorious Puritans at the time of the
Civil War against Charles I. Here and
there a few remain. Sometimes the name
of a place shows that one of these monu-
mental crosses once stood there. Thus,
Charing Cross in London tells of the
cross that once stood in the street of the
village of Charing, the site of which is
now Trafalgar Square and the upper end
of Whitehall.

For the men of to-day it is difficult to
understand the popular hatred of the
cross as a Catholic symbol,—a hatred
sedulously cultivated in the years after
the Reformation, and leaving its effect on
English feeling for three centuries after-
wards. Smollett, the novelist, published in
1766 an account of his travels in France

and Italy, and noted as one of the unpleasant features of Continental life the frequent sight of the cross, which he described as "a repulsive symbol, fitted only for a condemned cell." Later still, about 1840, when one of the early Tractarians founded an Anglican sisterhood, the bishop of the diocese insisted that the clergyman who directed it should remove the cross embossed as an ornament on the covers of the service-books used by the Sisters in their chapel. This state of mind has so far disappeared that now the cross not only adorns the spires and the communion tables of Anglican churches, but is also freely introduced in the architectural decoration of Dissenting chapels. Until Pugin's days, less than a century ago, the usual ornament for the spire of a parish church was not the cross but a weathercock.

Though the cross has thus obtained general recognition, the crucifix is in use only in some of the Ritualist churches. The average non-Catholic Englishman, though he may be interested in pictures of the Crucifixion, retains some of the old dislike of the use of the crucifix. On the continent of Europe, in all the lands that fell away from the Church in the sixteenth century, the wayside crucifixes have disappeared; and even in Catholic countries there was a further destruction of them in the years that followed the French Revolution. During the last century, however, there was a wide restoration of the wayside crosses in France itself and in Southern Germany.

During the present war the English Army has been campaigning on the borders of Belgium and in Northeastern France,—districts where the village and wayside crosses are very numerous; and in letters of officers and soldiers from the front there are frequent references to the impression made upon them by the sight of these symbols of Catholic piety; and also by the remarkable fact that in an immense number of cases, where the storm of war has destroyed everything in their

neighborhood, the great crucifixes have remained intact.

It is probable that, for very many English Protestants, one of the chief impressions brought back from the war will be a new idea about the Catholic use of the crucifix. Thus, for instance, I read lately a letter from a non-Catholic soldier, in which he spoke of his surprise at having seen the crucifix in almost every village in the district where he was serving, and said that the sight had been helpful to himself and no doubt to others. One never saw it in England, he added, yet surely it was something like a sermon that reminded one of what Christianity was, and set one's thoughts running in a direction that otherwise they would not take so easily.

But what has struck many has been the way in which, amid the desolation of ruined villages, the crucifix is often the only object which has escaped destruction. One is slow to speak of any strange event as necessarily miraculous, or the result of a special interposition of Heaven. One can only note the fact as a strange one, without offering any explanation of it.

It is quite true that here and there a crucifix has been demolished by the chance of war; but in the vast majority of cases, even in the most heavily bombarded regions, the crucifixes still stand uninjured; and, in the ordinary course of events, all the chances are against this being the case. A large crucifix of wood or stone is not a very stable structure, from a mechanical point of view. All the weight is carried on the main upright shaft, and the chief weight is concentrated in the upper part of the structure. Not only will a heavy blow near the base of the shaft be likely to bring it all down, but a blow on the heavy upper part will act with augmented leverage to bring an oblique or twisting strain upon the base of the supporting shaft. In fact, one may say that a single fair hit anywhere is likely to bring it down.

In March of last year the village

of Neuve Chapelle, on the German front west of Lille, was the centre of a British attack on a large scale. On March the 8th and 9th, and again on the morning of the 10th, as a prelude to the immediate attack, the village was bombarded by hundreds of guns. Every variety of gun was there,—field guns and howitzers, long 60-pounders, heavy coast-defence guns, and huge 15-inch howitzers throwing shells weighing over 1000 pounds. The village was simply blown to pieces. It was not only that the houses were thrown down in a mass of ruins, but the very stones were shattered and sometimes reduced to dust. But when, early on the morning of March 10, the bombardment suddenly ceased, and the British troops charged into the ruined village, they were surprised to see standing erect among the wreckage the two great crucifixes of the place, each about 18 feet high,—one in the cemetery beside the ruined church, the other at the meeting point of the main village street and a crossroad.

Ypres has been bombarded again and again for a twelvemonth and more. There is not one building in the town intact. A soldier's letter, published in one of the London newspapers last December, gives a description of the place as the writer saw it when he had to go through its streets, still under fire, on his way to the fighting front. He passed along the street that leads from the Lille gate to the Grande Place, and he describes what he saw on the way:

"Halfway up an old church, with its square pitted tower, still holds its head on high. Its walls, built for the ages, have proved too stout even for the heaviest missiles. Farther on, a convent's grey pile takes up much space. But from roof to cellar it lies open to the winds and rains of heaven. With infinite sadness, after climbing the rickety stairs, we peeped into the empty cells, with their simple furnishings and pallet beds, their sacred texts and pictures.

"The high altar, with its little chapel,

is smashed and broken. Over it a great altarpiece is riven by shrapnel. But the figure of Christ remains untouched in its centre. In a corridor, too, this same miracle is reproduced. In another picture of Jesus blessing the multitude, the flying fragments have done their work on the painting; but the holy Figure, with hand upraised, looks down with its wonderful expression of blessing.

"Strange it is, in many a ruined home you will find a crucifix hanging on the battered walls, the only thing unharmed. I have seen a great figure of our Saviour standing alone in the centre of a church, of whose fabric no stone remains erect. It is indeed miraculous."

The writer of this description is not a Catholic, and uses the words "miraculous" and "miracle" in the colloquial, familiar sense, where a Catholic might hesitate to employ them as conveying a definite judgment on the events he describes. The Rev. Mr. Campbell, once a noted Non-conformist preacher, but now a clergyman of the Church of England, after a long visit to the front, has also told of the marvellous preservation of the crucifixes, and added a statement that I have not seen elsewhere—that there have been numbers of cases in which the tabernacle containing the Blessed Sacrament was untouched while the altar around it has been shattered by shell explosions.

There is abundant photographic evidence of another escape of a religious emblem from destruction by shell fire. The city of Arras has for many months been one of the advanced posts of the Allied line in the North of France. The French hold the ground immediately to the east of it, and the place has been within easy range of the heavy German artillery. In the midst of the city stands a great Gothic church, erected a few years ago by a general subscription of the people of Arras, and dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. Its lofty tower ends in a short spire, which forms the base for a colossal statue of Our Lady holding in her arms

the Divine Child with His hands raised in blessing. The Church has been shattered by shell fire during repeated bombardments of the place. Nearly a year ago a shell exploded close to the summit of the spire. The result was that the statue fell forward into an almost horizontal position; but the statue itself was uninjured, and the steel bar that held it to the masonry was bent but not broken. The result is that the statue hangs over the city, looking as if its fall were inevitable. Month after month, however, it remains in its new position, amid the storm of bombardment after bombardment. To use the words of a war correspondent, it looks as if Our Lady were bending down lovingly over the city, and holding her Child over its ruined roofs in the attitude of blessing. Even if one says that it is all the merest chance, the sight, nevertheless, seems to give a new and more impressive meaning to the symbolism of this statue of Our Lady of Arras.

More than one of those who have seen the crucifixes standing erect and untouched amid villages that the great guns have crushed into mere rubbish heaps, or by the roadsides standing unfallen on ground furrowed and torn by shell fire, and close to trees that have been shattered into mere ragged stumps, have also found a new meaning in this impressive sight. The Figure on the cross with its outstretched arms seems to be pleading with men in mute protest against the horrors of mutual destruction. Even non-Catholics have asked themselves if perhaps, while all around has been destroyed, the crucifix may, not have been safeguarded by a higher Power to convey its silent message to men amid the wild fury of war,—a message of hope for the wounded and the dying,—a message of the common brotherhood of Christendom to those who in mutual strife are only too apt to forget that friend and foe are sons of the same Father, and build their highest hopes upon the same Redemption.

James Harrington, M. D.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

XVI.

NO man could have been more utterly astonished, dismayed, dumb-stricken, than was Professor Jackson on being confronted one day, at his own home, by Dr. Harrington. It was at the old house, which still lingered under the dark suspicion of being haunted. Its former occupant went there quite frequently to labor at the composition of his famous "cure-all" syrup. He had had fitted up for the purpose a species of outhouse, beyond the kitchen. He kept its window shuttered, and worked by gaslight; and the door was always securely locked, so that even in her most adventurous flights, in her master's supposed absence from town, Martha Craney had not ventured to penetrate thither.

He was just coming forth from that laboratory—if the place could be dignified by such a name—when he heard a loud knock at the front door of the house. He was both startled and surprised; for he had cut himself off so entirely from the class of patients who usually sought his services there, that people of any sort had lost the habit of coming. They presumed, in truth, that the premises were given up entirely to Martha and the ghosts.

The Professor, however, did not wait for his housekeeper to mount the stairs, but went himself to see who waited without. Great was his consternation on perceiving that his visitor was no other than Dr. Harrington. For the second time he crossed that threshold, and Jackson felt instinctively that his coming boded no good to him or to his plans. In fact, the aspect of the other was menacing, and the miscreant's thoughts at once flew to Mrs. Forrester.

"He has found out," he reflected;

"and he wants to put 'a spoke in my wheels' where she is concerned. That's what brings him here."

But the Doctor left him little room for surmise or cogitation.

"Mr. Jackson," he said, with sternness which cowed the other, despite his efforts to present a brave front to the unwelcome visitor, "whatever my opinion has hitherto been of you, it is only within the last few days that I am convinced you are an unmitigated scoundrel."

Jackson swallowed hard; the red, in his cheeks grew purplish; his bright eyes glared; his whole aspect was that of one who would have rushed upon his accuser had he dared. It was thus that Dr. Harrington opened the subject which had brought him thither; but even then the Professor did not apprehend his full meaning. The visitor hastened to explain.

"I have come here to-day," he said sternly, "to present the claims of your wife."

It was a bolt from the blue, momentarily stunning Mr. Jackson.

"My—wife?" he stammered. Then, floundering about in a desperate attempt to recover himself: "What infernal nonsense is this?"

As there was no answer, he assumed a bullying tone:

"What is to prevent me from throwing you out the door?"

"Well, several things," answered the Doctor, tranquilly. He stood at ease; his hands resting lightly in the pockets of his coat; and, cool and careless as was his demeanor, it would have been a bold man indeed that would have laid hands on him. "My only business with you to-day, Mr. Jackson," he went on, as though there had been no interruption, "is on behalf of your wife, who was formerly Gianetta Maloney."

There was an evil look in the fellow's eye as he said, in a half-audible tone:

"So that is the latest of your outrageous schemes—to foist that foolish Miss Maloney upon me!"

For a moment the Doctor looked dangerous, but he controlled himself and proceeded:

"I have very little time to spare; so I may as well inform you at once that, unless you want legal proceedings to be taken in the courts, you will pay to your wife a sum, which can be agreed upon between you and the lawyers. I would suggest as still better, if we could expect anything honest and manly from you, that you openly recognize her."

"I'll be d—— if I do!" muttered the wretch, enraged out of his habitual caution.

"That's as it may be," said the Doctor, with a grim smile. "But I would advise you, in any case, to lose no time in making a settlement. I and some others are prepared to take any steps necessary to support the claims of this unfortunate young woman, whose family were so long my patients."

"I suppose for one thing," sneered the humiliated and infuriated Jackson, "you think it will cut the ground from under me with your own particular prey—the widow."

"If you dare to mention a lady's name, I will thrash you within an inch of your life!" exclaimed the Doctor.

Involuntarily, the fellow retreated into the far corner of the room, shouting:

"If I only had a witness! Martha Craney,—where is Martha Craney? Here is a threat,—a distinct threat of bodily harm."

Now, Martha was actually within hearing; but she took good care not to reveal her presence.

"I would advise you, Jackson," said the Doctor, "to leave it a threat, by taking the lesson to heart. For you may be assured that the threat will be carried out to the full, without any delay either, if I hear from any quarter that a lady's name is on your foul lips."

As the Doctor drew on his gloves and adjusted his hat preparatory to departure, he added:

"One of my suggestions—and I would advise you to adopt it—is that, since your wife is now homeless and very much in need, you should make this house sufficiently habitable to accommodate her, and, pending some better arrangement, to place her in charge of your late house-keeper."

The whilom Professr, still in the corner whither he had retreated, stood glaring at the other from under his brows. All the concentrated venom of his evil nature was in that glance. If, at that moment he could have annihilated his adversary, even at the peril of death upon the gallows, it is certain that the Doctor would never have gone from that threshold alive.

"I would also premise," pursued the Doctor, "that, if such an arrangement be made, there be no bullying, no espionage, no interference of any sort with the young woman, until such time as you are prepared to acknowledge her publicly as your wife and put her at the head of your household."

"That time will never come. You may be sure of that. I would see her dead first," said the ruffian.

"I suspect that she is well rid of you," observed the Doctor. "But you had better, at least, make a virtue of necessity, and adopt the alternative of placing her here. For I have enlisted several influential persons in her case, and all of us will see that she gets justice. We shall make it known as publicly as possible throughout Griffintown that she is your wife, legally married to you by a minister of the Gospel."

"I defy her to prove it!" cried Jackson. "I defy her or anyone else."

"Happily, I was able to do that for her," said the Doctor; "since the wretched instrument of your plan died some time ago in a hospital just over the border—in the United States."

Jackson was astonished by this news; for he did not know that the minister was dead, and he fancied that that death

would be favorable to his hopes of disputing Gianetta's claim. He waited, however, to hear what further information the other had to give.

"I was providentially called there to attend him at the very time when the young woman's case had been brought to my knowledge by my mother. The dying man made a clean breast of his share in the matter, and—poor fellow!—was only too anxious to repair the wrong that had been done. He furnished me with the documents which you believed he had destroyed."

"But," spluttered the Professor, livid with rage, "she is a Romanist, not legally married by a minister."

Now, the Doctor was well aware that there was something in this contention, but he continued boldly:

"My dear fellow, having recourse to legal quibbles will avail you little. If the affair is ventilated in the courts, either you will have to support the girl or you will be hounded from the city. Griffintown alone will be too hot to hold you for a single day."

"But," exclaimed the miserable creature, stuttering in his impotent rage and baffled malice, "the girl has been your worst enemy! She has gone about the town like a snake stinging you."

"You pitiful cur!" was the Doctor's only response, as he opened the door and let himself out into the bright sunshine, from an atmosphere that he found morally as well as physically stifling. "You pitiful cur!"

Once in the fresh air, Dr. Harrington felt an impatient weariness of the whole affair, and reflected with much bitterness that since the night when he had been called to his first cholera patient, the Maloneys and this arrant knave and impostor had been as a dark thread running through the warp and woof of his existence. He also felt a tinge of deep depression, as if some shadow of a coming event were crossing his path. That was a mood against which he always struggled; though

he characterized it laughingly as his Celtic blood. There was in it that melancholy which seems to spring from the ocean mists, from the deep gorges, the rocky caves, and the legend-haunted valleys of that poetic land of Eire.

But, no matter what the happenings with which the moments or the hours are weighted, the years move on in their course so silently, so irresistibly, that even the most thoughtful seldom stop to realize how time is slipping away forever. It was May again,—May well advanced and tending towards summer. Nowhere is that season more exquisite, in sweet sounds and scents, than in old Montreal, since there Spring offers such a contrast to the stern reign of Winter.

Dr. Harrington was returning from a case far out on the St. Antoine Road. He had walked there, and was also returning on foot. The air was soft and balmy, like some old, sweet memory of childhood. And yet it was cool, too; for river and mountain were combining to freshen all the atmosphere. The trees along the road were covered with feathery green; the birds were twittering, busy about their nesting; and the orchards were breaking out into buds and blossoms. The clusters of lilacs and the pink and white of apple blossoms hung fairylike over the fences; and it was a spring sky, faint and dreamy in its coloring, that overarched all, like a true heaven's canopy. The distant hills of the Laurentians stood out clearly beyond the stretches of the St. Lawrence and the low-lying meadow lands between.

The Doctor walked along the wooden sidewalk at a swinging pace, in full enjoyment of that paradise of spring delights; and after a time he swung himself up on the top bar of a low fence, and sat there with his hat off. Soon he grew reminiscent. It was along that identical road he had driven, towards the sunset, and over the hard, glittering frost of the road, with Miss Wharton. That drive had never been repeated, nor the intimate talk

between the two. Once the Doctor had become cognizant of the campaign against him, which had in a measure injured his prospects, he had dropped all thought, for the time being at least, of establishing any closer relations between himself and that popular young woman. Let her be as generous and as loyal as she wished, he would not presume on any such sentiments. Moreover, he had to fight single-handed the swarm of difficulties and annoyances—mostly trivial, it is true—which had cropped up in his path like weeds in a ploughed field.

Then, too, he felt truly grieved over the outcome of his long friendship with Lucy Forrester. And yet he smiled to himself rather sadly as he wondered why he should have expected a constant and steadfast friendship from a character that had so little in common with his own. A butterfly is not expected to face a storm, nor show its brilliant coloring in a biting blast. He looked into his heart, after his meditative fashion, and found there no trace of bitterness against her. In fact, he had to own to himself that there was a curious admixture of relief. In his innate rectitude and except for an occasional sense of chivalry, he had sometimes feared that Mrs. Forrester might demand more than he was able to give, and might feel herself aggrieved when she was made aware of his hopes with regard to Miss Wharton. Since she herself had cut the Gordian knot, things would be easier. He questioned his conscience, but it was at peace. Save for a brief moment, which he flattered himself she had not suspected, he had never thought of her, nor had he striven to make her think of him, in any other way than as a friend.

(To be continued.)

POLITENESS is the poetry of conduct, and, like poetry, it has many qualities. Let not your politeness be too florid, but of that gentle kind which indicates a refined nature.—*Anon.*

Our Goodly Heritage.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

XI.—THE SEVEN SACRAMENTS.

IN the light of the Scriptural and Catholic doctrine that we have been considering, the doctrine of the mystical body, a hundred Catholic devotions and practices that are a complete puzzle to those outside the Church, and are often too little understood or appreciated by the Church's own children, are explained and made clear. When it is understood that Christ and the Church are not two, but one in the spiritual order of the Incarnation; that her life is the life of the Word Incarnate continued and extended, mystically, yet truly, upon earth, a whole body of Catholic doctrines that have been largely or wholly given up by non-Catholics stand forth as essentially involved in the scheme of our Redemption in God made Man; and are seen to have been lost, or at least eviscerated of their true significance and effect by the multifarious sects, precisely because they have lost the true idea of the Church as the body of Jesus Christ.

Not only, for instance, do the doctrine and practice of atonement by penance and voluntary suffering on the part of some members for others and for the universal Church; of the efficacy of mutual intercession; of the invocation of the saints, who are the glorified members of the body; the doctrine also of Mary's motherhood of men, in that bearing Christ, the Head, she bore also His mystic body to God,—not only all these, but the doctrine of indulgences and of prayers for the dead; that, too, of the resurrection of the body at the last day, after the pattern of the glorious Resurrection of our Head, and also the sacramental system of the Church, find at least the reason for their entire fittingness, when they do not, as in some cases they do, find their root and ground in the

fact that the Church is Christ's body, and her members on earth, in purgatory, and in heaven all one with and in Him. Thus, though not less a mystery of divine love and condescension, it becomes less incomprehensible, in the light of the doctrine of the mystical body, that we should be fed and nourished by the divine Head of the Church with the very substance of His own flesh and blood in the Adorable Sacrament of the Altar.

To develop fully the theme here suggested, to show how various Catholic doctrines, devotions, and practices hinge on the doctrine explained in the last two papers, would require a series of articles to itself; so that we must pass on to the consideration of the holy sacraments, in which Jesus Christ works and acts as the Church's Head.

The seven sacraments are seven divinely appointed channels through which sanctifying grace and the fruits and gifts of Redemption merited by the Precious Blood of Jesus flow from Him, through the mystical body, to each member, even as the life-giving blood circulates through veins and arteries and vivifies the members of the human frame. These sacraments are a divine creation, full of the inventiveness, if we may so speak, of divine wisdom; marvellously adapted to the nature and needs of man; rich in revelations of God's mercy and condescension; eloquent in their teaching, through eye and ear, of the mysteries of our restoration through the Incarnation and Passion of Christ.

It is not too much, indeed, to say that a study of the seven sacraments would include practically all Christian, Catholic doctrine. By simple actions and brief but chosen words, they speak to all hearts, and tell, to simple and learned alike, the truths of God's revelation in His Son, and the workings of the divine Wisdom and Love in the carrying out among men, and application to each individual soul, of the great salvation wrought for all upon the cross. Like the

Church herself, with her twofold element—the higher and the lower, the divine and the human,—the sacraments also are an image of the wedding of the two natures in the Incarnation of the Eternal Word. In them, divine and secret operations of the Holy Spirit in the soul are certified, and externally manifested by the outward rites to which inward grace is infallibly attached by divine institution; even as God was outwardly manifested in the human nature of Christ. As, in unimaginable condescension, God was made man, that He might adapt Himself with unutterable love and tender consideration to the twofold nature of us men, at once spiritual and material—learning the spiritual and immaterial, as we must, not otherwise than through our concepts of things material and palpable to the senses,—so in the sacraments has God given to us the visible sign of the invisible grace, that, seeing and hearing, we may know for certain that the spiritual effect has been worked.

So has a great need of the human heart been met,—the need *to be measurably sure* that we are friends with God,—that all is well between us and our Father; that our sins really are forgiven; that grace is ours; that our lives are blessed, our human acts and relationships sanctified; that we are truly, beyond doubt, members of the mystical body; that we belong to Jesus, and that no power on earth nor in heaven above nor in hell beneath can separate us *against our will* from Him whose own for all eternity we are. Though the Church teaches that we can not have the *certainty of faith* that we are in the grace of God, against the Protestant heresy of assurance of salvation, yet we can have, and the sacraments give us, another kind of certainty—a *moral certainty*,—excluding anxiety and fear; a practical certainty, founded on God's own promise that grace is given by the sacraments of the Church.

Venerable and venerated sacraments, red with the Precious Blood of Him who

merited by His bloodshedding alike the graces and gifts that are in them, and the priestly power that is His to institute and to confer them. No reverence, no devotion, no humble awe, no care of preparation, no purity of soul and body, or deepest sorrow for sin (if sin there has been), can be too great for those who approach these channels of grace divine: yet at the same time there is this wonder added, that God asks very little, after all, for their guiltless and fruitful reception. Knowing our weakness, He asks far less than He might have done, since they are so holy, so wonderful, so divine. Let the soul but be free from positive obstacles to their operation, and the grace of the sacraments is ours; though the greater our purity of heart and the more careful our preparation, the more abundant will be the grace we receive.

There is a close analogy between the life of grace in the soul and our natural life; and this analogy is followed out in the seven sacraments. Before he can act or think, a man must be born into the world: to this natural birth corresponds the holy Sacrament of Baptism, our spiritual rebirth; in which the new life of divine grace, with its operative energies, the virtues and the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, are given to the soul. After birth comes growth,—the acquirement of adult stature, by which the child becomes the man. To this answers the Sacrament of Confirmation, by which we are made perfect, or, as it were, adult Christians, and soldiers in God's great army, the Church. To continue living, and to keep up his full strength and stature, a man must take frequent and sustaining nourishment: to the food of the body corresponds the divine food of the Holy Eucharist, the "food of the strong."

But, further, man is subject to sickness, often of a dangerous kind, threatening death; he has need, therefore, of effectual remedies: the sickness of the soul is sin, and there is a sacrament for its remedy,—one, indeed, that goes beyond the analogy

taken from bodily life, not only curing the soul of the sickness of venial sin, but restoring the life of grace even when man is spiritually dead in mortal sin, and bringing him back once more to life and health. When he is in mortal sin, he is like a mortified member of the body, which, unless some means be found of restoring the healthy and healing circulation of the blood, must be cut off completely, and for good and all, from the body. By Almighty God's infinite mercy in Jesus Christ, there is a means of restoring the circulation of divine grace in the sinner: it is the great and holy Sacrament of Penance.

After serious sickness, even though a man be recovered, there are often left traces of disease, a certain weakness and languor. Though cured of his original malady, he is, as the saying goes, not the same man,—not completely himself again. To remedy this languor, to remove the last traces of the sickness of sin, there is the Sacrament of Extreme-Uction, which, by its health-giving, restoring action, strengthens and makes ready the soul for its last great contest with the enemy, soothes and gives alleviation to the spirit in the pains of bodily illness, and not unfrequently, if received with faith, brings about the restoration of the body itself to health.

Man is a social being: he lives not only to himself and by himself, but in community with others. That is his natural state. The Catholic religion is adapted in this, as in so many other ways, to the nature of man. To save his soul also, man is brought into a society, a divine society, the Church, God's kingdom upon earth. A society can not exist, can not even be conceived of, without members. For the continuation, therefore, of the Church on earth, the physical propagation of the human race is necessary. This is effected in human society by the natural institution of marriage, appointed by God Himself, the Author of nature, at the beginning. By Jesus Christ marriage was

raised to the dignity of a grace-giving sacrament of the New Law, so that children should be born not only to civil society but to the Church. This is the object of the Sacrament of Holy-Matrimony, by which the wedded union of the faithful is hallowed for the purposes of the mutual Christian life of man and wife,—and the birth and training of citizens for the kingdom of God here and hereafter. But a spiritual propagation is necessary also: children must be spiritually born to God in the Church. Hence there must be fathers in God, who shall beget spiritual children, whose mother is the Church of Christ. These spiritual fathers are the ministers of God, the pastors of the Church, who, like St. Paul, can say to the faithful, "In Christ Jesus, by the Gospel, I have begotten you."*

Looking at the Church again in her character as the visible kingdom of God upon earth, that kingdom must have, and has by God's appointment, a visible hierarchy of pastors and rulers; since without rule and law no society can hold together. The fathers and rulers of the Christian people are provided by the Sacrament of Holy Orders. So from the cradle to the grave, in our capacity as individuals, and in our character as members of a divine society, the mystical body, in all the important crises of life, we of the Church Catholic are provided, through the channels of the seven sacraments, with the supernatural graces and gifts that are necessary for us to attain our sanctification and salvation according to the divine plan of restoration in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Besides sanctifying grace in the ordinary sense of the word, each sacrament confers grace specially adapted for the purposes of the sacrament received. This is known as 'sacramental grace,' and is a divine aid, over and above sanctifying grace, the virtues, and the gifts of the Holy Ghost, given to the recipient that he may be able to carry out the aim and end of

* I. Cor., iv, 15.

each sacrament. By three of the sacraments also is conferred a character—namely, by Baptism, Confirmation, and Holy Orders. The word “character,” which is from the Greek, originally meant the mark branded upon a soldier, by which he was identified as a member of the army, with an official right to bear arms and to fight for his prince, whose mark it was he bore upon him. So the “character” given by the three sacraments just mentioned (Baptism, Confirmation, and Holy Orders) gives the Christian an “official” standing, so to speak, in the Church, God’s great army.

The Church is an organized body, instituted for the purpose of the salvation of men by the worship and service of God according to the rites of the Christian religion. This body is organized under Christ, who, by incorporating us with Himself in the Church, has made us sharers, each in his place and degree, of His own office as the Great High Priest; “hath made us,” as St. John writes in the Apocalypse, “a kingdom and priest to God.” The sacramental character is a standing title all through life to the actual graces necessary for carrying out the duties of that place in the Church in which we are constituted by the possession of the character. Hence it is that the sacraments conferring a character are not received more than once. The sacramental character—the mark branded upon the soul by Baptism, Confirmation, and Holy Orders—is indelible, and will be for all eternity our glory or our shame, according as we have been in this life faithful or the reverse.

(To be continued.)

Watchers.

BY CATHAL MALLOY.

“SLEEP now, and take your rest,” the sad words mark.

But one holds commerce open-eyed with dark,
Whose bartered kiss the Master’s worn lips take,
And Peter scarce awake.

At the Feet of Our Lady of Sorrows.*

I.

LENT was nearing its end, whilst spring was just beginning to announce its arrival in Seville by its two never-failing heralds: the blossoms of its orange-trees and the numerous strangers that flock thither at this delightful season. The former gird it as with a bridal wreath; the latter take possession of it like a flock of idle sparrows. The former fill the air with perfume; the latter calumniate the city by monstrous tales of travel through a Spain of their own imagining.

Lent was nearing its end, we repeat; and the various confraternities of the city were performing, in honor of their several patrons, those seven and nine days’ devotions whose splendor and magnificence have won the name “pre-eminently Catholic” for the ancient *sultana*, to whom the King St. Ferdinand gave the cross to be worn above her turban.

On the 1st of April had begun a five days’ devotion to the Santo Cristo de la Espiracion,† which was to end on the Friday consecrated to our Blessed Lady’s Dolors. The doors of the little chapel, situated on the square Del Museo, were thrown wide open to the crowds of faithful, who hastened to prostrate themselves before the famous picture so admirably representing the agony of our dear Lord. Our Saviour seemed to stand forward in relief from the canvas, which was surrounded by rich curtains of black velvet bespangled with stars. His outstretched arms offered protection to all; His eyes, nearly closed in death, had yet a look of mercy. At the foot of the Cross was the image of Mary, the Mother of the afflicted, presenting to her children, as a model, that sorrow so calm that it restrains all sorrow, so desolate that it surpasses all woe; immense as the sea in its depth and bitterness,—*velut mare*.

* From the Spanish of Padre Luis Coloma, S. J., for THE AVE MARIA, by J. M. T.

† The Holy Christ of the Expiration—the Dying Christ.

Just outside the sanctuary were twelve large wax-candles, set in heavy silver candlesticks; and at the foot of each knelt a client of the Blessed Sacrament. One of these was a man of over sixty, in whose entire person might be noticed that physical and moral *inertia* that overpowers one in great sorrow. He leaned his forehead against the candle, as if the weight of some thought doubled him forward; his arms hung by his side; his eyes were closed; from his lips, at long intervals, escaped broken words, which seemed to be a petition from his heart of hearts. Yet his eyes were dry, like a fountain that had run out; his body motionless, suggesting a pain of the soul without remedy and without hope.

The devotion was almost at an end, and the choir intoned the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. The old man then seemed to awake out of his lethargy; he fixed his eyes on the picture of Mary, and joined his hands on his breast. "*Ora pro nobis!*" he repeated with the people. Little by little the tears began to flow down his cheeks and to console him, and an occasional sob escaped his bosom and gave vent to his sorrow. The choir sang: "*Consolatrix Afflictorum!*" and a copious flow of tears poured from the old man's eyes. Extending his arms toward the altar, he cried out, in a voice so loud as to be heard above all others: "*Ora pro nobis! Ora pro nobis!*"

Some of the people looked around in surprise, but no one moved. Only one aged lady, who sat behind him, arose as if by an instinctive movement, and then sat down again on her little stool. It was dark when the devotion ended. The lady started to the door, and the old man also went out. The lady took a couple of steps toward him, hesitatingly; and then she stopped, restrained by that sentiment of delicacy proper to noble souls, who, when compassionating and consoling sorrow, know how to respect it. Besides, there was nothing about the old man to betray a necessity of the kind that can be remedied

by prompt succor. He was dressed in mourning; and although his clothes were very plain, they were clean and decent. His person and bearing were those of one of the middle class.

The lady, though active, seemed to be quite old. She was slim and small. One of those grave, modest, but graceful Spanish headdresses covered her silvery hair, simply smoothed down on her forehead, except for two little ringlets that hung over her temples. There was nothing remarkable in her dress, which was black and very modest; only on a finger of her left hand might be seen the flash of a valuable ring. Hanging on her right arm she carried one of those little stools that ladies take with them to sit on in church; on her left hung a bag of black taffeta.

The old man moved slowly off in the direction of the street De las Armas, weighed down by his load of grief; the lady stood watching him, as if there was a struggle going on within her between charity, which urged her to stop and question him, and discretion, which held her back for fear lest, by an imprudent question, she might offend.

On the following evening the two aged persons were again present at the devotions. The man was silent and motionless as on the previous evening, but appeared still more dejected: the weight of twenty-four hours was added to his sorrow. From time to time there escaped from him broken words, which, like gusts of wind before a storm, reached the ears of the old lady without revealing to her any meaning, but making her feel all their bitterness, because they were without doubt some urgent petition over and over again repeated,—a petition which she, without knowing what it was, made her own in the depths of her soul, strengthening it by her prayer, and quickening it by her tears. For charity is never powerless: it can always pray with him that prays, it can always weep with him that mourns.

At the end of the devotions the lady,

with her mind made up, hurried out and waited at the door. The old man soon appeared; a girl of twelve, modestly dressed, approached him.

"Shall we go to Don Tomas', grandpa?" the young girl asked.

"No, my child," answered the old man, in a dejected tone. "Let us go home. I can not stand it. Let us go home."

And, leaning his hand on the child's shoulder, he took the same direction as on the preceding evening. The lady followed them at a distance.

It was now the hour when the churches begin to close, the theatres to open, and the saloons to be lighted up,—Evil extending his traitorous nets in all directions, and Good seeming to draw back with a sigh. The neighborhood of the Campana and the end of the street De las Sierpes were crowded with those groups of idlers who were merely striving to kill time. There was that bustle and movement peculiar to large centres of population at that hour,—people going in all directions; some on business, others in search of pleasure.—No one noticed that sad group moving solitary in the crowd,—the old man leading the child, as Experience guides Innocence; the child supporting the old man, as Youth supports weary Age. Nor did any one observe the old lady who followed them painfully, with no other motive than charity, no other hope than to wipe away a tear. Her Angel Guardian alone followed, counting her steps.

By degrees they were getting away from the bustle; and, passing through almost deserted streets, they finally came to the distant quarter of the city called De la Feria. They stopped at a modest house near the end of Z— Street; and the two entering, the old man fastened the door of the porch that opened on the street. The lady slowly examined the front of the house, and with some difficulty found the number, which was 69. She then turned to walk back; and, moving slowly and with difficulty, she at last

reached the square Del Triunfo. The turreted walls of the palace—a Moorish gem, which has no other rival in the world but the Alhambra of Granada—appeared, and the lady stopped at the gate De Banderas; entering, as if at home, into the historical dwelling of the Kings of Castile. The cathedral clock was striking eleven; and the feeble lady, who was over eighty years of age, had walked about three miles that evening.

II.

The antechamber of the Governor was crowded with a multitude of petitioners of both sexes, whose ridiculous side has been so often described by satirical pens, which jest at sorrow as if one were to place a laughing mask on the face of a corpse. The Voltairean levity of the age passes by those widows of colonels, not always problematical, with a sneer; those daughters of unknown intendants, who were perhaps more honorable than their successors whom everybody knows; those retired captains, who failed to become colonels, perhaps because they refused to turn against their king and country the rusty sword they wear. Ah! remove those ridiculous masks which you have placed on them, and you will find hidden sorrows, silent miseries, virtues unrewarded, perhaps crimes unpunished. Then you will understand how repulsive is your satire; the laugh will die on your lips; and you will learn to observe more closely, to be less mocking and more charitable, in your criticisms.

The offices of the Government were to be closed in two days, until after Holy Week; and all those unfortunates were eager to have their claims considered first, fearing that they might be delayed till after this time had passed. The Captain General had been already two hours in conference with the Governor, and this made the people all the more impatient. A short and very fat porter, wearing a blue coat with gold borders on the sleeves, placed them in file as they came, answering their appeals with that rudeness which

reveals in a striking manner the truth that the most intolerable of all tyrannies is that practised by subalterns.

A considerable time had passed since the arrival of the Captain General, when the aged lady, whom our readers have already met, appeared in the antechamber.

"Is the Governor in?" she asked the porter.

"He's busy," replied the latter, without raising his eyes.

"Give him this card," said the lady, taking one from her inseparable bag.

"He is engaged with the Most Excellent Captain General," returned the porter, dwelling on the words.

"No matter," persisted the old lady. "Hand him this card."

"No matter!" cried the porter, whirling around in his surprise at this audacity. And, looking at the modest mortal that was so presumptuous, he continued, in an angry tone: "Do you think that the Governor will come out and carry you in his arms to his office? Take your place there in the corner, and you may wait for a while."

The lady, far from being vexed, showed a smiling curiosity in her countenance. She must have been fond of studying types, and she found a real study in that grotesque little tyrant.

"Hand in this card instantly, or—"

Here the lady lowered her voice so that only the porter heard her words. One woman declared that she had threatened him with imprisonment, another that she had given him a little purse. However that may be, this Jupiter in livery suddenly descended from Olympus, took the card, and entered the Governor's office without another word.

The surprise of all was excited to the highest pitch when they saw the latter coming out to the antechamber in person, followed by the Captain General.

"Madam," exclaimed the Governor, addressing the old lady, "why did you not send me word? I would have gone to wait on you in person?"

The lady, smiling, reached one hand to the Governor and the other to the Captain General, and the three disappeared behind the heavy curtain of the door.

The bystanders looked at one another with open mouths, and at once began to guess. "Who can this woman be?" they all asked. Some thought that she must be Queen Christina, who had come to Seville to witness the ceremonies of Holy Week.

Meanwhile the crestfallen porter appeared at one of the windows of the Governor's stables, crying out:

"The Governor's coach!"

Without doubt the business of Queen Christina was easily settled; because, ten minutes after entering, she came out again, accompanied by both officials.

"To-morrow at an early hour," said the Governor, "you shall have whatever news can be gathered. I myself will communicate it to you."

"Thank you," said the lady, deeply interested. "I shall expect you without fail."

Then the Governor informed her that his carriage awaited her at the door. The lady positively refused to accept its use.

"At least," said the Captain General, "you will permit me to accompany you?"

"This is such an honor to me that I will not refuse it," answered the old lady. And, leaning on the General's arm, she descended with him the magnificent stairs of the ancient Convent of St. Paul, which is now used for the offices of the Government.

III.

"What news do you bring me?" asked the lady when the Governor called next day, straightening herself up in her silk-lined easy-chair.

"Much in quantity, bad in quality," answered he, taking a seat.

The old lady pushed aside a little book-stand on which a German book rested; and, placing in a work-basket a half-finished stocking on which she had worked

whilst reading, she removed her spectacles, and crossed her arms as if to listen better.

"Since yesterday," said the Governor, "you have had all the police in motion, and this is the result of their investigations."

Hereupon he drew from his pocket a paper full of jottings, which he began to read:

"The tenant of the house 69 Z—Street is called Don Estéban Rodriguez. He is sixty years old, and is in the greatest misery. His family consists of his wife, paralyzed these seven years; an idiotic daughter, and six grandchildren,—the children of another daughter who died three months ago. The eldest child is twelve years and the youngest four years old. No one knows what has become of the father of these children. Don Estéban was employed for twenty-three years in the offices of the city council, and was dismissed on the fall of the ministry. Since then he has been sinking lower and lower in misery. He owes the proprietor of the house 3625 reals; and the latter has threatened to seize his furniture and put him out of the house, unless on the fifth day of this month, at three o'clock in the afternoon, he has paid his debt."

"To-morrow is the fifth!" exclaimed the lady,—*"Friday of the Seven Dolors!"*

"Don Estéban has not wherewith to pay," the Governor continued to read; "and it has been learned that the proprietor has already given orders for the seizure. Don Estéban is an honorable man, and deserving of all confidence."

The Governor left the paper on the table, and the lady exclaimed, sadly:

"Now I understand all! He had reason to be cast down by sorrow."

As soon as she was left alone, she slowly read the statements of the police; then she reflected for a long time.

"Impossible!" she whispered at length, as if in answer to her own thoughts. "Impossible that God should not hear such prayers! Impossible that on the day of her own painful dolors the Blessed Virgin should not remove such a great

sorrow! If I were only rich! If I could do it in her name!"

She relapsed into silence and thoughtfulness; tears came to her blue eyes and rolled down her cheeks.

"At three in the afternoon! My God!" she murmured, raising her eyes to a crucifix that stood on her desk. "At three o'clock in the afternoon, the hour at which Thou didst expire, those unfortunate people will be on the street, without shelter, without protection of any kind. O Virgin of Sorrows, Mother of the afflicted, by this hour in which thy Divine Son expired, come to their relief, or permit me to relieve them in thy name!"

The lady hid her face in her hands and began to sob. She at last drew her chair over to the desk and began to write a letter, which she addressed to the "Excelentísimo Señor Marqués de X—, first Alcalde* of Seville." Beneath the address she added the words: "Most urgent."

Three hours later she received an official document from the office of the Alcalde. She opened it eagerly, and a joyful exclamation burst from her lips. There was an appointment, duly signed, to a desk in the offices of the city council, and a cordial letter from the Alcalde. The name of the appointee was left vacant; and the lady wrote in the blank space: "In favor of Don Estéban Rodriguez."

She then unlocked a little drawer in her desk in which were some gold pieces and bank bills. She counted the latter, and there were six, each of one thousand reals. "I can not get any more before June," she murmured. "What matter? My furniture will not be seized anyway." And, folding the six bills in the letter of appointment, she enclosed the whole in an envelope addressed: "The Virgin of Sorrows to her trusting client." And beneath she wrote the name of the old man and his address.

She went in due time to the devotions;

* Mayor.

and though she saw the old man in front of her, motionless and weeping as before, she did not weep: her lips moved in prayer, and from time to time her face brightened up with a smile.

IV.

The Friday of the Seven Dolors, as we have already mentioned, was the last day of the devotions; and the lady arrived at the chapel earlier than usual. The old man's place was vacant.

"He will surely come," thought the old lady. "It is early yet."

But time passed slowly by; the devotions had already begun, and the unfortunate old man was not present.

"What can have happened?" mused the lady. "His misfortune is already repaired, his future secured. Can it be that he is one of those many that call upon God in their sorrows, and forget to thank Him in their joys?"

A noise of footsteps was heard. Curiosity impelled her to look around, but respect for the house of God restrained her. Finally two men passed her by, carrying in an armchair a crippled woman; six little children followed, dressed in mourning. The two men set the chair down as near the sanctuary as possible. One of them, who appeared to have been merely hired for the occasion, left the church; the other, the old man of our acquaintance, took his usual place at the foot of the candle. He seemed to have recovered his youth; and although tears flowed from his eyes, they were tears of gratitude and joy,—for joy also has its tears.

The children knelt around the paralytic woman;—by a happy chance the oldest of them knelt beside the old lady, who was watching them all closely.

"Is that lady your mamma?" she asked the girl.

"She is my grandma."

"Is she ill?"

"She is a cripple; but the Blessed Virgin has wrought a miracle in our favor to-day, and she wished that we should all come to thank her."

The lady asked no more questions; she pulled down the veil of her headdress as far as she could, and enjoyed in secret that sweet pleasure which the angels look upon as holy; that divine instinct of charity which is intended by God to impel those that have the power to do works of benevolence, but which so many have never tasted in their lives: the pleasure of making others happy.

And yet that old lady was far from being rich. That old lady, who gave alms like a princess, owed it merely to the favor of her powerful friends that she had a home in the palace. That lady, at one time wealthy, now lived barely on the products of her own special talent. That lady, in a word, was the one who had unconsciously portrayed herself when she wrote in one of her charming books: "Knowledge is something, genius is more; but to do good is more than both, and is the only superiority that does not excite envy."

Who was she, you ask? The illustrious Marquesa de Arco Hermoso, Cecilia Böhl de Faber, known to all the literary world as "Fernan Caballero." *

* The author of this truthful narrative, who was honored by an intimate acquaintance with the illustrious and pious lady, gathered most of the particulars of the above account from the persons concerned; and he drew some of them from the heroine herself. We need hardly say that the name of Don Estéban Rodriguez is fictitious. (*Note by the Author.*)

Is there not one little drawer in your soul which no hand but yours has ever opened, and which none that have ever known you seem to have suspected? What does it hold? A sin? I hope not. What a strange thing an old dead sin laid away in a secret drawer of the soul is! Must it sometime or other be moistened with tears, until it comes to life again and begins to stir in our consciousness,—as the dry wheel-animalcule, looking like a grain of dust, becomes alive, if it is wet with a drop of water?—*Holmes.*

O Lamb Slain!

A PRAYER FOR PASSIONTIDE AND WAR-TIME.

BY WINIFRED SMITH.

*In the midst a Lamb slain . . . from the foundation of the world.**His vesture dipped in blood; . . . and the armies that followed Him, while and pure.**And His life was the light of men.**In His light shall we see light.**I will go unto the altar of God,—to God, who giveth joy to my youth.*

ACRYING of the young things slain, . . . they pass, they pass. On all the hills they pass, and make no cry. But we cry for these that cry not. Lord, hear our cry.

O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy now on us! Receive our cry. O Lamb that diest, grant to us Thy strength! Lamb that warrest, grant to us Thy peace. Lamb that renewest Thy Passion here with us, help us now to bear that Passion's load. . . . Slain, Thou, from world's foundation, and Thy Name—of "Sacrifice"—stands smitten over all the doors of this our House of Life, the Word Eternal, graven in the heart of things. Have mercy, then, on us; show to us Thy light. Thou knowest well these ways of love and death; but we, the children of love and death, know not, but follow them up blindly, scarce knowing whom we follow, yet feeling after Thee, Captain compassionate of us all.

Thou seest us here set in battle, that own no enmity, who yet more surely fight, since for love we die. Garner us to Thy Heart, that so we live, not die,—that Heart upon Thy cross, the Heart of all our dawn. For here in this dark of dying, Captain, we find Thee now, close gathered to this Thy love-in-death, seed of that world to come,—world of our children, that not us shall "father" name, who die unmated; following Thee, O Lamb,—not stainless, like to Thee, whose vesture, reddened; whitens ours; but yet in this made like to Thee, whose Passion fell upon the springtime, and still must

fall,—Thou Captain virginal, of love and death and youth.

We also come in springtime to Thine altar, and there fall at Thy Feet, O Lamb, bound there with Thee, who Thyself didst pass when earth was at its sweetest,—yet Thou passest not, but ever abidest, in Thine own eternal spring,—primeval Sacrifice, and Joy of all our youth,—Captain of springtime, and of all things offered in their youth. Blindly, with these, we passed; blindly, with Thee were joined. By Thy love-in-death so joined, of Thy mercy grant we find with Thee our life-in-love.

Even so, for these we cry, that pass all silently,—yea, unwitting of themselves they pass, unwitting, Lord, of Thee. Yet, buried thus with Thee in bloody baptism—these children, Lord, of Thy love, and of ours,—grant in Thy death they find fulfilment to their own; in Blood of Thine, their cleansing; and in Thy life, risen, gateway and gladness find of that eternal spring.

The Deed of a Saint.

IN the thirteenth century Tunis, like many other African cities, was a stronghold of Mohammedan pirates, who made frequent captures of Christians, and reduced them to the most oppressive servitude. The captives were continually kept in irons, forced to labor in chain-gangs, and treated with every species of cruelty until it pleased their masters to kill them outright.

Twice a year, however, a ray of hope cheered the Christian slaves. They beheld a vessel, carrying the red-cross flag, bearing down into port. It was the craft of the Trinitarians, or Fathers of Mercy, who came to negotiate for the redemption of the captives. As the vessel hove in sight, hope sprang up in the most dejected hearts, and each poor prisoner said to himself: "Ah, here come the ransoming Fathers! Now I shall be liberated; my

chain will be broken, and I shall see once more my home and family."

Very often, however, this glint of sunshine—served only to intensify the subsequent darkness of their lot; for the resources of the Fathers were limited, and the exactions of the Moslem dey so exorbitant that only comparatively few of the slaves could be redeemed on each of the Fathers' semi-annual visits. To the unfortunate majority, whom they had necessarily to leave in their cruel bondage, the Trinitarians could give nothing but hopeful words and compassionate tears.

One day a Father of Mercy, Raymond Nonnatus, then thirty-three years of age, led out of the Tunisian galleys such of the Christians as all the gold which he and his brethren had been able to beg in Europe had enabled him to redeem. Suddenly an old man threw himself at his feet, and, grasping the Father's robe, piteously exclaimed:

"O Father, have mercy on me! See my condition! My hair has grown white in misfortune. For twenty years I have been in irons. Forty times have I seen your ransoming vessel come hither, but nobody has ever thought of me. Pity, Father,—pity!"

At these words, eloquent as only genuine sorrow can render language, the Trinitarian felt his very soul thrill with indescribable emotion. He wept as he replied: "My brother, I have nothing left. But take courage. Pray to the Blessed Virgin, Our Lady of Mercy, for yourself and me, and await in peace my return."

As he finished speaking, he continued on his way with the captives whom he had liberated. The old man followed them with his eyes for a few moments, then sank back in the most absolute dejection. Raymond, however, had not deceived him with a lying hope; for as soon as the ransomed captives had been placed on board the vessel, he betook himself to the dey and asked for the liberation of the old man.

"What does this mean?" said the Mussulman. "Have you not taken the number agreed on between us?"

"That is true; but I come to beg that you will add to that number an old slave who has been in the galleys for twenty years, and whose strength is worn out."

"Have you any more money?"

"No: I have given you all I had."

"Then begone, and beware of my anger."

Thus rebuffed, the religious raised his eyes to heaven, asked God for the fortitude to make a great sacrifice, and then rejoined, still in the tone of an entreaty:

"I have no money, but I am young and strong. Accept me in exchange for the feeble old man in whose behalf I plead."

The dey at first appeared astounded; he reflected a moment, then coldly replied:

"True, you *are* young and strong. I agree."

An hour later the generous Father of Mercy (surely none ever better deserved the name) led to the red-cross vessel the old Christian, weeping tears of joy at seeing himself at long last free. One tender embrace to the two Fathers who had accompanied him to Tunis, and Raymond, returning to the galleys, held out his hands to receive the chains of the hardest slavery. It was the path by which God called him to the eminent degree of sanctity which he attained before his death, and which merited for him the place he now occupies on the altars of Christendom.

I BELIEVE the first test of a truly great man is humility. I do not mean by humility doubt of his power. : . . Great men do not expect their fellowmen to fall down and worship them; they have a curious sense of powerlessness, feeling that their greatness is not in them but *through* them,—that they could not do or be anything else than God made them; and they see something divine and God-made in every other man they meet, and they are endlessly, foolishly, incredibly merciful.—*Ruskin*.

A Voice from the Past in Refutation of a Present Error.

IT is questionable if there is anything, so constantly maintained in all Christian ages, both by the Greek and Latin Fathers, by the authority of General Councils, by the consent of all civilized rulers, and, until the so-called Reformation, so universally believed, as the supremacy of St. Peter over the whole Church. The Rev. Dr. Junius B. Remensnyder, a leading light of the Lutheran body in this country, says that Christians were "meant to constitute a brotherhood"; and declares he can not believe Our Lord's prayer, "That they all may be one," comprehended "merely a spiritual unity." Dr. Remensnyder seemingly agrees fully with Sabatier, that "religion can not subsist without some visible form and acknowledged authority and head." Yet, in a paper prepared at the request of the executive committee of the Protestant Episcopal Commission for a World Conference on Faith and Order, and published in the current number of the *Constructive Quarterly*, this Lutheran doctor, ignoring Christ's promise to St. Peter, and His fulfilment of it after the Resurrection, the many passages of the New Testament which prove the supreme dignity and authority of that Apostle, the teaching of the Church from the very beginning, the declarations of the great Doctors of the Christian Faith, the admissions of heretics, and the witness of history,—ignoring all this, Dr. Remensnyder writes: "Christ established the Church, founded upon the Word and Sacraments. 'Upon this Rock' [that of the truth of His divine Sonship] 'I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.'" In another part of his article, the Doctor says: "It almost broke the mighty heart of Luther to strike the blow that severed the visible unity of the Church in the Middle Ages."

Could anything be more astounding than this? Evidently Dr. Remensnyder

did not "search the Scriptures" before writing his article. And it is quite as plain that he is not familiar with learned works by recent non-Catholic authors dealing with the subject he undertook to discuss. If his preference is for old books, we wish he might read the famous treatise by Dr. Thomas Bailey published in 1654, the first pages of which were "writ when the author was in Maryland, a province in America." Towards the end of a chapter entitled "St. Peter the First Visible Monarch of the Church under Christ," the following passage occurs:

But if neither Peters fish, nor Peters fishing, nor his nets, nor yet his ship, can preach unto you the supremacy of this disciple, let the waves roare out his prerogatives, and thunder in your ears how that none (besides him that made them) ever made their faces pavements for his feet, but he to whom you deny this great mystery, to enthrone him into the same power with Christ, by his walking with Him upon the same water: being *many* waters (in *many* places of Scripture) signify *many* people.

Think you that there was no mystery therein,—that when our Saviour Christ beheld more ships than one, that he should enter only into that which was Simons? Or that it doth not teach us thereby to understand that there is the Church into which only Christ entred, out of which He only taught, and of which Peter only was the Master?

That he concerning whose deficiency of faith, there was a strife between Satans sifting and Christs prayer (and being converted only was commanded to convert his brethren), should have no prerogative above his brethren?

That he (whilst the eleven remained in Jerusalem in incredulity) who all that while had conference with our Saviour (after His resurrection), to whom St. Paul gives that precellence (that He was seen of Cephas, then of the eleven) should be esteemed no more than one of the twelve?

That he whose feet Christ washed first, who called together a general council, and, in the midst of all the disciples, stood up and published an election; who, after the holy Ghost came down upon them, was the first promulgator of the Gospel, and the mouth of all the rest; who made the first great conversion of three thousand souls; who wrought the first miracle before the gate of the Temple upon the man that was lame, and notwithstanding John was with him, yet it was he that had no silver and gold, but what he had

he gave,—that he, I say (all these considered), should be thought by any to be no more than any of the rest, and be no miracle itself, is one to me?

That he who gave the first sentence of condemnation upon a crime that was ecclesiastical (which condemnations second, was Gods judgement, and its attendant death), who like some general of an army riding about to see what part of the army most wanted his directions, passing through all the quarters, visiting the saints, to whom the preaching of the Gentiles was first declared by the opening of Heaven, and descending of the four corner'd sheet to earth; and, by a voice from heaven, by name was commanded to arise, kill, and eat of all the four elements, or the four quarters of the earth contained, should be now tyed (by our opinions) to his post, or his jurisdiction confined to some one corner of the World?

That he for the security of whose person was appointed (by Herod) no lesse a guard than four quaternions of souldiers (as if he had been a prince), for whom (as if no lesse) prayers of the Church were made without intermission (as if the whole body at the same time were in danger of losing of its head), for whose sake an angel of the Lord made Peters dungeon his presence chamber, and that darknesse a shining light; whose... chains fell from off his hands; for whose security, the iron gates (of their own accord) gave him their passe; who first spake in the first general Council, and appropriated the conversion of the Gentiles to his own mouth; who, whilst he spake, the Scripture mentions how all the multitude held their peace; whose presidency was signified by his posture, for it is observed by the Evangelist how he alwaies when he spake stood up; as also when others did begin to speak, as St. James, the bishop of the very place (Jerusalem) how they spake with reverence; who, to honour so great an Apostle as St. Paul, took so great a journey purposely to see him, which word in the original signifies not only a bare visit, but a beholding him, as one would behold a person of some great quality, majesty and excellence; which kind of visit set all the Fathers in admiration; the word importing in the original as if it should have said, to historize the great St. Peter: that is, to look upon him as if one were to draw his picture by the pen of some exact or rare historian; some of the Fathers, considering duly the force of that word in the original, said no less but that it expressed no otherwise than as if he was their prince; others said it was worthily done so to desire the sight of Peter, as the prime Apostle to whose care the Church was deligated by Christ;

St. Hierom and Tertullian making a great mystery of this visit.

That he, I say, after all this should be (or be esteemed) no more than the rest of the Apostles, or but like some foreman of a jury, is to me the most shameles peece of wickedness, and malicious derogation that ever was abtruded upon the beleef of man; to no other purpose but to beat down Peter, that they may beat down the Pope, that so they might have no archbishop, no bishop, no king, and at last no Christ.

The oldtime convert declares that he has "no mind to leave off so soon," and, having shown 'how Christ chose Peter, and ordained him to be the Rock whereon He hath built His Church, how He gave him the keys of jurisdiction and principality over His kingdome, how He appointed him to be the greatest ruler in His family; the chief shepherd of His flock; how he exercised his office accordingly, how the rest of the Apostles gave him the respect that was due unto a person of so great calling,' he proceeds in another chapter to show 'how Peter was received and allowed of in after ages, by the ancient Fathers of the Church, after that he was dead and gone.'

An Admirable Movement.

THE success which has attended (in San Francisco, where the movement originated) the efforts of those who have sought to promote the Reverent Observance of the Three Hours of the Divine Agony on Good Friday, has moved them to urge that efforts be made elsewhere to attain a like happy result. To quote from their circular:

Two characteristics mark the movement: the entire lack of coercion, and the settled conviction of those associated in the work that no step should be taken to bring about a legal observance of the day. The first mentioned calls for no word of explanation in passing; the second, but the briefest mention. From the very first, the thought uppermost in mind was to make the expression of the people heart-whole and free of will—to signalize the Three Hours as the culmination of our Redemption; this the more, because of the full knowledge that we

are confronted with the fact that, perhaps without exception, every day made memorable by being singled out as a legal holiday, whether State, national or religious in its character, if not desecrated, is at best given over to frivolity and pleasure. Lest a like fate should attend on Good Friday, the conviction was impelling that no effort should be made to make the observance of the day an observance of the State or nation rather than that most fitting tribute—the respectful and voluntary expression of devotion welling up from the hearts and souls of a reverent and grateful people.

And here are some of the blessed results achieved:

As to the first, we have already given some idea of the marked general observance. Let us add: in the last year, 52,000 leaflets to be used in the churches were distributed; quarto cards were distributed by the committee in the various parishes, stating that services would be held in that particular church from 12 to 3 o'clock; 5000 circular letters were mailed to Business houses, offices of professional men and others, briefly stating the purpose of the movement and asking co-operation by closing, if possible, and further requesting that employees be granted leave for the hours from noon to 3 o'clock. These letters brought forth many courteous acknowledgments and assurances of co-operation. Closing cards were provided, and thousands of these cards were distributed in the retail districts by ladies and gentlemen, who made a store-to-store canvass. Many of the theatres did not raise their curtains until 3 o'clock, and the principal theatres announced this fact for a week in advance. In the nickelodeons a slide was displayed, calling the attention of the patrons to the fact of closing. Through the co-operation of the Royal Arch, all saloons belonging to that organization closed, as did many others not affiliated therewith.

It is interesting to observe further that in the various cities and towns where the movement has already operated, a great many workers were found willing and anxious to co-operate; and this, no doubt, will be true everywhere, thus practically ensuring success. The movement in San Francisco, it should be added, had from the beginning the full sanction of the Most Rev. Archbishop; and its effectiveness was reached only through the co-operation of the clergy, who spared no efforts in arranging for special devotions during the interval of time set apart.

Notes and Remarks.

One of the questions which occasionally come up for discussion among Catholic workers, and those interested in their condition and outlook, is whether a Catholic Labor Union is a desirable organization. What may, without undue straining of the phrase, be termed expert evidence on the question has recently been given by one of our foremost economists, the Rev. Dr. Ryan, of the Catholic University of Washington. He declares that such specifically Catholic Unions are, in this country, not only unadvisable but impracticable. Socialistic control of the Unions in Germany justified the formation of distinctively Catholic Labor societies in that country; but similar conditions do not exist in the United States, where the American Federation of Labor has uniformly voted down the schemes of the Socialists. Two recommendations made by Dr. Ryan, in connection with the general subject, are excellent: every Catholic member of a Labor Union should belong to some Catholic society; and priests should both increase their knowledge of the Labor Question, and occasionally preach thereon as on other social topics having an outstanding moral bearing.

We have occasionally commented in these columns on that ultra-patriotic tendency of not a few Americans to believe, and more or less emphatically assert, that the United States, given the necessity, could "whip all creation." Now, while it is entirely laudable for us to love our native country, and to declare that, everything considered, it is the best country in the world, it is not the part of a judicious citizen to shut his eyes to the facts of history—past or contemporary history,—or to delude himself into believing that the ostrich-like policy of not recognizing patent conditions will render those conditions non-existent. With no

desire whatever to take a pessimistic view of our national capabilities, we commend to the serious attention of all Americans the following corrective from the *Herald-Republican* of Salt Lake:

Incurable optimism as to national defence is a national trait. It is congenital, biological, and hereditary. Whatever of its elements we fail to possess at birth is provided in early years, by a considerate educational system that tells United States history precisely as we wish to hear it told. How a mere handful of colonists "licked" the whole British empire, how a similar number of citizens of the young republic did it again a few years later, and how similar prowess has always distinguished our nation in time of war,—these are the lessons taught in every story of the country the children are permitted to see.

Nowhere is the pupil told that Great Britain was so busy at home during both American wars she could not spare men enough to engage even the sparse Continentals, or the hardly more numerous citizens of the new republic, on anything like equal terms. Nowhere is he told that we greatly outnumbered Mexico, or that the victory of the War of the Rebellion went to sheer force of numbers. Nowhere is he told that decadent Spain was an inferior power whom anybody could have defeated. Nowhere is he told anything that might shake his confidence in his country's prowess.

Quite naturally, the result is that when he grows up he entertains fixed opinions that are absolutely erroneous, and that militate against making his country in reality what he imagines her to be already—impregnable to foreign attack, unconquerable by any nation.

A refreshing instance of kindness and thoughtfulness on the part of William II., so often represented by his enemies as utterly devoid either of gentleness or consideration for others, is related by Dr. Engelbert Krebs, of the University of Freiburg. At the beginning of the war his learned friend, Dr. Baumstark, the author of important historico-liturgical works, was a student at the Ecole Biblique of the French Dominicans in Jerusalem; and, fearing that Father Hugó Vincent, famous for his historical works on Old Jerusalem, might be called to arms and

fall into German captivity, sent a petition to the Kaiser, begging him to give orders that, in case Père Vincent should be reported as prisoner anywhere, he be relieved as much as possible, and occupied in some manner corresponding to his ability, instead of having to undergo the hardships of an ordinary soldier prisoner. During the autumn of 1914, the War Office had more pressing matters to attend to than the search after a French prisoner. Nevertheless, in about a fortnight Dr. Baumstark received a letter from the War Office stating that his request had been complied with, and instructions sent to the commanders of prisoners' camps to treat Père Vincent with all due consideration. At last accounts, this distinguished Dominican was serving in one of the French hospitals.

While military training might do much to inculcate obedience, respect for authority, etc., in young Americans, such training is out of the question for the vast majority of them. The beginning of discipline must be made in the home and the primary school. It need not be of a military character. If proper discipline were maintained in the homes and public schools, there would be far fewer hoodlums on our streets always ready to "stone the police," assuming that action taken by constituted authorities to preserve the public peace or to suppress lawlessness may be opposed with impunity. The boys and young men who figure so largely on all occasions of mob violence are of the class to which deserters and mutineers belong.

A contributor to the *XXe Siècle*, of Paris, narrates an interesting incident of recent occurrence. At a railway restaurant he had noticed three stalwart Turcos (Algerian natives belonging to the French infantry) walking down the platform. A young Parisian immediately accosted them with an invitation to take some refreshment. They complied, and, entering the

restaurant, surprised the observer by ordering, two of them beer, and the third a glass of red wine. "I couldn't get over it," writes the *Siècle* contributor. "Had French scepticism corrupted the followers of the Prophet? Then I noticed that on their breasts they wore a number of medals and pictures. I was too far away to distinguish what kind of medals they were; so, to satisfy my curiosity, I bought three packages of tobacco, and, approaching the Turcs, begged them to accept a civilian's little gift to soldiers. They complied without hesitation; and I saw that the medals were those of the Blessed Virgin, and the pictures represented the Sacred Heart. 'You are Arabs, are you not?' I asked them.—'Why, certainly.'—'Where are you from?'—'From Blidah.'—'And are you Mohammedans?'—'No: we are Catholics. You are looking at our medals. They were given to us by the Sisters who brought us up; for we were reared in one of the asylums established by Cardinal Lavigerie.'"

Our readers' attention has already been called to the gross injustice of the "investigation" of charities in New York; but we are glad to give space again to the subject, in acknowledgment of the genuine service rendered by a real investigator, Mr. Joseph V. McKee, M. A., who publishes his account in the April number of the *Catholic World*. The matter is so very vital, Catholics can not permit it to be dropped until it is settled right. Speaking of the motives which inspire our Sisterhoods in their self-sacrificing labor, Mr. McKee writes:

We Catholics know why our Sisters are anxious to get children, and willing to accept even those others reject. It is not because of financial reasons. An examination of the records shows the falsity of any statement to the contrary. In 1913 the Catholic Church received \$2,717,691.67 from the city, and expended \$4,544,564.00. It is because these holy women have heard the words of Christ: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." They know that when they are helping these

poor motherless children they are doing the work of Christ. When we consider the holy lives these Sisters live, when we contemplate the sacrifices they make in order to perform their tasks of love, for which they do not receive or look for any material reward, we find it hard to believe that they would allow cruelty, filth, carelessness, and laxity to mark the places they have made sacred by their presence. But even though we were willing to believe, we could not, in justice, admit the truth of these charges in the face of facts that are patent and incontrovertible.

The cause that led to the Strong investigation was a political one. In Mr. Kingsbury's eyes, the State Board of Charities has exercised a power which he deems should be concentrated in the local Department of Charities. He wished that power taken away, and he has used his own methods to accomplish his end. To show the inutility of the State Board, he had to show a deplorable state of affairs in the institutions under the supervision of that body. His assistants have tried to serve him well; but in that service they were unfair, unjust, and, it would appear, untruthful. As a result, men and women of blameless character and sterling worth are made to suffer.

And yet this last-mentioned evil, we have reason to believe, is only the least of those intended by the men who have been guilty of this travesty of investigation. It is only a means to further an end seemingly diabolical.

Although we have no particular fondness for dignitaries of the Protestant Episcopal Church as such, we do like the Rt. Rev. Charles Palmerston Anderson, "bishop of Chicago," because he doesn't pose as a Catholic, because he never says anything unless he has something to say, and because he is a lover of Dr. Johnson. It must have been with a familiar saying of that dear old worthy in mind that Bishop Anderson wrote, in reference to the Panama Congress:

If we can help South America, in the name of God let us do it. Let us be sure, however, that we help and not hinder. Protestant propaganda in Latin countries has not so far demonstrated great skill in ministering to the people. The missions in Italy, France, Spain, Quebec and elsewhere—they are all pre-eminently respectable and pre-eminently un-

successful. It looks as though the Latin people and the Latin Church must travel together. Perhaps we can help them by administering to our own people in their midst, and trying to set a good example. Perhaps in this way we can help them to be better Catholics. To try to help them by converting them from Catholicism to Protestantism is to hurt them. The converted Catholic does not make a good Protestant. Has the Congress any special genius for making South Americans better Catholics? If not, then the Episcopal Church will serve a broader purpose by keeping out of it.

Not to be outdone in frankness by Bishop Anderson, let us assert that the best way also for Catholics to help Protestants is to set them a good example, and that there are no better Catholics than converted Protestants.

A little story has been going the rounds about a travelling salesman who had just succeeded in getting a large order, for some kind of "best fountain pen on the market"—always ready for use, no leakage, etc.—and was felicitating himself on his powers of persuasion, when the country stationer suddenly countermanded the order, saying: "If that fountain pen is as reliable and convenient as you say, you would probably use one yourself. I notice you use a pencil, though."

The *Catholic Citizen* repeats the story and appends this moral to it: "We must practise what we preach. We must evince belief by action. Get square with the Christianity you profess."

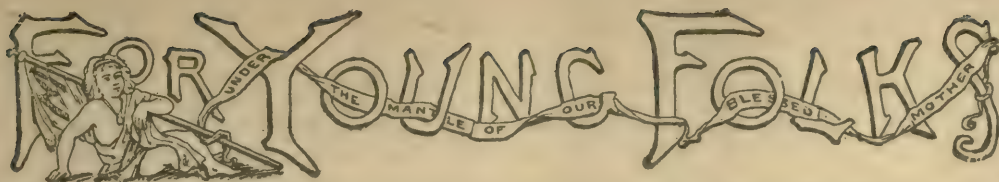
This recalls the story of the Quaker who declined a receipt for a small sum of money which he had paid until his creditor, in answer to his fervent farewell, "God be with thee!" declared that he didn't believe in God. "Oh, then I think I'll accept thy receipt!" quoth the Quaker; and, holding up a cent which he had received in change, read solemnly, "In God we trust."

It is not in our day's work to inquire what great things have been achieved by the pen of Alice Ames Winter, who writes

"What the Day's Work Means to Me," in the current *Bookman*. But when we find this "worker" writing, "Whether one goes back to the ancients, . . . or lingers over that Church Council of the sixth century when fifty-nine bishops discussed whether woman had a soul and could properly be designated *homo*," we know certain things which are not in her day's work. We know, for example, that it is no part of her toil to verify statements by historical investigation, or even to follow closely the *Atlantic Monthly*, at which she gently gibes, or she would have found in the latter publication the slightest editorial admission that perhaps a recent contributor to that organ was not to be taken too seriously when he ventured the assertion to which she now so jauntily alludes; and of course it would be no part of her labor to remember the Blessed Virgin or the women saints whose names occur in the Canon of the Mass. Not whether women have a soul, but the psychology of certain women "workers," we submit, would be a more fruitful subject for discussion.

The American Bible Society has stolen 272 pages of the Bible of their ancestors from the Bible. They have taken out of it passages of Scripture which would have made it impossible for the invention of such a movement as Christian Science. They have most certainly been punished, because the Christian Science Church has been built up from people who have come from churches, which have had, owing to this, what I call "The Fragmentary Bible." Whatever membership it now gets, it gets from churches which possess such an incomplete Bible.

Coming from a Catholic theologian, or from any member of the True Church, the foregoing statement would be a mere commonplace of apologetics; coming from the Protestant rector of Trinity Church, New York, the Rev. Dr. Gates, it is calculated to make many a non-Catholic Christian perform the operation described by the man in the street as "sitting up and taking notice."



Killykinick.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XVI.—A NEW EXPERIENCE.

DAN stood staring in blank amazement, while Freddy's voice rose into shriller triumph:

"Jim, Dud, Brother Bart, look,—look what is coming here!"

She was coming indeed, this white-winged stranger, swaying to the right and left under skilful guidance as she made her way to the Killykinick wharf; for her rugged old Captain knew the perils of the shore. And under the gay awnings that shaded the deck was a merry group of young people, waving their handkerchiefs to the rocky island they were approaching; while Polly's big handsome "dad," in white linen yachting togs, pointed out the ship house and the wharf, the tower and garden patch,—all the improvements that queer old Great-uncle Joe had made on these once barren rocks. Polly's dad had known about the old captain and his oddities all his life. Indeed, once in his very early years, as he now told his young listeners, he had made a boyish foray in Great-uncle Joe's domain, and had been repelled by the old sailor with a vigor never to be forgotten.

"I never had such a scientific thrashing in my life," laughed dad, as if he rather enjoyed the remembrance. "We were playing pirate that summer. I had a new boat that we christened the 'Red Rover,' after Cooper's story; and we rigged her up with a pirate flag, and proceeded to harry the coast and do all the mischief that naughty twelve-year-olds can do. Finally, I proposed, as a crowning adventure, a descent upon Killykinick, pulling down old Joey Kane's

masthead and smashing his lantern. Well, we caught a Tartar there, I can tell you! The old captain never had any use for boys. And to think of the place being full of them now!"

"Oh, no, dad! There are only four," said Polly,—“four real nice boys from St. Andrew's College, and just the right size to come to my party. O Nell, Gracie, look! There they come!"

And the handkerchiefs fluttered again gleefully as "The Polly" made up to the wharf, and the whole population of Killykinick turned out to greet her,—even to Brother Bart, who had been reading his well-worn "Imitation" on the beach; and Neb, who, with the bag of potatoes he had just dug up, stood staring dumbly in the distance.

"Killykinick ahoy!" shouted dad, making a speaking-trumpet of his hands.

"Aye, aye!" answered Captain Jeb, with his crooked smile. "You're 'The Polly' of Beach Cliff. What's wanted, Mr. Forester? Clams or lobsters?"—for in these latter days Killykinick did something of a trade in both with the pleasure boats and cottages along the coast.

"Well, we don't like to call them either; do we, Polly?" laughed dad, as he stepped ashore, while the little girls crowded to the deck rail. "'The Polly' is sailing under petticoat orders to-day and is scouring the waters in search of four boys that, we understand, you have here at Killykinick."

"We have," answered Captain Jeb,—“or at least the Padre here has. They're none of mine."

"I am no Padre, as I've told ye again and again, Jeroboam," interposed Brother Bart. "I am only Brother Bartholomew, from St. Andrew's College. And I have four boys here, but they've been under my eye day and night," he continued anxiously; "so, in God's name, what are

ye after them for, sir? They have done ye nor yours no harm, I am sure."

"None in the world," said Mr. Forester quickly, as he saw his light speech was not understood. "I was only joking with Captain Jeb. My mission here, I assure you, is most friendly. Permit me to introduce myself, Brother Bar—Bar—Bartholomew—"

"Ye can make it Bart, sir, for short; 'most everyone does," said the good Brother, nodding.

"Then, Brother Bart, I am Mr. Pemberton Forester, of Beach Cliff. I am also known by the briefer and pleasanter name of this little lady's 'dad,' and it is in that official capacity I am here to-day. It seems this little girl of mine met your boys a few days ago at Beach Cliff, where they rendered her most valuable service."

"One—it was only one of them, dad!" corrected Miss Polly's silvery voice. "It was only Dan Dolan who caught my bird and—and—"

"Well, at all events, the acquaintance progressed most pleasantly and rapidly, as my daughter's acquaintance is apt to progress; and it resulted in an equally pleasant understanding that the four young gentlemen were to come to a little festivity we are giving in honor of Polly's birthday,—a garden party in our grounds, between the hours of six and nine. This is the occasion of our present visit, Brother Bart. Fearing that travelling facilities might not be at the young gentlemen's disposal, we have come to take them to Beach Cliff. If you would like to accompany them—"

"To a party is it?" exclaimed Brother Bart, in dismay. "Me at a party! Sure I'd look and feel queer indeed in such a place." Brother Bart's glance turned from the fine boat to the gentleman before him; he felt the responsibilities of his position were growing perplexing. "It will be great sport for the boys, I am sure," he added; "and I don't like to say 'No,' after all yer kindness in coming for them. But how are they to get back?"

"Oh, we'll see to that!" answered Mr. Forester, cheerfully. "They will be home, and safe in your care, by half-past ten,—I promise you that."

"Hooray!—hooray!" rose the shout, that the boys who had been listening breathlessly to this discussion could no longer repress.

There was a wild rush to the shining decks of "The Polly," and soon all her pretty passengers were helped ashore, to scramble and climb as well as their dainty little feet could over the rocks and steepes of Killykinick, to wonder at the gardens and flowers blooming in its nooks and crannies, to peep into cow house and chicken house, and even old Neb's galley,—to explore the "Lady Jane" from stem to stern in delighted amazement.

Nell and Gracie, who were a little older than their cousin, took possession of Jim and Dud; their small brother Tad attached himself to Freddy, who was about his own age; while Polly claimed her own especial find Dan for escort and guide.

"Oh, what a queer, queer place!" she prattled, as, after peering cautiously into the depths of the Devil's Jaw, they wended their way to safer slopes, where the rocks were wreathed with hardy vines, and the sea stretched smiling into the sunlit distance. "Do you like it here, Dan?"

"Yes: I'm having a fine time," was the cheery answer, for the moment all the pricks and goads forgotten.

"Are you going to stay long?" asked Miss Polly.

"Until September," answered Dan.

"Oh, that's fine!" said his small companion, happily. "Then I'll get dad to bring me down here to see you again, Dan; and you can come up in your boat to see me, and we'll be friends,—real true friends. I haven't had a real true friend," said Miss Polly, perching herself on a ledge of rock, where, in her pink dress and flower-trimmed hat, she looked like a bright winged butterfly,— "not since I lost Meg Murray."

"Lost her? Did she die?"

"No," was the soft sighing answer. "It was much worse than that. You see" (Miss Polly's tone became confidential), "it was last summer, when I had the whooping cough. Did you ever have the whooping cough?"

"I believe I did," replied Dan, whose memory of such minor ills was by no means clear.

"Then you know how awful it is. You can't go to school or out to play, or anywhere. I had to stay in our own garden and grounds by myself, because all the girls' mothers were afraid of me. The doctor said I must be out of doors, so I had a play house away down by the high box hedge in the maze; and took my dolls and things out there, and made the best of it. And then Meg found me. She was coming down the lane one day, and heard me talking to my dolls. I had to talk to them because there was no one else. And she peeped through the hedge and asked if she could come in and see them. I told her about the whooping cough, but she said she wasn't afraid: that she had had it three times already, and her mother was dead and wouldn't mind if she took it again. So she came in, and we played all the morning; and she came the next day and the next for weeks and weeks. Oh, we did have the grandest times together! You see, dad was away, and mamma was sick, and there was no one to bother us. I used to bring out apples and cookies and chocolate drops, and we had parties under the trees, and we promised to be real true friends forever. I gave her my pearl ring so she would always remember. It was that pearl ring that made all the trouble." And Miss Polly's voice trembled.

"How?" asked Dan, very gently. He never had a sister or a girl cousin or any one to soften his ways or speech; and little Polly's friendly trust was something altogether new and strangely sweet to him.

"Oh, it broke up everything!" faltered Miss Polly. "That evening an old woman came to the house and asked to see

mamma,—oh, such a dreadful old woman! She hadn't any bonnet or coat or gloves,—just a red shawl on her head, and an old patched dress, and a gingham apron. And when James and Elise and everybody told her mamma was sick, she said she *would* see her anyhow. And she did. She pushed her way upstairs to mamma, and talked awfully,—said she was a poor honest woman, if she did sell apples on the corner; and she was raising her grandchild honest; and she asked how her, Meg came by that ring, and where she got it. And then mamma, who had turned pale and fluttery, sent for me; and I had to tell her all, and she nearly fainted."

"Why?" asked Dan.

"Oh, because—because—I had Meg in the garden and played with her, and took her for a real true friend. You see, she wasn't a nice little girl at all," said Miss Polly, impressively. "Her grandmother had an apple stand at the street corner, and her brother cleaned fish on the wharf, and they lived in an awful place over a butcher's shop; and mamma said she must not come into our garden again, and I mustn't play with her or talk to her ever, *ever* again."

There was no answer for a moment. Dan was thinking—thinking fast. It seemed time for him to say something,—to speak up in his own blunt way,—to put himself in his own honest place. But, with the new charm of this little lady's flattering fancy on him, Dan's courage failed. He felt that to acknowledge a bootblack past and a sausage-shop future would be a shock to Miss Polly that would break off friendly relations forever.

"So you gave up your real true friend?" he said a little reproachfully, as Miss Polly hopped down from her rocky perch and proceeded to make her way back to the yacht.

"Yes, I had to, you see. Even dad, who lets me do anything I please, said I must remember I was a Forester, and make friends that fitted my name. And

so—so" (Miss Polly looked up, smiling into Dan's face) "I am going to make friends with you. Dad says he knows all about St. Andrew's College, and you must be first-class boys if you belong there; and he is glad of a chance to give you a little fun. There he is calling us now!"—as a deep voice shouted:

"All aboard, boys and girls! We're off in half an hour! All aboard!"

"Dan—Dan," piped Freddy's small voice. "Jim and Dud are dressing for the party, Dan. Come, we must dress, too."

And Dan, feeling like one venturing into unknown waters, proceeded to make the best of the things good Brother Francis had packed in his small shabby trunk. There was the suit that bore the stamp of the English tailor; there was a pair of low shoes, that pinched a little in the toes; there was a spotless shirt and collar outgrown by some mother's darling, and a blue necktie that was all a necktie should be when, with Freddy's assistance, it was put properly in place. Really, it was not a bad-looking boy at all that faced Dan in the "Lady Jane's" swinging mirror when this party toilette was complete.

"You look fine, Dan!" said his little chum, as they took their way down to the wharf where "The Polly" was awaiting them,—“so big and strong and— and—”

"Tough," said Dan, concluding the sentence with a forced laugh. "Well, that's what I am, kid,—big and strong and tough."

"Oh, no,—Dan, no!" said Freddy. "You're not tough at all, and you mustn't say so when you go to a girl's party, Dan."

"Well, I won't," said Dan, as he thought of the violet eyes that would open in dismay at such a confession. "I'll play the highflier to-night if I can, kid; though it's a new game with Dan Dolan, I must say."

And, with a queer sense of shamming that he had never felt before, Aunt Winnie's boy started off for Miss Polly's party.

A Trip to Bird-Land.

BY MARY KELLEY DUNNE.



NCE you start on a trip to bird-land you are sure of something interesting every step of the way.

And there are so many spurs of the road and bypaths that you can hardly hope to cover them all in a lifetime. There will always be something to look forward to, and there is no danger of your exhausting the subject. There are so many different bird families; and these big families are split up into little tribes, so to speak, or clans maybe. Sparrows are sparrows, to be sure; and all of them look something alike, just as all Caucasians are more or less alike. But there are a hundred or more varieties of sparrows, and if you were able to identify them all you would certainly be a well-informed person along one line. But if you have just started out on the road to bird-land, you are lucky if you know even one sparrow "for sure."

Everybody might be supposed to know the house sparrow—or English sparrow, as you commonly call him. Yet there are a great many who fail to identify even this familiar bird, because they do not know that there are two quite different-looking English sparrows, the male and the female. The male is larger and chunkier, and wears a black patch under his chin. The feathers of the female are a much duller gray and brown, and she is less plump and chunky. Perhaps you have noticed these two different birds, but have taken the female of the English sparrow to be the chipping sparrow—or the "chippy," as we always call her in my neighborhood.

The English sparrow stays with us all the year around, but the "chippy" leaves us in the fall as soon as the seeds and grains are gone. That seems to be the principal reason for the migration of the seed and insect feeders, but it does not quite account for the journey clear to Patagonia, at the other end of the world,

taken by some of our summer residents. The "chippy" and the robin seem to go only as far south as may be necessary to get a winter supply of food. They never travel merely for the sake of travelling. For that matter, none of the birds do. We human folks are the only ones who set out on journeys just to get new experiences and to find out new ways, and to get pleasure for ourselves. It would help immensely if we could "double up" with the birds,—have our eyes and minds and their wings.

But, then, when you come to think of it, you can do quite a bit of interesting travel on "shank's mare." The field down by the river and the wood lot on the next hill beyond will furnish new and interesting sights, if only you have the eyes to see. After all, it's the eyes and the mind behind the eyes that make all the difference in the world. One of us goes out to walk and comes back bored and tired. The other, who has trained himself to see, is always wishing for more time to pin down the elusive visions of treetops and grassy meadows.

But to go back to the sparrow family. It is one of the most interesting of the bird tribes, notwithstanding the bad name given it by the little English terror. The chipping sparrow is about the first to arrive from the south. In my neighborhood he never arrives much before the middle of April. This year he will probably be a little late, because the snow is very deep, and there will be little bare ground and very few insects before the middle of April. His arrival depends entirely upon the weather, you see. The robins and bluebirds are usually more venturesome. They are willing to take a chance on things brightening up in a day or two, even if the sky is a little heavy, and the snow and frost linger.

Indeed, I think the robin is sometimes almost as domesticated as a cat. Even in our neighborhood, where the winter is usually pretty long-drawn-out, with plenty of snow, and the ground frozen con-

tinuously in most winters, an occasional robin stays over. —I am always a bit curious to know how it happened. Has civilization upset the instinct which makes birds migrate? Or, having missed the flock when it started in November, didn't these particular laggards know enough to find their way south alone? On some of the coldest days last winter, the boys skating on the old canal noticed a couple of robins flitting about in a tangle of vines and shrubbery. But you never see any members of the sparrow family about, barring the English member, after late October.

Almost any bright spring day I am likely to see a little "chippy" bird on his tour of inspection of the grapevines and the berry bushes. He goes around the doorway inspecting the old familiar places, just as if he were glad to be at home again. There is something very domestic and cosy and homelike about the chipping sparrow. No doubt, if you live anywhere except in a city sky-scraper, you are familiar with his red-brown cap and his monotonous chant of "chip, chip, chip," which gives him his name.

Very soon after the arrival of the "chippy," I am pretty sure to hear the gay spring song of the song sparrow; and very likely, if I am quick about getting to the window, I shall see the songster just flying off the telephone pole along the road. Perhaps he comes north about the same time as his smaller cousin; but as he is not so tame, and does not come so familiarly to the backdoor, I do not see him immediately upon his arrival. The song sparrow is larger than the "chippy," but not so chunky in build as the English sparrow, and his gray breast is striped with brown.

The field sparrow and the vesper sparrow do not arrive until the decided spring change has taken place, and there is little danger of another killing frost. The field sparrow is easily identified by its reddish upper parts and its unmarked buff breast. In early spring, the field sparrow associates with the song sparrow.

You may see them flitting in and out of the same brush heap, or hear the field sparrow answer the thrilling cadenza of the song sparrow with his own sweet but calmer and more plaintive song.

You may recognize the vesper sparrow most easily by the two white feathers which always shine out when he is on the wing. His upper parts are pale brown striped with a darker shade. His wings are reddish, and his white sides and breast are streaked with brown. The time when he sings his exquisite little song gives the vesper sparrow his name. He has a serene, silvery song that suggests peace and rest and worship. It seems to belong to summer evenings and quiet sunset hours and shadowy roads. You must be sure to hear him, but you will probably have to go for a walk to some hilly meadow with a wood lot at the edge of it. He is not one of the domesticated, human-loving birds.

There are other very interesting members of the sparrow family. The fox sparrow is the largest of his tribe and one of the most gifted. His handsome reddish coat and his beautiful song combine to make him notable. He makes his summer home much farther North, and seldom stops over for more than a week or two in April, to rest before resuming his journey. Then there are the white-crowned and the white-throated sparrows, but they are even later visitors, and do not stay,—with us, at any rate. They may be permanent residents in your neighborhood, for all I know. That's the difficulty in writing about birds. They won't "stay put." They are familiar family friends in one section of the country, and not even on visiting terms with others. But, after all, that helps to make them fascinating, if you are interested in knowing their ways and prying into their secrets. Because, of course, it's perfectly proper to pry into the family-secrets of the feathered brethren. They don't resent our curiosity in the least, and it's quite beneficial for both of us.

Spelling "Wrong."

If ever any one "bets you" that you can't spell correctly, and without interruption, three words that he will name, you will do well to pay particular attention to the third word he gives you. Otherwise you may meet with the same failure that overtook a young friend of ours not long ago.

Harry, who is rather proud of his proficiency as a speller, accepted without hesitation the bet proposed by Aunt Emily, and that young lady gave as the first word—"receive."

"R-e-c-e-i-v-e," spelled Harry.

"Believe," said Aunt Emily.

"B-e-l-i-e-v-e," responded her nephew.

"Wrong," said the aunt.

"'Taint wrong neither, Aunt Emily. Teacher told us just the other day that after *l*, we always put *ie* and not *ei*."

"Yes, Harry; but the way to spell 'wrong,' my third word, is w-r-o-n-g."

And Harry had to acknowledge that he was wrong.

A Song to Our Lady.

Here is a beautiful oldtime song to the Blessed Virgin that should be known to all our young readers; and we hope some of them will learn it, and always remember it. It was a favorite with our English forefathers:

I SING of a Maiden

That matchless is:

King of all Kings

Was her Son i-wis.

He came all so still

Where His Mother was.

As dew in April

That falleth on grass:

He came all so still

To His Mother's bower,

As dew in April

That falleth on flower.

He came all so still

Where His Mother lay,

As dew in April

That formeth on spray.

Mother and Maiden,

Was ne'er none but she:

Well may such a Lady

God's Mother be.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Our Home in Heaven" (Benziger Brothers), a translation from the French of the Abbé M. Caron by Edith Staniforth, will effectively appeal to the readers for whom it is intended—"those who suffer and weep, in order that their sufferings and their tears may not be without hope."

—"Washington: A Virginia Cavalier," by William H. Mace, a neat little sixteenmo of 180 pages, is one of Rand McNally & Co.'s series of "Little Lives of Great Men." The story is told with considerable insight into the character, not only of Washington, but of the normal American boy who is to be the reader of this biography in miniature.

—"On the Old Camping Ground," by Mary E. Mannix, will find many appreciative readers among Catholic boys and girls. It is one of those charming stories of adventure for which the author has become famous. The scene is laid in Southern California, and the tale is concerned with the same persons whom Mrs. Mannix tells about in "The Children of Cuba" and "Cuba Revisited." Benziger Brothers, publishers.

—We can think of nothing better to recommend as a gift to a physician than a copy of the illustrated edition of "A Doctor of the Old School," by Ian Maclaren. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) It is an old book, to be sure, but it is one that can be read time and again, with ever-fresh enjoyment; and it is suitable for a physician of any school or of any or no-religion. Mr. Frederick C. Gordon's illustrations are capital—thoroughly appreciative of the text. The bonniest of them all is Dr. MacLure attempting the Highland fling after that memorable fight with death. Ian Maclaren's book, besides being a gem of literature, is a noble tribute to a profession whose charity, generally unselfish and often heroic, is too little appreciated and too seldom requited.

—In Mr. Stephen Graham's introductory note to "The Way of the Cross," we are told that its author, V. Doroshevitch, is a Russian journalist who enjoys a tremendous vogue in his own country. There may be something very effective in his staccato style in his own language, but the beauty and force of it hardly survive translation. "The Way of the Cross" is the story of the passage of the Russian and Polish fugitives,—their way being marked by the numerous crosses erected over the graves of those who fell by the road. The author is

convinced that the gloom and terror of this journey would have been immeasurably increased but for three things: the relief work of public organizations, mild weather, and sobriety,—"holy sobriety." Published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

—Under the title, "He Kept it White," Father Finn, S. J., has reprinted in small pamphlet form a story told by a priest character in one of his books for boys. It is a beautiful story, convincing and appealing; and we hope it will have a wide circulation in its present form, because it can not fail to do great good. It may be had for two cents a copy, of St. Xavier's School, Cincinnati, Ohio.

—The Michigan Historical Commission has reprinted in pamphlet form, from its Historical Collections, "Two Early Missionaries to the Indians," by the Rt. Rev. Monsignor O'Brien, LL. D. It is the inspiring account of the zealous activities among the Indians of Lady Antoinette von Hoeffern and Father Frank Pierz, both natives of Austria. It is a distinct service to the Catholic cause to popularize the early missionary history of this country.

—In an octavo of some four hundred pages Benziger Brothers have brought out "Pastoral Letters, Addresses, and Other Writings," of the Rt. Rev. J. A. McFaul, D. D., bishop of Trenton. There are in all thirty separate writings, covering, chronologically, the period from 1885 to 1914. That the addresses, sermons, circular and pastoral letters, contributions to journals, etc., are eminently worth while none of our readers need to be told. Bishop McFaul's activities are of national repute, and his words command respect and attentive reflection throughout the country. The only fault we have to find with this volume is that its editor, the Rev. James J. Powers, has taken his task somewhat too lightly. The book's interest and utility would be very notably increased were the different classes of writings grouped together, and were a copious index at the end to replace the extended catalogue of the publisher's books.

—Those Catholic young men attending a State university who have been discussing with their professors and fellow-students the essence of Christianity and the problem of Evolution have no reason for complaint that helpful Catholic books in English are wanting to them. The learned historical essay by Dr. Rivière, professor in the theological seminary of Albi,

"The Doctrine of the Atonement," is a triumphant refutation of Harnack's "Das Wesen des Christentums," the English translation of which bears the title, "What is Christianity?" Dr. Rivière's work, which is in two volumes, has been ably translated by Luigi Cappadelta. It is published by Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., London, but may be had in this country of B. Herder. In the lectures of Father Wasmann, S. J., on the subject of Evolution, students as well as general readers will find all the information they could desire. Father Wasmann is at pains to distinguish between Darwinism and the theory of Evolution, and one of these lectures deals with the descent of man. They are contained in the two books entitled "The Modern Biology and the Theory of Evolution" and "The Problem of Evolution" (the famous Berlin discussion). There is an authorized translation of these invaluable contributions to scientific literature, published by B. Herder. The first volume of "The Science of Ethics (General Ethics)," by the Rev. Dr. Michael Cronin (M. H. Gill & Son; Benziger Brothers), may also be consulted for an able criticism of the theory of Transcendental Evolution. Hedonism, Utilitarianism, Intuitionism, etc., are also discussed at length in this learned volume. It contains a complete list of the authors referred to, and has a fairly good index.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"A Doctor of the Old School." Ian Maclaren. Illustrated Edition. \$2.

"The Science of Ethics (General Ethics)." Rev. Dr. Michael Cronin. \$4.50.

"The Modern Biology and the Theory of Evolution." \$4.50. "The Problem of Evolution." \$1.60. Rev. Fr. Eric Wasmann, S. J.

"On the Old Camping Ground." Mary E. Mannix. 85 cts.

"Our Home in Heaven." Abbé Max Caron. \$1.75.

"Pastoral Letters, etc." Rt. Rev. Bishop McPaul. \$1.50.

"Washington: A Virginia Cavalier." William H. Mace. 35 cts.

"The Doctrine of the Atonement." Rev. J. Rivière, D. D. 2 vols. \$3.75.

"The Chief Points of Difference between the Catholic and Protestant Creeds." Rev. F. Laun. 75 cts.

"The Wiser Folly." Leslie Moore. \$1.25.

"The Shepherd of the North." Richard Aumerle Maher. \$1.35.

"The Heir of Duncarron." Amy McLaren. \$1.35.

"The Dream of Gerontius." Newman-Gliebe. 30 cts.

"Wreckage." J. Hartley Manners. \$1.

"The Life of St. Columban (St. Columbanus of Bobbio)." Mrs. Thomas Concannon, M. A. \$2.

"The Expansion of Christianity in the First Three Centuries." Rev. Jean Rivière. 50 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. John Long, of the diocese of Rochester; Very Rev. Provost Ballard, diocese of Portsmouth; and Rev. Charles Richardson, archdiocese of Toronto.

Brother Herman, C. S. C.

Sister Cornelia, of the Little Sisters of the Poor; Sisters Antoinette and Loretta, Sisters of Notre Dame; Sisters Francis and James, Sisters of Charity; and Sister M. Innocentia, Sisters of St. Dominic.

Mr. William Stans, Mrs. Agnes Otis, Mr. J. J. Culhane, Mrs. Mary Burnie, Mr. H. W. Hoffman, Mr. Thomas Kennedy, Mrs. Cecilia Kennedy, Mr. C. V. Stenton, Mrs. Michael Milott, Miss Bridget Walsh, Mr. J. E. Schmelz, Miss Mary Kean, Mr. William Starrs, Mrs. Ursula Blank, Mr. F. J. Lenz, Mrs. P. J. Fitzpatrick, Mr. L. J. Rettman, Miss Margaret Drew, Mrs. Mary Burke, Mr. Philip Roberts, Mrs. Carrie K. Brennan, Mr. Arthur Roper, Mr. James Ryder, Mr. John George, and Mrs. Jane Graham.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the starving children in China: Rev. J. V., \$20; G. H., \$1; For the war sufferers: Three Children of Mary, \$5. For the Vicar Apostolic of Abyssinia: J. B., \$1; J. B. S., \$1; B. A. D., \$1; Sodalist, \$1; Mrs. N. V. J., in honor of St. Anthony, \$2; "In honor of St. Anne," \$10.

2.





THE RESURRECTION
(PFANNSCHMIDT)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. III. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 22, 1916.

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Gloria Tibi, Domine!

BY JOHN MCCLURE.

ONE came to me by night and said:
"Oh, rise up from thy truckle-bed!
Give over dotard slumbering;
For I would tell thee a strange thing.
I fear me 'tis the crack o' doom:
Lord God has risen from the tomb!"
I rose amazed from my bed.
"What wizardry is this?" I said.
Whereon he seized me by the hand,
And we went speeding overland.
Whereon he seized ahold on me,
And we went speeding over-sea.
When the dawn blossomed, red as wine,
Lo, we twain were in Palestine!
We stood beneath a little hill,
Whereon were tombstones white and still.
With quaking hearts, we knelt before
A gaunt and dismal gaping door.
And Mary Magdalene was there,
With wind-blown, brown, dishevelled hair;
And at her right hand we could see
The second and the third Marie.
Before the door lay a flat stone,
A glimmering angel sat thereon.
Afeard, we all one question voiced:
"Where is Jesus—where is Christ?"
The angel whispered low and said:
"Lord God is risen from the dead."
One moment were we quiet all,
Like little birds at evenfall;
One moment were we stricken dumb,
Like little birds when the shadows come;
Then softly, softly murmured we:
"*Gloria Tibi, Domine!*"

The Christian Passover, or the Sacrifice of Our Ransom.

BY THE RT. REV. ALEXANDER MACDONALD, D. D.

AN old pagan writer, guided by the light of natural reason, taught the men of his time that piety, or religion, is justice toward God. We owe God worship by the very fact that we have our being from Him. "The Lord, thy God, thou shalt adore," was a dictate of reason and precept of the law of nature before the words were written or uttered. Not only divine revelation but natural reason as well proclaims it to be our first and paramount duty to worship God.

Our worship must manifest itself outwardly. We have to present our homage to God through the medium of outward sign or ceremony. Worship that is merely internal is for bodiless spirits. Being human, we worship after a human fashion. Moreover, man, not only as an individual but as a member of society, owes worship to God. Hence public worship has been in use from the cradle of the race.

The great act of public worship is sacrifice. It was so from the beginning, it is so still. In the very outskirts of the earthly paradise, Cain and Abel, first children of the first man and woman, offered victims to God. When Noah stepped out of the Ark, his first care was to set up an altar. Under Moses, the great Hebrew lawgiver, God Himself laid down the law and ritual of sacrifice. From that time onward sacrifice was offered,

first in tent and tabernacle, and later in the temple, till the New Testament with the new people of God came into force.

At the Last Supper Christ instituted the New Testament, saying, "This is My blood of the New Testament, which shall be shed for many." But, as the Apostle says, "where there is a testament, there must needs be the death of the testator; for a testament is of force after men are dead."* Only when Christ died on Calvary did His testament obtain effect. Then was consummated the sacrifice of the New Law, which blotted out, as the same Apostle has it, "the handwriting of the decree which was against us."† The sacrifice of the New Testament is within the New Testament, and did not come into being until the Testament was made operative by the death of the Testator.

The Last Supper, Calvary, and the Mass are not three sacrifices, but one sacrifice. The three are but phases of one and the same sacrificial action, begun in the Last Supper, finished on Calvary, continued in the Mass for evermore. It is of faith that Christ offered but one sacrifice. In the Epistle to the Hebrews, the Apostle affirms and reiterates this divine truth. "Christ was offered once," he declares, "to exhaust the sins of many."‡ And: "We are sanctified by the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once."§ Again: "This Man, offering one sacrifice for sins, forever sitteth at the right hand of God."** And once more: "By one oblation He hath perfected forever them that are sanctified."†† The Council of Trent has defined that Christ offered Himself in the Last Supper. As the Apostle declares "we are sanctified by the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once," it follows necessarily that the offering in the Last Supper is one with Calvary. It is this one offering that is contained in the Mass.

The same appears from the fact that throughout this Epistle Our Lord is spoken of as "priest forever according to the order of Melchisedec." It is of Christ as priest forever after the order of Melchisedec that it is affirmed: "By one oblation he hath perfected forever them that are sanctified." Beyond all question Christ exercised His priesthood after the order of Melchisedec in the Last Supper. It follows that the offering in the Last Supper was one with Calvary, and that the Holy Mass is its continuation.

The continuator of Baronius tells us that a number of those who sat in the Council of Trent desired the offering in the Last Supper to be declared eucharistic only,—i. e., an offering of praise and thanksgiving, not propitiatory.* Had this been done, it would have been by necessary implication affirmed that the Mass is a sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving merely, and so a different sacrifice from that of the Cross, which is propitiatory; for the Mass is but the continuation of the offering in the Last Supper. It was not done, however; nor was any explicit statement made regarding the character of that offering. But it was defined as of faith that the Mass is a propitiatory sacrifice. It is thus formally identified with the sacrifice which "blotted out the handwriting of the decree that was against us." Propitiatory, too, is the offering in the Last Supper, seeing that this offering is continued in the Mass.

The most striking figure of Christ's sacrifice in the Old Testament was the Passover. There was the original Passover in the land of Egypt before the going forth of the children of Israel, and there was ever after the yearly commemorative Passover. Like other sacrifices of the Old Law, the Passover included the ceremonial offering of the victim, the immolation, and the feast upon the sacrifice. The lamb was offered and slain, and its flesh was eaten with

* Heb., ix, 16, 17.

† Col., ii, 14.

‡ Heb., ix, 28.

§ Ib., x, 10.

** Ib., x, 12.

†† Ib., x, 14.

* C. Baronii Annales, vol. 30, pp. 253, 254.

unleavened bread. The relation of type and antitype between it and the Christian Passover requires that the like should have place also in the latter. And so the Last Supper was an integral part of the first Christian Passover; the offering and consecration of the Victim in the Supper, an essential part of it as a ritual oblation; and the immolation on the Cross, an essential part of it as a true and real sacrifice. "For Christ, our Pasch, is sacrificed."*

It was no mystic or moral slaying that made the Christian Passover a true and real sacrifice. St. John (xix, 36) expressly tells us that the Passover of the Old Law,† which prefigured the Passover of the New, was fulfilled on Calvary. This stands to reason, too; for a figure is not fulfilled by another figure, and the figurative immolation in the Last Supper did but shadow forth the real immolation on the Cross. Mere mystic slaying no more made the Christian Passover a real sacrifice than mere mystic eating of the lamb would make a real feast upon that sacrifice. Therefore, the death of Christ upon the Cross must be counted in to make the Christian Passover a real sacrifice, just as the eating of the flesh of the Victim under the form of unleavened bread is required to make a real feast upon the sacrifice.

From this it follows that the Last Supper by itself was not the first Christian Passover, for the Lamb was not yet slain; nor Calvary by itself, for the Lamb there slain was not there offered up with befitting rites, nor given as food under the form of unleavened bread. But the Last Supper together with Calvary was the first Christian Passover. Therefore, every subsequent Passover, corresponding to the commemorative Passover of the Jews—since it is by Christ's own institution the continuing of what was done once for all—must reproduce Calvary as well as the Last Supper. And these two, because of the

oneness of the sacrificial action performed by Christ as Priest in the Last Supper, and the causal connection between that action and the Passion consummated by Him as Victim on Calvary, are so linked together as to constitute, not two offerings or two sacrifices, but one only.

Christ's sacrifice of Himself fulfils all the ends of sacrifice, but it is pre-eminently a sin offering. The Son of Man came "to give His life a redemption for many";* and, while He "knew no sin," was "made sin for us."† As a sin offering, His sacrifice had its type in the Old Testament. According to the ritual directions contained in the Book of Leviticus, the animal was first led to the door of the tent of sacrifice and offered to God there. This preliminary offering was deemed to be of such importance that the man who failed to perform it was "cut off from among his people."‡ The victim was then slain. Afterwards the blood was taken into the sanctuary by the priest, and there, in due ritual form, handed over to God. The twofold offering of the victim—viz., the one before and the one after the immolation—was external and sensible. This requirement is rooted in the very nature of sacrifice, which is an act of external worship.

Though all was done by the will of the priest and under his direction, the priest himself did not slay the victim, except when he made a sin offering for himself,§ or for himself and the people.** In other cases, the victim was first offered and then slain by the owner. The principle in the case of sin offerings appears to have been that the sinner should slay the victim, and the priest should make the subsequent ceremonial offering of it to the Lord.†† It is particularly to be noted that these transactions—to wit, the offering of the living victim before the immolation, the immolation itself, and the handing over to

* St. Matt., xx, 28.

† II. Cor., v, 21.

‡ Lev., xvii, 4.

§ Ib., iv, 3, 4.

** Ib., ix, 7-12.

†† Ib., iv, 13-16; 22-25; 27-30.

* I. Cor., v, 7.

† Ex., xii, 46.

God of the blood of the victim in the sanctuary—did not constitute three sin offerings, but only one sin offering.

Let us now see how the typical sin offering of the Old Testament is fulfilled in the New. Christ Himself is both Priest and Victim of our sin offering. As Priest and owner of the Victim, which is His own body, He made the ceremonial offering of Himself in the Last Supper. As Victim, He was slain on Calvary by the sinners of the world, Jew and Gentile. As Priest and Victim, He perpetuates His one offering for the sins of the world in the Holy Mass. It is by virtue of His death on the Cross that He is Victim in the Mass, in token of which the Mass is said to show forth His death till He come.* It is by virtue of His offering and consecration of Himself in the Supper that He is consecrated and offered in the Mass;† for He is still the Priest of the sacrifice, and we do but lend Him our hands and voice. And so the action of Christ as Priest in the Last Supper is continued evermore in the Holy Mass. It brings into the Christian sanctuary, and hands over to God on the "altar that we have,"† the Victim of Calvary,—the body that was pierced for us upon the tree and the blood that "blotted out the handwriting of the decree that was against us." "This word," says St. John Chrysostom, speaking of the words of consecration in the Last Supper, "once spoken, from that time to the present and unto His coming makes a perfect sacrifice on every altar."

Yea, a perfect sacrifice,—the ritual offering within the Christian sanctuary of the Victim slain on Calvary. For sacrifice involves the offering of a victim in due ritual form, together with the immolation of it. Suppose in the sin offerings of the Old Testament the animal-victim happened to escape, after having been duly offered. It is obvious that the sacrifice would have been but inchoate, imperfect, incomplete. Why? Because

real immolation of the victim is essential if there is to be a real sacrifice. In like manner, the offering made in the Last Supper would have been incomplete without the immolation of Christ on the Cross. The mystic immolation was but a shadow of the real, and would have been wholly meaningless without the real; and the word once spoken would now but reproduce an incomplete and imperfect sacrifice.

From this we may learn why we have always been taught to look upon the Mass as the continuation of the sacrifice of Calvary. The fact that we are so taught to regard it implies that in the Last Supper the sacrifice was not finished. The Mass is the continuation of the finished sacrifice. But it was by virtue of the offering of Himself in the Last Supper that Christ was slain on Calvary, thus finishing His sacrifice. He was sacrificed because He willed to be; and He willed, and gave ritual expression to His will, in the Supper. His will, thus ritually expressed, was the sacrificial knife that slew Him on Calvary. His own action in the Last Supper thus effected a perfect sacrifice on Calvary, and His own action continues the same perfect sacrifice in the Mass.

That the Mass is the continuation of the finished sacrifice, the commemorative Christian Passover one with its great original, is the ancient faith of the Church. St. Chrysostom sets it forth plainly in his commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews, where, after explaining why the Jews had to repeat their sacrifice day after day, he goes on to observe: "But in the case of Christ it is different. He was offered once, and it was enough for all time.... Do not we, too, offer up daily? We do, indeed, but making a commemoration of His death; and this is one, not many. How is it one, not many? Because it was once offered.... Our High Priest it was who offered up that sacrifice which cleanses us. That same sacrifice do we also offer up now

* I. Cor., xi, 26.

† Heb., xiii, 10.

which was then offered up,—that sacrifice which can not be exhausted."

The same belief is strikingly expressed in a recantation made by Sotericus Panteugone before a synod of Greek bishops, in the twelfth century: "I agree with the holy synod herein, that the sacrifice now to be offered up, and once offered up by the only-begotten and incarnate Word, was once offered up, and is now offered up, because it is one and the same. To him who doth not so believe, anathema."*

There are two essential elements of sacrifice: the very notion of it involves priest and victim. On the part of the priest, there is the offering; on the part of the victim, the immolation. The former is the active, the latter the passive, element. Take away either, and sacrifice perishes in its essential concept. As well can there be man without soul and body as sacrifice without the action of the offering priest and the passion and death, or immolation, of the victim. When we affirm, therefore, as it always has been affirmed in the Church, that the Mass is essentially the same as the sacrifice of the Cross, we mean that these two essential elements are the same in both,—the action of the Priest, the passion of the Victim. Hence St. Cyprian teaches that "the passion of the Lord is the sacrifice that we offer." And St. Ambrose, supplementing this teaching, declares that Christ "Himself is plainly seen to offer in us, since it is His word which sanctifies the sacrifice that is offered,"—the word which, "once spoken," to quote once more St. John Chrysostom, "from that time down to this and unto His coming makes a perfect sacrifice on every altar." Thus did the action in the Last Supper combine with the passion and death on Calvary to make the One sacrifice which is perpetuated on our altars,—the clean oblation which is offered up among the Gentiles, as foretold by Malachy, from the rising of the sun to its going down.

A writer in the *London Tablet* (January 22, p. 121), assuming that the Last Supper was the first Mass, asks for an explanation of what, he says, has always been to him a mystery in connection with the Eucharistic Sacrifice. He wishes to know how, if the Mass is the commemoration of the death of Our Lord on Calvary, and the continuation of His sacrifice there, the first Mass could be offered up before the actual death on the Cross. Several explanations have been advanced, but, with one exception, none of them goes to the root of the matter. A real explanation is suggested by the doctrine which has been set forth in this paper—"The Christian Passover, or the Sacrifice of Our Ransom." The Last Supper was but the beginning of the great sacrifice of which the Mass is the continuation and commemoration. It was not, therefore, the first Mass. That was offered in the Cenacle the first time the Apostles actually did what Christ bade them do. When they performed this priestly function for the first time, the sacrifice begun in the Last Supper had been consummated on Calvary. And so the first Mass was in reality the continuation, or renewal, or offering up again, of Christ's sacrifice on the Cross, and the memorial, or showing forth, of His death in that sacrifice.

Had the Last Supper been a sacrifice in and by itself—i. e., a finished sacrifice,—it would have been the first Mass, and the Mass to-day would simply be the continuation of it. But the Mass is, and always has been believed to be, the continuation, and repeated application, of the sacrifice of Calvary. When the words, "Do this for a commemoration of Me," were first uttered, Our Lord was not yet slain, His blood was not yet shed, the Christian sanctuary did not yet exist. But when that was done which He commanded should be done for a commemoration of Him, there was introduced into the Christian sanctuary, and offered to God on an altar there, the body and

* Moehler, "Symbolism," p. 238, 5th ed.

blood of the Victim slain "without the gate."* The mystic immolation in the Supper did but shadow forth the real immolation on the Cross, which was the consummation of the sacrifice,—the coming event that cast its shadow before. "The action of the Last Supper," as Cardinal Manning truly and beautifully expresses it, "looked onward to that action on Calvary, as the action of the Mass looks backward upon it. As the shadow is cast by the rising sun toward the west, and as the shadow is cast by the setting sun toward the east, so the Holy Mass is, I may say, the shadow of Calvary, but it is also the reality."† For, while the action of the Last Supper looked onward to a Sun that was to set and rise again, the action of the Mass looks backward upon a Sun that set and is risen,—looks backward upon and reproduces the completed sacrifice.

A cloud of witnesses attest that this has been the belief of Catholics down through the ages. St. Ambrose declares the Mass to be "that saving sacrifice whereby the sin of the world is blotted out"; St. Jerome, "the one sacrifice of Christ"; St. Augustine, "the Sacrifice of our Ransom"; St. Leo the Great, "the one oblation" which "takes the place of every kind of victim." In the Middle Ages, Alger the Scholastic teaches that "if our daily sacrifice were other than that once offered in Christ, it would not be true but superfluous"; and Peter the Venerable, that "it is not a different sacrifice which is now offered from that which was then offered, but that whereof it is said, 'Christ was offered once,' He hath left to His Church evermore to be offered up"; and Blessed Albert the Great, that our sacrifice "includes two things—a Victim slain, and the offering of it; for immolation is the offering up of that which has been slain for the worship of God"; and St. Bonaventure, that Holy Mass is the sacrifice "pure,

pacific, and plenary," which "was offered on the Cross"; and St. Thomas of Aquin, summing up the tradition of preceding ages, that "the sacrifice which is offered daily in the Church is not other than that which Christ Himself offered, but is the commemoration of it."

On the very eve of the great controversies about the Mass roused by the Reformers, King Henry VIII. thus sets forth the age-long belief and tradition of the Church, in his "*Assertio Septem Sacramentorum*," against Luther: "What the priest does in the Mass is what Christ did in the Supper and on the Cross. This Christ's own words declare: 'Do this for a commemoration of Me.' What else did He mean by these words than that they should represent and do in the Mass what He Himself did in the Supper and on the Cross? For He instituted and inaugurated in the Supper the sacrifice that He consummated on the Cross."

Likewise the Catechism of the Council of Trent teaches "that the sacrifice of the Mass is one and the same with that of the Cross, and is to be so regarded"; pointing out further that "the bloody Victim and the unbloody are not two, but only one." It thus interprets the words of the Council about the "bloody" immolation on the Cross, the "unbloody" immolation on the altar. For this latter is but the image or shadow of the former. It is of its very nature wholly relative to the former, and so is not formally distinct from it. Last of all, Holy Church herself, in the very act of offering the Mass, declares it to be "the spotless evening sacrifice offered up on the Cross for the salvation of the world";* the sacrifice "by the offering of which" Christ "set the whole world free from the bonds of sin";† "the most holy offering of the same sacrifice" offered on the cross by Jesus Christ, "spotless and willing Victim, to God the Father."‡

* Heb., xiii, 11, 12.

† "The Glories of the Sacred Heart."

* Feast of the Spear and Nails.

† Prayer for a deceased male.

‡ Feast of the Spear and Nails.

Such is the Mass, in the mind and in the worship of the Church,—the one sacrifice of the New Law, the one offering for the sins of the world; the sum and compendium, as it is the standing memorial, of Our Lord's most wonderful works. *Memoriam fecit mirabilium suorum, misericors et miserator Dominus.* Here we have, not a rivulet or channel as in the sacraments, but the very fountain source of Christ's redeeming grace. Little wonder that the saints, and men of lively faith in every age, have set so great store by it. "When the priest celebrates," says the author of "The Imitation of Christ," "he honors God, rejoices the angels, edifies the Church, helps the living, obtains rest for the dead, and makes himself partaker of all good things." Holy Mass is the great centre and source of soul-communion with the Eternal,—communion which, as Cardinal Newman has so well said, is in the unseen indeed, but not in the obsolete; for "He who once died for us upon the Cross brings back and perpetuates, by His literal presence in it, that one and the same sacrifice which can not be repeated."*

The Church lays it upon the conscience of all who have reached the years of discretion to hear Mass on Sundays and holydays of obligation. The Lord's Day, one day out of the seven, is set apart for the worship of the Lord. We acquit ourselves of our duty to God on that day by assisting at the Lord's sacrifice. True, there is such a thing as being excused from hearing Mass; but we have to make an honest effort to satisfy the obligation, and even put ourselves to considerable inconvenience. To hear Mass is the one great, positive duty of the day. For those who live under the shadow of the church, or within sound of the bell, and are not necessarily kept at home to prepare meals or look after children or sick people, there can be no valid excuse for failing to fulfil it. It is pitiful to think that a little rain, or some slight inclemency of the

weather, will sometimes keep Christians from being present at the Sunday Mass,—the solemn liturgical offering of that sacrifice in which Christ shed the last drop of His blood to redeem them.

The Church also requires all who have come to the use of reason to receive Holy Communion within the Paschal Time. Holy Communion is the feast upon the Christian Passover. It is the eating of the flesh of the Victim under the form of unleavened bread. "He who eateth Me," says Our Lord, "the same shall live by Me." (St. John, vi, 57.) The Church enjoins upon all her members the eating of the Bread of Life, at least once a year, on pain of spiritual starvation. Failure to perform the Easter duty makes them liable to be cut off from her communion in life, and after death to be deprived of Christian burial.

Those who neglect the Paschal Communion, or miss Mass repeatedly on Sundays and holydays of obligation, can not be looked upon as practical Catholics. In the performance of these two duties lies the minimum of practical Catholicism. But people who are in downright earnest about the business of their eternal salvation will not content themselves with this minimum. They will come often to the Holy Table, and be assiduous in assisting at the Holy Sacrifice, whereby, as the Fathers of Trent teach, "God, being appeased, grants grace and the gift of repentance, and pardons sins and crimes even the most enormous." They will strive to copy the example of the sainted Monica, who "never for one day absented herself from the altar, whence she knew that Victim to be dispensed by which the handwriting that was against us is blotted out."*

* "Confessions of St. Augustine," bk. 9, c. 13.

LIBERTIES can not be taken with fundamental dogmas. They must either be accepted in their integrity or rejected altogether, so that I repeat: "It is all so simple!"—*Pierre de Coulevain.*

* "Grammar of Assent," p. 475.

James Harrington, M. D.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XVII.



WHILE the Doctor sat looking about him, absorbed in varied thoughts, in which the image of Mabel Wharton intruded itself delightfully, and seemed to mingle with the spring beauty and witchery, he suddenly heard the rushing of horses' feet. A high carriage drawn by a pair of horses was madly turning the corner of a road near by. In a second's time he had realized that the animals were running away, and that there was at least one woman in the equipage. Leaping from the fence, he braced himself in the centre of the road—trying hard to keep his nerves unmoved by the screams of the occupant of the carriage, and by the one glimpse he caught of the white, agonized face of Lucy Forrester. He threw himself with all his force against the horses, and by a desperate effort caught hold of the bridle. The man who sat beside Mrs. Forrester seemed paralyzed with terror, and was alternately clutching at the reins and dropping them again. In the excitement, Dr. Harrington did not at first recognize him.

"Sit still, will you? Let the reins alone!" cried the Doctor, holding on with all his strength to the bridle, and striving to bring the animals to a standstill. They dragged him with them on their course, his hands cut and bleeding; and he knew that any moment he might be thrown under the horses' feet, with the possibility of the heavy vehicle passing over him. It seemed, at last, that there was a slight—a very slight—diminution in their speed; and all might have been well had not the man, either encouraged by the slackening of the headlong course, or rendered frantic by his own terror, seized the reins and with a wild shout frantically pulled them as he leaped into the road. The horses made a plunge

forward, throwing the Doctor aside: Mrs. Forrester also was thrown from the vehicle and dashed against the ground. The animals, as if realizing what they had done, now stood still a short distance down the road.

The Doctor, dazed and stunned, but having in his mind other accidents that might happen to children or helpless pedestrians, mechanically caught the reins and tied them to a tree. Then he hastened to the side of Mrs. Forrester. He saw that she was unconscious, and he looked around helplessly for a moment. Her late companion, who had evidently escaped unhurt, was nowhere to be seen. Raising the comparatively small burden in his arms, he carried her into a farmhouse which stood a little back from the road, dispatching a messenger for a cab.

There was little or nothing he could do, without appliances of any kind at hand; and, indeed, he had a fear, which gripped his heart, that there was not much that could be done to save Lucy Forrester. At the very best, it seemed to him, she would be condemned for years to the life of an invalid. There was an ugly wound on the side of her head, where it had struck against a sharply projecting stone; and the slight movements that she made seemed to indicate that there might be some injury to the spine. When, at last, the cab arrived, Dr. Harrington, with utmost tenderness and the skill that comes from knowledge, had lifted her into the vehicle; and, sitting down beside her, supported the nearly motionless form, which he covered with the carriage robe, lest there should be a chill in the air.

To his intense satisfaction, he had been able to carry his still unconscious burden upstairs and put her in the hands of her own maid, before she gave any signs of returning to her senses. The Doctor had left her for a few moments, to procure from the nearest chemist's such appliances as he needed. He also sent for another doctor. But more than one of those he tried was absent from home; so he

remained in watchful attendance beside her bed, applying such restoratives as he thought efficacious, until he had the satisfaction of seeing her open her eyes.

"Where am I?" she whispered.

"In your own room and your own bed. And I must tell you that you were hurt by a fall, and must keep very quiet."

"But why are *you* here?" she asked in bewilderment, and with a confused idea of resentment. "Was there no other doctor to be found, if I need one?"

The Doctor's calm voice, the cool touch of his fingers on her wrist, soothed her; and the excitement, which the anxious watcher knew might be so injurious, began to subside.

"Dr. Campbell will be here in a very short time, I hope," he said, tenderly.

The patient lay still for a few moments, apparently half drowsy; and the physician's well-trained eye watched her keenly. Then all at once she tried to move, and found movement impossible. Her bewildered senses seemed suddenly to clear; and with a convulsive sob, which touched the Doctor deeply, she burst out:

"I remember all now. You were there, and, O my God, you risked your life—"

"Hush! You must be very quiet and make no attempt to move."

Presently there was a ring at the door below, and a servant announced Dr. Campbell. The other arose at once; and, with a last glance at the patient, who seemed to have relapsed into her former drowsy state, he went softly down the velvet pile of the stair carpet and into that drawing-room where he had last been on New Year's Eve, when they had all seemed to bid defiance to time, where they had heard the bells, and joined in the singing of "Auld Lang Syne." A lump rose in the Doctor's throat; but he resolutely controlled all signs of emotion, and explained, in as few and as strictly professional words as possible, the nature of Mrs. Forrester's accident and the symptoms which had fallen under his notice, without making any examination.

He also described the external applications he had made, and formally placed the case in his brother practitioner's hands. At the latter's request, however, he remained to hear the result of the examination, and also to give any assistance that might be needed.

The time seemed very long while he waited in that room, fraught with pleasant memories. The sunshine was lying in placid fashion on the rich carpet, on the gilt frames of the picture, on the various ornaments lying about. Dr. Campbell finally came down the stairs, looking very grave, and declaring that there was absolutely nothing to be done for the moment.

Dr. Campbell then remarked that it was astonishing how such an accident could have happened, with Mrs. Forrester's own horses, and with a coachman who had been so many years in her employment.

"She was not in her own carriage," said Dr. Harrington: "she was driving with some one who, I fancy, was inexperienced. "I chanced to be at hand. I was returning on foot from a call in the suburbs."

Dr. Campbell gave him another keen look, wholly professional this time, as he said:

"Doctor, you had better go home and take care of yourself, and I am going to prescribe for you. You have got a shock and some injuries, besides."

Dr. Harrington waved the suggestion aside.

"Only a few scratches," he said. And, his sense of humor asserting itself even in the tragic gloom of that moment, he added: "And as to a prescription, let me whisper that I have never taken a dose of medicine in my life."

Dr. Harrington then went on his way, with a heavy heart, and a dreamlike feeling that it could not be the poor little butterfly, who had always seemed unconcerned with the graver issues of life, that now lay suffering and helpless, with the dread alternative hanging over her of passing into the world beyond of which she had

taken little heed, or of remaining in this as a hopeless invalid, to whom the pleasures of life would be for evermore forbidden.

So absorbed was he in his thoughts concerning the victim of the tragic accident that at first he forgot all about her companion. But when at last that part of the subject forced its way into his mind, the extreme audacity of the scoundrel Jackson came upon him with the force of a shock. For it was after that interview in which he had presented the claims of Gianetta that the fellow had dared to take Mrs. Forrester driving, and apparently without the slightest idea of how to manage horses. He did not know, of course, that it had been a last despairing effort of the Professor, who had told his companion that he must bid her farewell forever on that day; that the malice of his enemies and a combination of untoward circumstances had made any further friendship with her impossible—unless, indeed, she should be willing to fly with him at once beyond the ocean, where he might live in peace, far from the persecution of his foes.

Now, for all her silliness, Mrs. Forrester had not the slightest notion of undertaking that or any other aviating effort in his company. Nothing could have pleased her less than to fly with him anywhere. But she rather liked his audacity and the despairing tone which he took. It was quite a novel sensation for a man—especially a man so clever and learned—to propose what really amounted to an elopement. It seemed a clear case of infatuation and an excellent salve for wounded vanity.

After the terrible accident, which filled the wretched quack with fear and remorse and even a kind of grief, he lay hidden for weeks in his house, stirring out only after dark, and always in mortal terror of the Doctor or the police. But Dr. Harrington was only too anxious to keep the matter secret, in so far as the public was concerned, for the sake of his poor little friend. For that reason the whilom

Professor gained impunity for that last outrage, and even a lull in the proceedings relating to Gianetta,—who, however, had been installed, without opposition, in the haunted house, which, through the charity of the Doctor's mother and Mrs. Hogan, had been made habitable. There she had Martha Craney and her memories for company.

It was soon all too painfully evident to the physician in attendance, and those called in for consultation, as well as Dr. Harrington, who had carefully followed the details of the case, that Mrs. Forrester's end was near. Her spine had been hopelessly fractured, and the internal injuries had been severe. Her condition was, in fact, altogether beyond the reach of science. When the truth had been gently broken to her that she could not live more than a couple of days, she expressed a desire to see Dr. Harrington.

He never lost the recollection of that interview.

"Gianetta has been here and told me—everything," she whispered.

The Doctor made a gesture of annoyance.

"You must not be excited and disturbed in such ways."

"But it has made me very happy and—unhappy, too."

Two tears stole out of the blue eyes and rolled down the wan cheeks,—a sight which pierced the Doctor's tender heart.

"She told me all the lies and treachery of herself and that wicked man, and I saw how weak and credulous I had been."

The Doctor could not speak; and Mrs. Forrester proceeded, in the same slow, halting way, that was such a contrast to her former light and fluent speech.

"I may say it now, since soon I shall be gone away—altogether."

A look of terror came into her eyes and a shudder passed over her frame. Involuntarily, the Doctor stretched forth his hand and seized her fragile one an instant in his strong clasp. It was as if he hoped even then to stay her passing!

"Yes," the weak voice continued, "I

may say it now, when nothing matters, that because I loved you, and so foolishly, I was ready to believe all those things which tortured me."

The Doctor covered his face with both his hands.

"I realize," she went on, "that you could never have cared for me in that way, and it does not grieve me now. All that is past. But I wanted you to know,—I wanted to—tell you myself."

The Doctor begged her to keep quiet. But, opening her eyes again, she said:

"It's no use now. Nothing can help me. And for this last time I want to talk."

He made no further effort to restrain her, acknowledging the justice of her plea, and she asked him next:

"Do you remember last New Year's Eve, when we were driving, and then downstairs in the drawing-room? Everyone was saying, 'Happy New Year!' while we were listening to the bells ringing midnight. The last year for me!"

The pause now was a little longer; but she broke it by saying, with that strange, unnatural calmness:

"When they told me I could live only a day or two, I wanted to see you, to ask you to forgive me and to say good-bye."

Dr. Harrington could not speak for the emotion that was choking him, but he pressed her hand. A faint smile crossed her lips and a soft light shone in the wasted face.

"You will regret me a little," she said wistfully. "In spite of all, you will remember me for a while."

"Mrs. Forrester," said the Doctor, nerving himself to a painful duty, "have you thought at all—has any one spoken to you of what is beyond?"

For a moment she appeared startled.

"I mean is there not some minister of religion you would like to see?"

Then she stretched forth a wan hand and drew the Doctor nearer, to whisper:

"I think I would like to see a priest."

"A priest?" Dr. Harrington cried, doubtfully, though joyfully.

"I want, because of you, to die a Catholic. No other religion makes people so good."

So it was arranged; and, to the joy of the Catholic domestics in the house, a priest was in attendance from then unto the end, and a Gray Nun was placed in charge of the sick room. Dr. Harrington was present when she received her first and last Communion; and the final interview between the two a couple of hours later was solemn and impressive in the extreme. She had questioned the Doctor about Mabel Wharton, and he had frankly told her the truth. She had smiled sadly, but had said to herself: "In heaven there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage, and I shall meet him there."

The following morning Dr. Harrington was notified of her death, and saw her in the coffin in that drawing-room where so often they had met in light and friendly merriment. When first he caught sight of the face, that looked almost beautiful amongst the surrounding flowers, the Doctor, strong man that he was, fell upon his knees for a few moments and sobbed aloud. It was the farewell to her and to many pleasant years of his youth.

(To be continued.)

"That Morning He Went into Galilee."*

BY M. H. K.

THAT morning He went into Galilee,
Was Galilee but sleeping in the sun,
A dreaming plain beside a dawn-flushed sea,
All unaware of what her Lord had done?
Was silence only sweeping through her skies?
Was sweetness latent in the garden air?
And were, perhaps, no Galilean eyes
Awatch for Him who early journeyed there?
No one, perhaps, to fall before His Face?
No one to kiss the blessed path He trod?
No one to gather the all-saving grace
That fell in showers around the Lamb of God?
Oh, what if Palestine had sheltered me
That morning He went into Galilee?

* Suggested by the Gospel of Easter Sunday.

Our Goodly Heritage.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

XII.—THE HOLY MASS.

IN the very nature of things, man owes, always has owed, and always must owe, to God supreme worship, consisting not in mere lip-service, but in a heartfelt acknowledgment of His sovereign excellence and entire right over His creatures, as well as in that which is the only legitimate and adequate outcome of these true sentiments—a whole-hearted and sincere devotion to the God of his worship. Man's position as a creature, and moreover as a creature possessed of reason and free-will,—able, therefore, to know and to acknowledge God, and to give Him the free offering of service and devotion,—involves nothing less than what we have said above. Further, man is utterly dependent upon God; and this, too, has to be acknowledged by praying God for all we need both for soul and body, and thanking Him for benefits already received. Lastly, sin having entered in, man must needs strive, if it may be, to appease God's most righteous wrath, and to avert His most just chastisements. Supreme worship, thanksgiving, atonement for sin, as well as the efficacious beseeching of benefits,—these are at once needs of man's heart, reasonable necessities of his state as a creature, and a sinful creature, and things wholly due to God from men.

From the beginning these four ends have been recognized by mankind and have been met, or attempted to be met, by *sacrifice*,—by the outward and public offering, that is, of a victim dedicated and devoted to the Deity in signification of His majesty and rights, and of man's position in relation to Him in these matters. The universality of the idea and use of sacrifice in the history of religions points to the idea of sacrifice as one of those

things written upon men's hearts by God Himself as the Author of nature, and to positive enactment by God at the beginning of human history of the law of sacrifices, ratifying this teaching graven upon the fleshly tablets of the heart. There can be little doubt that worship by sacrifice, found as it is in practically every religion, is a survival of God's primitive revelation to mankind.

But how feeble the best that man can offer in sacrifice to God, not only when we consider the "weak and needy elements"* of the material of sacrifice—the blood of bulls and goats, and the ashes of a heifer sprinkled, the pouring out of wine upon the ground, or the offering of bread! And when we reflect upon the inadequacy of even the interior worship of the heart, without which sacrifice is nothing worth; when we think of the poverty of our poor worship and praise, thanksgiving, atonement, and prayer,—how far does our very best fall short of what is due to God! Was it not the thought of this inadequacy, perhaps, that prompted sometimes the offering and immolation of the best and dearest, of sons and daughters—a frightful perversion of human ignorance—in times and places of heathendom?

A perfect sacrifice, however, was prepared in the womb of Eternity,—a sacrifice that should be perfectly all that God's superexcellence and all-holiness demand, and that is due from and necessary to man; a sacrifice that, first, should carry out perfectly the four ends of sacrifice—worship, thanksgiving, propitiation and impetration,—one that should, as first offered, purchase to God a holy and consecrated people, whose offering should be acceptable by reason of Him who should offer Himself; a people who should be enabled themselves, through Him and with Him, worthily to worship, perfectly to praise, fully to propitiate for sin, effectually to impetrate and beseech all good things for soul and body.

* Gal., iv, 9.

This perfect sacrifice is the Holy Mass, the great and continual sacrifice of the New Law, by which is daily fulfilled the prophecy of Malachy: "From the rising of the sun even to the going down, My Name is great among the Gentiles; and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to My name a clean oblation." *

The sacrifice of the New Law, the Holy Mass, has its origin and foundation in the sacrifice of Himself upon the Cross, with the shedding of His Precious Blood, by Jesus, the Mediator of the New Covenant, whose Blood "speaketh better things than that of Abel"; who, by that death, willingly undergone, gave to God (since He Himself is God) perfect worship, perfect thanksgiving and praise, full and complete atonement for all sins, and effectual cause for granting to the sinful race of men (whom He represents in Himself as the New Adam and Head of our redeemed race) peace and pardon, grace and every blessing,—the goodly heritage on earth of all that we have in the Catholic Church: sanctification here, and glory hereafter. And a chief part of that goodly heritage is the continuation among us, in an unbloody manner, of the sacrifice first offered upon the Cross, prolonged and extended through the ages by a marvellous invention of the Divine Wisdom in the sacrifice ever offered upon our altars.

The Holy Mass, indeed, is the very sum and centre of the Christian religion and of Christian worship. It is a mystery of divine love and wisdom so overwhelming that human language must ever fail to do it justice. It is the compendium of the divine plan of salvation, comprising in itself not only the benefits of Redemption, but by the Real Presence, Jesus, the Author of Redemption Himself. In its substance, the Holy Mass is one with the sacrifice of the Cross; for in the Mass that great redeeming act, constituted of the self-oblation of the God-Man, that

obedience unto death which not only atoned for sin but was also perfect worship and all-powerful impetration, is continually renewed.

Yet, while the sacrifice of the Cross and the sacrifice of the Mass are thus substantially one, there are differences in the manner of the offering, and in the circumstances of the offering. In every sacrifice, says St. Augustine, there are four things to consider: "to whom it is offered, by whom it is offered, what is offered, and for whom it is offered." Now, both the sacrifice of the Cross and its prolongation, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, are offered, of course, to the Blessed Trinity; also, if we regard Christ, who is at once Priest and Victim, it is one and the same Priest and Victim who offers Himself now in the Mass that offered Himself once upon the Cross,— "one and the same Victim," as the Holy Council of Trent lays down; "the same now offering Himself by the ministry of His priests, who aforetime offered Himself upon the Cross, only the manner of offering being different"; inasmuch, that is, as He then offered Himself with actual blood-shedding and physical death, whereas now He offers Himself with a mystical death and blood-shedding by the separate consecration of His sacred Body upon the corporal, and of His Precious Blood in the chalice; thus representing His blood-shedding and death to the outward eye under the separate forms of bread and wine.

But in the Holy Mass, Jesus Christ associates to Himself and with Himself His mystical body, the Church, as both offering and offered; co-offering with Him, and offered together with Him. This is a consequence of the truth already insisted upon in former papers, that the Holy Catholic Church is the body of Christ, and He the Head; Christ and the Church together forming one organism in the spiritual and mystical order. This was not so with the original sacrifice on Calvary. Then the Church had not been

* Mal., i, 11.

born, but was in embryo. Indeed, it was by His death upon the Cross that Jesus "purchased the Church with His own blood,"* and "delivered Himself up for the Church, . . . that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing."†

"Hence," writes a modern theologian‡ "since the actual union of men with Christ, in which union the very essence of the Church consists, was the object and effect of the bloody oblation upon the Cross, this union or conjunction of Christians with Christ is posterior to the sacrifice of the Cross. . . . Hence there is a further sacrifice—the sacrifice of the Mass—in which the glorious fruit of the former offering is realized; *for the Son of God did not come into the world to give the Father a solitary adoration, but that He might make us men to be perfect adorers with Himself in spirit and in truth.* There is, then, I say, a further sacrifice, *the offering of which is made by the mystical body united with its Head.*

"In this, indeed, is found the distinctive character of the Mass; for it is offered alike *by Christ and by Christ's ministers and by the whole Church of the faithful*, though in different ways by each of these. It is offered by Christ as the principal and supreme priest, who at the Last Supper, before He suffered, and before He ascended into heaven, delivered to the Apostolic hierarchy the mission of exercising His priesthood on earth, and of offering sacrifice in His name till the end of the world. It is offered by Christ's ministers, as true priests, but as subordinate priests, and as instruments of the great High Priest. Lastly, it is offered by the whole Church of the faithful,—by the people through their priests, according to the words of the Canon of the Mass: 'We pray, O Lord, therefore, that Thou wouldst be pleased to accept this offering of our service and the service of all Thy family.'

"The faithful join in this offering in different ways; for some make the offering of the Holy Sacrifice, not by actual hearing of Mass, but by virtue of the fact that, being Catholics, they communicate, by their very profession of the Christian, Catholic name, in that worship which is given to God throughout the world according to the rite instituted by Christ. Others offer the sacrifice by actual co-operation, either by having Mass said, or by ministering at the sacrifice (e. g., as servers); or, lastly, by hearing Mass. And the closer their concurrence in offering the sacrifice, the greater, if so be that their dispositions correspond, is the fruit they obtain from the Mass.

"But, further, in the Mass the mystical body of Christ also pertains to that which is offered. For he who offers a victim in sacrifice, offers that victim as representing and taking the place of himself: intending thereby to express that interior submission and entire devotion by which he wills to be wholly consumed, spiritually, for God's honor. As, therefore, the Church offers the Holy Mass in union with Christ, her Head, so also she is offered in the Mass with Him.' St. Augustine says that, since the Church is the body of the Head, she offers up herself through Him. Moreover, it is the intention of the Church that, by means of the continued offering of the body and blood of Christ, the oblation of herself shall be made more and more perfect; and so she prays in the Mass, in the Secret for the Monday after Whitsunday: 'Vouchsafe, O Lord, to sanctify these gifts; and, receiving this oblation of a spiritual victim, perfect us as a perpetual offering to Thee.'

"This, too, is the reason why Christ is mystically immolated in the Holy Eucharist under symbols which signify the mystical body, the Church, which He purchased with His Blood; for the forms of bread and wine are symbols of the society of the faithful,—the bread being composed of many grains of wheat, and the wine pressed out of many grapes.

* Acts, xx, 28.

† Eph., v, 25-27.

‡ Cardinal Billot.

Hence, also, it is that the Church uses, concerning her sacrifice, many expressions which could not be understood if Christ only, and not also ourselves, His members, were included in the offering. Thus God is prayed to receive the sacrifice as acceptable, to look upon it with a propitious and serene countenance, to cause it to be borne to heaven to the altar on high by the hands of angels. These, and other expressions which could not be applied to the offering of Christ alone, are seen to be full of piety when we consider how in the sacrifice of the Mass, not Christ alone offers and is offered, but the Church, conjoined with her Head, Jesus Christ, offers and is offered also. Lastly, the Holy Mass is only offered, *directly* at least, for those who are members of the Church; whereas the sacrifice of the Cross was offered for all men without distinction."

How great, then, is the treasure of the Holy Mass!

(To be continued.)

The Story of Cervantes.

THIS year witnesses the tercentenary of two great creative geniuses who at the same period, but under widely different conditions, illumined the world, Cervantes and Shakespeare. To both may be applied what Carlyle wrote of the latter and his time: "In some sense it may be said that this glorious Elizabethan era, with its Shakespeare as the outcome and flowerage of all which had preceded it, is itself attributable to the Catholicism of the Middle Ages. The Christian faith, which was the theme of Dante's song, had produced this practical life which Shakespeare was to sing. For religion then, as now, was the soul of practice, and the primary, vital fact in men's life. And remark here as rather curious that middle-aged Catholicism was abolished, in so far as Acts of Parliament could abolish it, when he made his appearance."

Now, it was Catholicism, too, that gave Cervantes, as so many others, to the world. The old joyous freedom, the wit and the fancy that ran riot through all the life of Mediæval Christendom, were nowhere more in evidence than in that kingdom of Spain, where, as regarded the life of the people,

Joy was in itself a religion,
As religion a joy.

"Our ancestors," says a Spanish writer,* "could afford to be less formal in their amusements, because they were more serious in important affairs. Institutions, education, public undertakings, customs—everything, in fine—had for their only object that of being in the face of the world the public champions of Catholic truth. Spain owed to the zeal of her children such profound marks of originality that she could be called, like Israel, 'a priestly kingdom and a holy nation.'"

The genius of the Spanish people was shown in the celebration of the "Autos Sacramentales," when they gathered with a fervor of devotion, an enthusiasm, a living faith which in nowise interfered with their gayety and good humor, the happy liberty of the children of God,—all of which is mirrored in the writings of Cervantes; and this despite the fact that the precise period in which he lived—the dying Middle Ages—was one "of passion and conflict in both the inward and the outer life of man." The great revolt of Luther had stirred the spiritual world to its depths; and the counter-movement, of which "the romantic and royal-minded Ignatius" was the centre, had begun. The slogan of Crusading warfare had again been sounded by one of the greatest of many great Popes, Pius V. The Turks in immense numbers were assailing Christendom, and the recent religious upheaval and other causes had left Europe supine. Luther, in his hatred of the Papacy, had loudly demanded that "the gates of Christendom be thrown open to the Turk." There was

* Gonzalez Pedroso.

nothing to be hoped from princes associated with the so-called Reformers; and Francis I., of France, had proved false to the traditions of the eldest daughter of the Church. The mighty task devolved upon the Sovereign Pontiff; and, undismayed, he sent ringing through the South the old war-cry of Clermont: "It is the will of God!"

The Turkish fleet was composed of three hundred vessels; the Christians had only two hundred and nine; but these were manned by heroes burning with religious enthusiasm, who had prepared themselves for battle by three days of fasting and prayer. The centre wing was commanded by that renowned Christian soldier, Don John of Austria; the left wing, by the Venetian, Admiral Barbarigo; the centre, by the galleys of the Pope and the Genoese, led by Andrea Doria and Marc Antonio Colonna. The Pope gave orders that at the moment of the attack all the Christian hosts with one voice should invoke the Blessed Trinity, and cry to the Virgin Mother of God: "Help of Christians, pray for us!"

The result of that battle is familiar to everyone; also how the Pontiff, kneeling in prayer, rose suddenly to announce with prophetic vision the victory. Never was triumph more decisive, more beneficial or imperishable in its effects,—never was victory more glorious and more free from stain than that which crowned the arms of the Christians at Lepanto. Sudden and boundless was the relief experienced by the almost despairing nations of Christendom.

Present at the battle of Lepanto, in the right wing, under Marc Antonio Colonna, was the subject of this sketch, Miguel Cervantes Saavedra. His valor on that occasion was noteworthy. He was wounded three times and suffered the loss of his left arm. When he was pressed by the captain and doctor, because of raging fever, to remain in his berth, he exclaimed: "It is fit that I should be where my countrymen are;

and it is better that I should die in battle than die in my bed."

It was thus that this most fascinating of romancers, with the soul of a knight and the imagination of a poet, began his adventurous career by enlisting as a private soldier, and distinguishing himself in that noblest of causes and most splendid of victories. He was but twenty-two at that time, having been born in 1547, at Alcalá de Henares, in New Castile, of a noble but reduced Castilian family. The next five years of our author's life were spent in captivity. Taken by corsairs, he was sold into slavery at Algiers. During that period were displayed some of the finest qualities. In a plan of escape which failed, he took all the blame upon himself, exonerating others. His family, by mortgaging their estates, had procured a certain sum of money which they sent for his release. But so high was the value placed upon him by his captors, because of his personal qualities and the distinction he had already won, that they considered the amount inadequate. He, therefore, ransomed his two brothers, and remained himself in the galleys. It was finally through the exertions of his kindred and of the Fathers of the Order of Mercy that he obtained his freedom at the very moment when he was boarding a vessel to go into perpetual captivity at Constantinople. He returned to glorify Spain, which had given him such meagre help in his misfortunes.

At the age of thirty-seven, and after his return to his native country, he married a young woman of honorable and distinguished parentage, though, like himself, of small fortune; and thenceforth his time was devoted chiefly to literary pursuits. It may here be observed, that Spain differed in that respect from many other European countries, where men of letters were very commonly dependent on the rich and powerful. Literature attracted to its cult people of distinction,—men of noble and even royal birth, military men, ecclesiastics, and men who were engaged

in large affairs. The military profession was illustrated by the genius of Calderon de la Barca, who afterwards became a priest; Garcilasso de la Vega and Lope de Vega, Manrique and Erciles.

As has been seen, the warfare in which they were engaged and the national sentiment of religious enthusiasm were such as to give to their lightest productions "a tone of high morality and a practical tendency far removed from the comparatively trifling topics which formed the staple subject of the literature of their neighbors." It gave it a manliness of tone, a dignity, and a realization of the worth of human nature, especially when informed by religious truth. The Spanish literature in its highest manifestations was essentially moral no less than intellectual, and as free from mawkish sentimentality as from grossness. Literature was, in fact, a sacred possession which had been handed down from worthy forefathers, and which, as is abundantly proved by competent critics, was their heritage long before the Arab conquerors had been established on the soil.

Cervantes had begun his apprenticeship to that noble calling at an early age, and had mounted the first rungs, at least, of the ladder of fame long before his masterpiece of "Don Quixote" was published. He had made his reputation as a poet and a dramatist by the publication of several pieces, the first of which was "Galatea," a pastoral poem in six books; "Persiles and Sigismond," a romance; "The Voyage to Parnassus," an ingenious satire; and a drama called "Numantia," founded on the history of that place by the Romans,—a drama, declares a critic, so pervaded by a terrible and tragic majesty that Sismondi calls its author "the Castilian Æschylus." The numerous tales which he gave to the public were said to have "the delicate grace of Boccaccio, without his defilements."

But all that he did, no matter what its excellence, was completely overshadowed by the work which became at

once immortal. The delighted surprise with which "Don Quixote" was hailed by his contemporaries changed into a living and permanent appreciation; and the strong hold which it took upon the affections of the author's countrymen spread from one nation of the world to the other, and from one age to the next, until its fame had become not only national but international, not only Mediæval but modern, appealing not only to the men and women of the sixteenth century but to those of the twentieth. It is one of the few works which the world has taken to its universal heart and called its own. The world still laughs at its humor and is touched by its pathos; it sees in its pages an arraignment indeed of the fast dying and decadent chivalry; but more than that—a summoning to the bar of the follies of nations and individuals.

Considering the life of change, adventure, and vicissitude led by the great writer, it is not surprising to find in his work a consummate knowledge of humanity, and an appreciation of the realities of life, which were being lost sight of in a flood of wild and improbable romances which had brought discredit upon chivalry. His writings likewise show a constructive ability, which, working harmoniously with the creative faculty, enabled him to carry out his plot successfully, and to create a multitude of minor characters, all of which he subordinated to the immortal two—the Knight and the Squire: Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. These have in a super-excellent degree the qualities of reality, novelty, and individuality. While showing the generic qualities of the race, they are distinctly new creations. They appeal, however, to the sympathies of their fellow-beings, even amidst the most delicious drolleries, the most consummate absurdities, the maddest eccentricities, by their simplicity, sincerity and truth. The humor, subtle, ironical, at times uproarious, on occasions offensively coarse (where the expurgator has not been at

work), is yet always saved from mere buffoonery by the idea that lurks in every separate quip or jest, in every oddity, in the most grotesque whimsicalities. Through it all are the pathos and the tragedy of a noble mind and noble nature, unbalanced and perverted by the romances he has read, and the wild adventures with which his mind is filled. Perhaps the dangers of reading, as thus illustrated, are not the least of the moral lessons of which the great romance is full.

The sadness which underlies the mirthfulness, the frolic, and the mischief, culminates in the final parting between the Knight and the Squire, with the death of the former. The mad Knight—who, as some critics will have it, was mad throughout, while others are convinced that he had regained his sanity in the second volume and was therefore two distinct personalities—is always a gentleman. Most of those qualities which he describes as the attributes of a knight-errant he possesses in their entirety. He is obliging, courteous, kindly; compassionate to the poor and the weak; of honor unblemished, of tried integrity, of undoubted courage; steadfast in endurance, lavish in liberality; a slave to beauty, and the champion of womankind. For so the author,—giving, it is said, a true presentment of his own character—portrays in “Don Quixote,” a noble and honorable man, in whom baseness would have been impossible, grossness unthinkable, and meanness inconceivable. His generosity was as boundless as his bravery was undaunted; his chivalrous respect for womankind as exquisite and delicate as that of the goodly company of Christian Knighthood, who, when chivalry was in its prime, adorned that Catholic institution. His loyalty to the imaginary lady of his heart was as intense as it was pathetic; his ideas were many, and of no limited extent; his learning was remarkable; and flowers of wit, wisdom, and right thinking strewed all his way. In the most grotesque situations, and

mingled with the most fantastic oddities, are to be found judicious and moral reflections, indicating the habit of keen observation and deep thinking.

Lovable to a degree is that “Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance.” Hence his mishaps and the failure of his adventures rouse the reader to contempt for those who prevail against him or turn him into ridicule. Charles Lamb could never forgive the author for permitting his hero to be made a target for the gibes and jests of flunkies, duennas, menials of all sorts in the house of the Duke and Duchess. And the majority of readers will be tempted to regard as unamiable and malicious all that pleasant foolery, that elaborate masquerading, which has for its end exposing the honest and simple Knight to derision.

The book abounds from end to end with lessons, and its philosophy is an acute, almost painful portrayal of how the heart ungoverned by the head, and imagination uninformed by reason, may bring the most strenuous efforts to naught, exciting only ridicule, ending only in failure and despair. There is, however, something practical, broadly human, and powerfully contrasting in the twin portraiture of Sancho Panza. That wonderful antithesis is carried out to the very end of the book, where the Squire is consoled for the departure of his master, and the tears of his really honest grief wiped away, by the slight advantage which accrues to him from the will. He has no difficulty at all in following the advice of the dying Knight and returning to the ways of common life.

The attempt to convert the honest but prosaic, blundering, and thick-witted Sancho into a romantic and adventure-loving esquire is a true stroke of genius, and gives scope for the finest play of humor and the sharpest arrows of satire. Imagination—that purveyor of golden fancies, keeper of the ivory gates, warden of all poetic images and fancies—can no more exercise her magic upon him than turn a clod of clay into gold. The flock of sheep

is for him a flock of sheep, the windmill is a windmill; and Dulcinea, the peerless lady, is a rustic wench, no queen whom the delicate and poetic fancy of Don Quixote has clothed with every grace and charm.

The host of minor characters stand out with a distinctness which makes of them actual personages to be encountered daily in the highways and byways of ordinary existence. The priest who would burn the pernicious books which have distempered a fine intellect; the busy, practical niece; the bustling housekeeper who scolds Sancho so unjustly for having made his master into a vagabond; the barber and the bachelor, the keeper of the lions and the goatherd, millers and fishermen; Giles de Passamonte and the highwaymen,—they are an endless company, each adding his quota to the interest of the narrative.

Admirable, too, is the skill with which dumb beasts and even inanimate objects are wrought into the author's plan, and seem to be invested with life and individuality. Rosinante, and Dapple the donkey; the flock of sheep, and the lions that refused to be stirred into combative activity by the challenges of the Knight; the windmills, mistaken by Don Quixote for giants; the inn that, to disordered fancy, became a palace; the cheese and the pack staves, the barber's basin that served the Knight for a helmet,—all are worked into the warp and woof of each separate adventure with a vividness and reality that make the reader feel as though he had seen and touched them.

The long, lank, lean figure of the Knight and his yellow visage have so won upon the sympathy of the readers that they are moved almost to tears when they see him at last vanquished by the "Knight of the White Moon," no other than the Bachelor Carrasco, anxious thus to cure a friend of his folly. For infinitely pathetic is that prostrate figure upon the ground, proclaiming, in a low, weak voice, that his Dulcinea is the most peerless lady on earth.

It is with a personal sorrow that one

peruses the last passages, relating how the Knight, restored to sanity and a dying man, takes leave of his assembled friends and bids farewell forever to his visions of glory. All the dreams of chivalry, all the illusions that have lent a charm to his existence, fall from him as a garment. He sees himself and life as they are—a profound moral lesson. With a loud voice he blesses God for His boundless mercies, which the sins of men can neither lessen nor obstruct. He calls his friends, the priest, the bachelor, the barber, his housekeeper and niece, together with poor old Sancho, to witness that he is free from the madness which had come upon him through the reading of the romances of knight-errantry, which he now considers odious and profane. "Give me joy, good gentlemen," he cries out, "that I am no longer Don Quixote de la Mancha, but Alonzo Quixano, surnamed the Good!"

He calls for a priest, for in those circumstances "a man may not trifle with his soul"; and begs likewise that a lawyer be fetched, to make his will. He provides for his relatives, and orders that Sancho be not called to account for any money transactions that have been between them; but that if a surplus remains it should be for his own use. He begs forgiveness of Sancho that he has made him a madman, and declares that if, in his madness, he procured for him the government of a fictitious island, he would now in his sanity, if that were possible, bestow upon him a kingdom because of his sincerity of heart and the fidelity of his dealings.

There is a fine touch of nature when Sancho, sobbing, begs him not to commit the greatest madness, and suffer himself to die without any one having killed him, and purely of melancholy. He begs him to come forth as they had agreed, habited as shepherds; since behind some bush or other they should find Dulcinea, at last disenchanted. But the Knight, whose words, as the priest testifies, are all "rational, devout and proper," replies:

"Gentlemen, you can not find this year's birds in last year's nests. I was mad and am sober; and may my unfeigned repentance and my sincerity restore me to the esteem you once had for me!"

So we take leave of Knight and Squire with genuine regret, and with a feeling of sincere gratitude to the mind that has created and the hand that has penned all those wayward fancies, that rich imagery, those varied scenes. He painted not only a broad, animated, glowing picture of life as it was in Mediæval Spain, but gave also an exact portrayal, in many respects, of life at large and the ways of men in all ages. The genius which gave "*Don Quixote*" to Spain and to the world flickered and went out when the great romancer breathed his last, in his sixty-ninth year, at Madrid, that city which to all time has been illumined with the lustre of his fame. Like the hero of his novel, persuaded that "a man should not trifle with his soul," he received the Last Sacraments with a Christian's faith and hope. Though his youth was not free from the faults and follies at which his biographers hint, his maturity and later life were consonant with his Catholic profession and his belief in that Saviour who, as he makes his hero say with simple faith and reverence, "was the best Master that ever man had." He was buried in a remote corner of the cemetery of the Trinitarians. There for long years his remains were unmarked by a tomb, while his fame was reaching from hemisphere to hemisphere.

His tercentenary, it is said, unlike that of his immortal contemporary, William of England, will not be celebrated until after the war, when it will be commemorated with befitting splendor by his native land, from which he suffered cruel neglect, and upon which he reflected an honor that has been from generation to generation.

LIFE teaches us the wisdom not to trouble about either the unimportant or the irremediable.—*Christian Reid.*

A Pretty Custom.

DURING my sojourn in the ancient little pueblo of Tucson, Arizona, I witnessed much that was interesting, but nothing more pleasing or impressive than a pretty, and to me, novel feature of the celebration of Holy Week, which occurred during Mass on Holy Saturday.

The old cruciform cathedral of adobe (a picture in itself) was crowded to its utmost capacity,—not only its pews, but its spacious aisles, where, on the bare floor, men, women, and children half knelt, half sat, according to the Mexican fashion; whilst groups of dark-hued faces thronged the low windows from without, eagerly following the services, to which they were unable to gain admittance.

They formed a picturesque sight, those simple children of the Western frontier; the women and maidens wearing black shawls over their raven locks, in imitation of the graceful lace mantilla worn by their more beautiful and more fortunate Spanish sisters. All were wrapt in the solemn devotions of the hour, when, as is customary on the occasion, at the singing of the *Gloria in Excelsis*, accompanied by the organ and the joyous ringing of bells, suddenly, from all parts of the sacred edifice, clouds of rose-leaves were thrown high into the air, only to descend again in fragrant showers on the heads of the worshippers. Again and again the pretty scene was repeated; hands worn and shrivelled with toil and age, as well as the plump, brown hand of childhood, joining in the graceful task; whilst glad faces were uplifted toward the altar, and glad hearts went forth in anticipation of the Resurrection morn to greet their risen Lord, as the scent of the roses and the aroma of incense floated down the aisles, mingling with the glorious sunshine that flooded the place. I had been told of the pretty custom; still, although not taken entirely by surprise, I was unprepared for

the beauty of the scene, as well as for the emotions it awakened.

After Mass the blossoms lay in thick profusion on the floor, and little children gathered handfuls as they passed out, for the pleasure of toying with their delicate beauty. But as I stooped to fill my handkerchief with the sweet petals, destined for a rose-jar in my distant home, I knew I was gathering something more sacred than mere fragrance to "enrich the halls of memory." J. F.

Ethical Culture.

IF the reader looks up "ethics" in one of the larger dictionaries, he will see it defined in some such phrase as "the science of right conduct and character"; "the science which treats of the nature and grounds of moral obligation, and of the rules which ought to determine conduct in accordance with this obligation"; "the doctrine of man's duty in respect to himself and the rights of others," etc. Catholic students are perhaps more accustomed to the term "moral philosophy" as fitting these definitions; and if a genuinely Catholic definition of ethics be asked for, this one of Father Cathrein, S. J., may be cited: "Ethics may be defined as the science of the moral rectitude of human acts in accordance with the first principles of natural reason." The difference between moral theology and ethics is that while both deal with the moral actions of man, ethics has not, and moral theology has, its origin in supernaturally revealed truth.

Ethics, properly so called, dates from the days of Socrates (470-399 B. C.), who taught that the ultimate object of human activity is happiness, and that the necessary means to reach this happiness is virtue. All down the centuries since his time there have been innumerable systems of ethics, most of them eliminating any accountability of man to God, even when they admitted, as many of them did not admit, God's existence.

According to the radical Evolutionists, man is nothing more than a developed brute, in which case, of course, he can not possess a spiritual and immortal soul, has no freedom of will, and consequently is beyond or outside ethical standards as we recognize them. Those who, with Marx, Engels, and their followers, believe in the "materialistic interpretation of history" maintain that no universal code of morality exists binding on all men at all times. They assert that the morality of the present day is not of divine origin, but the product of history, and will soon have to give way to another system of morality. The so-called Relativists recognize no absolute and unchangeable truths with regard either to ethics or anything else. The Pragmatists hold that nothing is to be considered true unless experience has proved it to be useful; and, as the same thing is not always useful, it follows that unchangeable truth is impossible.

Within the past century, especially, there has been exhibited a growing contempt for the traditional morality. Max Nordau declares that moral precepts are nothing but "conventional lies"; Max Stirner asserts that that alone is good which serves one's own interests; and the followers of Nietzsche seem to believe that men of genius and superiority are exempt from the laws of morality. A tendency that has become more and more marked within the past few decades is to make morality independent of all religion. In France, religious education was banished from the schools in 1882, and "lay morality" substituted therefor.

The tendency in question took on substantial form in the United States some six years before the laicization of the French schools. In 1876 Professor Felix Adler of Cornell University, and several associates founded the first Society for Ethical Culture. The purpose of the movement was to provide a centre for "persons who had lost their attachment to the traditional creeds and desired

to aid in seeking what is good and in promoting the moral development of the individual and of society." A second society was formed in Chicago in 1882; a third in Philadelphia in 1885; and a fourth in St. Louis in 1886. Since that date other societies have been organized in England, Germany, Austria, etc. A congress of the European and American Ethical Societies was held in Switzerland, in 1896, and there was instituted the office of International Secretary.

Of the American Societies we are told that they seek less to gain adherents than to establish their principles and perfect their organization. "Not affirming any creeds and not hostile to any," says an authoritative pronouncement of their principles, "the Society for Ethical Culture teaches that moral ends are supreme over all human ends and interests, and that the authority of the moral law is immediate and not dependent on religious beliefs or philosophical theories." Meetings of the Society are held on Sundays, and are devoted to addresses, with exclusion of audible prayer and all forms of ritual.

The declared purpose of these Ethical Culture Societies in this country, as in Europe, is no doubt praiseworthy enough; the amelioration of man's moral nature is an excellent end towards which to strive. But the lessons of all history as well as the facts of everyday life prove that any such amelioration, any improvement in the morals of individuals or nations, is utterly impossible if religion be set aside. To attempt to arrest the passions or sway the wills of men by any consideration lower than the commands of God and the hope and fear of eternal rewards and punishments is "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare." Religion alone can bring to bear the necessary curb on the multifarious passions of the human heart; and religious, not merely moral, instruction can alone train the youth of America along the path of genuinely good citizenship.

Notes and Remarks.

"Suggestions from the Ritual," an article contributed to the current number of the *Ecclesiastical Review* by the Very Rev. Dr. Edward Pace, is a mine of valuable thought touching the prayers of the Church, especially those used in the form of blessings, with particular attention to the relation between the nature of the external object and the inner meaning of the invocation. Laying down the principle enunciated in the opening sentence of the prayer for the blessing of the palms on Palm Sunday—"God has been pleased, in the wonderful order of His providence, to make use even of material things as a means of setting forth the economy of our salvation,"—Dr. Pace continues: "Far as the spiritual is by nature from the material, He who created both has ordained that the lower should be brought to the service of the higher,—should become, in fact, the vehicle whereby the holiest of truths is borne into the soul. And He who endowed each thing with its natural qualities knew in the very act of endowment what share it would have in the later dispensation, and how fully adapted it would be to His eventual purpose."

It is a wonderful thought, that the Creator foreknew and foreordained to their high ministry the elements, let us say, of bread and wine.

Those engaged in the controversy about the name of The Church, especially those Anglican persons who call themselves Catholics and call us "Romans" or "Romanists," should all be interested in what Mr. Labouchere once said on the subject. It was in reply to a member of the Junior Athenæum Club, who had been at pains to convince him that he was wrong in referring to Roman Catholics as "Catholics," and to the Roman Catholic Church as the "Catholic Church." These were Mr. Labouchere's words: "The Roman Catholic Church was known as

the Catholic Church for many centuries. It has therefore a right to this trade-mark. What people call themselves matters little: the important point is what they are. For the Church of England to call itself the Catholic Church has always seemed to me absurd."

It is interesting, though not surprising, to learn that admiration for Maurice Maeterlinck in his own country rests much more on the work of the first period of his literary career than on those productions of his later years which have rendered him so popular abroad. He changed his convictions when he took up his residence in France, where his influence is already on the wane, as it is in England and our country. This was inevitable. As Émile Cammaerts remarks in concluding a review of Belgian literature in the current number of the London *Athenæum*: "Art and patriotism are at one in preferring the original products of the native soil to the most brilliant flowers grown in a foreign country; and you can not truly pretend to belong to the wide world if you lose touch with your own people,—if you forget the song of the Angelus chiming in the old clock-tower."

Sir Martin Conway published last year a book entitled "The Crowd in Peace and War," and the Earl of Cromer makes the volume the text of an interesting article in the *Nineteenth Century*. The following extract therefrom is worth quoting, if only to show that the spoken word has not, despite the alleged omnipotence of the press, lost anything of its efficacy, at least in the opinion of this English nobleman:

We can not escape from the power of oratory. Democracy involves the creation of crowd-power, and the existence of crowd-power almost necessitates the birth of crowd-compellers. Their responsibility is very great. An eminent living politician once said to me that there were three important points connected with a speech—viz., (1) who spoke, (2) how he spoke, and (3) what he said,—and that the third point was by

far the least important of the three. Much the same thing was, according to La Bruyère, said by Nicole, a French moralist of the seventeenth century: "*Ce n'est pas la vérité qui persuade les hommes, ce sont ceux qui la disent.*" The crowd, in fact, is often influenced more by personal authority than by argument. In spite of Sir Martin Conway's rather gloomy forecast, we need not despair of the future of English democracy if only the crowd-compellers—or, as I should in more homely language be inclined to call them, the leaders—rise to the occasion and have the courage to lead the crowd in the directions indicated by patriotism, by sound statesmanship, and by a high sense of morality. The rise of such leaders is probably the greatest public need of the day.

It is a need, be it added, not confined to Great Britain. Patriotic, sane, and moral leaders are as necessary to the workingmen of this country as they are anywhere. The mischief is that too many of the crowd-compellers in this land of free speech—and license—are wofully wanting in genuine right to any one of these epithets.

Some of the outstanding facts given in the advance sheets of the Official Catholic Directory will be of interest to our readers. The Catholic population of the United States proper is said to be more than sixteen and a half millions; the increase over last year, about a quarter of a million. The compiler of the Directory, Mr. Joseph H. Meier, thinks that ten per cent of the total furnished by the chancellors of the various dioceses may well be added to represent the floating Catholic population; so that, in his opinion, a conservative estimate of our people's numbers in this country is eighteen millions. Six or seven other millions are under the American flag, in the Philippines, Alaska, the Canal Zone, etc. Four of our States—New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Massachusetts—have more than a million Catholic residents each; and twenty-two others have more than a hundred thousand each. Of the 19,572 Catholic priests in the United States, 14,318 are parochial clergy, while 5254 are members of

religious Orders. The Directory also lists 10,058 Catholic churches with resident priests; 5105 mission churches; 85 seminaries, with 6201 students; 112 homes for the aged; 210 colleges for boys; 685 academies for girls, and 5588 parochial schools. In these schools there are enrolled 1,497,949 children. The Directory furthermore reports 283 orphan asylums, with 48,089 orphans.

As thoroughly adequate and keenly cutting a rebuke as has been administered to a body of meddlesome bigots in a long while is contained in a paragraph of a letter sent by the Mayor of Haverhill, Mass., to the Ministers' Association of that city. He had refused the city hall to a notorious anti-Catholic lecturer, who poses as an ex-priest; and the reverend members of the Association protested against his "arbitrary" action. In answer the Mayor said, in part:

Noticing that the shock of my declining to grant the use of the city hall for these lectures falls with marked violence upon your belief in free speech, may I have the temerity to ask this: If some antagonist had desired the use of the city hall to attack the work and tenets of the Protestant church or of the public schools, or of certain noble and patriotic organizations—to some of which I have the honor of belonging—and I had refused such use (as I unquestionably should) because prejudicial to the public peace and the public weal, would your reverend body have protested and censured such refusal or would they have approved and applauded it?

The ministerial mind that did not find this question a "poser" must be more than ordinarily dull.

Besides being one of the most vigorous, vehement, and voluble of men, Col. Roosevelt is also one of the most intensely and unremittingly active. He is always ready for anything that may "turn up," and consequently is in ever-increasing demand for speeches, writings, conferences, consultations—what not? And it is to his credit that, though forever saying or doing something, he so seldom says or does anything that could be characterized

as inane. He must have been "rattled" a little the other day when, with his accustomed velocity and vigor, he said to a delegation of the Y. M. C. A. that wanted him to speak somewhere or meet somebody: "No, no, it is impossible! I'm too busy now to accept even an invitation to meet the Angel Gabriel!"

Had the Colonel reflected an instant, he would have realized that nothing in the world could be more unlikely than such an invitation; also that, no matter how busy he may be when Death knocks at his door, he will have to heed the summons. One can not refuse to die, much as one may prefer to live.

We are indebted to the Newark *Monitor* for the following extract from an illuminative editorial in a recent number of the *American Machinist* on racial traits and feelings in South America:

"Pardon me, but I can not give you anything." This expression, or its close equivalent, is the courteous everyday refusal to beggars in South America. Not only are the words polite, but the sentiment that they convey is genuine. Through this everyday occurrence is exhibited the strongest racial trait of South Americans. In contrast, the brusque "Beat it!" hurled at a Northern panhandler exhibits a racial trait of the Anglo-Saxon.

To North Americans such extreme courtesy may appear hypocritical, but it is not. It springs from an inborn sense of the rights and privileges of others; and, in its gracious thoughtfulness for another's feelings, is a fine, practical application of the Golden Rule. In South America there is no such thing as "cussing out" a subordinate; there is no discourtesy on the part of servants. "Short-changing" in the transactions of daily life is unknown. As a rule, financial obligations are scrupulously met. In this respect the subscription records of the *American Machinist* show that South American accounts are uniformly paid. Would that the same could be said of domestic accounts!

The foregoing makes excellent reading for those misguided Americans—and their number is not small—who hug to their hearts the smug conceit that the United States has nothing to learn of its Latin American neighbors. If the Protestant preachers had only the grace to see it,

their unsolicited endeavors to "convert" the South American peoples is a monstrous impertinence.

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If those who purchase pious objects—crucifixes, statuettes, medals, rosaries, badges, pictures, etc.—of non-Catholic dealers were to see the complete catalogues which some of them issue, and learn what irreligious articles they also offer for sale, we feel sure that orders for church goods would be given preferably to Catholic firms. If the prices they charge are sometimes a trifle higher, it is because they can not in conscience resort to tricks of the trade so often practised by their secular rivals. We have heard of vestments being padded with infamous newspapers, to give flimsy material the appearance of being durable; of crucifixes and statues from which even dust could not be removed without injuring them; and many other impostures of the kind. Anything for religious use ought to be genuine and decent,—no matter what it is. Church goods and pious objects are now to be had in great variety at the most reasonable prices, and there are Catholic firms almost everywhere from which they may be had. We are minded to mention one, The William Aleiter Co. (22 W. Maryland St., Indianapolis);—not only because they are known to us personally as being thoroughly reliable, but because they are in a position to supply anything in their line, of American or foreign manufacture, from the largest missal to the smallest medal.

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We like the advice given by Father Ripple, O. P., in his opening sermon of the tenth annual retreat for the men of Toledo,—spiritual exercises carried on under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus. "If you have to choose between the services," he said, "omit the evening service and come to Mass in the morning. It is the Mass that will bring the blessings." As the principal sermon of the day was probably given in

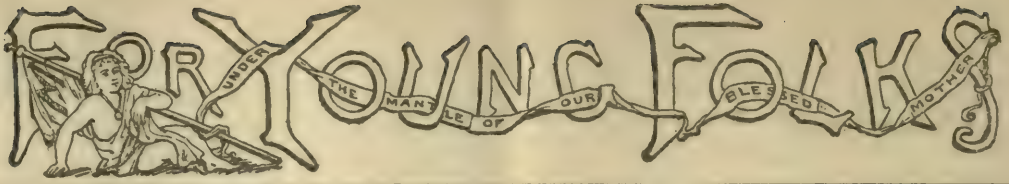
the evening, this counsel was as discerning as it was salutary. In more than one sense, "it is the Mass that counts"; and one of the keenest regrets that untold Catholics will experience in purgatory will be that they were so foolish as to neglect the daily Mass at which, with little or no inconvenience, they could have been habitually present.

—♦♦—

The frontispiece of the initial number of a periodical devoted to genetics, published at Princeton University, is a portrait of Abbot Mendel, the founder of this branch of science, to which biologists all over the world, and those interested in eugenics and in the practical problems of plant and animal improvement, are now devoting so much attention. It is not improbable that before the century has grown old the words Mendel and mendelian will be as familiar, even to the general public, as Pasteur, pasteurize, etc., Volta, voltaic, etc. By that time, too, let us hope, the mob will have learned that Mendel, Pasteur, Volta, and numerous other great scientists were Catholics, and become convinced that the Catholic Church is not opposed to scientific progress.

—♦♦—

By the death, on the 10th inst., of Dr. Wilfrid Ward the world loses an eminent scholar and author, and the Church an able and devoted champion. Although best known as the biographer of Cardinal Newman and the editor of the *Dublin Review*, he was the author of a number of other important books, and a frequent and valued contributor to leading English reviews. As a lecturer on philosophical and literary topics, a controversialist, and an educationalist, Dr. Ward also rendered distinguished service and won just fame. A man of sterling character as well as of exceptional ability, he was highly respected by all who came into contact with him, and much beloved by those to whom he was intimately known. R. I. P.



A Song for Easter.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

SHINE, shine, happy skies!
Break into gold in the east,
Smile o'er the Heavenly Feast
Where waits the Guest Divine.

Sing, sing, happy birds!
Fill the wide world with song,
Joining the gladsome throng
To welcome the ransomed King.

Bloom, bloom, happy flowers!
Burst into fragrant breath;
For Christ has conquered death,
The Saviour has opened the tomb.

Come away, come away, happy hearts,
While morn is smiling fair,—
The joy of the Lord to share
In the triumph of Easter Day!

An Easter Egg.

BY M. T.

A WILD storm was beating on the Breton coast. All the candles were lighted in the Chapel of Our Lady, and fervent prayers were being offered up; for many lives were in danger. A fleet of fishing-boats that had been away for several weeks was just returning when the storm broke. These boats were near the land, but struggling so desperately with the angry sea, that the parish priest, in surplice and stole, attended by the peasants with torches, extended his hands toward the wreck with words of absolution and blessing.

When morning broke, the wind abated; and among the dead cast on the beach was the body of a young man still living. He was carried to the nearest cabin, and

every effort made to restore him. He did become conscious for a few moments, but he could not speak.¹ He pressed his mother's hand, and pointed to a small metal box fastened by a string to his neck. A sailor opened it, and there in a nest of sea-weed, reposed three sea-gull's eggs. With an effort the dying man gasped, "For you, mother!" and then he expired.

Years passed away, and green grass had covered the graves of the unfortunate fishermen who had perished on that awful night. The poor mother of the one who had survived till daybreak kept the sea-weed nest with its three eggs hanging up before a statue of Our Lady in her poor cottage. Her husband and all her sons had perished at sea; Roger, who brought her the eggs, was the last. All that was left to her was her daughter Catherine, married to Leo Neck, a hardy fisherman, and her grandson Peter. At last Catherine also died, and then old Annette lived on with her son-in-law and little Peter.

Soon after Catherine's death, Leo grew cross and morose, and sharp words began to pass between him and Annette. Now, the cabin and all its furniture belonged to the latter; and one night, when Leo was more than usually rough and rude, Annette reminded him that she was in her own house. Leo grew furious at these words, and, catching up Peter in his arms, rushed out of the cottage. He never came back, but constructed a wretched wooden hut, in which he lived with his little boy.

Bitterly did Annette regret her hasty words; the loss of Peter, and the knowledge that the child sorely missed his loving grandmother, made her miserable. Then came the sharp pinch of poverty; storms raged perpetually; fish could not be had, the cow gave no-milk, and Annette was reduced to beggary. Whenever any

fish were caught by Leo, however, little Peter always managed to carry off a portion and lay it secretly at his grandmother's door.

At last came Holy Week, and Annette's heart beat fast with the desire of reconciliation; so on Easter Eve she set out hopefully on a visit to Leo's poverty-stricken hut, bearing with her as a present to Peter and as Easter-eggs her treasured nest with its three eggs.

Leo received her in silence, but pointed to a seat. Peter cried out with joy at seeing her, and at her present of the dear old nest, on which he seized gladly. The wind was high and shook the hut. Peter stumbled; the nest fell against the stones of the fireplace, the eggs were broken, and, lo, out of each rolled a diamond!

Poverty was at an end; and, in the joy and gratitude of their hearts, a reunion was easily effected, and the party at once returned to Annette's cottage. That was indeed a happy Easter.

Long afterward Annette discovered that during Roger's last expedition he had rendered some great service to a wealthy traveller, who had rewarded him with the three diamonds; and the poor fellow had taken especial pains that this little fortune should come safely to the hands of his beloved mother.

A Scarcity of Kings.

George I. was once making a journey in Holland, and stopped to change horses in a small village. There being some time to spare, he went to the inn and ordered two boiled eggs, for which he was charged two hundred florins.

"This is an extraordinary amount for a couple of eggs," he said. "Eggs must be very scarce in this vicinity."

"Not at all," answered the landlord. "Eggs are plentiful enough. It is kings that are scarce."

The King laughed, and good-naturedly paid the bill.

Killykinick.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XVII.—POLLY'S PARTY.

TO all Miss Polly's guests, that evening was a wonderful experience; but to Dan it was an entrance into a fairy realm that his fancy had never pictured; for in the hard, rough ways his childish feet had walked neither fairies nor fancies had place. He had found sailing over sunlit seas in Killykinick's dingy boats a very pleasant pastime; but the "Sary Ann" seemed to sink into a drifting tub when he stood on the spotless deck of "The Polly" as she spread her snowy wings for her homeward flight.

Dad, who, though very rich and great now, still remembered those "pirate days" when he was young himself, proved the most charming of hosts. He took the boys over his beautiful boat, where every bit of shining brass and chain and rope and bit of rigging was in perfect shipshape; and an artful little motor was hidden away for emergencies of wind and tide. There was a lovely little cabin, all in white and gold, with pale blue draperies; and two tiny staterooms dainty enough for the slumbers of a fairy queen. There were books and games, and a victrola that sang full-toned boating songs as they glided onward.

Even Dud was properly impressed by the charms of "The Polly"; and Jim was outspoken in his admiration. Freddy was wide-eyed with delight; and Dan was swept quite away from his usual moorings into another world,—a world where Aunt Winnie's boy seemed altogether lost. For, with Miss Polly slipping her little hand in his and guiding him over her namesake, and Freddy telling Tad the story of Dan's dive among the sharks, to which even the man at "The Polly's" wheel listened with interest, with dad so jolly and friendly, and everything so gay and beautiful around him, it was no wonder that Dan's head,

accustomed to sober prosy ways, began to turn.

"Dolan,—Dolan? I ought to know that name," said dad, as, with Polly and her "nice" boy at his side, he stood watching the roofs and spires of Beach Cliff come into view. "There was a Phil Dolan in my class at Harvard,—one of the finest fellows I ever knew; rolling in money, but it didn't hurt him. He is a judge now, and I think he had a brother at West Point. Are you related to them?"

"No, sir," answered Dan, who at another time would have blurted out that he was not of the Harvard or West Point kind. "I—I am from Maryland."

"Oh, Maryland!" said dad, approvingly. "I see,—I see! The Dolans of Maryland. I've heard of them,—one of the old Catholic families, I think."

"Yes, we're—we're Catholics all right," said Dan, catching to this saving spar of truth, in his doubt and uncertainty. "We—we wouldn't be anything else if we were killed for it."

"Of course you wouldn't. That is your heritage, my boy! Hold fast to it," said dad, heartily. Then he turned about to see that "The Polly" made the way safely to her private wharf, feeling that he left his little girl with the scion of a family quite equal to the Foresters.

With the strange sense of treading in an unreal world, Dan passed on with the rest of the chattering, laughing crowd to the pretty, rustic wharf jutting out into the waters, and up to the steep, narrow street where carriages were waiting to take them to the Forester home. The wide grounds and gardens were already gay with the gathering guests. Pretty, flower-decked tables were set in the maze. The trees were hung with Japanese lanterns, that a little later would glow into jewelled lights. There was a group of "grown-ups" on the porch,—mamma, beautiful in cloudy white; sisters and cousins and aunts,—for the Forester family was a large one. There were two grandmothers—one fat and one thin,—very

elegant old ladies, with white hair rolled high upon their heads. They looked upon the youthful guests through gold lorgnettes, and were really most awe-inspiring.

The St. Andrew's boys were brought up and "presented" in due form. It was an ordeal. How Dan got through with it he didn't know. He had never before been "presented" to any one but Polly. But dad managed it somehow, and on the porch friendly shadows were gathering that concealed any social discrepancies. Then Polly flitted off to don her party dress, and Dan found himself stranded on the danger reefs of this strange world, with dad giving the fat grandmother his family history.

"Dolan?" repeated the old lady, who was a little deaf. "One of the Dolans of Maryland, you say, Pemberton? Dear me! I used to visit Dolan Hall when I was a girl. Such a beautiful old Colonial home! Is it still standing?" she said, turning to Dan.

"I—I don't know, ma'am," stammered Dan, who found the gleam of the gold lorgnettes most confusing.

"What does he say?" asked the old lady sharply.

"That he does not know, mother dear!" answered dad.

"He should know," said the old lady, severely. "The young people are growing up in these careless days without any proper sentiment to the past. A home like Dolan Hall, with its memories and traditions, should be a pride to all of the Dolan blood. The name is really French—D'Olane,—but most unfortunately, as I consider, was anglicized. The family was originally from Touraine, and dates back to the Crusaders, and is most aristocratic."

"He looks it," murmured the thin grandmother, fixing her lorgnettes on Dan's broad shoulders as he moved away to join Tad and Freddy, who were making friends with Polly's poodle. "I have never seen a boy carry himself better.

Blood will tell, as I have always insisted, Stella."

The lady at her side laughed. She, too, had been regarding Dan with curious interest.

"What does it tell, Aunt Lena?" she asked.

"The lady and the gentleman," answered Polly's grandmother.

"Oh, does it?" said the other, softly. "I suppose I am not very wise in such matters, but one of the nicest ladies I ever knew was a little Irish sewing woman who made buttonholes. It was one summer when I went South, more years ago than I care to count; and Winnie—her name was Winnie—came to the house to renovate my riding habit for me."

The speaker paused as if she did not care to say more. She was a slender little person, not awe-inspiring at all. She had just driven up in a pretty, light carriage, and was still muffled in a soft fleecy wrap that fell around her like a cloud. The face that looked out from it was sweet and pale as a star. It brightened into radiance as Polly, a veritable fairy now in her party fluffs and ruffs and ribbons, sprang out on the porch and flung herself into Miss Stella's arms.

"Marraine! Marraine!" she cried rapturously,—*"my own darling Marraine!"*

"Why will you let the child give you that ridiculous name, my dear?" protested grandmamma, disapprovingly.

"Because—because I have the right to it," laughed the lady, as Polly nestled close to her side. "I am her godmother real and true,—am I not, Pollykins? And we like the pretty French name for it better."

"Oh, much better!" assented Polly. "'Godmother' is too old and solemn to suit Marraine. Oh!" (with another rapturous hug) "it was so good of you to come all the way from Newport just for my party, dear, dear Marraine!"

"All the way from Newport!" answered the lady. "Why, that dear letter you sent would have brought me from the

moon. You will be ten years old to-night, it said,—ten years old! O Pollykins! Pollykins!" (There was a little tremor in the voice.) "And you asked if I could come and help you with your party. I could and I would, so here I am! And here is your birthday present."

Marraine flung a slender golden chain around Polly's neck.

"Oh, you darling,—you darling!" murmured Polly. "But *you* are the best of all birthday presents, Marraine,—the very best of all!"

"Now, really we must stop all this 'spooning,' Pollykins, and start things," said Marraine, dropping her fleecy cloud on the porch rail behind her, and emerging in a shining silvery robe, with a big bunch of starry jessamine pinned on her breast.

"You are not going to bother with the children, surely, Stella?" said dad, who had drawn near the speaker.

"I am," said the lady, flashing him a laughing look. "That's what I came for. I am going to forget the years (don't be cruel enough to count them, Cousin Pem), and for two hours (is it only two hours we have, Pollykins?) be a little girl again to-night."

And, taking Polly's hand, she tripped away from the grown-ups on the porch, and things were started indeed.

Grove and garden, maze and lawn, suddenly sparkled with jewelled lights; the stringed band in the pagoda burst into gay music. Led by a silvery vision, Polly's guests formed a great ring-around-a-rosy for an opening measure, and the party began. And, with a fairy godmother like Miss Stella leading the fun, it was a party to be remembered. There were marches and games, there was blind man's buff through the jewel-lit maze, there was a Virginia reel to music gay enough to make a hundred-year-old tortoise dance. There was the Jack Horner pie, fully six feet round, and fringed with gay ribbons to pull out the plums. Wonderful plums they were. Minna Foster drew a silver belt buckle; her little sister,

a blue locket; Dud, a scarf-pin; Jim, a pocketknife with enough blades and "fixings" to fill a miniature tool chest; and Freddy, a paint box quite as complete; while Dan pulled out the biggest plum of all—a round white box with a silver cord.

As it came out at the end of his red ribbon, there was a moment's breathless hush, broken by Polly's glad cry:

"The prize,—the prize, Marraine! Dan has drawn my birthday prize!" And, under a battery of curious and envious eyes, Dan opened the box to find within a pretty gold watch, ticking a most cheering greeting to its new owner.

"Dan,—Dan!" Polly's jubilant voice rose over all the chorus around him. "Oh, I'm so glad you got it, Dan!"

And Marraine's eyes followed Polly's delighted glance with the same look of curious interest that she had bent upon Dan a while ago on the porch.

"Do you mean that this is for me?" he blurted out, in bewilderment.

"Yes, for you,—for *you*," repeated Polly in high glee. "It's real gold and keeps real time, and it's yours forever!"

"It's too—too much—I mean it's—it's too fine for a fellow like me," stammered Dan. "What will I do with it?"

"Wear it," chirped Miss Polly, throwing the silken guard around his neck, "so you will never forget my birthday, Dan."

And then a big Japanese gong sounded the call to the flower-decked tables, where busy waiters were soon serving a veritable fairy feast. There were cakes of table-size and shape and color; little baskets and boxes full of wonderful bonbons; nuts sugared and glazed until they did not seem nuts at all; ice-cream birds in nests of spun sugar; "kisses" that snapped into hats and wreaths and caps. And all the while the band played, and the jewelled lights twinkled, and the stars shone far away above the arching trees. And Dan, with his watch around his neck, held his place as the winner of the prize at Miss Polly's side, feeling as if he were in some dizzy dream. Then there were more games,

and a grand hide-and-seek, in which dad and some of the grown-ups joined.

Dan had found an especially fine place under the gnarled boughs of an old cedar tree, that would have held its head high in the starlight if some of dad's gardeners had not twisted it out of growth and shape. Hiding under the crooked shadows, Dan was listening to the merry shouts through maze and garden, when he became suddenly conscious of a change in their tone. The voices grew sharp, shrill, excited, and then little Polly burst impetuously into his hiding place,—a sobbing, trembling, indignant little Polly, followed by a score of breathless young guests.

"I don't believe it!" she was crying tempestuously. "I *won't* believe it! You're just telling horrid stories on Dan, because I like him and he got the prize."

"O Pollykins! Pollykins!" came Miss Stella's low, chiding voice.

"Halloo! halloo! What's the trouble?" rose dad's deep tones above the clamor. "My little girl crying,—crying?"

"Yes, I am!" was the sobbing answer. "I can't help it, dad. The girls are all whispering mean, horrid stories about Dan, and I made them tell me all they said they had heard. I don't believe them, and I *won't* believe them! I told them I wouldn't believe them,—that I would come right to Dan and let him speak for himself.—Were you ever a newsboy and a beggar boy, Dan? Did—did you ever black boots? Have you an aunt in the poor-house, as Minna Foster says?"

(To be continued.)

His Mother's Joy.

HARRY had heard his mother tell
Of that happy Easter Day
When Christ rose glorious from the tomb,
And drove dark Death away.
She smiled as she saw the eager gaze
Of the little blue-eyed lad;
But tears welled up, as he softly said:
"Oh, wasn't His Mother glad!"

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A revised and classified list of the publications of the English C. T. S. is now ready. It includes all the recent additions.

—A translation of "The Four Gospels" into modern Irish, by Canon Peter O'Leary, is published by Browne & Nolan, Dublin. The Gospels can be had separately. All are provided with notes.

—The three greatest works of the great Flemish mystic, Jan Van Ruysbroeck—"The Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage," "The Book of Truth," and "The Sparkling Stone"—have been translated into English by C. A. Wynschenk Dom, and are published by J. M. Dent & Sons.

—The average Catholic father, unused to whole sermons addressed to himself alone, will find much for his enlightenment, and perhaps something to jar him, in a pamphlet by a Father of the Society of St. Basil, entitled, "What Every Christian Father Can and Should Do." It deals with the duties of fathers toward the spiritual welfare of their offspring; is sane in its idealism, and helpful in its counsels. Published by W. E. Blake & Son, Toronto.

—A paper of more than ordinary interest in the latest number of the *Fortnightly Review* to reach us is Miss May Bateman's "The Catholic View in Modern Fiction." This short excerpt affords a taste of its quality:

Catholic writers, it will be seen, treat souls very much as surgeons treat bodies: practically and without sentimentality. "That flesh is mortifying; cut it out," is the wholesome point of view. All the clean dressings in the world will not change the fact that the flesh below is diseased and spreading danger. Whip the dressings off, then, and slash straight at the corrupt part, no matter how deep you must put in the knife.

—"Singing Fires of Erin" is the striking title of the latest volume of poetry by Eleanor Rogers Cox. It is a composite, in about equal proportions, of new and old matter; the poems of her former book, "A Hosting of Heroes," being here reprinted. This talented poet is quite definitely of the Celtic revival school; her themes are of the old bardic days; and though certain of the characters here found are now familiar to the readers of Irish-lore poetry, yet the legendary and mythological index, with which the volume closes, is helpful as identifying the heroes and heroines. It is, however, the lyric quality which makes the chief charm of these poems, with the indefinable Celtic glamour—fire-and-mist singing, haunted griefs, and incommunicable ecstasies. Certain

designs for this book by John P. Campbell have no affinity, that we can discover, with the spirit of Miss Cox's work; nor have the publishers—John Lane Co.—been at pains to make the binding what it should be.

—A new and cheaper edition of the collection of Fr. Tabb's poetry called "The Rosary in Rhyme," is announced by Small, Maynard & Co. One feels gratified to know that these poems, celebrating the life of Our Lord, have proved so popular with all classes of readers.

—"Feminism: Its Fallacies and Follies," by Mr. and Mrs. John Martin (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is a volume that will both interest and inform the great mass of those who read it. The women's movement is discussed from the viewpoint, first, of a man, and then of a woman; and both sections of the book constitute effective arguments against many of the activities, as well as the principles, of the great advocates of woman's "economic, legal, and sexual independence." As opposed to feminism, both authors are in favor of what they term "humanism," which is rather vaguely defined as "the belief in a movement toward a nobler civilization for the whole race—men, women, and children." As differentiated by these writers, feminism and humanism bear to each other about the same relation as extravagant folly and sturdy common sense. Barring a casual remark in a footnote about "the disastrously dysgenic influence of monasticism," we have found nothing anti-Catholic in the book; and we recommend it to those who are at all interested in the questions of which it treats.

—A volume altogether out of the common is "Catholicism in Mediæval Wales," by J. E. Hirsch-Davies, B. A., with an Introduction by the late Bishop Hedley. The author is a convert clergyman, whose illuminating paper, read at the National Catholic Congress at Cardiff, in 1914, aroused so much interest in the Catholicity of his native people that it was deemed important to develop the theme further. The present work is the outcome. The history of the Church in Wales was, until recent years, almost a neglected field in historical research. The chief reason for this was the inaccessibility of the documents, practically all of which were in the unfamiliar Welsh tongue. Yet rich materials there were, in the chronicles and especially in the compositions of the Welsh bards. These have been extensively drawn upon by the present writer to produce a picture of Catholicity of exactly the same kind and of as

fine a quality as that possessed by any other section of Christendom in the Mediæval period. The learned author is to be congratulated upon the work he has done, for it is a real service to historic truth. His volume is provided with a good index, but lacks a table of contents. R. & T. Washbourne, publishers.

—To our mind it seems a superfluous as well as a difficult task to render into rhymed verse the Psalms of David, the meaning of certain of them being so obscure and requiring so much study. A single verse in some cases calls for many lines of exposition. The task has been creditably attempted, however, in "Songs of the Son of Isai," by Helen Hughes Hielscher, which the Sherman, French Co. have tastefully produced. In a modest and graceful foreword, she says: "This metrical arrangement of the Psalms is far from being a complete reproduction of all their beauty and spirit; but as a light wind blowing over a garden of roses may carry to the traveller a breath of fragrance that may cause him to lift his eyes to the beauty of the whole garden, so these simple verses may awaken interest in the breasts of the lovers of the beautiful and true, and bring them into more intimate relation with the Psalms themselves." The authorship of them is discussed in an Introduction. The book has no *imprimatur*, we notice.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Catholicism in Mediæval Wales." J. E.

Hirsch-Davies. B. A. 3s. 6d.

"Feminism." Mr. and Mrs. John Martin. \$1.50.

"Singing Fires of Erin." Eleanor Rogers Cox. \$1.

"Songs of the Son of Isai." Helen Hughes Hielscher. \$1.50.

"A Doctor of the Old School." Ian Maclaren. Illustrated Edition. \$2.

"The Science of Ethics (General Ethics)." Rev. Dr. Michael Cronin. \$4.50.

"On the Old Camping Ground." Mary E. Mannix. 85 cts.

"Our Home in Heaven." Abbé Max Caron. \$1.75.

"The Modern Biology and the Theory of Evolution." \$4.50. "The Problem of Evolution." \$1.60. Rev. Fr. Eric Wasmann, S. J. "Pastoral Letters, etc." Rt. Rev. Bishop McFaul. \$1.50.

"Washington: A Virginia Cavalier." William H. Mace. 35 cts.

"The Doctrine of the Atonement." Rev. J. Rivière, D. D. 2 vols. \$3.75.

"The Shepherd of the North." Richard Aumele Maher. \$1.35.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Mgr. Alois Stecher, of the diocese of Newark; Rev. P. J. Cummings and Rev. John Valentini, archdiocese of San Francisco; Rev. W. A. Fuhrwerk, diocese of San Antonio; and Rev. Michael McKey, S. J.

Sister M. Lupita, of the Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Ignatius, Sisters of the Good Shepherd; and Sister M. Gertrude, I. H. M.

Mr. Robert Archer, Dr. Wilfrid Ward, Capt. Frederic Shaughnessy, Mr. Thomas Manning, Mrs. Mary Koster, Mr. George Rogers, Mr. Patrick Flynn, Miss Violet Goetz, Mr. Joseph Manor, Mr. Daniel Flanagan, Mr. Daniel O'Brien, Mr. James Hurst, Mr. Robert Duncan, Mr. Eugene O. Hayden, Miss Anna Fleming, Mr. Edward Chapoton, Mr. John McAndrew, Mr. A. J. Petz, Mr. William Bornemann, Mr. Michael Kane, Mr. James Kane, Mrs. Marie Parent, Mr. James O'Gorman, Mr. John Arado, Miss Minnie Powers, Mr. Henry Auer, Mrs. S. McKernan, Mr. Joseph Barnes, Mr. Thomas Bumberry, Mr. Patrick Hanrahan, Mr. A. J. Christopher, Mr. Owen Gilroy, Mr. Vincent Hass, Mr. Patrick Whealen, Mr. Frederick Metz, and Mr. Oliver Roland.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the plague-stricken in Abyssinia: E. M. N., \$1.50; E. L. B., \$20; B. S. (Newark), \$5; Dr. J. B., \$5; M. C. C., in behalf of the souls in purgatory, \$36; "Cincinnati," \$2; R. C. K., \$100; M. and N., "in thanksgiving," \$3; W. H. S., \$1; Portland, O., \$5. For the starving children in China: M. F. K., \$10; Friend (Altoona), \$1. "For missionary purposes": Friend (Altoona), \$4. For the Foreign Missions: Mrs. G. E. F., 50 cts.; G. E. Patterson, \$8.18. For the Polish war sufferers: Friend (Stillwater), \$1; E. M. N., \$1.50.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1916: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

A Rosary Moulded of Rose Leaves.

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C. S. C.

COULD anything more lovely be
Than is a rose-leaf rosary,—

Wherein a garden bows its head,
And folds its hands and prays, though dead?

A cloister close, where roses wear—
The world forsook—the veil of prayer.

Out of the grave of summer rise
These postulants of Paradise.

Roses that morning robed with white
Go softly here in stoles of light:

Roses the heart of June has bled,
With deeper Passion here are red.

In raptures glorious enfolden,
The golden rose is yet more golden.

The shrouding mysteries they wear
But show their loveliness more fair.

Could anything so proper be
As is a rose-leaf rosary?—

Roses that worshipped God an hour,
Turned into prayers that are a flower.

It is no very good symptom, either of nations or individuals, that they deal much in vaticination. Happy men are full of the present, for its bounty suffices them; and wise men also, for its duties engage them. Our grand business undoubtedly is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what clearly lies at hand.—*Carlyle.*

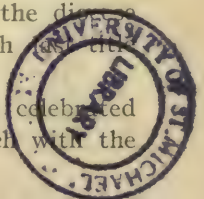
Some Titles of Our Lady.

BY DARLEY DALE.



TO compile a complete list of the titles bestowed upon our Blessed Lady would be a difficult task, for the love and devotion of Catholics have prompted them constantly to invent new ones. The Church and the faithful, the saints and the poets, have vied with one another, as occasion suggested, in lavishing upon her terms of endearment, of honor and admiration. Some of these titles seem rather quaint until an explanation of their origin is given. Often the locality in which some miraculous happening has occurred has suggested the title, such as Our Lady of the Oak, under which dedication there are four or five churches in France; Our Lady of the Thorn, at Pisa; and at Châlons-sur-Marne (near the fighting line in the present war), Our Lady of the Mountain; near Naples, Our Lady of the Sanctuary; at Toledo in Spain, Our Lady of the Pillar; at Chartres, Our Lady of the Fields; at Paris, Our Lady of the Woods; Our Lady of the Fountain, at St. Brieux in Brittany; Our Lady of the Wall, at Morlax, also in Brittany; Our Lady of the Coast, at Fécamp, a large seaport in Normandy; Our Lady of the Net, at St. Maur in the diocese of Paris,—the origin of which last title is unknown.

There is at Harfleur, the celebrated seaport in Normandy, a church with the



beautiful dedication of Our Lady of the Waves, the steeple of which is a noted landmark, visible for miles by sailors at sea. The church was formerly very much frequented by pilgrims; fewer come now, but sometimes the crews of shipwrecked vessels who have been saved approach this shrine of Mary and offer their thanksgiving at her feet. Again, they will remove their shoes on touching the soil of France, and, carrying lighted tapers, walk barefoot to this church. There is another church dedicated to Our Lady of the Waves, at Dunbar, on the coast of Scotland.

The unique and beautiful title of the Divine Shepherdess is given to a church dedicated to Our Lady in the city of Valencia, in Spain. The picture over the high altar, representing the Divine Shepherdess, originally belonged to the Capuchins, and was venerated in what was then their church, before the expulsion of the religious Orders from Spain. This picture represents Our Lady seated at the foot of a tree, with the Divine Child on her knees, holding by a string a sheep which is leaning against her; while other sheep are running towards her in terror, for protection against a wolf in the background which is attacking a sheep, but is in the act of being killed by lightning launched against it from the sky by St. Michael the Archangel.

A title somewhat similar to the Divine Shepherdess' is that of Our Lady of the Flocks, given to a church dedicated to Mary at Albert, near or in the diocese of Amiens, France,—a church which has been a place of pilgrimage from time immemorial. The shrine in which the miraculous statue of Our Lady of the Flocks originally stood, having fallen into ruin, the Bishop of Amiens in 1782 ordered it to be pulled down, and the statue moved to the little town of Albert; and from that time pilgrimages to this spot received a new impetus. As this little place is also within the war-zone, it is probably not now accessible to pilgrims.

At Paris, in the church of St. Stephen

of the Greeks, there is a very celebrated statue dedicated to Our Lady of Good Deliverance, or Good Delivery. It is a black statue of Our Lady, and for several centuries it has been held in the highest veneration. In 1533 there was established here, under the title of Our Lady of Good Deliverance, a confraternity which became very popular, as it appealed to many classes of people,—to prisoners of all kinds, to women in travail, to captives in foreign countries, to slaves, to the sick, and to all who needed deliverance from any trouble. To this confraternity belonged, later on, St. Francis of Sales, who when a very young man was suffering from physical ailment and from spiritual desolation. Coming to this shrine, he prayed Our Lady to deliver him from his spiritual and bodily illnesses, and was cured of both on the spot. It was at the feet of this statue that he made a vow of perpetual chastity. The knowledge of his cure got abroad and increased the devotion of the people to this shrine. The Popes enriched the statue with numerous indulgences, and it was visited by many sovereigns, including Maria Theresa of Austria, Louis XIII. and his Queen, Anne of Austria, Louis XIV., and Louis the Dauphin. The shrine is richly ornamented with royal gifts of gold and silver, and on feasts of the Blessed Virgin is visited by crowds of the faithful.

At Lamballe, in Brittany, the parish church is dedicated to Our Lady of Deliverance. The church is a majestic structure, splendidly situated, and it has been for centuries a great place of pilgrimage in that land of pilgrimages. The statue, although terribly mutilated in the French Revolution, is still an object of the greatest veneration; and in times of calamity, such as the present, it is especially visited by numbers of pilgrims, and is the object of many processions on feasts of the Blessed Virgin. Newborn children are here offered to Our Lady; and when they are old enough to make their First Communion, the same children are

brought again to the shrine to ask her protection.

Near Caen, in Normandy, a chapel dedicated to Our Lady of Deliverance goes back in origin to the first ages of Christianity. The statue is enclosed now in a sort of pulpit, the mantle of Our Lady hanging over it on both sides. This pulpit is railed off, and the space between it and the rails is filled with crutches left by the lame who have been healed here. On the walls hang daggers and swords and wax models of arms and legs, and other kinds of votive thank-offerings. The devotion of the peasants of the neighborhood is extraordinary and most edifying.

An unusual but not a unique title of the Blessed Virgin is that of Our Lady of Good Hope. In the church of Notre Dame at Dijon there is a black statue with this title dating from the tenth century; it is very imperfect and very roughly carved, but is, nevertheless, an object of great devotion in the magnificent basilica in which it stands. Originally it was placed in a vaulted chapel lighted only by one small aperture and by tapers and lamps; but at the beginning of the eighteenth century the roof was raised, and the chapel lost its mysterious darkness. When Dijon was besieged by the Swiss in 1513, this statue was carried in procession with great solemnity all round the town, to implore deliverance from the enemy at the gates.

There was many years ago an ancient priory, originally a leper-house, at St. Lazare in Brittany. It is now in ruins, but in 1707 the chapel attached to these ruins was restored by Blessed Grignon de Montfort, who placed in it a statue of Our Lady of Wisdom (*de la Sagesse*), destined to become an object of great devotion. Close to the chapel, he found a humble dwelling-place, to which he was wont to retire from time to time; and he called it his wilderness or solitude. Soon after he restored this chapel, he founded the Institute, now so well known, of the Sisters de la Sagesse, who probably took

their title from this statue of Our Lady. In the French Revolution the chapel was despoiled of all its ornaments, but the statue was, it is believed, rescued by the Sister Superior of the Hospice de la Sagesse, at Montfort, and placed in the chapel there.

In Turin there is a chapel dedicated to Notre Dame Consolatrice (or Our Lady of Consolation) containing a statue which since the year 1818 has been held in high veneration by the people of Turin. The origin of this title is that in 1818 a patient in the hospital was miraculously cured after a novena of prayers to Our Lady of Consolation. The cure, which made a great stir at the time, was attested by doctors and several other persons. Accordingly, a great devotion to Our Lady of Consolation immediately sprang up, and the statue was moved from the hospital to where it then stood to the beautiful chapel which now contains it.

There is a church in Provence with the democratic dedication of Our Lady of the People (*del Popolo*). It contains a small wooden statue of Our Lady originally placed in a chapel, which was completely destroyed in 1793; but the statue had been venerated under this title for many years. In 1836 there was an outbreak of cholera in this part of France, and the inhabitants of the village of Draguignan then remembered their former protectress, Our Lady of the People, and raised among themselves the sum of 6000 francs to rebuild the chapel. The poorest of the poor contributed their mite, and eventually a church was built. They were rewarded for their generosity, for the cholera never reached their village.

In the neighborhood of Grenoble, in the South of France, there are two shrines of Our Lady, a few hundred yards apart. One is dedicated to Our Lady of the Osier, the other to Our Lady of Bon Rencontre. For nearly three hundred years this place has been celebrated for the pilgrimage of Our Lady of the Osier. The two chapels are near St. Marcellin. The origin of the

shrines was in the beginning of the seventeenth century. A certain Protestant peasant named Port-Combet determined to work on the Feast of the Annunciation, although, since this was a holyday of obligation in France, to do servile work was forbidden by a law passed in 1598 by Henri IV. This man's wife was a Catholic. She remonstrated with him, but he only laughed at her; and, out of pure malice—because he wanted to assert his Protestantism by dishonoring Our Lady,—he took his hatchet and went out to cut down some osiers. As fast as he cut, however, his hands and his clothes were covered with blood. His wife and two Catholic friends tried to persuade him it was a miracle, but again and again he tried to cut down the osiers, with the same result. He was summoned and fined for his offence against the law of the land: but he remained obstinate for another seven years.

Then one day, as he was driving his cattle near the place, Our Lady appeared to him on the spot where now stands the chapel of Our Lady of Bon Rencontre. She remonstrated with him, but disappeared when he tried to follow her. The vision, however, made such an impression upon him and the Protestants in the neighborhood that they became converted. Pilgrims now frequently stop at Our Lady of Bon Rencontre, and, taking off their shoes, walk barefoot the rest of the way to Our Lady of the Osier.

At Cherbourg, in Normandy, there is a handsome church dedicated to Our Lady of the Vow. Originally an ancient chapel under this dedication stood close to the sea-wall. It was built by Matilda, daughter of King Henry I., of England, in fulfilment of a vow made by her: hence its name. She was on board a ship off the coast of Normandy, when a violent storm arose and threatened to destroy the vessel. In her despair, Matilda turned to Our Lady and implored her to save them, vowing that, if the Blessed Mother did so, she would build a chapel to her

honor as a thank-offering. The storm soon afterwards subsided and the Queen and her suite were landed at or near Cherbourg. Accordingly she then caused the chapel to be built and dedicated to Our Lady of the Vow. It was destroyed later by the waves, as it had been built too close to the sea. Another chapel was then built farther inland, and surrounded by poplar trees; the windows were very narrow, so that a dim religious light pervaded it. The shrine was much frequented by sailors and filled with votive offerings. Another kind of storm—the French Revolution—destroyed this chapel; and then in 1818 was built, in the centre of the town, the present beautiful church of Our Lady of the Vow. A confraternity of the same title, to which many sailors and seafaring-men belong, was founded at the time; it still exists and has numerous members.

At Lille, in France, formerly the capital of Flanders, now the scene of part of the awful struggle going on, on the west front, there was a celebrated shrine known as Our Lady of the Trellis, which originally stood in the collegiate church of St. Pierre. The statue within the shrine was called by this name because of the trellis which surrounded it, and on which the faithful hung their votive offerings. In the thirteenth century, a great devotion to Our Lady of the Trellis prevailed in Flanders and Hainault. In the seventeenth century, the mayor of Lille, with great solemnity, placed the city under the patronage of Our Lady of the Trellis, and a confraternity of that name was then founded. The statue was fortunate enough to escape the French Revolution, and was moved to the parish church of St. Catherine; but whether it has escaped or will escape demolition in the present war, when already so much of Lille is a heap of ruins, who shall say? We may be sure that the surviving inhabitants of the city will not let the memory of Our Lady of the Trellis, formerly the object of so much devotion, sink into oblivion.

It would certainly be a pity if any of these unusual titles of Our Lady—and there are many more than we have mentioned—were to be altogether forgotten; for it was to preserve them that the books from which the foregoing details have been gleaned were written. Indeed, one of the authors of the "Pilgrimages to the Sanctuaries of the Mother of God" died in the odor of sanctity.

James Harrington, M. D.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XVIII.

HE Doctor sat in his office. He was thinking as men of reflection will always think, especially when the day is coming to a close, the sombre shadows of night are gathering over the landscape, with moon and stars alone to suggest hope or promise. From his mental horizon had already gone much of the brightness with which he had faced life even a year or two ago. He had passed through such unforgettable scenes of misery and death,—scenes by the hospital bed, ineffaceable scenes such as those of the cholera, especially amongst the poor! And, then, there had been the tragedy of Lucy Forrester's death almost before his eyes. So that for some time it seemed to him as if the lighter scenes of life—its mirth, its jollity, its amusements of whatever kind—were but an unreal pantomime, the grinning shapes of men who had gone mad and danced over a volcano. No one had known better than he that this was an unhealthy frame of mind, which went to prove that his mental and moral equipoise had been disturbed.

He tried to reproduce all the arguments which reason and common-sense might bring to bear upon the situation. He thought of all the heroism he had witnessed,—the kindness, the faith, the resignation,—whatever could reconcile him to humanity: the sane and healthy gayety

of priests and Sisters, with their strong grip upon the realities which makes them always cheerful.

So far as his personal experience was concerned, he had to recall those painful episodes with Hugh and Gianetta Maloney, involving the tragedy of a life well-nigh ruined; the death of Lucy Forrester, for whom, with all her triviality, he had the affection at least of long use and wont. Added to all this was the campaign of calumny that had been inaugurated against him,—nothing definite, but merely a vague and formless accusation which had resulted in the loss of some patients and a consequent decrease in his income, the defection of some acquaintances, and of a few whom he had counted friends. The whole thing had been peculiarly trying to his proud and sensitive nature. Nothing else could have touched him so deeply. And it had taken so many forms,—one of which was the baseless and absurd accusation of religious bigotry carried to the length of exciting his coreligionists against their fellow-citizens, when, of course, the precise opposite had been the case.

And hardest to bear of all was the attitude which he had been compelled to take with regard to Mabel Wharton. It had virtually brought everything to an end between them. The girl had striven generously to keep at least the old relations of friendliness, but there was a point beyond which she could not pass; and finally that friendship, and those other relations which had seemed on the very point of being established between them, had lapsed. When they met, it was with perfect civility on both sides; but considerably more than the old constraint was present, and even the jesting tone of other days was abandoned. Of late there had been renewed rumors that Miss Wharton was at last about to accept the hand of Colonel Tifton. It must be owned that that intelligence had bowed down the strong, brave head of the Doctor in an anguish which he would have permitted no human being to witness.

As he thought of all this, and how the shadows had gathered to obscure the whole of his once fair horizon, a flame of anger leaped up within him against the authors of all that mischief, blighting in its effects as a hailstorm in the garden near at hand. It burned furiously for a few moments, and then it died down in silent contempt for the pitiful wretches who had planned and executed all that campaign against him. He had argued that subject over with himself as he knelt time after time in the church preparing for confession; and, though the struggle at first had been a hard one, over and over again he had won the victory. He had become intimately convinced that the greatest injury a human being can experience is his own refusal to forgive an injury.

His anger, even at its fiercest, had usually passed over the girl Gianetta (though she had been the direct instrument of nearly all the harm), and rested upon Professor Jackson. But he now felt that, even if he could, he would not raise his hand against that contemptible creature, and would not even speak ill of him. For since the Professor, after Mrs. Forrester's death, either through fear or remorse, had given up altogether his attempts to impose upon the public, the Doctor's duty in nowise compelled him even to mention his adversary's name. The victory had been a complete one. And all the more that it had been supremely difficult. At first his impulse had been to exert all his strength to crush the man and render his stay in the city impossible. Especially had this been the case after Mrs. Forrester's death. So considerable was his influence, he had only to stretch out his hand, and make public all that he could put together of the man's story, with those details which had later come to his knowledge, and the matter would have been easy. The Doctor still reproached himself that he had omitted his fortnightly Communion once, when his indignation was at its height, because he could not make up his mind

to forgive. Then his faith, no less than his reasoning power, had come to his assistance, and he had said to himself: "Am I going to injure my own soul, perhaps irretrievably, for the sake of a scoundrel? And what answer should I make were I suddenly called to the judgment-seat, by Him who has commanded us to love our enemies? If that command has any authority, I must obey it."

His mother had been all the time a silent force fighting for that noble conquest. Her prayers had been longer than ever, and she had more than once given utterance to one of those wise words which seemed to be an epitome of Christian philosophy. One of these particular maxims he was recalling upon this night: "We should take a humorous view of most things, if we regarded them from the standpoint of eternity."

The thought of Lucy Forrester came strongly into his mind as he sat there, and he remembered her only at her best. The pathos and the pain of her death had blotted out all the rest. He was conscious of a pitying tenderness towards her memory. Her very folly and weakness appealed to him as never before. He would not allow his mind to dwell upon that infatuation for himself, the details of which had been brought out in all the painful revelations of her last days, and the words which she herself had spoken. He asked himself over and over if he were in any way to blame, but he could not feel that he was. Even before he had learned definitely, upon that New Year's Eve, the nature of his own sentiments towards Miss Wharton, he felt assured that the momentary attraction he had sometimes felt for Mrs. Forrester was little more than what he might have had for an interesting and pretty child, who had shown a partiality for his society. He had been all too unconscious that that partiality was of anything like a serious nature, or could have led to such deplorable consequences. He realized far more com-

pletely than ever what a tragedy a misplaced union between them would have been, even before his understanding of his own position with regard to Mabel Wharton had made such a union forever impossible. So far as Mrs. Forrester was concerned, it would almost certainly have averted the catastrophe of her death; but there are misfortunes worse than death, and he felt convinced that the mistake of their marriage would have been one of them.

A great trial in the Doctor's career, especially in his younger years, had been the shamelessness with which a certain type of women had thrown themselves "at his head." Without a spark of coxcombry in his composition, and with a respect for women which was almost a religion with him, the parrying of these manœuvres—affecting not to perceive them—had tried him at times almost beyond endurance. But with Lucy Forrester it had all been different. She had kept well within the limits of conventional decorum, and had almost persuaded him that she valued him chiefly as a friend of long standing. He never reflected seriously upon a danger that might have arisen from his chivalrous attitude towards women in general, and this little woman in particular, who had so often appealed to his sympathy by those very qualities which made her a shining mark for many a gibe and for many a sneer.

The Doctor, thinking upon these things, began to pace up and down his office in an agitation engendered by such confused and conflicting thoughts. Glancing at his watch, he concluded that his office hours were about over, and had just passed into the adjoining room when he heard the ringing of the office bell. This was followed by a loud knock at the inner door. He opened it and saw his boy, who had come to tell him that a patient was waiting in the next room. Without delay he re-entered the room, and as he did so he stood an instant in the bright glow of the gas jet which the boy had just lighted.

The patient, a tall man, wearing an overcoat, with a muffler covering his mouth, had time to note that the Doctor's face had aged somewhat, that lines had formed upon it, and that his hair was beginning to show gray at the temples.

Dr. Harrington had by this time put aside all traces of his late agitation and had resumed his habitual calm. He advanced and confronted the visitor, who appeared both nervous and agitated, and who rose to his feet quickly as the physician drew near. With all his self-control, Dr. Harrington at that moment barely suppressed an exclamation of, "Good God!" And this exclamation was all but wrung from him not only by the intense astonishment, even dismay, which the sight of that apparition occasioned, but also by the alteration in the latter's appearance. He had last seen Mr. Jackson with a brilliant color, and eyes unnaturally bright. Before him was a face of a livid, waxy paleness, with eyes that were sunken and heavy. He had not been very stout at any time, but he was now so emaciated as to suggest a skeleton.

The Doctor quickly mastered those emotions of rage and revulsion that surged up within him at sight of this creature, who had thus the effrontery to meet him in his own office. Then he said coldly:

"Well, Mr. Jackson, why have you come here?"

"Because," answered the man boldly, though evidently not without some trepidation, "I have need of your professional services."

The Doctor, who was eyeing him with a gaze which had lost something of its sternness, half turned away.

"Are there no other physicians in the city?" he inquired.

"None to equal you, and I would be a fool not to recognize the fact," returned Jackson, in the same defiant tone.

"Your opinion of me and of my attainments has changed somewhat," remarked the Doctor with a grim smile.

"They have not," answered the other, doggedly.

"Well," said the Doctor, "that is not of the least consequence. But I will be frank with you and say that you have shown your characteristic audacity in coming here while there was another practitioner to be consulted."

"I did consult one, and the result was not—satisfactory," the man declared in a low voice. "I want your opinion above all others. It is a question of life and death."

He was, in truth, astonished by the other's comparative mildness. Before he decided to come thither (for that visit had cost him a mighty effort), he had imagined the Doctor's reception of him in a variety of ways. He had pictured him as cold and hard as adamant, refusing to attend him at all; or as losing his self-control altogether and threatening him with bodily harm. And now, after all that had occurred—these injuries piled up and running over, and seeming to culminate in Mrs. Forrester's death,—here he found him, cold and grim indeed, but self-controlled and strictly professional. An involuntary admiration seized upon him and held him, while his tone became appealing.

It was a strange scene: the darkness without, visible through the uncurtained windows,—a black mass, in which only an occasional glimmer of light from houses on the mountain-side, or from a few street lamps, could be distinguished. Within, the bare room—unfurnished save for a few chairs and a table, upon which lay a pile of magazines—was lit by two gas jets; and there, facing each other, stood those two men who for years past had been antagonists,—the man who had been so deeply wronged and he who had inflicted the injuries.

The Doctor, turning, looked out into the darkness, while the other continued his plea:

"It is a matter of life and death, as I have said. You are the only one whose

verdict I will accept. And—I can pay you well, be your fee what it will."

The Doctor put up his hand to stop him.

"Since you ask for my professional services, I can not and will not refuse you. But don't mention such a word as payment. That from you to me is intolerable."

The would-be patient protested:

"You want to have the obligation all on your side."

"The condition is fixed," said the Doctor, sternly. "Refuse or accept it, as you will."

"I must accept it," replied the other. "The suspense has become unbearable."

Dr. Harrington went over and drew down the heavy shade of the window. The movement was curiously suggestive of shutting out the man's black past,—of bringing down the curtain on some act in a drama. Jackson watched uneasily the Doctor's slender, erect figure as it moved about the room. He cast fascinated glances at the strong and capable hands, the deft fingers, that in many a difficult and dangerous operation had snatched a human life from the grip of death. The Doctor, striking a match, lit another and very much stronger jet, under which he invited the patient to be seated.

"Sit there, Mr. Jackson, if you please," he said.

His inward loathing was indescribable; yet, thanks to that grace which he had asked for so often and obtained, and for which his mother no doubt had stormed Heaven, he was able to throw into his manner much of the interest that he would have shown to his most valued patient. It must be owned that the whilom Professor could not imitate his calmness. Seated thus directly opposite his adversary, he squirmed under the calm, direct gaze.

"Talk freely now," said the Doctor, "and let me hear what is the trouble."

"It is an affection of the throat," the

patient said, beginning to speak quickly and nervously. "I have had some trouble there for the last few months."

Possibly the Doctor's keen scrutiny of the man's face had led him to suspect the seriousness of the malady.

"Just take off your muffler," he ordered quietly.

The man obeyed, blurring out as he did so:

"Dr. Fortin—you know the young man from Paris?—says it is cancer."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Doctor, making no other comment on that intelligence. Then presently: "Let me have a look at your throat."

While the patient, in an agony of apprehension that deprived him almost of the power of motion, and a suspense that showed itself by large beads of perspiration on his forehead, complied with this direction, the Doctor at once proceeded to make an exhaustive examination of the throat. Then he sat back in his chair and surveyed the patient. All the injury that the man had done to him and others, all the black story of his baseness and perfidy, were blotted from the physician's memory. Never had he found it harder to speak than at that moment, and he was casting about for words which should the more easily convey what he had to say. But he could find none.

"I am truly sorry to have to tell you, Mr. Jackson," he said, "that the physician you consulted is right."

So profound was the sympathy which the Doctor then experienced that it fairly seemed to shake him, to vibrate through all his nerves. The agonized appeal upon that face that had been but lately hopeful, the pallor changing to livid grayness, pierced the Doctor's generous heart.

When the man spoke, it was in an agonized whisper:

"And you can do nothing?"

"Absolutely nothing," the Doctor answered; "and it is kinder to tell you the truth at once."

There was a pause,—one of those terrible pauses, surcharged with emotion, that, occurring in every human life, are never forgotten.

"I can only recommend," said the Doctor, speaking in a low voice, "that, for the sake of prolonging your life, you take whatever nourishment you can, and keep out in the open air. I will give you a prescription, but I must warn you in advance that it will be of little avail."

The man waved these suggestions away almost fiercely, though outwardly at least he met his death sentence with a stolid courage which the Doctor could not have expected. It was, in fact, the calmness of despair. This man, who had so often tampered himself with life and death, and by his chicanery inspired false hopes in those whom he was powerless to save, or even prevented them from seeking help in the proper quarters, was now face to face with the dread reality. Looking back on that desert of his wasted life and neglected opportunities, little wonder that his spirit quailed within him. There remained, however, one glimmer of hope, which the Doctor might be able to sustain and even increase.

"Dr. Fortin gives me three years to live," he said.

Dr. Harrington was still sitting back in his chair and regarding the other closely. When he spoke, it was with a painful effort.

"Dr. Fortin," he answered gravely, "was too generous."

Professor Jackson started.

"You mean," he said hoarsely, "that I can not live three years?"

"I would say as many months, or, with the greatest precaution, a year."

The once blatant Professor, now abject and miserable, with a muttered curse on his lips, continued to glare at the Doctor. Into his eyes came a hunted expression of intense fear, of intense realization of what that sentence meant. But, significantly enough, there was not even a shadow of mistrust or incredulity. He

rose slowly from his chair and carefully adjusted the muffler over his mouth, as if it were still of supreme importance to keep his throat protected from the air. When he had almost reached the door, he turned, and a horrid laugh, which was ghastly in its mirthlessness, burst from his lips.

"You have won the odd trick, Doctor," he said. "It was a wonderful opportunity I gave you to-night to pay off old scores."

"Good God, man!" cried the Doctor, startled out of his composure and leaping to his feet, "can you think such a thing of me? Why, I would give my right hand to save you!"

It was impossible to mistake the sincerity of those accents or of the tears which started to the Doctor's eyes. It was the Christian triumphant over the natural man,—the physician who saw in the miserable object before him only humanity appealing in vain to his skill.

"Well, perhaps so,—perhaps so!" said Jackson, reeling as though he had received a blow, and bewildered by that look which had come into a good man's face.

He made his way to the door, fumbling at the handle until the office boy, quite unconscious of the tragedy that had been enacted, and whistling softly a popular air, went forward to open the door and to let the wretch, condemned to a speedy and a painful death, out into the night. Gloomily he made his way past that garden fence, whence the missing board still vexed the Doctor's soul; and, turning, looked back at the house, with a curious expression in his eyes that were no longer unnaturally bright.

The Doctor was still pacing up and down the inner room, in an agitation that was altogether unusual. And there his mother, who had come thither to ask him some question, found him, deadly pale and wiping the cold perspiration from his forehead. It was not her habit to notice even things that were out of the common, far less to make any inquiry concerning

her son's patients or his cases. But something in his aspect touched her, and she went over and laid a loving hand on her son's shoulder, looking up into his troubled face.

"Mother," said he, looking down at her with an expression in his eyes that was almost appealing, "I have had one of the cruellest experiences in all my professional life to-night."

The mother waited silently for the explanation that she knew was coming.

"I had to pronounce sentence of death on an enemy."

The mother's hand stole from her son's shoulder to his forehead, which she softly stroked, though such demonstrations were unusual between them.

"My poor boy!" she said,—*"my poor boy!"*

After a moment she broke the silence that had fallen, and that seemed, on the Doctor's part, surcharged with emotion.

"Tell me," she said, "that enemy's name, that we may both pray for him."

"It is Mr. Jackson."

A sort of tremor passed over the aged woman's face. She knew so much more than her son had ever told her concerning the Professor and his doings. But she only said:

"You mean that he is going to die?"

"He most certainly is. Not all the resources of science can save him."

Mrs. Harrington bowed her head, and for an instant covered her face with her hands; for she was quite capable of appreciating all the tragic irony of the situation.

"We must pray for him," she said at last, "that, before that happens, God may have mercy on his soul."

(To be continued)

LEAVE not the business of to-day to be done to-morrow; for who knoweth what may be thy condition to-morrow? The rose-garden which to-day is full of flowers, when to-morrow thou wouldst pluck a rose, may not afford thee one.—*Firdausi.*

The Sea Pacific.

BY H. M. CROSS.

I, the Eternal Deity, who am to thee a Sea Pacific.
—*St. Catherine of Siena's Dialogue.*

WHEN I was a boy by Southern Seas
Through the pillars of sunlight travelled the
breeze,

Like a maid who was wayworn, listless, shy,
And she threw me a kiss as she passed me by,—
She threw me a kiss as she went on her way.
'Twas the sun that had taught her the things
to say.

When I was a boy I could not rest
For the mystery locked in ocean's breast.
And when its song sank down to a moan,
The south star talked to me all alone,
And I learned such things that I and my heart
Had to live a life that was all apart
From men and women of time and day.
O sea, great sea, when I came away
I thought I had left thee for good and time!
But the caves of my heart still hear thy chime,
And memory still is a shelving shore
That the waves wash ever and evermore.
I have come to think that the waves I hear
Forever breaking anear, anear,
Are the waves that only the soul can see
And the soul can hear—of eternity.

Our Goodly Heritage.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

XIII.—THE VISIBLE HEAD.

THE mystical body of Christ, though of the spiritual order, is not a mere abstraction, nor is it an invisible company of souls known to God alone: it is constituted as a visible and recognizable Church, and men may easily know who belong to it and who do not. Its members are distinguished on earth by their reception of the visible rite of baptism, and by their participation; before the face of the world, in other sacraments and in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. As Christ's body; the Church, forming one organism with her divine Head, is associated with Christ Himself, the great

High Priest, in her corporate acts of divine worship and service, so her worship and praise, her sacrifice and intercession go up to God as identified with the worship and praise, the sacrifice and intercession offered to the Blessed Trinity by the Word Incarnate.

The Church's priestly acts in sacrifice and sacrament, and in her beautiful liturgy of daily prayer, are truly the acts also of the God-Man, her Head: her priesthood is a participation and extension of His eternal priesthood. The hierarchy of the Church is the instrument by which Jesus Christ, as supreme Head of the Church, still continues on earth His work of salvation, living on by His Holy Spirit in His mystical body through the ages. When the Church baptizes, it is Christ who baptizes; when she consecrates and blesses, it is He who consecrates and blesses by her ministry; when she forgives sins in the sacred Tribunal of Penance, it is Jesus Christ who forgives and reconciles us afresh to His Father through His own blood. In all these things bishops and priests are instruments in His hands, He Himself is the principal Agent, using them for His appointed purposes, as He has fitted them for such use by the sacramental character of their ordination.

Now, the priesthood of Jesus Christ being thus continued on earth in His living instruments, the pastors of the Church—who, continuing by Apostolic succession of Orders from age to age, are endowed with a real participation in His priesthood and ministerial office,—it would be passing strange were Christ's Office as Head of the Church not also visibly represented in that hierarchical constitution which He has given to her,—a constitution in which men "are ordained for men in the things that appertain to God."* As Head, Jesus Christ is also King and Ruler of the Church; as Head, He is Pastor and Teacher; as Head, again, and High Priest, all spiritual authority and jurisdiction are centred

* Heb., v, 1.

in Him and are derived from Him.

It would be strange, indeed, and quite out of keeping with the nature of the Church as visible and hierarchically organized, as representing Christ and carrying on the work of His incarnate life, were these special prerogatives of headship not participated in (always with those reserves which are involved in the differences between the divine Creator of the Church and Author and Fount of grace, the principal Agent in spiritual operations, the Head in whom we are spiritually incorporated, and those who are His instruments and "dispensers of the mysteries of God") by some one on earth, even as Christ's priesthood, with its sacrificial and grace-giving powers, is participated in.

From the very nature, then, of the Church as the visible body of Christ on earth, a society of human beings organized under Christ, and continuing from age to age, we might expect that this visible body should possess also a visible head, vicar and representative of Christ Himself, our Head now invisible in the heavens. And this that we might have expected is a fact, vouched for by the most unmistakable statements and actions of Jesus Himself, and borne witness to by the unvarying stream of genuine Christian tradition through all the centuries from the beginning.

To Peter, in circumstances that are familiar to all, Christ spoke those words of tremendous import by which the Apostle and his successors were constituted His vicars and supreme heads on earth of His Church for all time: "I say to thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, it shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose upon earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven."* To Peter likewise was given

the commission to feed, or "shepherd," the whole flock: "Feed My lambs, . . . feed My sheep."* And to him Christ declared: "Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat; but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not; and thou, being once converted, confirm thy brethren."†

Peter, then, is the rock on which the Church is built; he is the confirmer of his brethren in the faith; he is the pastor of the whole flock of Christ. In these prerogatives is involved nothing less than the supreme headship of the Church, with infallible authority to teach, and supreme powers of jurisdiction, indicated by the similitude of the keys which is interpreted by Jesus Himself as the power of binding and loosing. This is a participation in the headship of Christ Himself, so far as that headship can be communicated to, and is necessary, according to the divine plan, to be communicated to a Chief Pastor, taken from among men, and subordinate, in his character as an instrument, to Christ, the principal Agent.

It would be beyond the scope of these papers to draw out in full detail the abundant Scriptural and the overwhelming traditional proofs of the primacy and infallibility of St. Peter and his successors in the Roman See. Nevertheless, since the Papacy, with all it involves, is an essential element of the goodly heritage which Christ has left to us on earth as Catholics, it is fitting that we should at least dwell briefly upon the great Petrine text from St. Matthew, and see how both the primacy and infallibility of St. Peter and his successors are involved in the declaration of our Blessed Lord.‡ Long before He made this declaration, at His first meeting with Simon, Jesus had announced that, later on, his name should

* St. John, xxi, 15-17. † St. Luke, xxii, 31, 32.

‡ The treatment of this text here is based on that in the Catholic Encyclopædia, and has been used, though not in the same words, by the present writer in a sermon written for the *Homiletic Monthly*.

* St. Matt., xvi, 18, 19.

be changed: "Thou art Simon, the son of Jona: thou shalt be called Cephas," "which," adds the Evangelist, "is interpreted Peter." Afterwards, upon Simon's divinely inspired confession of the Divinity of Christ, came the fulfilment of that promise: "I say to thee; that *thou art Peter*, and upon this rock I will build My Church."

We have a parallel to this change of a man's name by God Himself to indicate an office amongst, or in relation to, the people of God which the recipient of the new name was to take up, in the case of Abram, whose name God changed to "Abraham," to signify that he was to be the father of the Chosen People. So Simon's name is changed to Peter—the rock,—to signify his relationship to the Chosen People of the New Covenant. To grasp fully the significance of this change of name, and of our Divine Lord's words, we must try to place ourselves in the position of His hearers. To us, "Peter" is familiar as a personal name,—as, grammatically, a "proper noun." To Christ's hearers, it was not familiar in that way: it was merely to them a "common noun," the name of a familiar thing—*rock*. Moreover, in the actual speech used by the Divine Master, the ambiguity produced in the translation by using the Greek word "Peter" as a personal name in the first half of the phrase, and its translation, "rock," in the second half did not exist. The actual words of Christ, literally translated, were, 'Thou art a rock; and upon that rock I will build My Church.'

There can be but one meaning to this: Peter is to the Church just that, and all that, which a firm foundation of rock is to a building erected upon it. The mind reverts at once to Our Lord's own brief parable about the two houses,—one built upon a rock, the other upon the sand.

When the rain fell, and the winds blew, and the floods came, the house built upon the rock stood firm; and it stood firm because its foundations were upon the

rock. The house built upon the sand fell, because of the unstable nature of the sand upon which it was built. The Church of God stands firm because it is built upon the rock Peter: "On this rock I will build My Church, and [therefore] the gates of hell [that is the powers and forces of hell] shall not prevail against it." Nor must we consider St. Peter here as simply one of the "foundation stones," or even as the only "foundation stone," of the building. He is more than that: the Church is built upon him, the whole Church of Christ rests upon him; he is like the broad area of firm and rocky ground upon which a great edifice is raised.

Such a foundation is, to the building which stands upon it, the principle at once of its stability, its unity, and its increase. It is the principle of the stability of the building precisely because it is a firm, and not, like sand, a shifting foundation; it is the principle of its unity because that very firmness prevents the building from falling to pieces and becoming disintegrated at the first great shock; it is the principle of increase, since, if any additions are made to the building, they must be made on the same foundation, must be so joined to the original building as to rest upon the same foundation, or they would not be part of the edifice at all.* Now, all this Peter is to the Church of God, by Christ's own declaration. He is to the Church the principle of her stability, of her unity, and of her continual increase. How this involves the primacy and infallibility of St. Peter and his successors is a question that must be left for our next paper.

* When, as continually in Holy Scripture, material images are made use of to express spiritual truths, the similitude can never be absolutely precise. A new part of a building might require an extension of the original foundations; still it remains true that, unless the whole foundation can be called and is *one*, the building upon it can not be one. The principle is: one foundation, one building; and *vice versa*.

Into his Birthright.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

ROSE MARIE ran up the broad stone steps, and, a moment later, burst impetuously into the library, her cheeks flushed, and her eyes shining with excitement.

"Aunt Eleanor," she cried breathlessly, too engrossed in her errand to notice that her aunt was entertaining a caller,—no less a personage than the new minister, the Rev. Hugh S. Staunton, who had risen, and stood regarding the newcomer with amused and kindly eyes. He thought he had never seen a more beautiful child. Her eager, piquant little face, framed in a mass of golden curls, appealed to his artistic sense.—"Aunt Eleanor, may I have some lilies of the valley and violets, and some of those long-stemmed feathery white things, and—"

"My dear, you are all excited; and where are your manners?" Miss Shirley broke in.—"Mr. Staunton, this is my niece, Rose Marie Devan, of whom I was telling you."

Rose Marie glanced at the stranger; said, "How do you do?" permitted her small hand to lie in the larger one for a moment; then, feeling that she had done her duty, returned to the subject uppermost in her mind.

"We have so many flowers in the garden just going to waste, to say nothing of all those in the conservatory," she went on, still a little breathless. "I told them I knew you would be glad to send some. Some of the girls brought apple blossoms and lilacs; and one little girl brought a bunch of yellow dandelions, because she had no other flowers to bring. Please, Aunt Eleanor, I'd like to fill a big basket with pretty flowers. Some of those white lilies would be beautiful!"

"Whatever are you talking about!" Miss Shirley lifted her hands in bewilderment. "What are you going to do

with the flowers? For whom do you want them?"

"Why, this is May, you know; and they are decorating Our Lady's altar; it—"

"Our Lady's altar!" Miss Shirley gasped, an embarrassed flush rising to her temples.

"It is be-au-ti-ful!" the child went on rapturously, too excited to notice the storm gathering on the other's brow. "Sister Rita was so pleased when I told her I knew you would be glad to send the flowers, and—"

Then the storm broke.

"Go to your room and remain there until I come to you!"

It was Rose Marie's turn to gasp. The voice was so stern,—so unlike Aunt Eleanor's pleasant tones!

Mr. Staunton, who was still standing, moved over to the window, and stood staring out into the street, a strange expression in his gray eyes.

"But,—but they are waiting for the flowers!" Rose Marie persisted. "I—"

"Go to your room at once!" Miss Shirley exclaimed in a low, distressed tone, mortified beyond expression by this scene.

"But, Aunt Eleanor, I promised!" the child cried. "And father said I should never, never break a promise. I—"

But Miss Shirley's strong, white hand was upon the slender shoulder, and the next moment Rose Marie found herself in the outer hall, the door closing with a little click behind her, and her aunt's low, angry words ringing in her ears:

"Remain in your room until I give you permission to leave it!"

Rose Marie's Southern blood boiled; she half turned as if to reopen the door, her eyes flashing and her small hands clenched, when a low voice from the upper hall called softly:

"Miss Rose Marie! Come heah, chile, an' see what Mandy done send us from ol' Alabam': roses an'—"

Rose Marie gave a little cry, and bounded up the stairs two steps at a time, her indignation for the moment quite forgotten.

"Oh, how beautiful!" she exclaimed rapturously, burying her face in the roses as if to devour their sweetness.

"Mandy done 'member 'bout dat lil altah in yo' room—"

"Oh, we will send them to Sister to put on Our Lady's altar!" Rose Marie began excitedly—then stopped short, the pretty light dying out of her face. The next instant she was in Mammy Chloe's arms, sobbing out her story.

"Dar, don' cry, honey chile!" Mammy soothed, patting the hand she held. "Run away to yo' room, lik' Miss El'nor say. Yo' ol' mammy'll tote de flowahs to the church, fo' yo'."

Hugh Staunton looked grave and pre-occupied. He scarcely heard Miss Shirley's distressed apology.

"My poor sister married in opposition to our wishes," she said in explanation. "Maurice Devan was a good man in his way, but quite poor and—a Catholic. My sister died when Rose Marie was born. Until his death, five months ago, the child was her father's constant companion. Though not yet seven years old, she is unusually bright and precocious. Everything her father did was perfection in her eyes."

The young man smiled, and nodded understandingly.

"I see," he said gravely. "The beauty and color of her father's religion made a deep impression on her childish mind,—an impression that the years will never quite efface," he added in a low tone, with an unconscious sigh.

Miss Shirley looked startled.

Noting the look, the young minister, who had risen to leave, unceremoniously resumed his seat.

"Miss Shirley, I should like to tell you a little story," he said with a smile, though the gravity still lingered in his eyes. "Once upon a time—is not that the correct story-book form?" he remarked, with an attempt at lightness, as she signified her willingness to listen. "Once upon a time there was a little boy who had an uncomfortable

way of getting to the bottom of things. He was never satisfied simply that a thing was so: he must know why it was so. Some one has said, 'Children are unconscious philosophers, refusing to take their playthings apart to see what they are made of.' This youngster was an exception to the general rule. When little more than a baby, he hammered his rubber ball to find out what was inside to make it bounce. Later, his toy engines and locomotives were taken carefully apart to learn the inner mechanism.

"His mother was a confirmed invalid; and his father—a professor,—engrossed in his work, spent the little spare time he had shut up in his study or with the invalid. The child saw very little of either of his parents. He can still remember the keen delight when, at rare intervals, he was permitted to sit upon his father's knee beside the bed, and play with the small white hand on the coverlet. But his restless nature would not permit him to remain long quiet, so these visits were always brief.

"Shortly after the boy's fifth birthday, his mother's illness took a more serious turn, and for weeks he was not allowed to enter the sick room. It was during this time that his old nurse—who had been his father's nurse before him—sickened and died. For a brief period a Mrs. Daly filled the vacant post."

The young minister paused; Miss Shirley waited, without speaking. She possessed the rare gift of knowing when to be silent. After a moment he went on, speaking in a reminiscent tone:

"Mrs. Daly was a quaint, old-fashioned Irishwoman, with an inexhaustible store of fairy tales and legends. She seemed a wonderful person to the small boy, who became very fond of her, and would not allow her out of his sight. She was a Catholic, and the boy insisted upon accompanying her to church, where his attention was divided between the gorgeous windows, and the marble altars with their beautiful statues, and the brown beads slipping

through the fingers of the old woman at his side, as she murmured over and over, 'Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death.' The words haunted the child, and, half unconsciously, he began adding them to his nightly 'Now I lay me. . . .' One evening his father overheard him saying his prayers. The next morning Mrs. Daly was dismissed."

Again the young man paused; then resumed hurriedly, in a lower tone, as if impelled by some inner force:

"The young mother, whom he had scarcely known, died the following year. His father, stern and reserved with others, was always kind to the boy. Later, to please him, the lad consented to study for the ministry. On the eve of his ordination, he ascertained that his maternal grandmother had been a *Catholic*! The prayer learned in childhood, forgotten in later years, returned with new significance. *He had been cheated of his birthright!*"

The young man arose.

"It is a serious thing, Miss Shirley," he added gravely, "to rob a person of that which rightfully belongs to him by inheritance."

For some minutes after the young man had gone, Miss Shirley sat lost in deep thought.

"What if he should be right,—if—" she began, but did not allow herself to finish the sentence.

Rising slowly, she mounted the stairs, knocked at her niece's door, and, without waiting for permission, pushed it gently open—but stopped short on the threshold, as if rooted to the spot. On the table, propped against some books, was a picture of the Madonna,—a print, evidently clipped from a magazine. Before it was a small crystal vase holding a single rose. On her knees, her small hands clasped, and her eyes fixed upon the pictured face of the Madonna, was Rose Marie,—*"Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us."*

The very same words! She started

forward, as if to snatch the picture from the table; then as suddenly turned, and fled noiselessly to her own room,—the tender, childlike, supplicating voice ringing in her ears.

If a bomb had fallen in their midst, the people of St. L.—'s could not have been more startled or horrified than when, a few weeks later, it was learned that their brilliant young rector, the Rev. Hugh S. Staunton, had resigned, and "*gone over to Rome!*"

Strange rumors were afloat. Some went so far as to say that, learning of the young man's wonderful oratorical powers; the Pope had sent a special delegate to entice him over to the Romish Church. Miss Shirley shook her head when she heard this last bit of gossip.

"He did not impress me as the sort of person who could be 'enticed,'" she said thoughtfully.

Later, as she watched Rose Marie flitting about among the flowers like a pretty butterfly, she murmured, half to herself and half to the wandering winds, as if following out a long train of disquieting thought:

"He has come into his—birthright!"

THE Catholic Church is a city to which avenues lead from every side, towards which men may travel from any quarter, by the most diversified roads, by the thorny and rugged ways of strict investigation, by the more flowery paths of sentiment and feeling; but arrived at its precincts, all find that there is but one gate whereby they may enter, but one door to the sheepfold—narrow and low, perhaps, and causing flesh and blood to stoop in passing in. Men may wander about its outskirts, they may admire the goodness of its edifices, and of its bulwarks, but they can not be its denizens and children if they enter not by that one gate of absolute, unconditional submission to the teaching of the Church.

—Cardinal Wiseman.

A Strange Easter Procession.

BY J. B. C.

IN the early stages of the war, the city of Tirlemont figured prominently for some time in the dispatches. It is a strategic railroad center, and on the main line of communication leading westward to Louvain, Brussels, and the French frontier. In it and in the open country about it a fierce battle was fought for the possession of the city, which was finally occupied. But these are events for the future historian to chronicle.

The city itself dates back several centuries, to the early Middle Ages, and was for a long time a strongly fortified place. Parts of the wide moat that surrounded it are still to be seen, as are remnants of the massive crenelated wall that formed as it were a second line of defence behind the moat. Perhaps it dates back even much further than the Middle Ages; for the extremely wide main road that passes through it leads eastward in an almost straight line to the city of Tongres, in the province of Limburg, which was already a Roman city in the third century. Along this road, as it leaves Tirlemont, there are several Roman *tumuli* that have yielded a fair quota of antiques.

A short distance from this main road, and some three miles to the east of the city itself, lies the little village of Hakendover, renowned for miles around for the procession that takes place there every year on the second day of Easter. Although no longer a holyday of obligation, it is kept as such, the people abstaining from work and attending Mass.

The pilgrims arrive in large numbers early in the morning from the surrounding country. Many have come the day before, and the trains bring additional throngs even from Holland. The great majority have gone to the Sacraments that same day or the day before. They wend their way first of all to a little chapel dedicated

to the companion of St. Benedict, St. Maurus. The chapel is situated on the outskirts of Tirlemont, and dates back to the twelfth century. All the pilgrims make the circuit of the shrine several times, while saying the Rosary; then they venerate a relic of the saint, and press on to Hakendover, some two miles farther.

This little village is situated in a rather deep valley. A few houses only cluster around the church, which is small and unimposing, but architecturally perfect. What attracts the pilgrims is a statue of our Saviour, which, tradition claims, dates back to the ninth century. It is one of those miraculous statues that are met with so frequently in Catholic countries. The legend connected with it has been celebrated in song and story, and reproduced in some beautiful wood carvings, now adorning the walls of the church.

It relates that a nobleman, in fulfilment of a vow, wished to build a church in honor of Our Lord. At his fervent request the spot was marked by Heaven itself, as it remained free from snow, while the country round about was covered with a white mantle. Day after day thirteen workmen were busy cutting the stone and erecting the walls. But at the end of every week, as pay day came, only twelve presented themselves to receive their wages. The thirteenth, according to the legend, was no other than the Saviour Himself, who had assisted in the erection of a temple in honor of His Name. To perpetuate the memory of this wondrous event, the statue was carved, religiously kept through the ages, decked out in costly robes, and carried every year with great pomp in a procession.

The church is much too small to accommodate the pressing throng of pilgrims that have come to assist at High Mass. Most of them are standing or kneeling outside, devoutly praying, without any trace of human respect. And it is perhaps one of the most beneficent features of these great pilgrimages that they are a

powerful antidote against this debilitating, all too human weakness. When men have publicly prayed and sung together and openly professed their faith, they seem less afraid to face a sneering world, and more determined to exact respect for their religious convictions. Here at Haken-dover, as they kneel on the bare ground, the pilgrims can hear the clear tinkle of the altar bell announcing the principal parts of the Mass; and at the consecration the bells in the steeple ring out the solemn moment to the countryside.

The Mass is over, and all are waiting for the procession to form. Soon the priest, carrying the Blessed Sacrament, appears. Behind him, borne aloft on the shoulders of eight men, comes the miraculous statue. With little confusion, considering the great throngs, and without any one to organize them, the people fall into line behind. A band plays, and the crowds follow in the wake of the priest. Here a group is heard saying the Rosary; there another group repeats the Litany; still farther on a hymn is being sung. For a short distance the travelled road is followed. But suddenly the procession veers at right angles, and starts across the fields, ascending the easy slope of a long hill.

Unhampered now by the rather narrow, confining highway, the crowds deploy their ranks, and the thousands of people fall into a more regular and compact line, ten persons deep. On each side there is a cordon of men on horseback. Every horse for miles around, that is at all able, and for which a rider can be found, is sent to enhance the rustic splendor of this Easter procession.

The strangest part of it is that this immense multitude is heedlessly wending its way across fields where the spring crops have just begun to sprout, and the wheat is pushing its green blades above the surface. No one minds; no farmer objects. It has been done from time immemorial. After the throng has passed, no tender green stalks are anywhere visible: everything has been trampled under foot,

utterly destroyed, and seemingly crushed beyond the hope of revival.

At the top of the hill the procession halts. A rustic altar has been erected in the midst of the fields. The people group themselves around it in a semicircle; the horses stop on the outer fringe of the crowd, while the riders uncover and sit in reverential attitude, with head bowed down. Strong voices intone the *Tantum Ergo*; the bugles sound their clear, resounding salute to the King blessing His kneeling people. The procession then resumes its way back to the church.

What of the fields, you ask, so recently trodden by thousands of feet, crushed and trampled, and their promising harvest ruthlessly killed? Come back some two weeks later, as many a scoffer and unbeliever has done who had first come to view them on the second Easter day. You find them fair and fresh and green again. They have not been reploughed or reseeded; they have not been touched in any way since the multitudes passed over them. And they have never failed to yield an abundant crop year after year. Humanly speaking, no hope could be held out of any returns to the farmer after the havoc wrought on that day. Yet, together with thousands of others, for several seasons in succession, I myself have seen the damage done and repaired.

A miracle in our twentieth century? A wonder, at any rate, of resurrecting life about which any one can convince himself with his own eyes. And why should it no longer be true what the Master said?—"Hitherto you have not asked the Father anything in My name. Ask, and you shall receive. . . . Have the faith of God. Amen I say to you, that whosoever shall say to this mountain, Be thou removed and cast into the sea, and shall not stagger in his heart but believe that whatsoever he saith shall be done, it shall be done unto him. Therefore I say unto you, all things whatsoever you ask when ye pray, believe that you shall receive, and they shall come unto you."

How to Arrange Flowers.

BY JENNIE E. STEWART.

ANY one can crowd a few flowers into a vase; and, since a flower is pretty in any position, they will still be pretty. There is an art, however, in arranging flowers properly so as to bring out all their best points. Just a little study will enable any one to arrange a nosegay of common wild sunflowers in a way that will make them a real ornament to a room.

One of the first things to consider in arranging a bunch of flowers is the vase. Only the handsomest and most aristocratic of flowers can do their best in a hand-painted china vase of elaborate design. Cut glass also seems to demand something extra in flowers.

A tall, brown earthenware jar makes a good vase for a bouquet of sunflowers. Stand them on the floor in a sunny window for the best effect. We used a brown colored umbrella jar for a sheaf of goldenrod last year, and found it very suitable.

For nasturtiums, a low stone crock does nicely, or a squat bowl of plain glass or china. A few of the trailing tendrils, with their glossy leaves, should be left to trail over the sides. If you have trouble in making nasturtiums stand gracefully without crowding in the bowl, get a piece of tin to fit in the bowl and cut holes the size of a "quarter" all over it. For violets and pansies the same sort of arrangement is used, excepting that the holes should be smaller and closer together. Indeed, for violets a piece of wire-screen cloth will answer the purpose. Sometimes a cup filled with water may be set in the center of a low vase, to hold a few flowers upright in the center. Of course enough flowers should be used to cover these devices from sight.

Be careful in mixing colors in the same vase; and it is also well to use care in the mixing of flowers; a sunflower and

a yellow rose, though identical in shade, would look out of place in the same receptacle. A single rose looks well in a tall slender vase, with a few of its green leaves for company.

You can put a spray of wild grass, in full bloom, in a bowl of daisies; for you would find them so in the field. A few sprays of redtop with the clover blossoms would make a good effect.

Flowers that are made to look down upon, such as pansies, violets, and verbenas, should never be placed in the same dish with trumpet flowers, harebells and hollyhocks, which need to be above the level of the eye for good effect. Pansies look wondrously well on a low table, verbenas on a low window-sill, and bells should go on the piano or, better still, on a tall mantleshef.

It is well to have some leaves in every bouquet; but take care that the greenery, if not of the flower itself, is entirely suitable. Apple blossoms, if devoid of green leaves, look well with the addition of a few clover leaves; for clover is usually associated with orchards.

Sometimes a bit of mignonette or sweet lavender may be combined with other flowers that do not possess a perfume of their own, in order to produce pleasing results.

After a little practice, one learns many new things about the arrangement of flowers that never occurred to one before noticing and studying effects.

THERE have been great missionaries, confessors, bishops, doctors, pastors. They have done great works, and have taken with them numberless converts or penitents to heaven. They have suffered much, and have a superabundance of merits to show. But the Blessed Virgin in this way resembles her Divine Son—viz., that as He, being God, is separate by holiness from all creatures, so she is separate from all saints and angels, as being "full of grace."—*Cardinal Newman.*

An Incident in the Life of Don Bosco.

THE popular sentiment in Turin is that the late venerated Don Bosco performed miracles; our Holy Mother the Church will probably pronounce, later, on the character of the marvellous events in the life of that great servant of God. One extraordinary answer to prayer, of which there are still living witnesses, occurred in 1877.

Giuseppa Loughi was then ten years old. She had been paralyzed for a long time in consequence of violent convulsions; her right arm was inert, she could not stand erect, and had lost the power of speech. Her mental faculties seemed also impaired, and all the remedies prescribed by physicians were unavailing. Her pious mother had recourse to Mary Help of Christians. On the 23d of May, the eve of the feast on which Holy Church invokes Our Lady under this sweet title, the poor woman carried her afflicted child to the shrine of the Valdocco to implore a hitherto hopeless cure. She then went to Don Bosco, that he might read over the invalid the blessing of Our Lady Help of Christians.

It happened that the abode of the sainted priest was thronged with visitors that evening, and all were melted to compassion at the sight of the unfortunate child. Her sufferings were pitiable: she could neither stand nor sit, and, in spite of her mother's vigilant eye, every moment she fell to one side or the other. On seeing the crowd that preceded her, and considering her daughter's condition, the mother thought she could not wait her turn, and was preparing to leave with a heavy heart, when those present, forgetting their own necessities, offered to let her pass in before them.

The one first to propose this kind act was a gentleman belonging to a noble family of Piedmont, an active promoter of every good work in Turin; he was president of the Conference of St. Vincent

de Paul, and was invested with all the dignities his fellow-citizens could bestow. He had pondered a noble resolve in his heart; but, mistrustful of his merits, and considering his age, he still hesitated to answer what he thought might be God's call. This call was to enter the Salesian Congregation. Several times he had come to Don Bosco for advice, laying before him what he considered his vocation, and begging for his prayers; the holy man would give no decisive answer, waiting for God to manifest His will. On this day Count Cays de Giletta had come to insist anew, and obtain, if he could, a final answer. When the stricken child entered Don Bosco's room, he said to himself: "If she comes out cured, I will at once enter the Congregation: I will take it as a sign of God's will—my hesitation will be at an end."

Giuseppa was carried before Don Bosco, and laid upon a sofa; her mother explained her complicated ailments. The saintly priest exhorted the poor woman to confidence in Mary's tender mercy, and told her to kneel down while he pronounced on the little invalid the blessing of Mary *Auxilium Christianorum*. He then commanded the child to make the Sign of the Cross; she was about to obey with her left hand, but Don Bosco quickly interposed: "No, not the left hand, child; you must use your right hand in making the Sign of the Cross."

"Her right hand is paralyzed," observed the mother.

"Let us see if it is." And he repeated his injunction to the little girl. To the astonishment of her mother, she then lifted her paralyzed arm, raised her hand to her forehead, then to her chest, and to her left and right shoulders.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Don Bosco. "You have made the Sign of the Cross well; but you have not said the words. Now repeat the sign, and pronounce the words as I do myself—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

The child, who had been dumb for more than a month, found her tongue loosed: she repeated the sign and pronounced the words; then in an ecstasy of joy she exclaimed: "O mother, the Blessed Virgin has cured me."

On hearing these words, the overjoyed mother could only weep. Her joy and gratitude may be imagined.

"Now that the Blessed Virgin has cured you," continued Don Bosco, "make haste to thank her, and recite from the bottom of your heart an *Ave Maria* in honor of the Help of Christians."

Giuseppa recited the prayer very devoutly, in a distinct voice; however, this was not enough: it was yet to be seen if she could stand and walk. Until now she was powerless to do either. Don Bosco told her to walk round the room; she did so several times, with a firm step. In fact, the cure was complete and perfect. The little girl, unable any longer to contain her exuberant gratitude, rushed to the door, and, throwing it open, showed herself to the people, who a few minutes before had beheld her an apparently incurable cripple.

"Thank the Madonna with me, *signori*; her mercy has cured me. See, I can move my hand; I can walk; and I suffer no pain now."

This spectacle, and the words accompanying it, caused an indescribable emotion in all present; they gathered round the favored child—the *miracolata*, as they called her,—some weeping, others praying aloud, and giving glory to God. Don Bosco himself was overcome with emotion, and trembled from head to foot. The mother and child soon took their departure, to return thanks at the shrine of their Benefactress.

The good Count now thought within himself, "Evidently the Blessed Virgin wishes me to become a Salesian." Without delay he entered the novitiate, and set himself with ardor to the practice of poverty, humility, and mortification as prescribed in the rules of the institute.

After the lapse of a certain time, however, his former scruples regarding his vocation returned. He began to doubt if he was doing God's will. Don Bosco, who had been so cautious about deciding on his vocation, now strenuously encouraged the troubled novice to persevere, recognizing in these scruples the efforts of Satan against a generous soul. The novice, disheartened by interior aridity and violent temptations, found it difficult to believe in the discernment of his spiritual Father; he knew that he had asked, as a sign, the cure of Giuseppa; but perhaps, suggested the evil spirit, the cure was not a permanent one. Then, again, the novice would reproach himself with credulity and pride in imagining that God had sent him a particular mark as an assurance of his vocation. Thus he continued to torment himself and to be tormented.

One morning, as the heavy-hearted religious was crossing the sacristy of the Salesian church, he met a young girl, with her parents, coming to make an offering. Approaching him she said: "Don't you know me, *signor*? I remember you very well."

"Are you, Giuseppa Loughi?" exclaimed the novice, thrilled with joy at this unexpected answer to his doubts; "has the cure lasted?"

"I am in perfect health, I assure you; I can speak, I can walk, I can write, I can study and work as if I had never been ill a day in my life."

"Look at her," added the mother; "see her rosy cheeks; she sleeps well and eats with a good appetite. Our neighbors all agree with us that her recovery was a real miracle."

The Count felt himself pervaded by a supernatural peace; his trial was at an end; his resolution to persevere in the Salesian Congregation never again wavered; and for the remainder of his life he edified the community by his many Christian and religious virtues, the most conspicuous of which were his humility and generosity in serving God.

Something to be Said on Both Sides.

IT is a matter of frequent remark that our Catholic people are not a lecture-going people. That is certainly a fact. As for its explanation, there is much that might be said on both sides. Our people are a church-going people, and they realize the essential importance of the Sunday Mass. They are faithful also at the attendance of optional devotions. Moreover, they support their pastors, they maintain their schools, and they keep up their own charities. Furthermore, there are many subjects upon which their minds are made up,—made up well. In social condition, our people are largely working people. It is not at all to be wondered at, then, that when Catholics meet outside of church hours, their object should be mainly recreational. If Catholics give a good many dances and card parties, it is well that Catholics go to dances and parties given under Catholic auspices. It is desirable that our young people should get acquainted; that Catholic parochial life, where possible, be strenuously maintained.

Now, we are far from thinking that the Catholic lecture course could not be made to fit into the scheme of Catholic life: we are simply pointing out that there are other things more important, which must not be lost sight of when reflecting on the alleged apathy of our people toward lecture courses. Many non-Catholics have little religion except what they get from itinerant lecturers; many others have, as an ugly heritage of the Protestant Reformation, so called, crooked ideas about innocent amusements, and will sit through long musical tortures rather than sit into a game of cards. And, finally, many Catholics will remain away from lectures for the reason that they have attended "lectures" before, and discovered they were something best suited to Lent. Really good Catholic lectures are pretty sure of generous support.

Notes and Remarks.

Not the least of the surprises experienced by those who follow carefully the course of current events is the complete change of attitude towards religion on the part of many prominent men who before the Great War were professed agnostics. The distress of nations—sorrow and suffering and desolation on all sides—presented a problem for which reason could offer no solution, and enforced the conviction of the immortality of the soul, of the existence of God, and the world's need of divine assistance. The latest of these converts is Mr. Horatio W. Bottomley, said to be the greatest "lay lawyer" in Great Britain, and the founder and-acting editor of *John Bull*, a journal noted for its independence and radicalism. Pure rationalism seemed to be the slogan of all concerned with it. Of the change that has come over him of late, Mr. Bottomley says: "To-day, in my fifty-fifth year, and after about as strenuous a life as any man of that age has ever lived, I believe in God and in the immortality of the soul of man. . . . The great World War has done it. In war there is a mighty alchemy, transmuting the base metal of human experience into the pure currency of faith. . . . Pure rationalism, however scientific, has no word of comfort for weary watchers, or of solace for human hearts. . . . And now I have come to believe that every noble aspiration, every worthy act and thought—every high resolve—is conserved immortality. I believe that God has a divine purpose for not only the blood of heroes but equally for the tears of women, the quivering anguish of the human heart, and the sacrificing effort of unselfish aim."

Something other than political significance seems attached to the extraordinary welcome which the Japanese Government gave to the envoy of the Holy See dispatched to bring to the new Emperor the congratulations of Benedict XV. The

account of Archbishop Petrelli's visit to Japan reads like a brodered tale of Eastern romance. The fact of the matter is, the Emperor himself set the fashion, and all his Ministers and every organ of Japanese opinion, together with the popular following, united to give unprecedented honor to one who came as the representative of the Father of Christendom. One of the most influential newspapers in the Empire concluded a leading article, treating of the Pope's envoy, with the significant words: "May the Catholic Church, which, as we know, is the foundress of Western civilization, succeed in leading the religious movement in Japan into the proper channels."

And so we say something more than a political explanation must underlie this phenomenon: we sincerely hope it is a spiritual reality.

In case our country should be drawn into the great conflict of nations—and there are moments when this seems more likely than not,—it will be the unquestionable duty of every citizen, regardless of political affiliations, to show his patriotism, and to avoid embarrassing the Government, or lending sympathy and support to its enemies. And if the experience of our Civil War is profited by, the President will take steps to prevent all serious violations of patriotic duty. From no source whatever should treasonable speech or act be tolerated. Immediate preparation for war can involve nothing of higher importance than this. Prompt prosecution, with a commensurate fine, or a fitting term of imprisonment, would have the effect, not only of fostering patriotism in every citizen capable of this sentiment, but of intimidating secret foes among us, the number of whom is probably greater than is generally realized.

In marked contrast to the calumnious charges made in this country by Protestant ministers and prelates (of the Bishop Stuntz class) against Catholic missionaries

and Catholic priests generally, are the generous and manly tributes to Catholic worth and works paid by such representative Protestant clergymen as the Anglican prelate, Bishop Scriven, of British Columbia. In his address at the opening of a recent Synod of his diocese in Victoria, he said: "The majority of the Christian Indians on this island are ministered to by the Roman Catholic Church. Its work among the Indians of the Dominion is part of the history of Canada. The story of the heroism of the Jesuit priests who, at daily and hourly risk of their lives, first brought the Gospel to the heathen tribes of North America, enduring, many of them, tortures and even martyrdom for the Faith, forms one of the noblest and most thrilling chapters of our national history. To them belongs the honor of being the pioneers of Christianity to the native population of the country; and I never read the accounts which have come down to us of these early days without thanking God for the splendid example of those saintly lives."

Referring, further on in his address, to the falling off of missionary effort in his diocese, Bishop Scriven said: "In God's name, let us hold fast what we have left! At most of the places we have dropped, the Roman Catholics—all honor to them!—took up the work which we let fall, and are to this day maintaining it with their accustomed devotion."

The Anglican prelate of the Columbia diocese is a heretic, no doubt; but he is at least a gentleman.

As it happens that some of the most prominent commanders in the French army are frankly and professedly Catholics in belief and practice—Castelnau, Pétain, Foch, D'Urbal, De Maud'huy, D'Amade, etc.,—the Government has relaxed the persecution of "military clericals," so relentlessly carried on under the Combes-André régime. Gen. Joffre is said to have declared that "interference with the religious convictions of the army must

cease." But the infidel press of France still rages against priests (although an immense number of them are daily exposing their lives in defence of the country), and Sisters (so many of whom are now devoting themselves to the care of the wounded and the war orphans), and misses no opportunity to calumniate both. The pettiness of this persecution is almost incredible. Some time ago the Sisters of Charity in charge of a hospital at Avignon were accused of favoring, to the great detriment of others, soldiers who manifested religious sentiments. The hospital chaplain also was accused of delivering a sermon containing anti-Republican doctrine. An investigation of the first charge was held, and the evidence of five hundred patients taken. All praised the Sisters for their kindness and impartiality. The chaplain, the Abbé Lamande, proved that he never preached the sermon which was attributed to him, and which an anti-clerical paper had fully reported. The worst feature of these false charges is that their utterly unscrupulous authors sometimes succeed in depriving Catholics of liberties which the Government now allows them, and of which Jews and Protestants have never been deprived.

Our Irish exchanges bring us the news that once more the experiences of the Judges at the Assizes have demonstrated that Ireland is in all probability the one country in the world that comes nearest to being absolutely crimeless. At almost every place on their circuit the Judges were the recipients of white gloves,—the symbol in British dominions of a crimeless calendar. At a time when political excitement naturally runs high, this absence of indictable offences is really very notable, and is decidedly creditable to the Christian morality of Ireland's people.

The recent death of an exemplary Catholic layman, Mr. Patrick T. Walsh, of Davenport, Iowa, recalls a gracious

act of a former President of the United States. Mr. Walsh was an eminent railroad constructor. When the question of the building of the Panama Canal had reached the stage of practicable policy, and prior to our Government's decision to undertake the work itself, he presented his bid for the construction of the Canal. When this became known, the Government office was flooded with recommendations in Mr. Walsh's favor, coming from all parts of the country and from its most prominent men. By a typically generous impulse of Mr. Roosevelt's these recommendations were bound in a volume and sent to the Iowan, with the message: "Any man living might be justly proud of this evidence of integrity." And assuredly any dead man's relatives and friends may justly revere the memory of one who was thus highly valued by those to whom he was best known.

How utterly worthless as historical data many books about the great World War will prove may be judged from the exaggerated and contradictory statements made and the violent partisanship and prejudice shown by the writers. For example, the author of "Justice in War-Time" says in effect that Germany is only the most scoundrelly among the other scoundrels of Europe, and that France and England have not even adhered to the rudimentary motto of "Honor among thieves." Yet the same writer defends both stealing and lying. "It is obvious," he declares, "that there are cases where lying and stealing are justifiable." According to M. Paul Sabatier ("A Frenchman's Thoughts on the War"), "Germany has annexed to herself and her own pride the greatness of all other nations. But she is mind and matter without soul, despising spiritual factors."

In his "Note-Book of an Attaché," Mr. Eric Fisher Wood quotes a Hungarian nobleman as asserting that Germany and Austria are the wronged nations; that "English trade rivalry, French racial

antipathy, and Slav expansion, brought on and even planned the war." The Abbé Aubry ("My Captivity in Germany") sees in it a revolt by the spiritual descendants of Luther against the Church. He notes more than once the kindness he experienced, but complains bitterly of the cruelty and prejudice of dogs in Germany. "Even the animals are bred up to hate the French!"

This statement, we thought, would make a good stopping place. Largely infructuous will doubtless be the future historian's characterization of by far the greater part of what is now being published about the great World War of the twentieth century.

The Holy Name Society, which has so large a membership in this country, and which has probably received more numerous and more cordial endorsements from non-Catholic Americans than any other of our church organizations, exists under another name in Ireland. There it is known as the White Star League, that designation being due to the badge of membership,—a tiny white star worn habitually. The object of the League is to promote practical reverence for our Lord Jesus Christ; and its rules are directed to the repression of blasphemous, irreverent and wicked language of all kinds, and to the cultivation among its members everywhere of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.

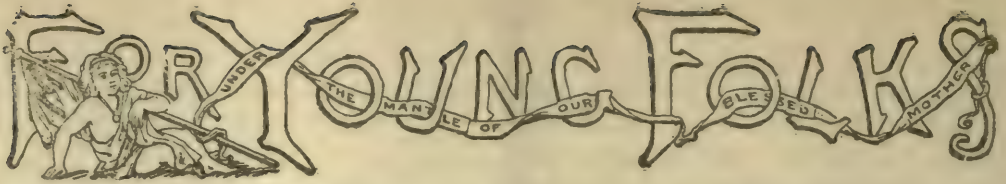
A touchingly beautiful tribute to the late Lister Maurice Drummond, "one of the grandest Catholic laymen of our generation," a convert to the Faith, and one of the founders of the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom, is paid by Fr. Philip Fletcher, writing in the London *Universe* of recent date:

Intimate conversation which I have had with the sister who loved him so well and whom he loved so well, has revealed to me that the nobility of his character as a Christian was greater than even I, who for so many years

knew him closely, had realized. All the history of that last octave of his life, ending on Sunday, February 27, was told me. It is too sacred to make public; but if all knew what I know, they would find it difficult, as I find it difficult, to express in words the height of Christian charity to which he attained. O dear Lister, your loved the Martyrs of Tyburn! You became, to your great joy, before the call came, a "Tyburn Founder." And there was a touch of Tyburn in your death. Very few know why this may be said, but I am one of the few. Farewell, dear brother! Forgive me (for I am guilty) all the gloominess which I set against your cheerfulness, all the shortness against your largeness. My temperament was so different from yours. But I envy you yours. I am a priest, and must find my model among priests. But, laymen, is not Lister Drummond as fine a model as can be found in England for you to follow? Laymen have written to me, and from what they have written I believe I am right in thinking that Lister Drummond will become the model in our time, as Blessed Thomas More was in his and for all time, on which Catholic English laymen may form themselves.

How the shadow of saints seems to beget saints! Only in the other world will it be known what precious graces and blessings the Martyrs of Tyburn have won for England.

In death as well as in life, Cardinal Gotti gave edification by his simplicity and sincerity. Under three Sovereign Pontiffs (Leo XIII., Pius X., and Benedict XV.) he was the "Red Pope," as the ruler of the apostolate of the Foreign Missions is popularly styled; but he never forgot that he was the son of a day-laborer; and his mortal remains, after a Requiem Mass, attended by all the Cardinals and Vatican officials in Rome, were conveyed to their last resting place in a "car of the second class." Cardinal Gotti was no less distinguished for piety, humility, and devotedness as a Prince of the Church than as a simple Carmelite monk. By the members of that ancient religious Order, of which he was the superior-general for two terms, he was held in the highest respect and affection. May he rest in peace!



Dream-Town.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

§AR away lies Dream-Town by the Slumber Sea,

Where the little waves make music tenderly,
And the little dream-boats sway upon the tide
That comes a-creeping softly from the dream-sea wide.

Quiet are the streets of Dream-Town-by-the-Sea;
By each cottage grows a little shady tree,
Through whose leaves a shy wind murmurs sweet and low,
Rocking birdlings' tiny nests like cradles to and fro.

How to get to Dream-Town? No one really knows;

First a sleepy feeling, then a drowsy doze,
And before we know it, far away are we,
Safe and snug and sound asleep in Dream-Town-by-the-Sea!

Killykinick.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XVIII.—BACK INTO LINE.

THERE was a moment's pause. Dan was really too bewildered to speak.

He felt he was reeling down from the rainbow heights to which Miss Polly had led him, and the shock took away his breath.

"It's all—all a horrid story; I'm sure it is,—isn't it, Dan?" pleaded his little friend, tremulously.

"Why, no!" said Dan, rallying to his simple, honest self again. "It isn't a story at all. I was a newsboy, I *did* shine boots at the street corner, and Aunt Winnie *is* with the Little Sisters of the Poor now."

"Bravo!—bravo!" came a low silvery voice from the shadows, and Miss Stella clapped her slender hands.

"O Dan, Dan!" cried poor little Miss Polly, sobbing outright. "A newsboy and bootblack! Oh, how could you fool me so, Dan?"

"With your infernal lies about your home and family!" burst forth dad, in sudden wrath at Polly's tears.

"I didn't fool,—I didn't lie, sir!" blurted out Dan, fiercely. "I did nothing of the kind!"

"If you will kindly do the boy justice to remember, he did *not*, Cousin Pem!" and Miss Stella's clear, sweet voice rose in witness. "You gave his family history yourself. He did not know what you were talking about, with your Crusading ancestors and the D'Olanes. I could see it in his face. You are all blood-blind up here, Cousin Pem. I was laughing to myself all the time, for I guessed who Dan Dolan was. I knew he was at St. Andrew's. His dear old Aunt Winnie is one of my truest friends."

"O Marraine, Marraine!" murmured Polly, eagerly. "And—and you don't mind it if—"

"If she is with the Little Sisters of the Poor, Pollykins? Not a bit! Some day I may be there myself. Now that this tempest in a teapot is over, you can all go off and finish your games. I am going to sit under this nice old tree and talk to Miss Winnie's boy."

And while dad, still a little hot at the trouble that had marred Polly's party, started the fun in another direction, Miss Stella gathered her silvery gown around her and sat down on the rustic bench beneath the old cedar, and talked to Dan. He learned how Aunt Winnie had sewed patiently and skilfully for this lovely lady a dozen years ago, when she

was spending a gay season in his own town; and how the gentle old seamstress, with her simple faith and tender sympathy, her wise warnings to the gay, motherless girl, had won a place in her heart.

"I tried to coax her home with me," said Miss Stella, "to make it 'home,' as I felt she could; but Baby Danny was in the way,—the little Danny that she could not leave."

Then Dan, in his turn, told about Killykinick, and how he had been sent there for the summer and had met little Polly.

"I should have told," he said, lifting Aunt Winnie's own blue Irish eyes to Miss Stella's face,—*"I should have said right out straight and square that I wasn't Polly's kind, and had no right to push in here with grand folks like hers. But it was all so fine it sort of turned my head."*

"It will do that," replied Miss Stella, softly. "It has turned mine often, Danny. But now we both see straight and clear again, and I am going to make things straight and clear with all the others."

"You can't," said Dan,—*"not with those grand ladies in gold spectacles; not with Polly's dad; maybe not with Polly herself. I'm all mixed up, and out of line with them. And—and—"* (Dan took the silken guard from his neck) *"I want you to give them back this gold watch, and tell them so."* (He slipped the Jack Horner prize into Miss Stella's hand.) *"I'm not asking anything and I'm not taking anything that comes to me like this. And—and—"* (he rose and stood under the crooked tree in all his straight, sturdy strength) *"Neb is down at the wharf with a load of clams. We passed him as we came up. I'm not pushing in among the silk cushions any more. I'm going home with him."*

Which, with Miss Stella's sympathetic approval, he did at once.

When a little later the guests had all gone, and "The Polly" was taking her white-winged way back to Killykinick with Dud, Jim, and Freddy; when the jewelled lights had gone out, and the party was

over, and all was quiet on the starlit porch, Miss Stella returned Dan's watch and gave his message. Even the two grandmamas, being really grandmamas at heart, softened to it, and dad declared gruffly it had been a fool business altogether, while Polly flung herself sobbing into her godmother's arms.

"O Dan,—poor Dan! He is the nicest boy I ever saw,—the nicest and the kindest, Marraine! And now—now he will never come back here any more!"

"I don't think he will, Pollykins," was the low answer. "You see" (Marraine dropped a light kiss on the nestling curls), "he was a newsboy and a bootblack, and he does not deny it; while you—you, Pollykins—"

"Oh, I don't care what he was!" interrupted Miss Polly, tempestuously,—*"I don't care what he was. I took him for my real true friend, and I am not going to give up Dan as I gave up Meg Murray, Marraine."* Polly tightened her clasp around Miss Stella's neck so she could whisper softly in her ear: *"If he won't come back, you and I will go after him; won't we, Marraine?"*

Meanwhile, with his head pillowed on a pile of fish nets—very different, we must confess, from the silken cushions of dad's pretty yacht,—and with old Neb drowsily watching her ragged sail, Dan was back again in his own line, beneath the guiding stars. It was a calm, beautiful night, and those stars were at their brightest. Even Neb's dull wits seemed to kindle under their radiance.

"You can steer 'most anywhere when they shine like that. Don't want none of these 'ere winking, blinking lights to show you the way," he said.

"But the trouble is they don't always shine," answered Dan.

"No," said Neb, slowly, "they don't; that's a fact. But they ain't ever really out, like menfolk's lights. The stars is always thar."

"Always there,"—yes, Dan realized, as,

with his head on the dank, fishy pillow, he looked up in the glory above him, the stars were always there. Blurred sometimes by earthly mists and vapors, lost in the dazzling gleam of jewelled lights, darkened by the shadows of crooked trees, they shone with pure, steadfast, guiding rays,—the stars that were always there. A witching little Will-o'-the-wisp had bewildered Dan into strange ways this evening; but he was back again in his own straight, honest line beneath the stars.

On "The Polly," making her way over the starlit water to Killykinick, things were not so pleasant.

"It was a mean, dirty trick to give Dan away. I don't care who did it!" said big-hearted Jim, roused into spirit and speech.

"It wasn't I,—oh, indeed it wasn't I!" declared Freddy. "I told Tad Dan was the biggest, strongest, finest fellow in the whole bunch. I never said a word about his being a newsboy or a bootblack, though I don't think it hurts him a bit."

"And it doesn't," said Jim, whose blood had been a "true blue" stream before the Stars and Stripes began to wave. "But there are some fools that think so."

"Calling me fool, are you?" said Dud, fiercely.

"No, I didn't," retorted Jim. "But if the name fits you, take it. I don't object." And he turned away, with a flash in his eyes most unusual for Sunny Jim,—a flash that Dud did not venture to kindle into angry fire.

But, though the storm blew over, as such springtime storms will, Dan had learned a lesson, and felt that he never again wished to venture on the dizzy heights where wise heads turn and strong feet falter. Though Dud and Jim, who both had pocket money in plenty, made arrangements at the Boat Club for the use of a little motor boat several times a week, Dan held to his own line as second mate at Killykinick, and was contented to share old Neb's voyaging. They went out often now; for, under the old sailor's guidance, Dan was becoming an expert

fisherman. And soon the dingy boat, loaded with its silvery spoil, became known to camps and cottages along the other shores. Poor old Neb was too dull-witted for business; but customers far from markets watched eagerly for the merry blue-eyed boy who brought fish, "still kicking," for their early breakfast,—clams, crabs, and lobsters, whose freshness was beyond dispute. Neb's old leather wallet began to fill up as it had never been filled before. And the dinners that were served on the "Lady Jane," the broiled, the baked, the fried fish dished up in rich plenty every day, shook Brother Bart's allegiance to Irish stews, and, as he declared, "would make it aisy for a heretic to keep the Friday fast forever."

Then, Dan had the garden to dig and weed, the cow to milk, the chickens to feed,—altogether, the days were most busy and pleasant; and it was a happy, if tired, boy that tumbled at night into his hammock swung beneath the stars, while old Jeb and Neb smoked their pipes on the deck beside him.

Three letters had come from Aunt Winnie,—a Government boat brought weekly mail to the lighthouse on Numskull Nob. They were prim little letters, carefully margined and written, and spelled as the good Sisters had taught her in early youth. She took her pen in hand—so letters had always begun in Aunt Winnie's schooldays—to write him a few lines. She was in good health and hoped he was the same, though many were sick at the Home, and Mrs. McGraw (whom Dan recalled as the dozing lady of his visit) had died 'very sudden on Tuesday; but she had a priest at the last, and a Requiem Mass in the chapel, with the altar in black, and everything most beautiful. Poor Miss Flannery's cough was bad, and she wouldn't be long here, either; but, as the good Mother says, we are blessed in having a holy place where we can die in peace and quiet. And Aunt Winnie's own leg was bad still, but she thanked God she could get around a bit

and help the others. And, though she might never see him again—for she would be turned on seventy next Thursday,—she prayed for her dear boy nights, and dreamed of him constant. And, begging God to bless him and keep him from harm, she was his affectionate aunt, Winnie Curley.'

The other letters were very much in the same tone: some other old lady was dying or failing fast; for, with all its twilight peace, Aunt Winnie was in a valley of the shadow, where the light of youth and hope and cheer that whistling, laughing Dan brought into Mulligans' attic could not shine.

"I've got to get her home," resolved Dan, who was keen enough to read this loss and longing between the old-fashioned, neatly written lines. "It's Pete Patterson and the meat shop for me in the fall and good-bye to St. Andrew's and 'pipe dreams' forever! Aunt Winnie has to come back, with her blue teapot on her own stove and Tabby purring at her feet again or—or" (Dan choked at the thought) "they'll be having a funeral Mass at the Little Sisters for her."

And Dan lay awake a long time that night looking at the stars, and stifling a dull pang in his young heart that the heights of which he had dreamed were not for him. But he was up betimes next morning, his own sturdy self again. Old Neb had a bad attack of rheumatism that made his usual early trip impossible.

"They will be looking for us," said Dan. "I promised those college girls camping at Shelter Cove to bring them fresh fish for breakfast."

"Let them catch for themselves!" growled old Neb, who was rubbing his stiffened arm with whale oil.

"Girls!" said Dan in boyish scorn. "What do girls know about fishing? They squeal every time they get a bite. I'll take Freddy to watch the lines (Brother Bart isn't so scary about him now), and go myself."

(To be continued.)

The Choristers of Versailles.

ON Easter Sunday, 1784, at Versailles, a company of twelve boys was proceeding to the chateau, under the guidance of a serious old gentleman wearing a court costume, his breast adorned with the black cord of the Order of St. Michael, and his plumed hat under his arm. The boys were the twelve choristers of the royal chapel; and their leader was the then famous composer, Martini. Now, the villagers of Versailles greeted the appearance of this important personage with frequent smiles,—and they had some cause.

Absent-minded, as are a good many great artists, M. Martini walked along in his fine costume, with his head covered with a big cotton nightcap which he had forgotten to remove when dressing himself.

When the group arrived at the door of the palace, the Swiss guard barred the entrance, saying:

"No admittance."

"On the service of the king," replied Martini.

"The king has no servants in cotton nightcaps," said the guard; and, as the musician remained speechless, the soldier pulled off the offending nightcap, and, handing it to Martini, added: "Here, put it in your pocket; and now go in if you want to."

The idle bystanders, who had been amused by the scene, burst into laughter, in which the choristers gaily joined.

Martini turned angrily to the boys.

"Ah, you young scamps, you unmanly rascals, could you not have told me that I had forgotten to remove my cap! It was wrong, very wrong, my lads, to allow your old master to be made the laughing-stock of these fellows around us; and especially to make me angry, when in a few minutes we must interpret before the court for the first time an incomparable masterpiece of Gluck. You have been guilty of a very serious fault, and I can not allow it to pass unpunished. You will

all forfeit your play hours for four days."

The punishment was severe, but the boys felt that it was deserved on account of the emotion which their master had displayed. While Martini went to prepare matters for the music which was to accompany the Solemn Mass, one of the choristers, the best soprano of the group, addressed his companions:

"Look here, fellows! Our master is quite right. Moreover, he has always shown himself indulgent for our offences, and he devotes himself whole-heartedly to our musical education. Let us atone for our fault. We mustn't let the emotion which we have caused him interfere with the execution of the Mass: we must surpass ourselves. So far as I am concerned, I promise to do so."

"So do I,—so do I!" repeated each of the others.

And they kept their word so well that, after the Mass, nothing was heard but congratulations and compliments. A number of courtiers were lavishing their praise on Martini, when a page approached and said to the old musician:

"Sir, her Majesty the Queen bids me request you and your choristers to come to her drawing-room."

When the musician and boys were in the presence of Marie Antoinette, she graciously congratulated him.

"M. Martini, your pupils have interpreted the splendid music of the great Gluck in a wondrous way. I have wished to thank you personally, and I desire to give you a slight testimonial of my satisfaction."

Then, detaching from her collar a magnificent diamond pin, she handed it to the radiant old man.

Once outside the palace, the master said to his choristers:

"Boys, you caused me much distress this morning, but I understood quite well that you endeavored to repair your fault. Accordingly, I not only forgive you, but I change the four days' detention into four full holidays."

Illann the Victorious.

UBTHACH, the father of Saint Bridget of Kildare, was, it is said, a mighty warrior in the service of Illann, one of the great kings of North Leinster. He possessed a valuable sword, fashioned in wondrous style and of a finely tempered blade. This he lent to Dubthach on some special occasion. The warrior was delighted with the weapon and longed to keep it as his own. He, therefore, sent his daughter to the king to beg that he might be allowed to retain the sword.

Illann was unwilling to part with his treasure. He at length asked St. Bridget, already famed for virtues, to pray that he might obtain certain favors. She replied that she would pray that he might attain everlasting bliss and that his descendants should rule long in the land. Illann had no liking for these far-off benefits. "Pray," he cried, "that I may long live my present life—the life I enjoy,—and that I may be victorious in every battle, and the sword may be kept by your father!" The saint remonstrated, but the king was obdurate. Then St. Bridget prayed that Illann might have a long life and victory in every conflict.

In the years that followed, Illann fought and won thirty battles in Ireland, and eight, some writers assert, in Britain. His remarkable invincibility was noted by all, and many monarchs craved his friendship. At length, however, he went the way of mortals, and the men of Ulster gathered an army with which to attack their former irresistible foes of Leinster. But, though the army was numerous and well equipped, it was once more defeated by the Leinster men. They had raised their king from the grave, clothed him in his royal robes and armor, and placing him in his war chariot, they led him forth to victory.

ANY hard task that has to be done
Seems more and more easy as soon as begun.

—Anon.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—It is a very slight pamphlet—"The Fourth Centenary of the Luz Church, Mylapore"—which tells of four hundred years of missionary endeavor in that section of India, extending from the time of the first Portuguese missionaries down to our own day. The mission is still flourishing, chiefly by reason of the self-sacrifice of those who attend it,—another of our innumerable deserving charities.

—"Orbis Catholicus: A Year-Book of the Catholic World," edited by Canon Glancey, of the Archdiocese of Birmingham, and printed by the Courier Press, Leamington Spa, is for sale in this country by B. Herder. We have already called attention to the leading features of this unique annual, a further examination of which has increased our admiration of its intrinsic excellence, and our appreciation of its general usefulness.

—The London *Universe* notes, as one of the fatalities of the war, the suspension—which probably means the death—of the *Standard*, a newspaper originally started "for the support of Tory Protestantism, and resistance to Catholic Emancipation." Its activities covered a period of ninety years. Its death is eloquent of the changes which have intervened in English thought, and prophetic of others which the end of the Great War is sure to witness.

—We welcome a new edition, with some minor changes, additions and improvements, of the "Manual of Episcopal Ceremonies," compiled by the Rev. Aurelius Stehle, O. S. B., and published by the St. Vincent Archabbey Press, Beatty, Pa. It is one of the best books of its class in the language, complete, reliable, clearly written, and conveniently arranged,—an indispensable work, we should think, to those for whose benefit it was produced. Besides a full index, there is a useful glossary. The volume is skilfully printed, durably bound, and provided with silk markers. Fr. Stehle has also published, in a separate brochure of twenty pages, instructions for the laying of the corner-stone of a church performed by a bishop.

—Further issues of the "Pages Actuelles" brochures published by Bloud & Gay, Paris, include "L'Opinion Catholique et la Guerre," by P. Imbart de la Tour; "L'Opinion Américaine et la Guerre," by Henri Lichtenberger; "A un Neutre Catholique," by Mgr. Battifol; "Les Catholiques Espagnols et la Guerre," by Maurice de Sorgues; and "Allemagne, les Neutres et le Droit des Gens," by Robert Perret.

From the same publishers comes also "La Guerre Actuelle devant la Conscience Catholique." The most interesting of these little works, from the American point of view, is of course the second mentioned—"American Opinion and the War,"—from the pen of the French professor who lectured at Harvard College in 1914 and 1915.

—Reviewing a recent war book, which contains some bits of grain but very much chaff, a reviewer in the London *Athenæum* says he "nearly closed it at page 41 because, to him, it is not 'obvious that there are cases where lying and stealing are justifiable.'" What finally stopped him was a portrait of the author. "It is not that we took any dislike to his features, but that we fail to understand how he can permit useless personal advertisement of this kind."

—"The Bars of Iron," by Ethel M. Dell (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a novel which fifty years ago would have been issued in two or three volumes: it contains 538 pages. As novels go, it is interesting enough, the story being well told, and the main characters distinctively individual; but as for any lesson its pages may be supposed to hold, there is none worth mentioning. Religion, so called, enters somewhat visibly into the warp and woof of the narrative; but it is the religion, in one case, of an extremely arrogant and unlovely Protestant minister; and in another (evidently that of the author), of a disbeliever in the eternity of punishment and in any other hell than that of a sinner's own heart. The average novel-reader will like the book, notwithstanding.

—In "G. K. Chesterton: A Critical Study," Mr. Julius West has emphasized two outstanding aspects of Mr. Chesterton's work—namely, the extraordinary amount of it, and its amazing variety. Mr. West has done this not as an admirer or eulogist, but simply as a Chesterton reader. Indeed, at certain important points he seems to be out of sympathy with his subject's ideas. This is particularly the case as respects G. K. C.'s attitude towards things Catholic. Perhaps, however, Mr. West—who, for all we know, may be a very young man—is not to be taken too seriously when he alludes parenthetically to "the Pope of Rome, who sells indulgences" (p. 133), or when he persistently makes "Father Brown" out to be a "Roman," or when he puts Lionel Johnson among the decadents of the *fin*

de siècle, or when he dubs St. "Simon" Stylites a prig. Moreover, it is not a mad "priest" (p. 52) who commits murder in one of the "Father Brown" stories, but an Anglican parson. Nevertheless, there are numerous true things well said in these pages; and it will be no little credit to the author if his work shall have paved the way, or helped to pave the way, for the more definitive appreciation of Chesterton which a later time will demand. Published handsomely by Dodd, Mead & Co.

—Although neither the publishers (P. J. Kenedy & Sons) nor the editor (Mr. Joseph Meier) are to blame for the unusually late appearance of the Official Catholic Directory, it is gratifying to learn that they have taken steps to prevent the delay of future issues. We feel sure that the public would prefer to have this invaluable year-book issued promptly than long-delayed in the hope of securing greater accuracy and completeness. The task of compiling it is a herculean one, involving the expenditure of a considerable amount of money and an untold amount of care. That the work is in thoroughly competent hands is shown by the improvements in the present issue of the Directory. It is in every respect the best of all—as complete and accurate as circumstances permitted and as free from errors as could reasonably be expected.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Orbis Catholicus: A Year-Book of the Catholic World." Canon Glancey. \$1.50.
- "G. K. Chesterton: A Critical Study." Julius West. \$2.
- "The Official Catholic Directory." \$1.70.
- "Catholicism in Mediæval Wales." J. E. Hirsch-Davies. B. A. 3s. 6d.
- "Feminism." Mr. and Mrs. John Martin. \$1.50.
- "Songs of the Son of Isai." Helen Hughes Hielscher. \$1.50.
- "A Doctor of the Old School." Ian Maclaren. Illustrated Edition. \$2.
- "The Science of Ethics (General Ethics)." Rev. Dr. Michael Cronin. \$4.50.

- "Singing Fires of Erin." Eleanor Rogers Cox. \$1.
- "On the Old Camping Ground." Mary E. Mannix. 85 cts.
- "Our Home in Heaven." Abbé Max Caron. \$1.75.
- "Pastoral Letters, etc." Rt. Rev. Bishop McFaul. \$1.50.
- "Washington: A Virginia Cavalier." William H. Mace. 35 cts.
- "The Doctrine of the Atonement." Rev. J. Rivière, D. D. 2 vols. \$3.75.
- "The Shepherd of the North." Richard Aumerle Maher. \$1.35.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xliii, 3.

Rev. Francis Campbell, of the diocese of Monterey; Rev. John O'Hara, diocese of Brooklyn; and Rt. Rev. Mgr. John Lyons, diocese of Wilmington.

Sister M. Imelda, of the Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister M. Crescentia, Sisters I. H. M.; Sister Marie Joseph, Sisters of Notre Dame; Sisters M. Teresa and M. Madeleine, Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Hilarion, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Mother M. Gabriel, Sister M. Mercedes, and Sister M. Borgia, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. J. P. Mauritius, Mr. John Dockery, Mrs. Catherine Lyons, Mr. James Birmingham, Mrs. M. C. Mulvey, Mr. Jacob Rohret, Mr. James O'Boyle, Miss Eliza Jenkins, Mr. Joseph Koster, Mrs. Bridget Gilboy, Mr. G. M. Ross, Mr. Thomas McDermott, Mr. Herman Winkler, Mr. Alfred Baggot, Jr., Mrs. B. McCarten, Mrs. Rosana Haughey, Mr. John Berger, Mr. Thomas Bulfin, Mr. James Hagerty, Mrs. Bridget Hagerty, Mr. H. C. Kubè, Mr. W. G. Long, Mr. Patrick Stack, Mr. William Sunder, Mr. C. Galster, and Mrs. Marcella Courtney.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the plague-stricken in Abyssinia: "In honor of Our Lord's Passion," \$1; Reader (Denver), \$1; Anna G., \$1; J. F. C., \$5; A. D. K., \$5; Mrs. M. A. S., \$1. For the starving children in China: Friends (Baltimore), \$4.10; Mrs. M. E. C., \$4.30. For the Indian missions: Friend, \$1. To supply good reading to hospitals, prisons, etc.: M. E. F., \$1. For the Chinese missions: M. E. F., \$1. For the Foreign Missions: E. M., \$2; Mrs. M. B., \$2; M. M., \$2; Pupils of V. de C., \$5.





MADONNA DEL TEMPE
(RAPHAEL)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. III. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 6, 1916.

NO. 19

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Our Lady of the May.

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

HAIL, thou thrice-glorious Queen of slumbering night!

All hail, immortal Queen of radiant day!

Sweet Mistress of the May—

Through thee, through thee

The Son of God assumed the mystery

Of flaming Saviour for this fallen world,

And Death was hurled

Into the pit devoid of joy and light.

Dawn, preening rosy pinions for his flight

Across the gold-splashed gardens of the sun,

Must hide his face and run

Before thy blinding beauty; star on star

That decks the skies afar,

Bejewelling Night's crown with glittering beams,

Must pale before thee—Blossom of His dreams!

Immaculate as lilies newly-born,

White Rose of Sharon's morn,

For thee, for thee

The gentle Spring puts on her witchery,

And all the earth is raimented with song.

(Naught didst thou know of wrong.)

Bright Queen enshrined in dauntless motherhood,

Thrice-blessed thou 'mong women for all time,—

Ay, knowing thee, they climb,

Through weary years, to each beatitude.

Ye listening Ages, hear our thunderous "Hail!"

"Ave!" the oceans roar, the rivers sing;

"Ave!" the mountains chaunt above the gale;

And what sad, broken music in the wail

That goes to thee from women suffering!

In joy or grief,

In life's new bloom or sere leaf,

O Mary, turn thine eyes unto our prayer,

The way to heaven prepare!

For thee, for thee,

Perpetually,

We 'tune our citherns and our fluted strings;

To thee we bring the soul's pure winnowings,

That thou, in turn, mayest plead with Christ,

thy Son,

When life is done,

To take us home with Him—yea, every one.

A Cause of War.

BY AN ENGLISH PRIEST.



HERE is One whom neither individuals nor nations can do without; One to whom, as individuals, we must sooner or later come,—either willingly, lovingly, confidently, led by His grace; or, if we have been trying to do without Him, driven to Him when trouble and distress, which are then amongst His greatest graces, have found us. And, should these fail to bring us to Him, we must in any case stand before Him one day at His bar of judgment. He is our God, our Maker, our refuge and strength,—our only safe refuge, our only sure strength: "God, . . . our refuge and strength; a help in troubles which have found us exceedingly." *

Perhaps we have not truly known Him, have even tried to keep Him out of our lives. If we have knowingly done this, we are worse than those Athenians to whom St. Paul preached, who at least

* Ps. xlv, 1.

had set up an altar to Him under the name of "the Unknown God." They were ignorant, but we have been taught; and, if we have forgotten God, or tried to put the thought of Him away from us, it is our own fault.

Forgotten God! Tried to put God out of our lives! Neglected God! Ignored our Maker,—God, from whom we came; God, in whom, as the Apostle told those heathen Athenians, "we live, and move, and are"; God, to whom we not only owe our very being, but upon whom we depend for every breath we draw, and every thought we think, and every action of body or of mind that we perform; God, whose continued creative action upon us is what keeps us from falling back into the nothing from which we came; God, on-whom the whole universe thus depends, and would vanish like smoke before the wind if for one instant He ceased to uphold it; God, in whose hands, in whose power, by whose good pleasure, at whose sovereign will all things are that are at all,—the whole creation and all that inhabit it; the heaven of angels and the world of men; princes and thrones, powers and dignities, nations and their policies; national life, national progress, national ideals, from the first rise of every nation to its fall and final extinction; in whose hands, too, and subject to whose good pleasure are the whole life and history and existence and doings; the thoughts, words, actions, experiences, circumstances, success or failure, good fortune or ill fortune of every separate individual of every nation under the sun, from the cradle to the grave; without whose will or permission nothing happens, in whose hands we all are for time and eternity!

How strange, how inconceivable even, it seems when we reflect upon it, that men can forget God, on whom all things so depend; God, who is *the* great fact in history and in the lives of all individuals and of all nations! How strange that a world which is only because God is,

which goes on only because God is its prime mover, should be able to forget Him, should neglect Him and put Him out of sight! Strange blindness of men; strange, almost childish, foolishness and thoughtlessness of men, trying to go their ways and think their thoughts, and manage—or mismanage—their affairs apart from God! It is as if an infant, being taught its first tottering steps by its mother, with her arms upholding him, should forget her and think he walked alone.

But, think what we will, forget God how we will, He is in our lives; He is in the lives of individuals and in the lives of nations. His divine providence overrules both. He has given us free-will; we are not machines, and Divine Providence acts and deals with us accordingly. There *is*, in the lives of nations and individuals alike a play of forces, so to speak,—the forces of man's free-will and of God's overruling, adjusting providence. As the final result, God's holy will brings about His divine purposes without compelling or forcing our free-will.

This providential action of God upon us is a great mercy. What should we be and do if we were left entirely to ourselves? It is the loving, pitiful, wise providence of our Father who is in heaven. It is generally quiet, hidden, often secret, though we may sometimes recognize it by reflection. If we look at our own past lives, can we not see how, all through, with all our difficulties, failures, faults, sins, mistakes, and wanderings, God has been with us, has not forsaken us, has again and again checked us and turned our course, given us grace at the right moment, saved us from imminent dangers, taught us by sorrow, encouraged us by joy, brought us to His feet, guided us and supported us, so that we are where we are now, with the hope of heaven in our hearts?

So, too, is God's Providence over nations. Can we believe for a moment that the Almighty Father of all is in-

different to the fate of nations,—He who has care for dumb cattle and the birds of the air; He who said to the Prophet Jonas, "Shall I not spare Nineve, that great city, in which there are more than a hundred and twenty thousand persons that know not how to distinguish between their right hand and their left, and much cattle?"

Is not God's Providence over the nations to-day? Has He no interest in, no pity for, the nations that are now locked in deadly struggle? It is unthinkable, and we know by faith that it is not true. So, in these terrible times, men must not lose their trust in God. We must have confidence that out of this dreadful struggle, out of so much misery, out of so many sacrifices, God will bring great and lasting good; that not a life will have been given, not a drop of blood nobly shed, that shall not bear fair fruit for the healing of the nations. We have seen, and see daily, marvellous good that has sprung up,—heroic deeds, grand virtues, a spirit of brotherhood between different classes, the recovered consciousness of the solidarity of a nation,—how we depend upon one another, and how no class can afford to despise or ignore another.

Will not the nations also learn in this terrible conflict that they can not do without one another,—that mere rivalry and national ambition mean disaster,—such truly awful disaster as is before our eyes to-day? Above all, are not the nations learning—please God that it may so be!—that they may not, must not, forget God,—must not attempt to leave God out of politics and national life, whether the political life of the individual nation, or international life and politics?

Whatever may be a man's private opinion as to the proximate occasions and causes of this present war—and the writer naturally has his own definite convictions on the matter, which this is not the time or place for advancing,—all must recognize that there are ultimate causes,

primary causes, that have made possible and actually brought about such a thing in this century of supposedly high civilization. And who will say that we are wrong in declaring that national forgetfulness of God—the leaving out of God and of God's view of things, of Christian maxims and the Christian code in the matter of national and international politics—is a root cause of this most horrible war?

Some people say that the occurrence of such a conflict amongst professedly Christian nations is a proof of the failure of Christianity. No: it is a proof that nations, as nations, have neglected Christianity, which is the only force that can regenerate humanity and secure peace. Our Divine Lord never promised that all men would accept His religion or live up to its high standards. On the contrary, He foretold that the world would always be in opposition, and often in apparently successful opposition, to His rule on earth. It is this that we are experiencing now. Till the nations, as nations, come back to God, till true Christianity is made the real basis of international relations, great wars will always be a possibility. The nations have forgotten God. Is there one now fighting that must not plead guilty to this charge?

There was a time when the nations of Europe, in spite of many errors and much falling below their high standard, did officially, and we may justly say sincerely, put God and Christianity at the base of their national life and their intercourse with one another. It was when they recognized in the Pope Christ's Vicar upon earth. There was a time when it would have been in the power of the Holy See to prevent a war like the present one. The Popes in our own days have often exhorted the nations—not merely individuals but *nations*—to return to the unity of the See of Rome, to submit themselves to the spiritual rule of the Vicar of Christ.

Even some Catholics are inclined, when

the Pope speaks like this, to think that he is merely saying something that, by the tradition of his office, he is more or less bound to say; that he is holding up an ideal very unpractical, if not impossible, to realize. Of a truth, however, when the Popes speak of the return of the nations to the unity of the Holy See they are pleading for the only thing that can ever bind the nations of the earth together in real brotherhood; the only thing that can insure that God and Christian ideals shall be the basis of the common life and intercourse of the nations. It is no dream: it is something that Divine Providence intended when He made the Pope His Vicar upon earth, the supreme teacher and guide of nations, as well as of individuals, in Christian faith and Christian morality.

The perversity of men's wills and the craft of the devil are permitted to frustrate, for a time, this divine purpose; but the Popes are right in never ceasing to hold up the ideal of the unity of the nations under the Holy See as a thing to be prayed for and worked for. True, what is meant is a *spiritual* unity, not a temporal domination of the world by the Pope. But once bring about that spiritual unity in the one true Faith, once bind the peoples of the earth together in a common religion under their common Father, and the cause of peace among the nations will have gained the greatest support and safeguard that it is possible for it to have in a fallen and an evil world.

TIME is precious, but people do not understand its value; they will know it when they have no longer a chance to use it. Our friends ask it of us as if it were worthless, and we give it in like manner. Often it is a burden to us: we know not what to do with it, and we feel embarrassed by it. A day will come when a quarter of an hour will seem to us more precious and more desirable than all the treasures of the world.—*Fénelon*.

James Harrington, M. D.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XIX.



HEN, in the spring, there occurred what is best described by the French word *débâcle*, it was, as had been anticipated, disastrous in its results, and especially to the low-lying sections of the city along the river banks. It had been a long and severe winter, and the ice had formed to an unusual depth. Then there were many days of thaw, when the snow on the banks and in the streets of the city was melting in great streams. An occasional frost in the nights coated the trees and the lamp-posts with thin sheets of ice, that fell crackling down to bestrew the sidewalks; and the light branches of the trees, similarly ice-coated, snapped off and came down, to the discomfiture of pedestrians who were making their way through the deep slush that covered the pavements.

The sun shone out with an intense brilliancy and warmth for many days, and then there was the cry that the ice "shove" was beginning. There was a mighty crashing and crackling in the elemental war between the forces of Nature—the Titan, frost; and the Jötun, warmth. It was no longer safe for vehicles to pass over the lately solid bridge of ice connecting the two shores. Great fissures were observable here and there, and the long-imprisoned waters began to gush forth.

Crowds of people watched upon the river banks,—some merely through curiosity, others with keen anxiety. For they knew what the breaking up so long dreaded would mean, since there was no efficient breakwater in those far-off days to prevent the volume of water from rushing shoreward and aggressively invading the land. Once the "shove" began, it went quickly; and soon there was a cry of distress from Griffintown, as well as from the more

easterly quarters of the city, that the floods had begun. That year they not only began, but continued. The water rose higher and higher, and, having invaded all the cellars and basements, and made the streets impassable, ascended to the higher portion of the dwellings. The danger, in fact, in many quarters became acute. Those who had lingered too long, in the hope that the water would not rise, were cut off, driven to the very upper rooms, or even to the roofs of the smaller houses; while others, who could safely remain in the upper part of their homes, had to be supplied by boats with the necessities of life.

But the first and most essential matter was to safeguard the lives that were imperilled. Boats were brought out, and manned by volunteers embracing all classes of the population of Montreal. Active amongst them, of course, were soldiers and policemen. One boat was captained by Dr. Harrington, who had for his crew Andy Larkin and the young man whom he had saved from the cholera. The Doctor made an excellent commander,—cool and daring, with a quick and vigilant eye. He was also an expert boatman, and could steer the little craft over the streets where he had so often walked, and which were now entirely submerged, and in some places to a considerable depth. He encountered, as he went, the priests of St. Patrick's and of the new parish of St. Ann, that was just being established in Griffintown, where Mass was said as yet in the brick dwelling on Murray Street. They, too, were constantly on the scene, for fear of accidents that might require their ministrations; and they also looked anxiously after the material welfare of their flock, and busied themselves dealing out provisions to those who had lost all by the disaster.

It was a strange and exciting experience. And, amid the cheers of those who had gathered, wherever there was a point of vantage, and on the high levels where

the waters did not reach, Dr. Harrington swung himself in and out of upper windows to bring down women or children. These were lowered to the boat and rowed swiftly to a place of safety. Then the boat returned for more, and usually led the rescuing fleet in procuring passengers. There was a thrilling moment when a woman, with a child in her arms, whom some men were trying to lower into a boat, fell into the water and was being swiftly carried away. The water was very deep in that place, and there was the added danger that she might be swept under one of the large cakes of ice, where help would be impossible. She could not swim a stroke. But even had she been an expert swimmer, she could have done little or nothing, hampered as she was by the child. Her one agonized scream reached the Doctor; and, without an instant's hesitation, with simply a Sign of the Cross, he sprang from the boat and plunged into the ice-cold water, swimming rapidly in the direction of the spot where she had disappeared. All the athletic training of his younger years stood him in good stead now; though the chief danger, of course, lay in the coldness of the water and the consequences it might entail. There, where a boat could not go because of the cakes of ice constantly crashing together, he went fearlessly. There were no cheers from the spectators now, as they watched with breathless suspense that life-and-death struggle, knowing well that it was a question of the gallant rescuer's peril no less than that of the woman and child.

The current was strong, and a huge cake of ice was dangerously near. Once under that, rescue would have been impossible. It was when the woman came up for the last time that the Doctor got hold of her,—a strong, firm clasp, which yet held her at a distance. Then, though partially exhausted, he had to swim back again to where a boat could reach them. At first he had feared that his only resource would be to reach, with

his burden, the surface of the ice floe, whence they might eventually be rescued at some distance down the river. But, considering that it was vitally necessary that the woman and child should be brought to speedy warmth and restoratives, if life were to be preserved, he again struck out boldly, swimming with one arm, and grasping as he went, now at one piece of ice, now at another, until he finally reached a point where a boat could penetrate.

It was Larkin and his other eager volunteer who pulled all three finally into the boat, and rowed as swiftly as possible to land, where the Doctor saw that all necessary efforts were made to restore both woman and child. It was a glad moment when he realized that those efforts were successful, and that both, wrapped in warm blankets and given a hot drink, were in a fair way to recovery. They lived, indeed, to hail him ever after as their preserver, and to add their meed of praise to that which was ringing through Griffintown.

It was hard even then to induce the Doctor to go home and take some belated precautions,—which, however, did not prevent him from catching a severe cold that nearly developed into pneumonia. Had that supervened, it is quite possible that these loose leaves from the story of Dr. Harrington's life would have turned their last page here. But, since the gallant hero of the floods survived, this narrative will add one or two more episodes to those already chronicled,—episodes which deal exclusively, as may be noted, with those two or three eventful years in his career.

The waters had gone back to their prescribed bounds; the ice had, magically, as it were, disappeared from its surface; the St. Lawrence, that splendid expanse of water, was lying fair and smiling under the sunshine of early summer. Griffintown, too, had ceased to show all signs of the havoc that had been wrought; and Montreal was telling anecdotes of the

flood, many of which were humorous, since no tragic results had occurred, and measures were already being discussed to prevent a repetition of the disaster.

The bell of St. Patrick's had rung out for the last May service, which had brought a larger congregation than ever to those poetically beautiful devotions in the loveliest season of the year, when, with lights and flowers, canticles of praise, and the imperishable chaplet of roses, a Catholic people assembled in all the churches to greet the Queen of the May. In order not to interfere with those services, the Hogans had fixed upon the 1st of June for another celebration at their hospitable house. The chief topic for weeks in Griffintown had been the Doctor's activity during the late emergency. His intelligent direction, his personal services, and his final act of heroism, which might have cost his life, were the subject of enthusiastic encomium; and the verdict was universal that it was just what everyone would have expected of him,—than which, indeed, there could be no higher praise. The blue of his sky was beginning to shine more brightly than ever through the clouds that had hung dark and lowering over his horizon. The present gathering at the house of Denis Hogan was to make a presentation to Dr. Harrington because of his action at the time of the floods, and also for the eminent service he had rendered to the people of Griffintown, and the Irish of Montreal in general. The spokesman of the evening was Mr. Hogan himself; and his plain, straightforward utterances, which were evidently from the heart, met with an enthusiastic endorsement from those present.

The assemblage was larger and more varied in character than on a former occasion, because those who had contributed a few pennies (as some had begged to be allowed to do) were included in the company. Prominent amongst them was the handsome and popular Andy Larkin, who was soon to be married to

a niece of Mrs. Hogan's, lately arrived from the old country. She was, as everyone said, fresh and sweet as a May flower, with a touch of the brogue on her lips—the soft accents of a Dubliner—which had helped to fascinate the stalwart young Montrealer.

Billy Reilly hovered about, telling to all who would listen little anecdotes illustrative of the Doctor's goodness and kindness to the poor,—“for all he was such a grand, fine gentleman.” From time to time he cast apprehensive glances at a corner where sat a singular couple—Martha Craney, in a new dress, the gift of the Doctor's mother; and Gianetta, who still took up her abode in the haunted house. The latter was utterly subdued and her spirit broken. Her high color had faded, there were streaks of gray in her dark hair, and she wore a black dress; for it was well known to everyone that she insisted on wearing mourning for the man whom, black sinner as he was, she had sincerely loved. Some time previously he had crept away to die in that border town of the United States which he had for many years frequented. When he found that Dr. Harrington's verdict had been all too accurate, and that he was near his end, he had repaired thither, and taken a room at the selfsame hospital where his fellow-conspirator in relation to his marriage had lately passed away. His sole mourner was the girl whom he had treated so shamelessly.

But the Doctor's mother, and quite possibly the Doctor himself, had not ceased to raise up the voice of prayer for Professor Jackson, that some glimmer of repentance might reach him at the last, and his erring soul find the great pardon. As for Martha Craney, she had so openly exulted when the news of his misfortune was received that it had nearly led to an irrevocable breach between her and her housemate. After that, she had been more guarded in her comments on the tragic occurrence. But a weight had been lifted from her spirits and she

had become suddenly rejuvenated. The haunted house was now quite habitable; and, besides the sum which the Doctor had forced the Professor to give his wife as alimony, the balance of his fortune had also come to her, because he had died intestate. It was not a very considerable amount, however, since the money realized from the “cure all” syrup and other devices had mostly been lost in bad investments. But there was sufficient to keep both Gianetta and the old woman in comparative comfort.

Between that oddly assorted pair had sprung up a curious attachment, and it would have given them real pain to be separated. After the Professor, Martha found his widow a very tolerable companion. Gianetta's wild gusts of passion came no more, and her occasional fits of bad temper were readily endurable. Martha Craney's own disposition was mended for the better under the sunshine of prosperity. The two had been invited to the Hogans, and a common sentiment had brought them both—the honor that was being done to the Doctor. Gianetta was now as vehement in his praises as she had once been in his condemnation, and tried by every means in her power to undo the mischief she had done; while Martha Craney's respect, admiration, and gratitude still burned as a steady flame, and never had she felt prouder than when he crossed the room to shake hands with her.

Mr. Ferguson, the blind piper, was once more a guest of the Hogans, and, as of old, a centre of attraction. He had just come back from a concert tour in the principal cities of Canada. He was full of regrets—which he expressed to all who would listen—that he had not been in Montreal to nip in the bud that dark conspiracy against the Doctor. He reminded its victim, who was on this occasion the guest of honor, of how he had given him fair warning.

“I told you then, Doctor,” he said impressively, “and I tell you now, that

it is never safe to disregard a warning, nor to underestimate an enemy, however contemptible."

"I have learned a good deal by experience since that evening, Mr. Ferguson," replied the Doctor. "I am certainly a wiser—yes," he added with a touch of feeling, "and a sadder man."

"Leave the sadness behind you," said the piper; "for, though I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, I can foresee the bright future that is in store for you. And you'll be taking a fine wife one of these days, which is the best blessing to any man."

The Doctor did not pursue that part of the conversation, though such was the hope laid up in his bosom. But he was tormented by uncertainty, and it was, in any case, the last topic he would have cared to discuss.

During the evening, Miss Wharton, with Mr. and Mrs. Ross, Colonel Tifton, and the young subaltern, with the *débütante*, Miss Gardner, to whom he was now formally engaged, had come in for a few moments, to witness the presentation and to hear the address. That group gathered together had saddened the Doctor in more ways than one, even while he was gratified by the presence of his friends; for it had seemed to give countenance to the rumor afloat—that Miss Wharton was really going to bestow her hand at last upon the Colonel, who was persistent in his suit. The young officer, too, had come to whisper to the Doctor that his affair was prospering, and that he was going to stay out, for a time at least, in Canada. So there were life and love in full swing in that group. But he himself was upon the outside; and poor little Lucy Forrester, who had gathered them so often together under her roof, was forever missing. A regretful memory of her was, indeed, often in the Doctor's thoughts, and it pleased him to hear Mabel Wharton say aside to Mrs. Ross:

"Poor Lucy Forrester!" And he noted that there were tears in her eyes. "How

pleased she would have been at all this!"

"Yes, except during her midsummer madness," Mrs. Ross had replied, with what Mabel thought unnecessary hardness, and which jarred upon the Doctor,—"when everything was next to complete."

Mabel Wharton turned away, with an indignant expression on her face; and she might have guessed what the Doctor, of course, did not suspect—that the speaker felt aggrieved because she was of opinion that if her sister-in-law had played her cards well, she could have secured the Doctor, who now had probably turned, as some people said, to Mabel Wharton. For there was not, and had never been, any love lost between this matron, who herself aspired to be a belle, and the popular young girl beside her.

The distinguished guests did not long remain; for they felt that they were a certain restraint on the company. After they had gone, the Doctor strove to rally his spirits and appear at his best. The piper played his most inspiring strains,—martial airs, such as in some historic past might have led "the Red Branch knights to danger"; mournful strains, the death song of those who had fallen in the battle, or who had given up their lives on the scaffold for love of country; merry strains, to which might have lightly danced the *Sidhe*—the fairy people; laughing strains, wherein the mirthfulness of the Celt relieves his sadness. There was the singing and the dancing. Andy Larkin and his betrothed danced together the lively steps of a jig which the girl had taught him, and all the younger folk joined hilariously in quadrilles and in the Sir Roger de Coverley.

"It was," as Mrs. Hogan remarked to the Doctor, who sat beside her, "a fine sight to see all the young people enjoying themselves."

"I think I must take a partner myself for the next round," said the Doctor, "if my legs are not getting too stiff."

"Sure they'll all be jealous if you do," said Denis Hogan. "So, for the peace

of the evening, you'd better sit where you are."

He laughed heartily at his jest; but this did not prevent the Doctor from singling out two or three of those he knew best in the room, to dance a quadrille with him, or to fly through the more lively cotillion.

Hugh Maloney, who stood dejectedly looking on, a wreck of his former self, came shamefacedly to shake hands with the Doctor, to whom he had over and over tendered his most humble apologies. He was, for the time being at least, on the upward trend. For, once all evil influences were removed from him, he had suffered the Doctor to take him in hand; and there were hopes that, if he continued to amend his ways, his home would soon be reconstructed, with Susan, who was now a capable, little girl on the verge of womanhood, placed at its head; after which it would only be a question of time until the other children should be brought home, one by one, and things be as they were before the cholera had invaded the household.

At quite a late hour the party broke up, being played out of the house by the piper's merriest strains. Dr. Harrington was cheered to the echo when he drove away, with that handsome piece of plate which represented the esteem and gratitude of his coreligionists, especially those of his own nationality. As that first celebration at the Hogan household had seemed to be the initiation of a succession of singular happenings, so was this second one the beginning of Dr. Harrington's triumphs. For complimentary addresses, votes of thanks for the part that he had taken in various public movements, began to pour in upon him from all sides. He was touchingly referred to from the pulpit of St. Patrick's. He was elected vice-president of the newly-founded St. Patrick's Society. He was presented with an address, richly illuminated in gold, by the Temperance Society, which had for its president one of the most representative

and the most sterling of Irish Catholics and a future Senator, who, like the Doctor himself, was conspicuous in every good movement. He was also granted new degrees from British and foreign societies; and he was referred to in the most complimentary manner not only in the medical journals, but during the Convention of the American Medical Society, which met in Montreal during that year; for wonderful operations which he had performed of late had sent his fame flying all over the continent and far beyond.

So when the sun of life was shining with such brilliancy, the light of a new hope poured into his heart. He could go forward now and ask of Mabel Wharton what he would not have asked during his dark days. During all those weary months, he had exchanged but few words with her, and those were of the most conventional character. Even on the occasion of the presentation, her expressions of congratulation had been few and had sounded rather perfunctory, though her hand-clasp had been cordial. He had fancied, too, that there was a glow of gratification and of pleasure on her cheek, with a light of interest in her eyes. He felt as if he would have liked to say to her then: "You, and you alone, have power to give value to all these honors that are being heaped upon me. Otherwise, they must be more or less of Dead Sea fruit." He soliloquized bitterly: "Perhaps Colonel Tifton and Miss Wharton may be even now engaged." Still he did not think so. He tried at least to console himself with that thought, and to let his spirits rise buoyantly with that pleasant occasion. One thing he had resolved upon before he left the Hogans' house: he would, just as soon as possible, change suspense into certainty.

(To be continued.)

THOSE who forgive generously will see no more the faults they are forgiving.

—John Ayscough.

Rome.

BY GEORGE BENSON HEWETSON.

THE huddled houses where her people dwell,
 The Corso with its world-wide crowd alive,
 The ruins of her glory that survive,
 The streets and marts in which men buy and sell,—

She is not these. Rome is that miracle
 On which the faithful through the ages thrive,
 Defying all that fiends and men contrive
 To crush her—yea, the very gates of hell.

When Zion passed, it was to Rome Christ gave
 His termless sceptre over land and wave;

Here was the banner of His truth unfurled,
 That in one faith the nations all might meet
 Prostrate before His lowly Vicar's feet,

In this The City* which subdues the world.

Some Letters from the Line of Fire.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

A BOOK is lying before me that suggests certain elevating and hopeful aspects of the Great War, the horror of which weighs almost unbearably upon those who are daily brought into touch with its more poignant features. It is simply a collection of letters written to their superiors at home by the Jesuit military chaplains and soldier-priests on the line of fire;† but among the war books that, in spite of the increasing price of paper, are brought out almost daily, it has a distinction of its own.

In France and in England there is a surfeit of books touching on the war. Priests and soldiers; infirmarians, men and women; journalists, exchanged prisoners, even mere spectators, give their experiences to the public; and, such is the all-absorbing interest of the subject, that these books, although of unequal value, are generally widely bought and read. This one is clearly and earnestly

written by men whose previous education and training give even their spontaneous outpourings real value. Their judgment is balanced, their patriotism enlightened. They recognize, without exaggerating its effects, the revival of religion among the French soldiers; they are unprejudiced enough, when they happen to meet a kindly German priest or layman, to state the fact.

Their letters are written from the trenches, from the field of battle, from huts, barns or hospitals, even from a German fortress and concentration camp. The writers' sense of discipline controls their emotions, and they never lose sight of their prime object. "*Ad maiorem Dei gloriam*," the motto of the soldier-saint whom they call commander-in-chief, is the secret mainspring of their activity; it invests their actions and their sufferings, their hurried marches to and fro, and their apostleship under fire, with a supernatural serenity that brings a ray of light divine into the hideous reality. What appeals to them, as befits their vocation, are the secret workings of individual souls, the supernaturally heroic acts that redeem the horrors of war; but they do not—happily for their readers—disdain certain humoristic incidents and picturesque traits that aptly relieve a sombre picture. The book is dedicated to the sixty-three Jesuits (now their number has risen to seventy-two) who on December 15, 1915, had been killed in their country's service. The letters are signed only with initials when the writers are still living; those whose full names appear are among the seventy-two who have joined the Church Triumphant.

The first letter, signed by a military chaplain, describes the memorable scenes that took place in August, 1914, when the French troops started for the frontier. Even in those early days, beneath a certain enthusiasm that is inseparable from the military spirit of the nation, there was a steady look of endurance in the men's faces, as though they realized

* Rome is affectionately called by her people "The City."

† "*Impressions de Guerre de Prêtres Soldats, Recueillies par Léonce de Grandmaison.*" 1916.

the magnitude of the ordeal ahead. Those among us who were in Paris at that time were struck by the un-French reticence of our fighting men, whose attitude (said the survivors of the 1870 Franco-German War) contrasted with the somewhat bombastic tone that prevailed forty-six years ago.

Father H. C. watched the regiments pass at Versailles in the glorious summer sunshine. Young cavalry officers rode by, their boyish faces all alight, their saddles gaily decked with flowers. "*Une médaille, Monsieur l'Abbé!*" cried one; the others repeated the request; and, after distributing his ample provision, the writer adds: "I went away praying for this harvest of Christian souls, that some of us believed no longer flourished on French soil." Then, at a short distance, behind the smart young cavalymen, he came upon a regiment of infantry,—married men, whose absence means an increase of poverty and labor in their humble homes,—men, on whose lives weak and helpless women and children depend for their daily bread. They were steady, quiet, more resigned than enthusiastic. The priest, walking by their side, heard confessions, distributed medals, and spoke cordial words of encouragement. He noted how some of these good fellows' eyes filled with tears when he spoke of their loved ones, but their courage, if less brilliant, was more pathetic; their simple resolution to fulfil a supreme duty, at whatever cost, gave them real dignity.

Another letter written in the early days of the war—in September, 1914,—is lighter in tone, and its latent spirit of self-sacrifice is veiled under an almost boyish gaiety. The writer, Father Jean Deslandes, S. J., was not a chaplain, but a soldier-priest, who was severely wounded on September 15 in Champagne. "I thought my last hour had come, and I prepared for death. I did not find it very difficult to make my sacrifice. I had often foreseen what had just happened;

and I was able to put aside the cruel surroundings of the battlefield and to lend' an ear only to Our Lord's gentle summons." Then he tells how two of his men, although heavily laden, insisted on carrying him, through the darkness and the rain, to the nearest ambulance. "This march in the night carrying a heavy load will surely be put down to their account in heaven,—to mine also, I hope; for their good will could not prevent me from feeling the jolts." After a weary journey, the young soldier-priest arrived at a friendly hospital, where, thanks to the gentle ministrations of the clerical infirmarians and Red Cross nurses, he eventually recovered sufficiently to rejoin his regiment. He was killed in Champagne on February 19, 1915.

Among other Jesuits killed in 1914 was Father André Gailhard-Baucel, son of a leading French Catholic, whose distinguished service makes him a well-known figure in the Parliament. Another of his sons, Maurice, a seminarist, was wounded; still another, Pierre, was killed the same day as his Jesuit brother André. The two served in the same regiment and were closely united in heart and mind. Father André's letters are bright and boyish; they give a pleasing impression of his character. He was a sub-lieutenant, and, like his brother Pierre, brilliantly brave; but evidently he took his own feats as a matter of course. "I see, to my shame, that I have performed actions that are only childishly courageous by the side of the heroic deeds of so many of our men. Be it so, I try to make myself useful in my sphere." He carefully notes the days when he has the joy of receiving Holy Communion. On November 4 he writes: "My brother and I served Mass in full uniform, and we were able to receive Holy Communion, together with a certain number of men. The church was filled to overflowing, as it has been every day lately. Our chaplain tells me that he has had many consolations during the month he

has spent here." A month later—on December 12, 1914,—Father André and his brother Pierre were killed the same day; both these young officers were mentioned in the *Ordre du Jour* of the army for their magnificent courage.

Another letter from Alsace reminds us that many of these Jesuit novices and scholastics are mere lads, and their boyish spirit breaks out even among the tragedies of their surroundings. "I move in the streets, the only living being between houses that have been destroyed or others solidly closed and barricaded. . . . Every day we are visited by two or three German airships. At night, our positions are betrayed by enormous search lights; next day, at about seven, begins the bombardment,—the terrifying hail of shells, the howling bombs. We burrow underground and listen to the whizzing sound, to the falling walls and roofs. Towards nightfall, life timidly begins again, one or two shops open and a few civilians move to and fro." Having been wounded, the writer was removed to an ambulance, whence he writes, on February 5, 1915: "My situation is that of a man who has been removed from the cold mud of the trenches to a ward where no bombs fall, where one may sleep, and where the snow does not penetrate. A stove and a roof seem funny. . . . My feet are dry! I had come to believe that one could sleep only crouching in the mud, and that it was permissible to take off one's shoes only once a month!"

This young Jesuit *adjutant* then relates the story of his wound. He and his men were surprised in a wood by a terrific avalanche of bombs and shells. "I drew out my rosary, and held my crucifix in my hand, to kiss it if I were struck. When I said the words, 'Pray for us sinners at the hour of our death,' I felt I was saying the prayers for the dying, death seemed so close. I told my men not to be afraid and to pray. Before starting, I had told them that it was necessary to pray when going to battle,

and they are doing so. God gave me the grace to feel extraordinarily self-possessed; I was calm, knowing that my men and myself were in the Master's hands. I was right to be trustful. . . . So far, no one in my section has been touched. It is not that I ask God to preserve our lives, but I often notice that He does so without being asked." Order had been given to advance at any cost, and our Jesuit and his men obeyed. They reached a big ditch, full of water; then they took possession of a German trench. But here the *adjutant* was wounded in the arm; other bullets grazed his head and tore his clothes; but the trench was held securely. Next day a further advance was made. The Jesuit *adjutant*, Lucien C., is now a lieutenant in an Alpine regiment.

A letter written by an army chaplain, Father E., gives an interesting picture of his life on the line of fire in Artois. He describes a Military Mass, celebrated just before an attack, when the communicants were so numerous that the Sacred Hosts had to be divided. The priest's heart went out to the young soldiers who knelt round the altar. Many of them were his personal friends, and he knew the hopes, the affections, the joyful and loving plans for the future, that were centered on these kneeling figures. The death of Captain de F., a noble Christian officer, whose delicacy of conscience he had often noticed, is briefly mentioned. A few days before, the Captain said to him: "An officer of my rank who does all his duty in a war like this one ought not to come back alive." After the battle, Father E. went, with an anxious heart, to meet the returning soldiers. He counts the losses. Two deacons, many seminarists, many fervent young Catholics, the apostles of the future, fell facing the foe. We like Father E. all the better for the fatherliness with which he mourns his "children." When the quiet night wraps the battlefield in shadows, his thoughts "can not be detached" from the dead heroes.

Another military chaplain, Father C., gives a terrific description of the pilgrimage hill of Notre Dame de Lorette, near Arras. Needless to say, the chapel that crowned the summit of the hill has totally disappeared. Around the crest extends the "kingdom of death." A "wave of fire" has laid waste this once prosperous region, where thousands of human lives perished. An officer spoke of "a carpet of dead bodies." In a space of 1500 or 2000 metres, lay from 60,000 to 100,000 dead soldiers,—the bloody engagements of last summer. Our Jesuit chaplain made his way, not without some risk, to the summit of the hill. Here, with much trouble, he ended by tracing the foundations of the shrine that, before August, 1914, dominated the fertile plains of Artois. Absolutely *nothing* remains. Yet during the nine days from September 8 to September 16, when the annual pilgrimages formerly took place, prayers were daily said on the tragic spot. The *curé* of the nearest parish led the invocations before a crucifix, Our Lady's statue having been destroyed. But, instead of the peasants, all of whom are either refugees or prisoners, the congregation consisted of the soldiers, who, "inch by inch, at the price of their blood, won back Our Lady's sacred hill."

A letter dated September, 1914, relates the adventures of a military chaplain who on the 16th of that month was caring for the wounded French soldiers in a big farmhouse, not very far from Noyon, a town held by the Germans since August, 1914. The farm was also in their possession; and the priest, moving about among his stricken countrymen, was informed by a German officer that a wounded French soldier lay alone at some distance. He went to him directly. "I found a corporal of the 115th Regiment, his head black with blood, the upper part of his face shattered. I knelt by his side. 'Here I am, my child.'—'Who are you?'—'The chaplain of the 115th.'—'Ah, what joy!' He took my hands gently, and softly whispered: 'How happy I am! All night,

among the beet roots, in the rain, I said my Rosary that you might come.'—'Well, *mon petit*, Our Lady brought me. I am going to carry you away.'" The little soldier, both of whose eyes were blinded, was borne to the farm, laid on fresh straw, washed and cared for. He had been for twenty-four hours alone and untended. "I am in paradise!" he kept repeating. Poor little soldier with the sightless eyes, he seemed already in heaven!

The next day the chaplain and his charges were removed to Noyon. On the way our Jesuit heard many confessions; a German doctor went to confession in a street at Pontoise; another sent our chaplain to visit several hundred French wounded at Carlepont. "*Monsieur l'Aumônier, quel bonheur!*" they cried when he appeared. "I listen, I absolve, I comfort. I bring them neither remedies nor bread nor wine nor milk, but they are all consoled by my presence. They no longer feel abandoned; for they are visited by one whose only mission is to care for and encourage their troubled and lonely souls." Our chaplain remarks that, in general, the German military doctors are careful and self-sacrificing. From the first moment of his stay in the enemy's lines, he was struck by their generally humane attitude. Our Jesuit, though he often finds cause for criticism, frankly admires the Germans' military discipline, the excellent attitude of the men at church, their respect for their superiors.

At the end of five weeks, Father D. was sent, with other civilians, to the German fortress of Krefeld, where he found many French, English and Belgian officers, well lodged and well treated. Not being a prisoner of war, he was allowed to say Mass outside the fortress; and the German parish priest of the "Annakirche" gave him a courteous welcome. He was also encouraged to visit a hospital in the neighborhood of Krefeld, where many French and English wounded were well cared for by German nuns. The hospital was directed by a

priest, who seemed equally solicitous for the physical and spiritual welfare of his charges. Our Jesuit was invited to lunch with the authorities; and he found, to his joy, that here the wounded prisoners were in every way properly treated.

From Krefeld Père D. was sent, with other civilians—doctors and infirmarians,—to Constance, where they were exchanged. On reaching Paris, he heard, with surprise, that a letter written by him at Noyon and entrusted to a German airman, who promised to drop this and other letters in the French lines, had really reached its destination. The “elegance” of the hostile airman’s act is duly recorded. This Jesuit chaplain evidently wishes to judge the Germans fairly and righteously. The observations that bring his letter to a close still hold good, though written more than a year ago. In general, he noticed that the war was not particularly popular among the citizens of Krefeld; but it was accepted with a submission born of blind confidence in the Kaiser, and made easy by an absolute certainty of victory in the end. The lesson that he gathered from his intercourse with the Germans whom he met, was a keen realization of the enemy’s discipline. He believes that French generosity and intelligence would achieve wonders if backed by a discipline resembling that of the hereditary foe of France.

The third part of the book before us touches on the revival of religion brought about by the war,—a subject upon which much has been written. The Jesuits whose letters we quote give us war pictures that illustrate the fact in a striking manner. One tells us how, near Ypres, he had the joy of bringing back many erring or ignorant souls to the Church’s fold. He baptized a butcher boy from Paris in the trenches; and the next day he baptized two neophytes and prepared five others for their First Communion. In a deserted church, he met a little girl who, in spite of her hostile parents, had learned her catechism, and

who expressed a wish to make her First Communion,—a wish that, having the Blessed Sacrament with him, our Jesuit chaplain was able to satisfy. This little waif and stray, marvellous to relate, was well instructed in her religion and deeply in earnest.

When, after a sharp engagement, the same writer devoted himself to carrying away the fallen soldiers, he recognized with a heavy heart “the children that I was beginning to know and to love as one loves the prodigal who returns to God in all sincerity. My consolation is to remember that most of them made their act of contrition, and many received Holy Communion.” He noticed how among some of these very young converts, mere lads of twenty, the grace of God acted with extraordinary rapidity. One young Protestant received Holy Communion several times at the chaplain’s Mass, because he felt attracted to a ceremony that seemed to bring his comrades strength and happiness. Our Lord was his first teacher. Doubts as to his religion came to him when he realized the joy of Holy Communion in the Catholic Church. He sought the Father, told his story, and was duly instructed, and received into the Fold.

The chaplain whose experiences we have just related was himself wounded, and his leg was amputated; he died some days afterwards. “I never met a nobler and grander character,” said a colonel who saw him at work during long months—“day and night at his post, caring for the physical and moral welfare of his men with indefatigable activity.”

Another Jesuit tells the story of a little soldier whose father was a free-thinker and his mother a Jewess; both seem to have been hard and grasping, and the boy grew up without any religion and without any tenderness. The harsh treatment that he met with at home led him to enlist, and he soon distinguished himself by his bravery, his physical strength and activity. He was an excellent shot, and

on one occasion remained for three days and three nights at an advanced post, behind a haystack. In a ruined village he had picked up a torn catechism, and at his solitary post he read and reread it. Some days later he heroically helped to save fifty soldiers from a burning barn. The captain sent for him and shook his hand. "R.," he said, "you have behaved very well. If you are not rewarded by men, be sure that God will reward you." To this ignorant soul the words opened a new vista. "The captain believes in God,—he believes in a God who can reward me!" Certain passages of his catechism then came back to the soldier's memory, and a prayer leaped up to his lips: "My God, if you exist, reveal yourself to me!"

From that day he showed more zeal than ever, and night after night he volunteered to patrol in the enemy's neighborhood. Crawling in the mud, he crept close to the German sentinels and brought back valuable information to his chief. When, by a happy stroke of Providence, the chaplain who tells his story made the boy's acquaintance, a few words caused the priest to realize the condition of a soul: ignorant but sincere, hungering for truth and yet uncertain how and where to grasp it. The conversation that followed was brief and decisive; the lad's prayer to an "unknown God" had been *marvellously* heard. "Baptize me as soon as possible," he said to his new friend; "teach me to pray and give me the little Host."

On November 21 the boy was baptized. He wore his stained and battered uniform, torn in many places by the bullets; he answered all the prayers in a firm voice. By his side stood his godfather, the captain whose words had had an illuminating effect on him a few days before. After his baptism, when he took the name of Mary, he made his First Communion. Then, standing straight upright, he said: "I am strong now; I promise to live as a Christian till I die." From

that day, the priest who had been so providentially led across his path daily took him Holy Communion in the trench; the Jesuit and his neophyte used to recite together the appointed prayers; and invariably the boy, after warmly thanking his fatherly friend, would add: "I feel stronger now than I was before."

In the week that followed, R.'s commander met the priest. "That boy," he said, "is quite wonderful. I shall give him the military medal: he has deserved it twenty times over." On one occasion, when, single handed, R. drove a German patrol back, the captain sent for him. "You ought to have the medal," he said; "but if at this time I make a report, I am bound to say that our sentinel retreated before the enemy, and this means death." "Then," answered R., "I ask you not to make a report. I shall have my medal next time." He had read, in a little book of devotions that he carried in his pocket, the following sentence: "Remember that every day you must try to enlighten one of your comrades." He set about this apostolic task with his usual energy; sometimes his fellow-soldiers laughed at his earnestness. "I am not more afraid of your mockery than I am of bullets," he used to say, with unruffled good humor.

His love and hunger for Holy Communion continued to increase daily. One evening the priest met him when he was on his way to throw grenades into the enemy's trench. "Quick, Father, give me Our Lord!" And, then and there, standing knee-deep in the water, he received Holy Communion. "I am taking Him with me," he said, smiling. "I am quite easy." That night the German mitrailleuses made a violent attack on the French troops, and R. distinguished himself by the energy with which he rallied his comrades. A few days later, he was told that an attack was to be directed against a strongly intrenched position which he had often studied in his patrols at night. "The position is not to be taken," said R. "We shall not return alive. But

be certain that I will do my duty. Only give me Our Lord before I start."

The young soldier's previsions were justified: the attempt made to storm the positions failed, and cost the French twelve hundred men, among whom was the neophyte whose story we have told our readers. "I found my little R.," adds the kindly chaplain, "literally coated with mud; his brains were blown to pieces by a shell; . . . his parted lips had a smile, and his childish face expressed his joy to die for his country with Jesus in his heart." With the help of one of R.'s comrades, the priest was able to rescue his convert's dead body. He carried it to a cemetery close by, and covered the grave with white autumn flowers. Round the dead boy's neck, the captain, who was his godfather, hung a medal of Our Lady, with the date of his baptism. It was intended to remind R. of his reception into the Church; instead of this, it was buried with him.

To R. the war brought graces that in time of peace he might have missed. Fresh from his baptism, this earnest young convert, for one short month—from November 21 to December 28,—lived a life of intense faith, crowned by an heroic death. Indeed, his knowledge of the hopelessness of the task that lay before him added a touch of supreme self-sacrifice to the final act of his career as a soldier. It would be childish to conclude from this and similar cases that the *whole* of the French nation is being won back to the Church; but we must remember that, for some years before the war, there was a distinct revival of religious practice among the cultured youth of France. It has been fanned into flame by the tremendous tragedy in which our young men are now engaged; and their devotion to duty is backed by their ardent and enlightened faith.

Among the more ignorant soldiers who have grown up to manhood with no religion, it requires more than an impression suggested by fear of death to

create a Christian spirit: the religious education of these souls has to be built up from the very foundation. But we may safely say that many of the seeds sown during the conflict will develop and flourish when the tragedy of the war has passed; and this thought brings a ray of light into a very sombre picture. Our faith teaches us that suffering nobly endured holds the secret of unseen blessings, past and present. It tells us, too, that light and peace are often the outcome of pain. These are the truths to which we turn most willingly in times of extreme tension, and the book before us suggests them at every page.

Our Goodly Heritage.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

XIII.—THE VISIBLE HEAD.

(CONTINUED.)



HE Church of Christ is a society of men and women, of human souls. How can one of their number, himself a human being, be the foundation of the Church and all that we have seen the foundation implies? How can a society comprising millions of human beings be built on him? There is only one way: it is by the possession of authority and the exercise of authority. Every human society or community, in the last resort, rests upon some kind of authority,—upon authority of a kind determined by the nature and the objects of the society itself. Thus civil society rests upon civil authority, which is rightly said to be its foundation, without which a civil community must go to pieces. Even a club must have its duly authorized rules, and an executive power vested finally in a president or chairman.

The Church is a society with supernatural aims and objects, and with supernatural elements in its constitution. Its object is to save souls; and those souls are to be saved, not mechanically, but

by the exercise of faith, hope, and charity, and the right worship, and service of Almighty God. Hence the authority upon which that society, the Church, is founded—the authority, therefore, which must pertain to him who is described as, in his own person, the foundation upon which that society is built; that personal authority which is the principle of the Church's unity, of her stability, and of her increase—must be the authority in matters of faith and morals. Since that authority is also the very foundation upon which the whole structure and every member of the great society rests, it must be *supreme* authority in these matters.

Such is the authority of Peter in God's Church; thus, and not otherwise, is the Catholic Church of Jesus Christ built on the Rock, Peter; thus do Peter and his successors, the visible heads of the Church, represent Christ's own headship, exercising its prerogatives of teaching and ruling. If it be asked how this is true of the successors of Peter, the reply is not difficult. The appointments of Christ for His Church are for the Church in all times and in all places till the end of the world. Thus He said to His Apostles, "Teach all nations"; "Preach the Gospel to every creature"; and "Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." He promised them the Holy Spirit, to abide with them "forever."

While these sayings undoubtedly had their personal application to the Apostles themselves, yet plainly they transcend the circumstances and the lifetime of those to whom they were spoken in person. The Apostles were not to live till the consummation of the world; yet Christ is with His Church till the end of time, and till the end of time the work of teaching the nations is to be carried on. It can be carried on only by successors to the Apostles to whom the commission was first given and the promises made,—that is, by the pastorate of the Church.

So, too, with the office of Peter. That

office lives on, and Peter lives on in his successors from age to age. For the office and work of the foundation are of their very nature permanent and continuous, as are the office and work of feeding the whole flock and confirming the brethren in the Faith. Moreover, that the Church should have had a visible head in Peter during his own lifetime only, and not after, would have involved a complete change in the constitution of the Church a few years only after its foundation—and its foundation upon Peter—by Jesus Christ. As Cajetan remarks, "In every society the constitution and form of government is something of its own nature perpetual, stable, and permanent." Therefore it must be said that it is by Christ's own institution that Peter has perpetual successors in the Primacy.

Since the subject-matter of that supreme authority of Peter by which, living on in his successors, he is the Rock on which the Church is built, consists, from the very nature of the Christian society, of matters of faith and morals, of belief and conduct as the way to salvation, it follows that this authority must be both supreme and, when there is question of asserting Christian truth, infallible also. Could the foundation fail in faith, or were it open to question its rulings, it would prove no longer a foundation of rock, but a foundation of sand; and the Church built upon it would fall to pieces under the assaults of heresy, error, and schism.

Thank God, then, that we are built upon that Rock, Peter, on whom all must stand if they are to be true members of Christ's Church! Thank God that we are associated in the Communion of Saints under the visible head who is the Vicar and representative of the Head invisible, Jesus Christ, the Author and Finisher of our faith! As Pope St. Leo the Great wrote centuries ago, and every Pope can say with equal truth, "As that remains which Peter believed in Christ," (i. e., the Godhead and Messiahship of

Christ), "so that remains also which Christ instituted in Peter; . . . remains therefore the appointment of truth; and Blessed Peter persevering in the rock-like strength which he received, relinquishes not the government of the Church. . . . So that if by us anything be rightly done and rightly decreed, it pertains to the works and merits of him in whose See his power lives on and his authority is still supreme." And elsewhere: "That solidity which Peter, being made the Rock, received from that Rock which is Christ, he passed on also to his successors."

If we look back upon the long history of the Church, from the day when St. Peter stood up in the Council of the Apostles, or St. Clement of Rome wrote his authoritative Epistle to the Corinthian Christians, down to the day when Pius X., of holy and happy memory, shattered with his authority the assaults of Modernism, we are able to see the living fact of the Petrine foundation of the Church of Christ in actual operation throughout the centuries; we see the Papacy as the undying, energizing principle of the unshaken stability, the marvellous unity, and the constant increase of the Church in all times and in all places.

(To be continued.)

THE Gospel does not make mention of any appearance of Jesus to Mary, because it records in a special manner only those that were intended to convince the disciples, and, through them, the entire Church; and, besides, Mary was as much convinced by her faith alone, as the disciples were by the vision of their divine Master conversing and eating with them. But a pious tradition, the general opinion of the saints, and special revelations, particularly those made to St. Bridget, do not permit us to doubt that Our Lord, after His resurrection, appeared to her to reward her for her faith, her love and compassion, and to make her joy equal to her past sorrow.—*Anon.*

Only a Coincidence?

NOT so many years ago Mr. and Mrs. G., who had for some time resided in Dublin, were induced to return to their country home on account of the health of the lady, whose medical adviser deprecated another summer spent in the city. Their estates were situated in a part of Ireland where "Orangeism" was rampant, and they themselves were strong opponents of the old faith. This, however, did not prevent Mr. G. from acting as became an upright and generous landlord to his tenants; and he was consequently greatly esteemed by all of them, by Catholics no less than by Protestants.

Not far from his own gates stood a convent of Sisters of Mercy. Their poor schools were attended by many of the children of the tenantry; and, in recognition of the good services of the nuns, Mr. G. was in the habit of paying a visit of courtesy to the convent once a year,—a visit which no persuasions of Mrs. G. could induce him to omit, notwithstanding his ordinary readiness to comply with her least desire.

In order to make up for his obduracy on one occasion, Mr. G. proposed a winter in Italy, which greatly delighted his wife. Their preparations were soon made, and in a short time the two travellers found themselves at Naples. Here for a while, despite the "Popish atmosphere," Mrs. G. forgot her dislike to the faith of the land, in her enjoyment of the balmy breezes and the beautiful sights that met her eye on every side. But a little incident reawakened her hatred of Rome in all its intensity.

Strolling one day through the streets with his wife, Mr. G. was attracted by some rosaries made of lava that were exposed for sale outside one of the churches. He was an industrious collector of curiosities, and had a large museum at home. He proposed to add a beautiful treasure to the rest. "What!" exclaimed his wife. "Buy that Popish thing! Pray don't, my dear; for I could never bear to have it

in the house." So, after some unavailing attempts to mollify her bigotry, Mr. G. compromised matters by proposing to present it to the Mother Superior at the Convent of Mercy. He accordingly sent the rosary off, and Mrs. G. rejoiced that she had seen the last of at least one "Popish charm."

Time passed, and after a few more weeks the travellers, wending their way homeward, arrived in Paris. Seated at breakfast in the hotel on the morning after their arrival, Mrs. G. took up the *Times*, whilst her husband busied himself with some letters at the opposite side of the table. A sudden exclamation on her part startled him from his task.

"Oh, here is an announcement of the death of the Reverend Mother of the convent! It is strange indeed that I should see this to-day, for I dreamed last night that I saw her standing by me with the rosary that you sent her in her hand. She said to me: '*You will be lost unless you inquire into the truth of the Catholic Church.*' I will go this very morning and call on my old friend, Madame Châtel."

"Do so, by all means, if you wish," replied her husband, concerned to see the perturbation of his wife, and somewhat startled himself by the coincidence of the dream.

Hastening to the house of her Catholic friend, Mrs. G. told her of the strangely vivid dream, and of her desire to speak with a priest.

"You can do so now," said her friend. "See! there is one on the other side of the street—Père Ravignan, whom I know well. I will send a servant to ask him to come in."

Père Ravignan was soon seated in the *salon* of Madame Châtel, answering the questions of Mrs. G., and bringing a flood of light to bear upon the ignorance that had so long darkened a mind naturally candid and generous. A few weeks later he had the happiness of receiving Mr. and Mrs. G. into the Church.

These conversions made a great stir in County T., where the bigotry of Mrs. G. had been so well known and felt. For a considerable time the neighbors refused to believe in the truth of the report, saying, "They are only amusing themselves by going to Catholic churches, and 'doing in Rome as Rome does.' Wait until they come back to Ireland." When they did return, however, all the gossips were silenced at the sight of Mr. and Mrs. G. driving off on the Sunday after their arrival, not to the fashionable Protestant church, but to the humble Catholic chapel, where they knelt amid the crowd of poor.

On her first visit to the Convent of Mercy Mrs. G. was told that, on the arrival of the rosary from Naples, the lamented Mother Superior, assembling the community, asked them to guess who sent it; and when all their guesses had failed, she announced that it was from Mr. G., adding: "And now we must begin fervent prayers for his conversion and that of his wife."

Our Exemplar.

IN the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin there are two exquisite antiphons, which offer a delightful subject of meditation to the devout client of Mary, and an important practical lesson to all: "Thou art beautiful and sweet in thy delights, O Holy Mother of God!" and "We run to the odor of thy ointments; the young maidens have loved thee exceedingly." There is a sense of deliciousness in the very words, and an exquisite perfume in the thoughts which they suggest.

That the Blessed Virgin is beautiful above all created beings needs no labored proof: it is almost a corollary of her Immaculate Conception. The natural beauty of the human form was defaced by sin. The Blessed Virgin, conceived and born without sin, was very properly the perfection of human nature. She was

beautiful and lovely above all the daughters of men. Her beauty was not merely physical—the symmetry of form, the perfection of feature. These, indeed, have an attractiveness of their own, and we naturally admire them. But it is the spirit which animates the beautiful clay that lights up the features and reveals the character: it is the soul that attracts, that commands our admiration and compels our love. We fancy the Blessed Virgin to have had the most beautiful of faces, because hers was the most beautiful of souls. "What is the face," asks the poet, "but the soul's index, or its case?" What heavenly light must have beamed in the eyes of Mary, the Mother of Christ, the Light of the World!

Supernatural virtues and graces she possessed in the highest degree possible to a human being. Her "regarded" humility, her perfect unselfishness and consideration for the good of others, her charity for all mankind,—all these appeal powerfully to every heart. But we love to think that the crowning grace in that transcendently beautiful and perfect character was purity; the ointment which gave forth such a delightful odor was purity; the sweetness of the delights which emanated from the Immaculate One, as an aroma from the flowers of Paradise, was that exquisite purity of thought, of feeling, of desire and aspiration, by which she was distinguished from all other human beings, and which invested her as with an aureole of light and loveliness and sanctity.

Can it be said of us that we run to the odor of her ointments? Do we, indeed, experience the ineffable sweetness of her delights? If not, let us seek out the cause of this misfortune. Why do the 'young maidens' love her exceedingly? Is it not because, like her, they are pure and innocent? They love her because they are like her. There can be no deep, pure love without assimilation. If we do not run to the odor of her ointments, it must be because our senses are beclouded by the noxious exhalations of earthly

pleasure, because we fail to appreciate the exquisite sweetness of her delights.

"Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God." What a startling expression—"they shall *see* God"! Purity of heart is the atmosphere of divine love, the pledge of the beatific vision. What a wonderful manifestation of the wisdom and benevolence of the divine economy that has given us this example of immaculate purity!

Let us seek to participate in the purity of Mary. Let us run to the odor of her ointments, and cherish the sweetness of her delights. True, it is a struggle, a continued warfare against the most powerful enemies within and without. But the Immaculate Virgin, who crushed the serpent's head, will, by the grace of God, enable us to triumph.

Momentously Important.

OF the momentous importance of the subject of catechetical instruction there can be no question; and, unless the experience of "Veteran Catechist," related in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, is very exceptional, examination of the catechisms in use, and discussion of the methods of instruction in vogue, are decidedly in order. If the rising generation know more about their religion than their parents, they ought to be all the better Christians for it; and doubtless would be if while learning the truths of Faith they were taught to practise its virtues. The writer declares (quoting Pius X.) that "when a catechist speaks of God or of the mysteries of religion, he should do so with a soul overflowing with faith and love. Then will he awaken like sentiments in the children who listen to him."

Veteran Catechist's experiences are interesting. He tells of two families, branches of the same stock, the children of which were carefully taught their religion, but by different methods. In one of these families all the children are regular in their religious duties; in the

other, none have been practical Catholics since school age. "One of the girls, who particularly distinguished herself in the Christian Doctrine examination, denied her faith when questioned by the priest of a new locality where she went to live when she got married." In further proof of his contention that, as a result of superficial instruction in their religion, children are less pious than formerly, Veteran Catechist relates that "at a recent procession of the Blessed Sacrament in a southern Irish diocese, the priests remarked that the old people were on their knees and in a most devout attitude along the route, while the young men stood quite nonchalant, gossiped or gazed with curiosity." But surely it must have been in a pessimistic mood that a parish priest in England, on being congratulated for the good reports received by his First Communion class, replied: "Not one of these will go to the Sacraments when they are grown up." Another English pastor is quoted as saying to the writer: "I can not understand how it is that many of the young men of my parish, who have been trained in Catholic schools and know their religion well, are so indifferent, while the most edifying young men of the district are those who are educated in non-Catholic schools and colleges."

The explanation is that in one case it was cramming and forgetting; in the other, learning and loving. The teacher of religion or anything else who contents himself with the mere programme fails in his duty. The importance of the catechist's office is undervalued, and demands qualifications which are often lacking. It can not be too strongly insisted upon that, as Frassinetti says, "teaching children the Christian Doctrine should not be a bare, dry telling of the truths of Faith, but full of life and vigor, which inflames the heart at the same time that it enlightens the mind."

Pastors especially would do well to read the article from which we have quoted.

Notes and Remarks.

A member of the board for the censorship of motion pictures in Ohio, which has the credit of being the first State to take action in this important matter, reports that thirty-one per cent of the films examined were condemned as positively objectionable on the score of morality, or dangerous in their effects, especially on the minds of young persons. There can be no question, therefore, as to the importance of the work of the board. The gentleman whom we have quoted says truly: "The State must not forget that countless thousands view motion pictures daily; that a great percentage of these are children of tender years, whose minds and lives are being shaped by their environment; and that, by reason of the marvellous manner in which a motion picture appeals to the mind through the eye, each day there go forth innumerable suggestions for good or evil, dependable upon the character of the films."

Strict regulations on all such matters are enforced in several European countries. In Bavaria, for instance, young people under eighteen are not allowed in restaurants and saloons unless accompanied by adults, and they must be kept off the streets after ten o'clock at night. They are not permitted in moving-picture theatres except when special programmes for children are given.

The fact that some twenty-one thousand persons took the Civil Service examinations in New York last year, and that several of the positions available to those who successfully pass such examinations entail the receipt of salaries of three and four thousand dollars, impels some of our coreligionists to sound the praises of the Civil Service as "a splendid opportunity for Catholic men and women." Personally, we would not urge our young women very strongly to qualify themselves for these positions; we would much rather

see them taking a home course in house-keeping and all that is, or used to be, implied in that commonplace but significant word. As for our young men, they should perhaps figure more numerously than they do at present as holders of civil service positions. And it should not be very difficult for them to compete successfully with other candidates for enrolment in the Service. It is pretty generally admitted nowadays that the graduates of our parish schools are, on the whole, better grounded in the fundamentals of education—in grammar, spelling, arithmetic, etc.—than are the frequenters of the public schools. The examinations call for the knowledge of some technical and scientific matters; but the well-grounded youth can acquire such knowledge more rapidly than others. Civil Service may offer a welcome solution to the problem as to what shall be done with numbers of our young men who leave high-school or college with no well-defined purpose about their future activities.

While judicious friends of Ireland all over the world will deplore the recent outbreak in Dublin, it is altogether probable that exaggerated importance will be attributed to the occurrence, and that the enemies of Home Rule will endeavor to use it as an argument for definitely withholding the privileges of self-government already allowed by the British Parliament, and concurred in by King George. There will be time before the close of the war for matters to assume their proper perspective; and it will then seem to ordinary lookers-on that a handful of disloyal Irishmen in Dublin do not offset the thousands of patriotic Irish soldiers who are doing and dying in the ranks of the Allies. We like to think that, notwithstanding the Dublin disorders, most Englishmen in the calmer days to come will agree with "Papyrus" of the *London Catholic Times*, who, writing of the Irish dead in the present war, says: "They died for Ireland, says

Mr. Redmond. Aye, but for England, too. And we English people will not forget their sacrifice for us. Those who long ago championed self-government for Ireland, Home Rule, will find our efforts smoothed by the applause of crowds of converts to the idea that men who were good enough to die for us are good enough to live with us. Henceforth no gathering of Englishmen will listen to abuse of Ireland, to attacks on Irishmen. In the blood of the Irish soldiers who fought for faith and fatherland, who died for King and country, a treaty of peace has been made forever between Ireland and England. And of this one of the strongest signs is that voices which once were against us are now with us. Not a sane Englishman but feels that mere gratitude compels him to give Home Rule to Ireland."

The importance of increasing the efficiency and the circulation of the Catholic press as an essential aid in advancing the cause of true religion and genuine morality is being recognized all over the world. A few weeks ago, a meeting of prominent Catholic editors and publicists was held in London to discuss measures for increasing the sale of Catholic newspapers. The chairman of the meeting, Mr. T. Edward Lescher, in a very practical address discussed various aspects of the general subjects, and had something to say of the objections urged against Catholic journalism. The following extract from his speech (we quote it from a recent issue of *Rome*) is not without its appositeness on this side of the Atlantic:

The next objection—and he must state it frankly—was that Catholic papers were not good enough. He did not admit that for a moment. There was no journalist or editor in England who would not admit, "If you will double my circulation, I will improve my paper." If Catholics did not support Catholic papers because they were not good enough, the papers in turn would say, "It is a matter of pounds, shillings and pence; it is a matter of your support"; and then they would get into a vicious circle of argument. But he did not admit that their papers were not good enough. He thought

they had an exceedingly good Catholic press. Then it was said that the papers were too political. If there was only one Catholic paper, or if the circulation of one paper largely predominated, he would at once say it was a great pity that the paper was political. But they had perfect freedom of choice. And on this subject he would say that unless a paper dealt with current topics it would not get a circulation; and, rather than deplore that the Catholic press was political, he thought it to be a matter of congratulation that it dealt with different opinions, and that thereby Catholic papers were not only religious papers, but acted up to the name of Catholic both in their religion and in the affairs of everyday life.

Whether or not our readers will think Mr. Lescher's points well taken, there can be no question that the encouragement of the Catholic press in this country, as elsewhere throughout the world, is a duty incumbent on laity and clergy,—and not least on the latter.

Catholic publicists, editors, and preachers are sometimes criticised for the severity of the language in which they habitually denounce the evil of divorce; but we do not remember having seen of late any more scathing denunciation than this, from the Rev. Lloyd Tompkins, an Episcopalian clergyman of Philadelphia: "Our condition has become almost bestial. The rich divorce each other far more frequently than the poor. Divorced men frequently marry divorced women; I have known many cases of the kind here in Philadelphia. It is nothing less than swinish. More than two million divorces have been granted in the United States during the last fifty years. Only one nation, Japan, has exceeded this number."

Using as a text the words of the late Mgr. Benson, "Take [this public office or that] because you are a Catholic," *America*, of recent date, remarks:

Of course, Catholics equipped with Mgr. Benson's remarkable qualities of heart and head are not common. But Catholics resembling him in eagerness for self-improvement and self-expression, in zeal for fitting themselves to fill important posts creditably and to appear

on public occasions advantageously,—such Catholics should not be rare. If the professional, social, commercial and educational circles of every town and city in the land contained numerous Catholics of that description,—if we had more men like the late Thomas M. Mulry, Andrew J. Shipman, and Dr. Thomas Dwight, the Church's prestige in the United States would no doubt be wonderfully heightened. But of professional politicians who are more renowned for their Catholic antecedents than for their Catholic loyalty, of social climbers who sacrifice the faith of their children for temporal advantage, of invertebrate Catholics in all their genera and species, we already have far too many. What we need is a marked increase in the number of well-educated, clear-headed, pure-hearted men and women, who fear no one but God, and who, *because* they are Catholics, can discharge with credit any public office, or fill with distinction any post of honor, that the State or their fellow-citizens may choose to confer upon them.

America unquestionably has "said something," and said it well. To get such a point of view accepted is worth all the labor our press and our priests can bestow. Incidentally, any one of the three men mentioned by our contemporary would make an excellent subject for a great novel, showing that its hero achieved "because he was a Catholic."

The occasional illuminations of non-Catholics as to the Church, her teaching and practice, are always interesting. Our surprise at their discerning some things very clearly is equal to our wonder at their blindness about other things quite as plain. The Rev. Mr. Jamison (Anglican), for instance, does not believe in the Supremacy of St. Peter, but he sees the "sweet reasonableness of Catholic devotion to the Blessed Virgin." In a recent lecture on Belgium he tells how his eyes were opened. "I stood one morning in the great Antwerp Cathedral. A peasant woman came in, carrying a bundle, on her way to market. She was evidently in trouble; but, taking no notice of a stranger, she knelt before an image of the Virgin Mary and engaged for some time in silent prayer. When she rose from her knees her face was

brighter, and I have no doubt her heart was lighter, too. I had been taught to regard this as idolatry: now I saw it was a meet and touching mode of approach to communion with God."

The editor of the *Christian Evangelist* is a Protestant of the Protestants on doctrines like those of the Real Presence, the forgiveness of sins, etc.; but he has discovered one reason why, "in spite of an intellectually impossible creed," the Church still retains its hold upon hundreds of millions of people. Hear him:

Intellectually speaking, we confess that the hold of Catholic dogma upon the modern world remains as inexplicable a miracle as anything the dogma itself teaches; practically speaking, however, there is a tangible solution. "We propose to call attention to that solution for the value of the lesson which it should teach the Protestant world.

In almost every city of any size in America you will find one or more St. John's or St. Joseph's or Little Sisters, or some such hospital caring for the sick and unfortunate. These hospitals are always costly, always adequately maintained, always filled with kind-hearted women unselfishly nursing the sick, and always known and understood to be a part of the work of the Roman Catholic Church. It will take more than an impossible theology to kill an institution which renders service such as this. In large measure, the Roman Catholic Church retains its hold upon the world by reason of its charities.

If the zealous evangelist who writes in this strain were more familiar with the Scriptures, it would be altogether unnecessary to remind him of what Our Lord said about good and evil trees,—about gathering grapes from thorns, and figs from thistles.

A significant departure from the traditional policy of twentieth-century governments in France is Premier Briand's denunciation of the anti-clerical attacks on the Catholic clergy and laity as being unjust and wicked, and his assurance that protection will be given to those who are thus maligned. It is policy, of course; the change in the sentiments of the French people at large since the beginning of the war makes it "bad business" to

sympathize with and encourage, as used to be the custom, foul libels against the Church and her adherents; but there was some moral courage, too, required to accede, as M. Briand has done, to the request of the gentlemen who waited on him, and denounce these outrages. We should like, let us say incidentally, to see some of the same sort of courage evinced by our United States postal authorities in the matter of excluding from the mails anti-Catholic libels fully as foul as any that the French anti-clericals can print or imagine.

Among the many changes that are to occur in national and international politics, or policy, after the Great War, one about which nobody seems to have any doubt is the participation of the different British Colonies in imperial British legislation. The whole-hearted and extremely generous assistance given to Great Britain in the present weighty conflict by Canada, New Zealand, and the other dependencies of the United Kingdom has apparently settled for all time this point: that the Colonies will have something to say about any future war that may be entered upon by England. It has been pointed out by Sir Francis Piggott and others that the plan of having Colonial members in the British Parliament as at present constituted is impracticable. Sidney Low, however, makes in the *Nineteenth Century* a suggestion which seems both feasible and fair. We quote one paragraph of his very interesting paper:

These objections are valid, and they are fatal to the project of direct representation in our existing Parliament. But Sir Francis Piggott fails to recognize that there is an alternative. The Colonies can not be represented in the Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland; but they can and may be represented in a genuine "Imperial Parliament," or Federal Congress, appointed by the electors of all the Empire States, and empowered to deal with affairs common to them all, leaving domestic business in the United Kingdom to be handled, like domestic business in the Dominions, by local legislatures and

local executives. That is a proposition which is not condemned by logic, history, or the fundamental principles of British constitutional development. Many constructive imperialists in this country think that in the end organic union will be achieved on these lines.

Preliminary action in the matter, Mr. Low points out, would be the calling of a convention representing all the self-governing peoples, the discussion thereof of all the details of the question, and the drawing up of a federal constitution to be submitted to the various electorates. Briefly, the plan would mean that the "Imperial Parliament" would correspond to the federal parliament at Ottawa or the Congress of the United States; and the local parliaments of England, Canada, New Zealand, etc., to the provincial legislatures in Canada or our own State legislatures.

Very effective temperance work is being done in more than one country to-day by anti-treating organizations. In Sacramento, Cal., there is a society of this nature, called the "No-Thank-You" League; and its secretary is just now rejoicing in an endorsement from Cardinal Gibbons, who wrote: "Any national movement of sobriety among our people must appeal to all advocates of real temperance. Your plan, it seems to me, promises to be more productive of results than the Prohibition laws, which can not be enforced; and I heartily recommend the purpose and methods of the 'No-Thank-You' League."

Even the Prohibitionists need not worry about the success of such a league. Experience has proved pretty conclusively that there is abundant opportunity to say "No, thank you!" in Maine, or any other State where liquor is supposed to be unobtainable.

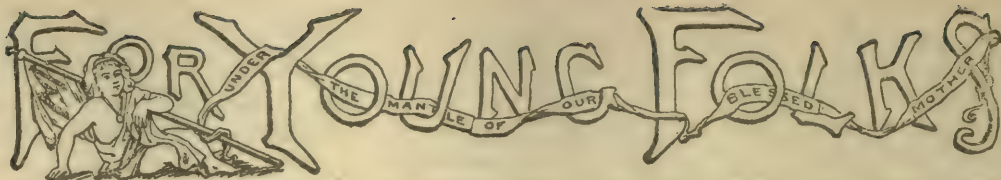
The average Catholic is so fond of seeing difficulties settled in a terse, lucid, and adequate fashion that we make no apology for reproducing an excerpt from an article in the *Missionary Gazette* by

one of our own oldtime contributors, the Rev. H. G. Graham. The article is an answer to the question, How is it that there are so many bad persons in the Church? Father Graham writes:

The holiness of the Church is shown, not in its bad members, but in its good ones. The proper criterion of the Church's success in this sphere is to look at the lives of those who faithfully obey her teaching, not those who violate it. A bad Catholic is a bad man because he is neglecting his religion; a good Catholic is a good man because he is practising it. The one is a real product of Catholicity, the other is a product of his own sin. Take those who most scrupulously adhere to the doctrines and practices of the Church, and who act them out to the smallest details, and you have holy people, saints, whether canonized or not. These are the genuine fruits of the good tree of Catholicity; these the Church recognizes as her faithful children, her legitimate offspring; the others are rotten, decaying branches, for whose rottenness the Church takes no responsibility. Obviously, she can not claim both as being equally faithful to her teaching. To make good his argument, then, the Protestant would need to prove that bad Catholics are bad people because they are taught to be bad; that their badness is the logical result of the Church's instruction which they are faithfully following out; in short, that what we call bad Catholics are really good Catholics.

As a downright old friend of ours was wont to put it: A bad Catholic is bad in spite of his religion, just as a good Protestant is good in spite of *his*.

Judging from the tone of the English papers in their comments on the recent interview of Mr. Asquith with the Holy Father, the people of Great Britain generally are not dissatisfied that their Premier should have courteously sought and obtained an audience with the spiritual father of so many thousands of the Irish, English, Scottish, Canadian, Colonial, Belgian, French, and Italian soldiers who are fighting the battles of the Allies. Just what took place at the audience is, of course, unknown to the public; and the various guesses at Mr. Asquith's proposals and Pope Benedict's replies are simply that,—guesses.



A Hymn for May.

BY L. F. MURPHY.

LET us carry to our Mother
Wreaths of fair Spring flowers to-day,
Let us make her blessed altar
Glorious with the buds of May.
Let us sing our Mother's praises
While the lights and flowers glow;
Let us breathe our love for Mary,
And her Child who loves us so.
But there bloom still rarer flowers
Than these beauteous ones of earth,—
Flowers of the heart's devotion,
Blossoms of immortal worth.
There are flowers of rarest virtues,—
Roses of sweet love there be,
Lilies of the souls unspotted,
Violets of humility.
Bring all these to Mary's altar:
They will please our Mother best,—
Flowers of the heart's devotion,
Sweetest, purest, tenderest.

Killykinick.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XIX.—A MORNING VENTURE.

AFTER some persuasion from Captain Jeb, who declared he could trust matey Dan's navigation now against any wind and tide, Brother Bart consented to Freddy's morning sail with his sturdy chum.

"Sure I know Dan loves laddie better than his own life," said the good old man anxiously, as he watched Neb's ragged sail flitting off with the two young fishermen. "But it's only a boy he is, after all."

"Mebbe," said Captain Jeb, briefly. "But thar's boys wuth half a dozen good-sized men, and matey is that kind. You

needn't scare about any little chap that ships with him. And what's to hurt him, anyhow, Padre? You've got to let all young critters try their legs and wings."

And Freddy was trying his triumphantly this morning. It was one of Dan's lucky days, and the lines were drawn in again and again, until the college girls' breakfast and many more silvery shiners were fluttering and gasping in old Neb's fish basket. Then Dan proceeded to deliver his wares at neighborly island shores, where summer campers were taking brief holidays. Some of these islands, more sheltered than Killykinick, were fringed with a thick growth of hardy evergreens, hollowed into coves and inlets, where the waves, broken in their wild, free sweep, lapped low-shelving shores and invited gentle adventure.

On one of these pleasant outposts was the college camp; and half a dozen pretty girl graduates, in "middies" and khaki skirts, came down to meet Dan. One of them led a big, tawny dog, who made a sudden break for the boat, nearly overturning Freddy in his leap, and crouching by Dan's side, whining and shivering.

"Oh, he's yours! We said he was yours!" went up the girlish chorus. "Then take him away, please! And don't let him come back; for he howled all night, and nearly set us crazy. Nellie Morris says dogs never howl that way unless somebody is dead or dying; and she left her mother sick, and is almost frantic. Please take him away, and don't ever bring him near us again!"

"But—but he isn't mine at all," replied Dan, staring at the big dog, who, shivering and wretched as he seemed, awoke some vague memory.

"Then whose is he?" asked a pretty spokesman, severely. "He could not

have dropped from the clouds, and yours was the only boat that came here yesterday."

"Oh, I know,—I know, Dan!" broke in Freddy, eagerly. "He belongs to that big man who came with us on the steamboat. He had two dogs in leashes, and this is one of them, I know, because I saw this brown spot on his head when I gave him a cracker."

"Mr. Wirt?" Dan's vague memory leaped into vivid light: Mr. John Wirt's big, tawny dog indeed, who perhaps, with some dim dog-sense, remembered Freddy. "I do know him now," said Dan. "He belongs to a gentleman named Wirt—"

"Well, take him where he belongs," interrupted the young lady. "We don't care where it is. We simply can't have him howling here."

"Oh, take him, Dan!" said Freddy. "Let us take him home with us."

"Mr. Wirt must be around somewhere," reflected Dan. "He said perhaps he would come to Killykinick. We'll take him," he agreed cheerfully, as he handed out his basket of fish to the pretty, young campers. "And I think his master will come along to look him up."

And the boys started on their homeward way, with Rex (which was the name on their new companion's collar) seated between them, still restless and quivering, in spite of all Freddy's efforts to make friends.

"He wasn't this way on the boat," said Freddy as, after all his stroking and soothing, Rex only lifted his head and emitted a long, mournful howl. "I went down on the lower deck where the big man had left his dogs, and they played with me fine,—shook paws and wagged their tails and were real nice."

"I guess he knows he is lost and wants to get back to his master," said Dan. "Dogs have a lot of sense generally, so what took him over to that girls' camp puzzles me."

"He didn't like the girls,—did you,

Rex?" asked Freddy, as he patted his new friend's nose. "My, he is a beauty,—isn't he, Dan? Just the kind of a dog I'd like to have; and, if nobody comes for him, he will be ours—for keeps. Do you think Brother Andrew will let us have him out in the stable at St. Andrew's? Dick Walton kept his rabbits there—"

"Until a weasel came and gobbled them up," laughed Dan, as he steered away from a line of rocks that jutted out like sharp teeth from a low-lying, heavily wooded shore.

"They couldn't gobble Rex,—could they, old fellow?" said Freddy, with another friendly pat.

But, regardless of all these kindly overtures, Rex sprang to his feet, barked in wild excitement for a moment, made a plunge from the boat and struck out for the shore.

"Oh, he's gone,—he's gone!" cried Freddy, desperately.

"Rex! Rex!" called Dan. "There's nothing or nobody there. Come back,—come back! Well, he must be a durned fool of a dog to be jumping off at every island he sees.—Rex! Rex!—He'll starve to death if we leave him here."

"Oh, he will,—he will!" said Freddy, wofully. "Come back, Rex, old fellow, nice dog,—come back!"

Freddy whistled and called in vain: Rex had vanished into the thick undergrowth.

"Oh, let's go for him,—let's go for him, Dan!" pleaded Freddy. "Maybe he is after a wild duck or something. We ought not to let a fine dog like that get lost and starve to death. One of the deck hands on the steamboat told me those dogs were worth a hundred dollars a piece, and that they had more sense than some humans."

"Well, he isn't showing it this morning, sure; and he didn't yesterday either," said Dan, gruffly. "He isn't the kind of dog to leave around here for any tramp to pick up, I'll agree; but how are we to haul him back, unless he chooses to come? And I know nothing about this

shore anyhow. Neb told me they called it Last Island, and there was once a light here that the old whalers could see fifty miles out—why, halloo!" Dan paused in his survey of the doubtful situation. "He's coming back!"

"Rex! Rex!" shouted Freddy, gleefully; for it was Rex indeed,—Rex coming through the dense low growth, in long leaps, with quick, sharp barks that were like calls; Rex plunging into the water and swimming with swift strokes to the waiting boat; but Rex refusing absolutely to be pulled aboard. He only splashed and shook himself, scattering a very geyser of salt water on the tugging boys, and barked louder and sharper still as if he were doing his best to talk.

"Jing!" exclaimed Dan, giving up all efforts to manage him. "I never saw such a durned chump of a dog! I'm wet to the skin."

"Oh, he wants something!" said softer-hearted Freddy. "He is trying to tell us something, Dan."

Rex barked again, as if he had heard the words; and, leaping on the edge of the boat, he caught Freddy's khaki sleeve.

"Lookout there, or he'll pull you overboard!" shouted Dan in fierce alarm, as Rex pulled still harder. "Golly! I believe he wants us to come ashore with him."

"Oh, he does,—he does!" said Freddy, eagerly. "He has hunted something down and wants us to get it, Dan. Let us see what it is."

It was a temptation that two live boys could not resist. Mooring Neb's old fishing boat to a sharp projecting rock, they proceeded to wade where it would have been impossible to navigate; Rex leaping before them, barking jubilantly now, as if he had won his point.

"You stand back, kid!" (Through all the excitement of a discoverer, Dan did not lose sight of his responsibilities.) "Let me go ahead, so if there is anything to hurt I'll strike it first. Straight behind in my steps, and lookout for suck-holes!"

And, with Rex leading, they proceeded Indian file over the narrow strip of sand that shelved to the sea, and then on through thicket and brambles that hedged the shore in wild, luxuriant growth, until suddenly the ruins of the old lighthouse rose out of the tangle before them. The shaft that had upheld the beacon light was all gone save the iron framework, which rose bare and rusted above the little stone cabin that had sheltered the keeper of long ago, and that still stood amid crumbling stones and fallen timbers.

"Back, Freddy,—back!" shouted Dan, as something big and fierce bolted out of the ruins. "Why, it's the other dog!" he added in relief. "Mr. Wirt *must* be somewhere around."

And, peering into the open door of the cabin, he stood dumb with dismay; for there indeed, stretched upon the rotten floor under the broken roof, was his friend of the steamboat. His gun was beside him, his head pillowed on his knapsack, his eyes closed, all his pride and strength and manly bearing gone; only the short, hard breathing showed that he was still alive.

"Golly!" gasped Freddy, who had crept in behind his chum. "Is—is he dead, Dan?"

"Not—not—yet, but he looks mighty close to it. Mr. Wirt—" he faltered, bending over the prostrate form; "Mr. Wirt!" he repeated louder. There was no answer. "I'm afraid he's gone," said Dan, in an awe-struck voice; and Freddy burst into boyish tears.

"What are you crying about?" asked Dan, gruffly.

"Oh, I don't know,—I don't know!" was the trembling answer. "I—I never saw anybody dead before. What—what do you think killed him, Dan?"

"Nothing. He isn't killed," replied Dan, who had been taking close observations. "He is still breathing. I guess he came here to hunt and got sick, and that's what the dog was trying to tell

people. Gosh, it's a pity dogs like that can't talk!"

"Oh, it is,—it is!" murmured Freddy, putting his arm around Rex, who, his duty done, was seated on his hind legs, gravely surveying his master.

The sick man moved a little, and groaned feebly: "Water!" The word came faintly through parched lips. "Water,—a little—water!"

Dan picked up a can that had evidently done duty before.

"Stay by him, Freddy, so he'll know there is somebody here. I'll go to get some water. They must have had a pump or well around a place like this."

And while Dan discovered the broken, half-choked cistern at the back of the Old Light, Freddy watched the sick man. He had never before seen any one very sick, and it took some pluck to keep his post, especially when Mr. Wirt suddenly opened his eyes and looked at him. It was such a strange, wild, questioning look that Freddy felt his heart nearly leap into his throat.

Then Dan came back with the can full of water, and together they did their best for their patient,—bathing his head, wetting his parched lips, laving the helpless hands that were burning with fever, until the bright, sunken eyes closed and the sick man sank into a fitful sleep.

"He is pretty badly off," said Dan, who had seen pain and sickness and death, and knew. "He ought to have a doctor right away, and it's for us to get one quick as we can. But it will be a good three hours' job; and" (Aunt Winnie's boy's voice softened) "I hate to leave the poor fellow here without any one to give him a drop of water, when he's burning up like this. But you can't sail the boat alone, kid."

"No, I can't," faltered Freddy,—"I can't sail the boat, Dan; but—but" (the young voice steadied bravely) "I can stay here with him."

"You can!" echoed Dan, staring at his little chum in amazement. "You'd scare

to death, kid, here all alone with a dying man. He is likely to go off any minute."

"Maybe," faltered Freddy. "But—but I'd stay by him all the same, Dan. I can bathe his head and his hands, and give him water to drink; and say prayers like Brother Bart says we must when people are dying. O Dan, we can't leave him here to die alone!"

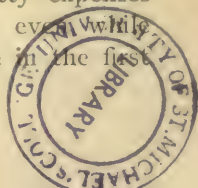
"No, we can't," said Dan, heartily. "I'd never think of asking a kid like you to stay. But, with the two dogs on the watch, there's nothing to fear. And you are doing the real right and plucky thing, for sure. I'll sail over to Killykinick and see if I can get Jim or Dud off for the nearest doctor, and be back here as quick as I can. And you, kid" (Dan's tone softened tenderly to his little chum), "don't scare more than you can help. Stick it out here as best you can."

Dan was off at the words, and for a moment Freddy felt his heart sink within him. He looked at the broken walls, the gaping roof, the dying man, and his blood chilled at the thought of the long hours before any one could return to him. Standing at the door of the Old Light, his eyes followed Dan's sturdy figure leaping swiftly through the bramble bush, and now he had reached the boat and put off.

Freddy was left indeed. He gulped down a big lump that rose in his throat, and, with the can of water Dan had freshly filled for him, took his seat at his patient's side. Rex came up and put a cold nose on his knee, and Freddy's watch began.

(To be continued.)

IRVING, in his "Life of Washington," dwells on the care with which the great man attended to the minutest affairs. The father of his country, as his letters and account-books testify, was "careful of small things" as well as of great, not disdaining to scrutinize the petty expenses of his household; and this even while acting as the first magistrate in the first republic of the New World.



From Serving-Boy to Senator.

NOT many boys would be willing to accept a job that brought only five cents a week! John W. Kern, afterwards a United States Senator, took just such a job, however; and he was glad to get it. We will let him tell his own story, hoping it will prove an inspiration to other boys:

"The first money I ever really earned was in connection with the menial work about a little red schoolhouse. The job came to me when I was a mere mite of a boy, in Iowa. The schoolhouse stood near my father's house. Some one had to build the fires and keep the place clean, so bids were received informally, and the job fell to me. I contracted to build a fire every morning, at least an hour before the opening of school, and sweep up once a day at least, and oftener if necessary. For this I was to receive *five cents* a week.

"Every morning I had my breakfast before daybreak, did my chores at home, then hurried to the schoolhouse, often in bitter cold weather, through snowdrifts, and did my work to the satisfaction of the teacher and the trustees. At the end of the school term, I received a vast sum—three dollars. I kept it in a safe place, going every Sunday to make sure that I had not been despoiled of my riches. I kept that money for a year.

"When the time came for me to enter college, I was brought to a realization of the fact that I had once more to buckle down to the earning and saving of money. When I was in my sixteenth year, the opportunity presented itself to take the place of a teacher who had resigned from the little school at Amo, Howard County, Indiana, to which State we had moved. I eagerly availed myself of this chance, and managed somehow to get through the term.

"Then I heard that there was a vacancy in a country school about eight miles from

Kokomo, where we lived, and that the trustees were going to hold an election for a teacher. I entered the race, and was elected by a good majority. It was my first campaign, and was more satisfactory all around than many of my subsequent campaigns have been.

"The school had the reputation of being a tough one to handle. Half of the pupils were husky fellows, full grown, and possessed of a mania for 'beating up' the teacher at regular intervals, just to impress upon him the insignificance of his position. I was a mere stripling, smaller than most of the boys, and the fact that I hailed from town was against me. This did not deter me. I took the school. I did not want to fight, but I was ready to do so if necessary; for I needed the money. I managed, however, to get through that school without having to fight a single boy. Every Friday night, I walked home eight miles distant, over a cold, dirt road to Kokomo; and on Monday mornings I would start before daylight and walk back in time for school.

"With the money I earned, and a little help from my father, I was able to enter Ann Arbor University the next year, and later to find my place in the work of the world."

A Dutch Proverb.

The Dutch are fond of proverbs, and they have many of them. Proverbs are the wisdom of many, and the wit of one; they express not only individual character, but national conviction. So when we find a Dutch proverb to the effect that "labor, though a common vessel, has a golden bottom," we at once recognize its general truth as well as its expression of the national character. For in the mouth of what nation could it have been so appropriate as that of the people who, by hard and incessant labor, have won a country from the sea, and built dykes to keep it, sustaining it by a perpetual battle against the waves?

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Yet another edition of "The Imitation of Christ" has just been issued by Burns & Oates. The translation is made by Fr. Thaddeus, O. F. M. This Seraphic Edition, as it is called, is printed in large type, in red and black. The size is crown 8vo.

—Messrs. Dent publish a new translation, with notes by E. G. Gardner, Litt. D., of St. Bernard's "Book on the Love of God." It is an early work of the great Abbot of Clairvaux, written about 1126. Dr. Gardner describes it in an Introduction as "the simplest book of Mediæval mysticism."

—A great zeal for peace has made the authors of "The Second Coming," Frederic Arnold Kummer and Henry P. Janes, conceive that Christ appears again upon earth, directing to the Kaiser the burden of His Gospel as it relates to peace. Difficult as the theme is, it is managed with due reverence. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

—There is a new opportunity for some such writer of poignant English as Robert Louis Stevenson or Charles Warren Stoddard, both of whom gave the world immortal sketches of the Apostle of Molokai, the leper-priest, Father Damien. The Vicar Apostolic of the Gilbert Islands (Oceanica) writes that a Sister who has been caring for the spiritual and physical needs of the lepers of the Islands for the past twenty years has at last been herself stricken with the dread disease. Isolated in a little hut, the heroic nun is awaiting the final outcome of the slow ravages of the hideous malady; and there will be few to question her right to the title of living martyr.

—All readers of a volume of poems by Sister M. Blanche, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, will welcome a new book from her pen, which she has named "Idyls and Sketches," a 12mo of 230 pages, tastefully published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons. Some idea of the variety of its contents may be gained from the fact that there are as many as twenty-seven titles. The work shows wide reading and a keen appreciation of the beauties of nature, art, and literature. From "Brands of Humor" we quote a specimen paragraph:

Nor, as some people suppose, is fun of the right kind diametrically opposed to piety. On the contrary, genuine merriment has its source in a heart at peace with God and the world; and a truly upright heart, as a rule, is a merry one. True, there have been good people in this world who bade adieu to hilarity early in their career, and thereafter looked upon life with rueful visage. But these are not

the ones who lead us to better and higher things. Right or wrong, we turn from them to the cheery and gay-hearted, who help us bravely to front mishaps and defeat, to smile through our tears.

"A Great Catholic Poet" (Francis Thompson), with which the volume concludes, was first published in THE AVE MARIA many years ago, shortly after the appearance of his first book of poems.

—An unpretentious brochure from the Sunday Visitor Press, "The Mass, the Eucharistic Service of the Catholic Church," is replete with sound theological instruction accommodated to ordinary lay intelligence, and possessed of considerable of the spirit of the best devotional literature. Its author, the Rev. George Moorman, goes through the Mass, movement by movement, explaining every action in the light of its Scriptural, doctrinal and moral significance. This booklet should be in book-racks everywhere.

—A summary of the history of the attempts of the living to hold converse with the dead, with a short statement of explanations that have been offered in recent times of the phenomena, is given in a new book by Canon E. McClure, of the Church of England. It is entitled "Spiritualism. A Historical and Critical Sketch," and is published by the S. P. C. K. The writer's own view is that "the Apostolic doctrine of the Communion of Saints gives infinitely more solace to the bereaved than spiritualism can give"; and the faith that relies on the sure hope that death frees the soul from its material restrictions "needs no vulgarized phantoms to assure it of the permanence and responsiveness of their beloved departed."

—The reason why the yoke of religion seems heavy to so many good and well-meaning souls is that they have not been taught to act with discretion. The sainted Dame Gertrude More in her writings complains of the indiscretion of those who urge souls to the exercise of perfection without due regard to their qualities, temperament, spirit, and talents, natural and supernatural; forgetting the wise counsel of St. Benedict to one of his abbots—"To take heed lest he break the vessel in his efforts to remove the rust," which the great patriarch would have removed "by gentle rubbing, little by little." The writings of Dame Gertrude More, so full of the most practical instruction, should be better known, especially to religious and their spiritual guides. Her Life, written

by the famous Father Augustine Baker (the second part of which, containing her writings, was lost until some years ago), has been carefully revised and ably edited by Dom Benedict Weld-Blundell, O. S. B. The work, in two well-printed volumes, is published in this country by Benziger Brothers. It contains portraits of the Ven. Father Baker, Dame Gertrude, and Sir Thomas More "the blessed and renowned martyr of Christ," who was her great-great-grandfather.

—"The Passion and Death of Jesus," by Philip Coghlan, C. P., is a work of devotional exegesis somewhat out of the common. A lengthy Introduction deals with the "causes and forces the working of which resulted in the death of Our Lord." Then the author takes up, in a detailed study of eleven chapters, the direct matter of his investigation. The work is not without learned notes, and there is a certain suggestion of the class-room study of Scripture to it, which not all readers may relish. A 16mo of one hundred and forty pages, provided with a marker, this is a well-made book; but the price asked for it (seventy-five cents) seems excessive even for war times. Benziger Brothers.

The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Inner Life and Writings of Dame Gertrude More." 2 vols. \$3.

"The Second Coming." Frederic Arnold, Henry P. Janes. 50 cts.

"Orbis Catholicus: A Year-Book of the Catholic World." Canon Glancey. \$1.50.

"G. K. Chesterton: A Critical Study." Julius West. \$2.

"The Official Catholic Directory." \$1.70.

"Catholicism in Mediæval Wales." J. E. Hirsch-Davies. B. A. 3s. 6d.

"Songs of the Son of Isai." Helen Hughes Hielscher. \$1.50.

"A Doctor of the Old School." Ian Maclaren. Illustrated Edition. \$2.

"The Science of Ethics (General Ethics)." Rev. Dr. Michael Cronin. \$4.50.

"Feminism." Mr. and Mrs. John Martin. \$1.50.

"Singing Fires of Erin." Eleanor Rogers Cox. \$1.

"On the Old Camping Ground." Mary E. Mannix. 85 cts.

"Our Home in Heaven." Abbé Max Caron. \$1.75.

"Pastoral Letters, etc." Rt. Rev. Bishop McFaul. \$1.50.

"Washington: A Virginia Cavalier." William H. Mace. 35 cts.

"The Doctrine of the Atonement." Rev. J. Rivière, D. D. 2 vols. \$3.75.

"The Shepherd of the North." Richard Aumerle Maher. \$1.35.

"The Chief Points of Difference between the Catholic and Protestant Creeds." Rev. F. Laun. 75 cts.

"The Wiser Folly." Leslie Moore. \$1.25.

"The Heir of Duncarron." Amy McLaren. \$1.35.

"The Dream of Gerontius." Newman-Gliebe. 30 cts.

"The Life of St. Columban (St. Columbanus of Bobbio)." Mrs. Thomas Concannon, M. A. \$2.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Mgr. John Swift, of the diocese of Albany; Rev. Walter McDonald, diocese of Lincoln; and Rev. William Fitzgerald, diocese of Omaha.

Brother Patrick, S. S. S.

Mother M. Genevieve, of the Sisters of Mercy; and Mother M. John, Order of the Presentation.

Mr. George Emerson, Mrs. F. T. Slevin, Mr. John Harris, Mr. M. W. Furlong, Mr. John L. Mulligan, Mrs. Katherine Anderson, Mrs. Maria Fallon, Mr. T. J. Mitchell, Miss Hester Scott, Mrs. Sarah Langan, Mr. William Boltas, Mr. J. A. Koster, Dr. John Stanton, Mrs. Anna Stanton, Mr. Charles Dubbs, Mr. A. M. Feldes, and Mrs. Mary Brady.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the rescue of starving children in China: On behalf of B. P., \$1; Sarah D., \$1; J. S., 50 cts. For the plague-stricken in Abyssinia: Rev. T. F., \$5. For the Foreign Missions: L. T. B., \$5; Mrs. W. A., \$2; Reader (Cleveland), \$3. For the Chinese missions: "for the intention of Mrs. E. C.," \$10.



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A Pilgrim Prays.

BY ARTHUR V. KENT.

ARE those lilies in your hand,
O my Lady, O my Lady?
I have need of lilies, too.
Dreams I dimly understand
Come to me of whiteness, Lady,
Though I am not white like you.

Are your eyes twin holy stars,
O my Lady, O my Lady?
I have need of starlight, too.
I have known so many scars,—
Travailed in the darkness, Lady:
Let me share the stars with you.

Are your lips two prayerful songs,
O my Lady, O my Lady?
I have need of heaven, too.
I would sleep where rest belongs.
Pray that I attain it, Lady:
Let me share deep calm with you.

The Pope's Right-Hand Man.

BY GERARD A. REYNOLDS.

Sovereign of the Universal Church, the Pope rules without anything like the cabinet or ministry that is a part of most modern systems of government. The various departments for the direction and administration of ecclesiastical affairs are in the hands of what are officially known as Congregations, or, to use a more modern expression, what may be described as departmental offices, each presided over by a Cardinal. But there is no prime minister. One may

say that, like the President of the United States, the Pope is his own prime minister. But next to the Pope, in the organization for directing the affairs of the Church and conducting the correspondence of the Holy See with the various governments, there is a Cardinal Secretary of State who is the Pope's right-hand man in the transaction of all affairs. Cardinal Antonelli held this position under Pius IX.; Cardinal Rampolla, under Leo XIII.; and Cardinal Merry del Val, under Pius X. Since October, 1914, the Secretary of State under the reigning Pontiff, Benedict XV., has been Cardinal Pietro Gasparri.

He was born on May 5, 1852, at the little town of Capovalazza, in the province of Perugia. It belongs to the diocese of Norcia—the ancient Nursia, which was the birthplace of St. Benedict,—and is in the centre of the Umbrian country, which has given so many famous men to the Church. The future Cardinal made his first studies at the seminary of Nepi, completing them and being ordained at Rome, where he won the three degrees of Doctor of Philosophy, Doctor of Theology, and Doctor of Canon Law. This distinguished career as a student led to his being at once promoted to two professorships—that of Canon Law in the College of the Propaganda, and that of the Theology of the Sacraments in the Roman Seminary.

His next sphere of activity was Paris. In 1875, under the presidency of Marshal MacMahon, the French Government had accepted a new education law, which abolished the long-standing monopoly of

the State universities and introduced what was known as "Freedom of Higher Education." The French bishops took advantage of the new law to found Catholic university colleges, officially known as Catholic institutes, at Paris, Lyons, Toulouse, Lille, and Angers.

It took some time to organize the new colleges, and it was not till 1879 that the teaching staff of the Catholic Institute at Paris was completed. When the course opened in the autumn of that year, Gasparri was one of the professors. He spent nineteen years in the French capital, where he made many friends. Besides his work as a professor of theology and Canon Law, he devoted much of his leisure time to Apostolic work for the Italian colony in Paris. He published a number of books, the most important of which were a book on the Sacrament of Marriage in 1892, another on Holy Orders in the following year, and a third on the Holy Eucharist in 1897.

He was recalled to Rome by Pope Leo XIII. in the summer of 1898. So far, his career had been chiefly academic and literary: he was now to be employed in important affairs in the service of the Church. He was sent by Leo XIII. as Nuncio to South America, on a diplomatic mission to the Republics of Peru, Bolivia and Ecuador; and before his departure he was raised to the episcopate, with the title of Archbishop of Cesarea. He spent nearly three years in South America, successfully arranged a number of questions which had arisen between the Peruvian Government and the Catholic episcopate, and concluded a new Concordat with the Government of Ecuador. When he returned to Rome in 1901, he was given the important post of Secretary of the Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs. This Congregation belongs to the department of the Papal Secretary of State, who is *ex officio* its president.

In former times, when specially important questions had to be settled between the Holy See and the Governments of

various countries, it was customary to appoint a special Congregation, or committee of Cardinals, to deal with them. These Congregations were officially known as "Congregations of State." The last of these special Congregations was that which was appointed by Pius VI. in 1793, to deal with the difficult state of things created in France by the Great Revolution. When Pius VII. was negotiating the Concordat with Napoleon, he reappointed this Congregation, and gave it the new title of "Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs." It was intended to be a permanent body, ready to deal with any exceptional business that might arise from time to time. The exile of the Pope in 1809 suspended its sittings; but it was re-established on his return to Rome in 1814, and has had since then an unbroken existence.

As Secretary of this Congregation—a post which he held for thirteen years,—Gasparri was in a position to obtain an intimate practical knowledge of the affairs of the whole Catholic world. He was raised to the cardinalate in 1907. There is proof of his exceptional energy and power of organized work in the fact that he had hardly been appointed to the secretariat of the Congregation, when he assumed other duties which alone would have been sufficient fully to employ the time of most men. In 1904 Pius X. published a decree directing that two committees should be formed to take in hand the work of the codification of the Canon Law of the Church; and the presidency of the committee which was to prepare and carry through this task was confided to Gasparri.

The codification was one of the many practical reforms initiated by Pius X. Centuries ago the public law of the Church as it existed in the Middle Ages had been summed up in Gratian's collection of the laws and decrees published up to that time. This early code was, however, only the smallest part of the mass of decrees of Councils and Popes, and

decisions of Roman Congregations, which had accumulated during some seven hundred years. There are, of course, numbers of treatises on Canon Law which serve as a guide to the existing state of legislation; but none of these has higher authority than belongs, in another sphere, to the treatises on the civil law of the United States or of England written by eminent lawyers. The decree of Pius IX. was intended to provide for a new Code, in which the existing state of the law on every question would be set forth in full detail.

The first step taken was to draw up a general scheme of the new Code. It was divided into five parts. Nothing will be published till the whole is complete; but it is understood that in the twelve years since the work was begun, four out of the five parts have been finished and printed, and the fifth is nearly complete. The work was carried through with the patient deliberation that characterizes all the proceedings of the Roman Congregations. The method of procedure has been this. On each point the proposed text of the Code is drawn up by a committee of experts in Canon Law, and printed. The printed text is then submitted for criticism to another group of canonists, and their criticisms and objections are discussed *viva voce* at a meeting of the commission. All decisions taken at this meeting must be adopted unanimously,—that is, the text is discussed until it takes a form on which all are agreed. It is then submitted to a Commission of Cardinals, and in its final form is placed before the Pope for his approval.

Even then the matter is not finished. The printed text is transmitted to all the bishops of the Catholic world, and to the heads of the religious Orders, if it has any bearing upon questions concerning the religious life. The object of this second discussion is to obtain suggestions as to the bearing of the law upon the circumstances and the civil legislation affecting the Church in various parts of the world.

The reports thus obtained are again placed before the two commissions on the Code—the committee of experts and the committee of Cardinals,—their report is laid before the Pope, and his approval fixes the final form of the text. It would be difficult to imagine a more elaborate and careful process of revision, or one which brings to bear upon every question a larger body of expert and practical information and judgment. The wonder is not that the process of codification has lasted for twelve years, but that in such a space of time so vast a work has been brought almost to completion.

From this account of Cardinal Gasparri's activities one can see that he has had an experience which has been an exceptionally efficient preparation for the high position which he now holds. The work of his life has not been confined to Rome: his long residence in Paris and his three years of diplomatic work in South America have brought him into close contact with the leading men of many countries. For years before he became Cardinal Secretary of State, he was employed in duties that made him familiar with all the chief ecclesiastical and political questions of the day. At the same time his work on the codification of the Canon Law was a continual exercise of almost judicial functions.

There has been, in the press of many European countries and in some of the American papers, an attempt to represent the policy of Benedict XV. as pro-German and opposed to France. The plain fact is that the policy of the Holy See since the accession of the present Pope, which took place on the morrow of the outbreak of the great European war, has been one of strict neutrality. While doing what is possible to alleviate the endless misery entailed by the war, the Pope has steadily labored for the promotion of peace. But the theory that he is in any way hostile to France is negatived by the mere fact that Cardinal Gasparri is his Secretary of State. The choice of the Secretary of

State is at least as good a key to Papal policy as the selection of a prime minister is to the policy of any of the European States. If Benedict XV. had felt a shadow of hostility to France, he certainly would not have chosen as his right-hand man, the adviser and interpreter of his international policy, a Cardinal who had spent nearly one-third of his life at Paris, who had friends there in all classes, had always kept up a close correspondence with France, and had given endless proofs of his hearty good-will toward the French people.

James Harrington, M. D.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XX.

T was rather a curious thing that on the very spot where the Doctor had had an imaginary interview with Mabel Wharton on the night of the Gavazzi riots, he should finally have had a real and decisive one. It was a beautiful afternoon, when summer was waning into autumn—the second autumn after Mrs. Forrester's death,—and the hour was veering towards sunset. In the west were splendors of burning, fiery red, interlined with amber and purple, faintly touched here and there with pale blue and pink. The air was vibrant with the hint and promise of a glory and a beauty that spring itself could never equal. There was a crisp coolness, a delightful freshness, a fragrance as of orchards in full fruition, or of nuts that were ripening, far off in dim woodlands or in country lanes. There was also the very human touch that is always in autumn,—a sadness for what is gone, that softens the heart; and yet the promise of home comforts and home delights,—a geniality that belongs to no other season.

Miss Wharton had come to visit a cousin who was a near neighbor of the Doctor. As she passed along the street,

fresh and dainty as was her custom, she suddenly encountered the Doctor. Though that gentleman, as Mrs. Forrester had been wont to observe, had always been unheeding of a woman's clothes, he could not be unaware, in that first swift glance, of the perfect harmoniousness of the girl's attire and the distinction with which it was worn. After that, he saw only her face, in which he was seeking some sign that he might break the long silence between them. But Miss Wharton, who had almost involuntarily stopped when the Doctor did, lost for the moment something of her usual composure; and, after making a rather hasty explanation as to having come to visit her cousin, she turned slightly aside and remarked upon the flowers, which were all of the autumn variety, and upon the altogether delightful old garden.

She spoke as if they had met but yesterday, and as if there was nothing to be explained or apologized for on his part. Nor had the Doctor, in the quick review which his active mind was taking of the situation, intended to make either explanation or apology. Either Mabel Wharton understood, or there was no use speaking at all; and his emotions were crowding upon him, and threatening to drive out of his head all the speeches he had of late been preparing for just such an emergency. For, now that his sky was bluer than ever and his sun shining more golden, he knew that he had only been waiting for an opportunity to speak his mind to the girl, and to receive from her a final answer. Two or three times he had heard, with a poignant throb of anguish, that Colonel Tifton was again pressing his suit hard, despite Miss Wharton's denials, and that she was upon the point of yielding, and of accompanying him to England, whither, as was rumored, his regiment would shortly be recalled.

"What a charming old garden this is!" the girl said, looking over the fence with real pleasure (for they had met on the street outside the Doctor's garden), but

also perhaps with the purpose of bracing herself. The fragrance of flowers all about was idyllic, coupled with the peace and quiet of the neighborhood.

"It is charming," the Doctor replied absently, letting his gaze wander over the rows of asters and dahlias and pansies and marigolds. "I have found it a rest and refreshment in the stress and turmoil of many days." Then he added abruptly: "We were to have taken another drive."

"Yes, with Mrs. Grundy's approval."

"With or without," responded the Doctor. "If only *you* approved, I had hoped to have taken many of them."

He paused again, as though the words were choking him, but yet as if he had to speak his thoughts aloud.

"That drive is one of my happiest memories," he ventured.

"It was pleasant," said the girl, looking straight before her into the garden, but seeming to see (for she, too, had vividly remembered) a sunset evening sky, amber-colored mostly, the glitter of frost, the whiteness of snow all around them.

When the Doctor next spoke there was in his voice an accent of pain that touched the girl deeply.

"I had hoped," he said, "it was the beginning of a new life for me: instead, it was the beginning of change and of many things that need not now be spoken of."

Both were silent. Mabel Wharton was merely waiting. She knew that she could not move away from that spot till something irrevocable had been said between them. For this man beside her, moulded by pain and trial, by the discipline of study and work, by constant upward endeavor, was in earnest and could not be trifled with, even if she had any inclination to do so. In fact, the trivialities of life were far from them both at that moment. Simplicity and sincerity were its keynotes.

"Much that was vexatious has arisen since then, and stood like a wall of adamant between us," the Doctor continued.

He thought he heard his companion

murmur: "Needlessly." But he was not sure, so he went on:

"We can not go back and live that time over again. But can we not begin anew?"

It was a vital question, strangely put, and one which the reserve of Mabel Wharton's nature made it hard for her to answer. She could not go forward: she simply had to wait.

"And a beginning, you know, means an ending. Can you look forward to that?"

"Let us at least begin and see," said Mabel in a low voice.

The Doctor turned and looked at her, though his keen gaze had lost its steadiness, his face its habitual calmness and coldness.

"Does that mean a promise?" he asked.

When the girl answered, it was with a perfect composure; for she had regained her balance, though she was full of an unwonted agitation,—a realization of this most vital problem which the man at her side was asking her to solve.

"It means," she said, "that between you and me there has been mostly a surface acquaintance. We have never really known each other."

"One thing I have known without a shadow of doubt since last New Year's Eve—that I loved you, and could never cease loving you!" declared the Doctor, impetuously.

Mabel Wharton gave a little cry, the significance of which her companion could not guess.

"It was *then*?" she said breathlessly.

"Yes, it was then I first knew for certain that I did not care to face the years without you."

"And before then?" Mabel asked, curious for knowledge on a subject which of all others is most vitally interesting to the young. "Did it not seem to be almost hostility, or even indifference?"

"It was never either one or the other," answered the Doctor; "for you were attracting me all the time. And at first I was consciously or unconsciously struggling against that attraction."

The girl, leaning her arm upon the fence,

still regarded the garden, where the autumn wind was gently playing with the flowers, which later it was ruthlessly to sweep away.

"Besides," the Doctor went on in a low voice, in which there was a note of passionate intensity, "would that matter? If love comes in one supreme moment, is not that enough?"

The smile playing about Mabel Wharton's lips was enchanting. It had in it all the varied feelings of gladness and exultation, a new and very intense feeling of happiness, and also a flicker of merriment that they should be standing still in broad daylight, and, so far as the Doctor was concerned, regardless of all else, working out their individual problem.

She was deeply moved, however; and, though she could not precisely determine at what moment Love, "the lord of all," had taken possession, she made no secret to herself that he was there. Nor did she care to ask herself just then whether her strong preference for her present suitor had begun in the days of her first acquaintance, and in all that intervening time when, in consequence of gossiping remarks, she had been trying so hard to show both the Doctor and the world that she was indifferent. That had been, of course, a confession of weakness; and her strong common-sense, when she had paused to reflect, convinced her that Love must even then have been seeking entrance at the citadel of her well-guarded heart, or she would never have tried to prove indifferent in that case more than in any other. At the present moment she could not reason calmly. She did not want to reason at all; but instinctively, as was her lifelong habit, she wanted to be womanly and dignified. Sickly love scenes, mawkish sentimentality, had always been abhorrent to her.

Still, it was very sweet to stand there beside that old garden, which made so charming a *mise en scène* for romance, and to know that there *was* romance, and far more than romance, between

her and her companion. And to her, as to any girl, the soft whisper of love in the air made the blue sky bluer and the sun brighter; while the top of the old mountain, where she could see it, seemed to smile upon her like a benignant friend. She knew that, if any one had been looking on, it would be absurd to see them standing there; but she could not tear herself away. And, after all, scarcely any one passed, the garden having all that side of the street to itself. There was a lawn, enclosed by an iron railing, on the other side, belonging to a dark, gloomy house, the front shutters of which were scarcely ever opened.

Moreover, during that time of trial, Mabel Wharton had learned to appreciate the Doctor more than ever in all her life. She knew now that there was in his nature a genuine nobility, as well as a true manliness, which had been built up and strengthened by his thoroughly Catholic training. All that was most admirable in his character had been the result; and it was a very secure basis upon which to begin life. It was pleasant to listen to the Doctor, though what he was saying had not always his accustomed lucidity; and, womanlike, she enjoyed seeing him somewhat flustered and out of countenance. It gave an air of truth and reality to those more or less disjointed sentences by which he was striving to drive his meaning home.

It was pleasant, too, when he paused and they stood together in the declining sunshine, as she hoped they would stand on many a summer's day through a long succession of years. She could not imagine a time when they should find each other dull or uninteresting or be at a loss for a topic. Just now, even silence was truly golden between them; and they seemed to be coining words and expressions by which they might tell each other those thoughts that during their separation had often come to them in quiet moments,—thoughts of each other, hopes and wishes, regrets, and wonderings if the unreal

barriers which separated them should be cast down.

"We can not stay here any longer, you know," said Mabel at last, her whole expression and the tone of her voice very gentle, a smile on her lips and in the eyes which looked into his face.

"No?" said the Doctor, rousing himself regretfully, and with a sigh. "It has been so pleasant,—so much happiness crowded into one little half hour!" Then he took her hand for a moment; for there was no one near, save the flowers waving in the autumn breeze, like charming and friendly people. "O you adorable one, are you still afraid of Mrs. Grundy?"

She blushed at the strong epithet, and drew away her hand, though still gently, half laughing.

"If any one should pass!" she remonstrated.

"Why," responded the Doctor, "we should only proclaim a little sooner what I hope you will soon allow me to proclaim to the congregation of St. Patrick's by the calling of the banns,—very soon,—oh, very soon!"

The banns? The word, in its finality, struck upon the girl, with the force of a blow. And yet she knew there were to be no more denials on her part, unless everything were to be over definitely between them.

"And after that," the Doctor suggested, "there will be a still wider publicity in the daily papers, and the rest; and after that—" He paused and drew breath. "Well, after that we shall belong to each other, please God, forever and ever."

As Mabel still did not speak, the Doctor, trying to see her face, said:

"I have been pouring out my heart to you, God knows in what an imperfect fashion, and all the time you have not said one word!"

"I have let you talk—for us both," the girl answered, with that bright laugh her suitor had always admired.

"You mean it?" the Doctor asked, his face beaming with pure delight.

"Why should I deny that I could say 'Amen' to most of the things you have been telling me?" replied Mabel Wharton.

"But I have not told you half."

"Perhaps it is as well," observed the girl. "I might not be able to go on saying that same word always. Besides, I know there will be plenty of time."

"Think of it!" he exclaimed; and then with an ardor that, after all he had said, surprised her, he added: "You will never know how happy you have made me. It was almost life and death which you held in your hands when we began to talk."

Just a moment longer the girl stood; and, curiously enough, her thoughts, for some mysterious reason, flew to Lucy Forrester. She was thinking with a tender pity how happy Lucy would have been if the Doctor could ever have spoken like that to her. And it occurred to her that it was as well, perhaps, that she had never known quite how matters stood between them. So far, she had not spoken to Dr. Harrington of Mrs. Forrester's tragic accident and death; still less would she do so now. Perhaps there was something in that thought that made her good-bye sound a little abrupt, though she cordially extended her hand.

"Good-bye!" she said. "We really must not stay here any longer."

The Doctor bent and kissed her hand, gloved as it was.

"How absurd you are!" laughed Mabel, drawing it away. "In the public street!"

"It is not public," he protested; "and, like all the world, it contains just you and me."

Then he took from his buttonhole a flower which Miss Wharton had noticed there.

"A little child," he said, "gave it to me this morning, and she kissed it first. She will soon be in heaven, poor little mite! There is nothing too good for you, so I give it to you, with all the beauty of her innocence upon it."

She took it almost reverently.

"Thank you!" she said, understanding his thought. She pinned it in her dress, and long, long afterwards she had it still pressed in her favorite volume.

After that, Miss Wharton moved away; and the Doctor told her that, of course, he wanted to walk home with her, unless she had a decided objection. So he moved along at her side sedately, and not at all as if he were walking on air; though all who met them might have read in his eyes and in his happy face the secret that he would have liked to tell to all the world—or, better still, to bury in the depths of his heart. The girl's eyes were shining, too, and her cheeks glowing. Love and happiness make beauty wonderful.

But, as Mabel laughingly said, they were now under the rigid guardianship of Mrs. Grundy. Even their talk was mostly conventional, save for an odd word or phrase with which the Doctor interlarded the conversation. Within a block or two of her house, he said:

"I think it would be as well if you were to name the day at once."

"For what?" she asked mischievously.

"The day when you will marry me."

"I don't think you have asked me yet."

"It was so unnecessary!"

"But I thought we were only beginning."

"Oh, don't put it off!" he pleaded.

"Name a day as early as you can, for I am superstitious."

She named one three months off; but, on the Doctor's urgent plea, consented to cut it down to a bare six weeks.

"We don't want to lose any more time," he said; "for life, after all, is so short!"

"Perhaps you will find it long enough," she answered; "and monotonous, too, with the same person."

Of course the lover at that was very reproachful. Well he knew that her heart could not choose but be faithful; and as for himself, of course he did not suppose that there could be any room for doubt.

"I shall see your father to-morrow," he said in parting.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Minstrel.

BY ENID DINNIS.

IF ever God my hand should take
And lead me through His fair,
And bid me, of His fathering's sake,
Choose me a plaything there,

A minstrel's lyre my choice would be,
Strung with three strings alone,
To praise the Blessed Trinity,—
The Father, Spirit, Son.

The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
I'd sing me all day long,
And never yet could minstrel boast
Of such a gallant song.

And if the world my soul should move
To sing her songs instead
Of this, the song of God His love,
And Christ whose blood was shed,

And God His Spirit's comforting,—
If turned my song from this,
Then would I rend the traitor string,
In nomine Patris,—

Patris et Filii, ere yet
The traitor song could be,—
Et Filii (I trow mel) *et—*
Et Spiritus Sancti.

Our Goodly Heritage.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

XIV.—OUR HERITAGE IN HEAVEN.

FOR us, the perfect consummation of the divine plan is in heaven, our true and lasting home, for which we were created, and to reach which we have been made members of Christ's mystical body on earth. Already, by our incorporation with Jesus Christ in His Church, we are made heirs of the heavenly kingdom and citizens of that Jerusalem, City of Peace, which is above. Since Christ is our Brother, and we are adopted through Him, by the adoption of grace, into the family of God—His Father becoming thereby our Father, by a title more noble and a bond more intimate

than are given by our creation; His Spirit, too, being the life of our souls,—we are truly already “the sons of God,” brought into close relationship with the Blessed Trinity; “and if sons, heirs also,—heirs indeed of God, and joint-heirs with Christ.”* Our sonship by grace is an assimilation to the sonship of God by nature, which is Christ’s. Already, too, in the Communion of Saints, we form one great family with the Church suffering in purgatory, and the Church triumphant in heaven,—one with them in our common union with Christ, by whom, says the Apostle, “we have access in one Spirit to the Father.” We “are no longer strangers and foreigners, but . . . fellow-citizens with the saints, and domestics [i. e., members of the household and family] of God.”†

In heaven we shall enter at last into our full inheritance, when God Himself shall be our reward exceeding great,—that full inheritance, of which our goodly heritage in the Church now is the pledge and title-deed; for by our membership of the Church on earth we “are come to Mount Sion, and to the city of the living God, the Heavenly Jerusalem; and to the company of many thousands of angels; and to the Church of the first-born who are written in heaven; and to God, the Judge of all; and to the spirits of the just made perfect; and to Jesus, the Mediator of the New Testament.”‡

The knowledge of our heavenly inheritance, hidden from the men of old time, or only shadowed forth to them in the dark sayings of prophet and psalmist, is made known in far greater measure to us by the revelation of Jesus Christ. So the Apostle says, paraphrasing the Prophet Isaías: “But, as it is written, the eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, what things God hath prepared for them that love Him.” This is true, indeed,

even now, with our fuller apprehension by faith; for we must await the vision of God to know all that will be ours in heaven. “But,” the Apostle adds, speaking of the Christian revelation, “to us God hath revealed them by His Spirit; for the Spirit searcheth all things, even the profound things of God.”* We can not fully know what are the joys of heaven till we possess them; yet the revelation of God in Christ has made known to us so many and such great things about the glorious life of the world to come that all earthly joys should surely seem, as indeed they are, poor in comparison.

We may divide the beatitude of the Blessed in heaven into essential beatitude and accessory beatitude. The essential beatitude is that for which we were created, and to bring us to which Christ has joined us to Himself and made us one with Him in His body, the Church. It is the vision of God. For the ultimate end and object of man’s existence in the supernatural order instituted at the beginning, and restored and enhanced by Christ, is that he shall see God “face to face”; shall enjoy, without the medium of any created thing, the direct intuition and sight of God as He is; of the adorable and blessed Trinity of Persons in the one Godhead. Essentially involved in this vision or sight of God is an unspeakable ardor of love, and a joy and bliss in the possession of God that no thought now can reach nor earthly words describe. Sight, love, joy, are the elements of the essential beatitude of heaven.

This vision, or sight, is an act of the soul: it is knowing God as He is, according to the word of the Apostle: “We see now through a glass, in a dark manner, but then face to face. Now I know in part; but then I shall know, even as I am known.”† By this knowledge the secrets of the divine nature shall be made clear to us. We can never, indeed, know *all* that God is, nor “comprehend” (that is,

* Rom., viii, 16, 17.

† Eph., ii, 18, 19.

‡ Heb., xii, 22-24.

* I. Cor., ii, 9, 10.

† I. Cor., xiii, 12.

take in to the full) Him who is infinite Truth and Beauty and Goodness; for only the Three Divine Persons themselves can have a *comprehensive* knowledge of the divine nature: an infinite mind is required to know all that is knowable of the Infinite. But our faculties, raised to a supernatural capacity by a divine gift, which is called the light of glory, will be enabled to perceive and to apprehend God, no longer merely as reflected in the mirror of creation, or by the *analogical* concepts furnished now by faith, but in His actual reality.

In the Beatific Vision, by the love awakened in us by the sight of the beauty of God, we shall take hold of Him as our possession, who will give Himself unreservedly to us, embracing us in the most intimate communion of mutual love and intimate friendship. The glories of the Adorable Trinity, God's life of self-knowledge and perfect love, by which the Three Divine Persons know and love each other, will be our eternal delight, inexhaustible, ever new, ever desired and ever given. Then, truly, we shall live with the very life of God by knowledge and love of Him,—that divine life of which grace and faith and hope and charity are the inchoation here on earth. There faith shall be lost in sight, hope shall be crowned in fulfilment, charity shall continue, but shall be unspeakably ennobled and intensified,—raised, by the actual possession of the Desired One, to an indescribable ardor of ecstatic energy and joyous exercise.

Who shall tell the blissful abandonment with which the soul in heaven gives herself to God, who gives Himself to her? What will it be to view, and to share in to our utmost capacity, the blissful life of perfect knowledge of the All-Perfect, and of mutual love and congratulation which are the infinite, joyful life of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost? The Beatific Vision of God, the corresponding love and joy, will fulfil all possible desires and aspirations of the soul; and will throw

their delight around every secondary and accessory joy that we shall possess, even as a great interior happiness on earth will make the sun seem brighter and the beauties of sea and sky and landscape fairer to us. Knowing God, we shall know the very Truth Himself; loving Him and rejoicing in Him, we shall be "inebriated with the plenty of God's house," and He 'shall make us drink of the torrent of His pleasures; for with Him is the fountain of life, and in His light we shall see light.'*

By this celestial knowledge and love of God, and this life of joy in Him, our whole being will be made like to God Himself and truly divine. Even now, by the gifts of grace, we are truly partakers of the divine nature, Godlike, after the pattern of the New Man, Christ Jesus, to whom these gifts already unite us, assimilating us to Him who is the express image of His Father. Much more in heaven, when all the imperfections and earthly limitations which affect us now, even in the supernatural order on earth, are removed, shall we be like to God. So St. John writes: "Dearly beloved, we are now the sons of God; and it hath not yet appeared what we shall be. We know that, when He shall appear, *we shall be like to Him, because we shall see Him as He is.*" And then, exhorting us so to live here that we may come to this glorious consummation, for which our life in the Church is the preparation, and to which it is the way, the Apostle adds: "Everyone that hath this hope in him sanctifieth himself, as He [God], also is holy."†

The bliss of heaven, once gained, can never be lost: it is indefectible. On the one hand, God will never take it away from those that have reached heaven; for He has promised us eternal life. "The gifts and calling of God are without repentance."‡ "The just shall go into life everlasting."§ Again: "You now

* Ps. xxxv, 9, 10.

† I. St. John, iii, 2, 3.

‡ Rom., xi, 29.

§ St. Matt., xxv, 46.

indeed have sorrow; but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice; and your joy no man can take from you."*

"He that shall overcome, I will make him a pillar in the temple of my God; and he shall go out no more."† On the other hand, the Blessed will never incur the loss of their reward by sin; for, seeing God, they can not but love Him with a supreme love, and can not desire anything else but His holy will in all things. So St. Augustine writes: "God has promised me Himself, and that I shall possess Him forever." And St. Peter, in his first Epistle, says: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, according to His great mercy, hath regenerated us unto a lively hope, through the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, *unto an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not, reserved in heaven for you.*"‡

In our next and concluding paper we shall consider the accessory joys of soul and body that will be the lot of the Blessed after the last day, when the number of the elect shall have been filled up, and the "last enemy, death," shall have been destroyed forever.

* St. John, xvi, 22.

† Apoc., iii, 12.

‡ I. Pet., i, 3, 4.

(Conclusion next week.)

It is not God's world, with its love and friendship and little children, its fields and flowers, sea and sky, sunlight and starshine, and sweet consolations of art and song, against which we are bidden to beware. No: it is man's world,—the world which devotes itself to gain, or to the wish to be somebody in society; to the frittering away of time in fashionable frivolity, or in struggling to outdo our neighbor, not in the purity of our lives or the dignity of our actions, but in our clothes, our carriages, and the company we keep. This world it is which can not be rightly loved by one in whom dwelleth the love of the Father.—*Anon.*

Heart Speaks to Heart.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.



MISS O'CONNOR dressed with unusual care in the suit long honored as her best, and secured with many pins a cheap and rakish hat that accentuated the thinness of her gentle old face; then, forgetting to look in the mirror, she hurried down to the kitchen to speak to Sallie, her one servant, of whom in her loneliness she made a companion.

Sallie, fat and good-natured and dull—but not too dull to realize that she had an easy place,—was slowly putting her pantry in order, and munching an apple as she worked. The moment she caught sight of her mistress she stood as if turned to stone, with the apple half raised to her mouth, and stared at her in amazement.

"My, Miss O'Connor, but you do look fine!" she exclaimed admiringly. "A body would think it's Sunday,—Easter Sunday at that!"

Miss O'Connor seemed hardly to hear. Her face wore a determined look not often to be seen there.

"Sallie, I shall be away all afternoon," she said. "I—I'm going to do it. May God forgive me for having delayed so long! I mean I am going to see Mrs. Cole and Mrs. Ferguson and perhaps some others. I can stand it no longer."

She looked at Sallie for encouragement, but looked in vain. Sallie's face had clouded, and, with a prodigious sigh, she said:

"May some good come of it all! But I must say it was a happier time we had before you got to reading about them foreign lands. It's always India with you now, or the poor Chinese babies, or how uncomfortable Africa is, or will the war never end. And what good does it do you?"

"After all I've told you, Sallie, you

don't seem yet to understand. Somehow, you don't take it to heart in the natural way. But I—I can't sit by and do nothing. Think of the suffering! Think of all the souls! And we could help,—each one of us. I'll tell Mrs. Cole all about it, and Mrs. Ferguson, too. They are both rich, and they are generous. How much we can do, if we all set to work! I have many plans. I have thought them out night after night in bed. Nothing else matters much,—clothes or parties or meetings or even gardens."

Sallie sighed again, very dolefully.

"I can't help hankering for the ice-cream we used to have on Sundays. I've tried your plan of thinking about the Chinese babies, but I feel just the same. Thinking isn't dessert, especially when it used to be ice-cream. It cost only thirty-five cents."

"I—I like it, too," Miss O'Connor faltered, but her weakness was momentary. "Thirty-five cents are worth saving in a good cause," she added quickly, and was leaving the kitchen when she turned back to say: "I'll be home in time for supper, and I'll tell you all about it. I should not have hesitated so long. They will be glad to help when they know about the missions, and all the harm the war is doing to them. Everyone will, Sallie."

Sallie shook her head dubiously.

"Maybe so," she said; "but, Miss O'Connor, if you'd knocked about as much as I have, you'd know that people hate to part with their money, even them that's got plenty of it, and how they won't be dictated to about spending it."

Miss O'Connor smiled pityingly.

"I'll be back by six o'clock; you will see then," was her only answer.

Light of heart, she set forth, soon leaving the quiet old street on which she lived for a newer part of town, and stopped at Mrs. Cole's big, showy house on the boulevard. When the maid showed her into the drawing-room, big and elaborate like the house, she found to her delight that Miss Henderson, rich

and a Catholic, was with Mrs. Cole. "Two birds with one stone," she said to herself. At the same instant Miss Henderson frowned involuntarily, annoyed to have her visit interrupted, and Mrs. Cole wondered why Miss O'Connor, of all people, was calling upon her.

Hardly waiting to be seated, Miss O'Connor began to explain the object of her visit. She was both too shy and too much in earnest to chat of common-places. She talked fast, looking from one to the other, and making eager little gestures with her shabbily gloved hands.

"I came on a special mission, Mrs. Cole. And I am very glad to find you here, Miss Henderson. I am going to Mrs. Ferguson's next, and afterward to Mrs. Costello's and to other places. You see—I hardly know where to begin, there is so much to say, and it's all so beautiful or so heartrending. But it's about the missions,—our Foreign Missions. I've been reading about them for weeks in the Catholic magazines. Such hardships! Such heroism! So many souls in darkness! All our papers have something to tell about them; and I have books, too. I wish you both could read them. You would understand then how the churches and the priests and the poor Christians are now suffering. Many priests have been called home, and the few who are left are poor,—so poor! They can not open new schools that are needed terribly. Why, they even have to close those they have! And in China, babies—poor, little, innocent mites—are starving. The Sisters can not get food for them all. And think of the thousands, the millions, of hungry souls starving for the Faith, and we have it! I've thought about it constantly of late. I can't sleep for thinking of it and trying to plan ways of helping. We're so comfortable here, and we don't understand,—we don't know. I thought I'd tell you and other people, who would be glad to do something. We could all skimp and give money; and we could have a bazaar or a card party. Perhaps

we could have both. I've never understood it, but most people *do* like cards. And at bazaars they feel they are getting something tangible for their money; they don't have to be *too* generous. And if we arouse interest, other entertainments will follow, and more and more people will go; and we can help the Chinese babies, and send money to the Propagation of the Faith office, or to India or Africa or China—or all of them. We can put new heart into the missionaries. You know Germany and France and Belgium can not do their part now, so we must take their places. You see, souls are at stake, and we are doing nothing,—nothing!"

She paused at last, not because she had said half of what was in her mind and on her heart: she was quite out of breath and trembling.

Miss Henderson's look of annoyance had deepened as Miss O'Connor talked on and on. Mrs. Cole was smiling, and with a pleasant little laugh she said soothingly:

"My dear Miss O'Connor, you take things too seriously,—much too seriously. We can not be expected to support all Asia, Africa, and Oceania. We played cards all winter and are tired of them. As to a bazaar, no one would come, and it would require a tremendous amount of work." Touched by Miss O'Connor's distressed look, she added: "Don't take the matter so much to heart. The Lord didn't lay the missions on your shoulders. He'll care for His own, never fear."

Miss O'Connor understood that, in her playful way, Mrs. Cole was refusing to help.

"You mean—" she faltered. "But surely you don't understand. I haven't told you half, and I make it so prosaic. If you could read letters I have seen,—letters written by our missionaries! They would make your heart ache. They would haunt you. Those priests and Sisters have no money, and we're living in the lap of luxury."

Mrs. Cole smiled again; she could not help it. It was hard, indeed, to associate shabby, pinched-looking Miss O'Connor

with the mildest luxury. But she spoke very gently:

"You are good to be so deeply interested," she said.

Miss O'Connor's eyes filled with tears, and, unheeded, they ran down over her cheeks. She had felt shy about going to see rich people whom she hardly knew; but had never doubted that, if she did find courage, they would gladly help so good a cause.

Miss Henderson saw the tears, and was sorry that from the first she had been unsympathetic.

"I don't know much about the missions," she said. "Usually, it's the Methodists who talk Foreign Missions, isn't it? I don't think I knew that we have any."

Clasping her hands, Miss O'Connor turned to her, once more full of hope. She told all she knew, and told it with her whole heart. Her face quivered with emotion and her hands trembled. Her slow tongue, never eloquent before, became so then. When she finished, it was Mrs. Cole who spoke, saying politely:

"It is all most interesting. Isn't it a pity we're not millionaires, every one of us? I see the missions do need help, but I don't feel that *I* can give it. And entertainments are quite impossible. Who would be interested? It's hard enough to make money when we need it to paint our own church or feed our own orphans."

Miss Henderson said the same, but more gently, really grieved by the expression on the worn old face that struggled to hide all disappointment.

Miss O'Connor went on her way almost instantly, very stiff and upright as to bearing, very sad at heart. "Mrs. Ferguson will help; she will be glad to," she said to herself, as she hurried down the street; and repeated the words so often that by the time she reached Harcourt Avenue she was almost cheerful, and nearly as confident as before she had talked to Mrs. Cole and Miss Henderson.

Mrs. Ferguson was sitting on her

veranda, and hastened with outstretched hands to meet her.

"How good of you to come to see me!" she exclaimed, little knowing how sweet the cordial words were to a sore old heart. She had known Miss O'Connor as long as she could remember, and liked her and her gentle, oldtime ways.

After a few moments Miss O'Connor was telling her story again, more earnestly than before, if possible, and more eloquently; for she felt that Mrs. Ferguson was in sympathy with her from the first. But, as she talked, her friend's smile faded. She began to look bored. She began to frown. And when Miss O'Connor, out of breath and words at last, listened hopefully for her reply, she said crisply:

"Really, Miss O'Connor, I don't quite see why you are so much worried about China and India and those strange, out-of-the-way places. There are plenty of poor, hungry children here in town. As for souls in danger, we all tremble for them among our own friends. I should like to help, just to please you; but I can't offer my house just now for any kind of entertainment. And we have had so many calls lately that I haven't a dollar to spare. Only this morning Mr. Ferguson was complaining of the never-ending begging for one cause or another."

Miss O'Connor winced at the word "begging," but she held her ground.

"It is true that people have many other demands, but that doesn't help the missions. And such poverty! The priests and nuns have given their lives to the work; they have left their homes and all they love, and you know how hard that must have been; and now they are hampered at every turn. Their willing hands are tied. They are in sore need for money we are wasting."

"I should like to help, Miss O'Connor, but I don't see—suppose you ask Mrs. Cole or Miss Henderson. They are richer than I, and generous, and so good! And there are others whom you might possibly be able to interest."

"I think I must go," was the only reply Miss O'Connor made; and go she did at once, turning towards home without remembering that she had planned to see several other people. It took her a long time to get back. She felt very, very tired, and crept along, her feet only less heavy than her heart. As soon as she entered her house she took a coin from her purse and dropped it into a box on the mantle in her room. Afterwards she went to the kitchen to talk to Sallie.

One glance told the faithful old servant that all had not gone well. Miss O'Connor was no longer neat, no longer elated. She was hot, dusty, tired, disordered; she hung her head, dejected but not yet vanquished.

"Sallie," she said, "as I walked home I was thinking that we don't need butter every day. I don't, certainly. We could get a pound less each week, and that with the ice-cream would save three dollars a month."

Without a word, Sallie left the kitchen. She toiled up the back stairs, to return a few minutes later with a silver dollar in her fat hand. Holding it up before Miss O'Connor's weary eyes, she said:

"There! I'll do that much, since you say them missions really needs it. I'll do it and be glad to. And I guess I can get on without butter as well as you can; though—though I do hope we'll have it once in a while. I wouldn't mind about Mrs. Cole, if I was you, or that Mrs. Ferguson neither."

"I'm trying not to," Miss O'Connor answered meekly. "I see now that I didn't explain very well. They couldn't have helped being interested if I had made them understand how things really are."

She had gone to her room to take off her suit, too sacred for everyday wear, when the bell rang; and after a minute Sallie appeared, scowling, at her door.

"It's that Mrs. Ferguson!" she said. "I put her in the back parlor, and I didn't raise the shades neither."

Miss O'Connor crept down the stairs, wondering if it would do any good to

try once more to explain. She had formed no conclusion when she reached the parlor.

Mrs. Ferguson extended both hands in her usual friendly way.

"As soon as you were gone, Miss O'Connor, and I had a chance to think over all you had said about our missions, I was sorry I had refused to help. As you said, help is sorely needed. I'll give whatever I can coax from Mr. Ferguson; and as to a party or a bazaar, it would be easy—"

She was interrupted by the entrance of Miss Henderson, who, with a nod to her, hurried across the room, to Miss O'Connor, saying impulsively:

"I have but a moment to stay, but I've been thinking of all you told us about the needs of the missions, and I want to give you this." She slipped some bills into Miss O'Connor's hand, adding: "Perhaps I can do more later. I'll try to economize and save a little."

"So you, too, are interested!" Mrs. Ferguson exclaimed. "I was about to say to Miss O'Connor that our house would do splendidly for a big bazaar, or some sort of entertainment; and I should be glad—"

At this moment Mrs. Cole came quickly into the room, brushing aside the scowling Sallie, who had reluctantly opened the door for her, and was now doing her best to be rude—and succeeding admirably.

"Miss O'Connor," Mrs. Cole exclaimed in her whole-hearted way, "I can't forgive myself for having refused to help our Foreign Missions! The thought of them has haunted me ever since you left our house. I didn't know anything about them before, and couldn't grasp it all until I had time to think quietly of what you told us. Suppose we do have a bazaar? Or do you think a card party would be better?"

Miss O'Connor could not answer: she could only weep for joy.

The Memory of May.

BY BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

Fair is the light on the Virgin's altar,
Fair are the flowers that cover it o'er;
And their scent floats down to the people kneeling
In rows far back to the open door,
Where the lingering sunlight gleams and sparkles
Ere it hies away to its home of rest,
Beyond the crest of the shadowy mountains
That call it away to the kindly west;
And it seems to be waiting, expectant, there,
For the first, sweet sound of the fervent prayer:
"Pray for us, Mother, O Star of the Sea!
Mary, our hope and our trust are in thee!"

THERE are many things that the never idle hand of Time will blot out from your memory,—things you would like to recall in their every detail; scenes you would dearly love to live over again because of their comforting and uplifting influence, but which elude you at every turn, and will not come back. You grope for them like one blind; you strain your mind after them as one does in trying to remember some pleasant dream; but always they are hidden in a maze that can not be penetrated, and in the end you are forced to abandon the quest, and to sigh for the sweet pleasure that can not be yours again.

There is one scene, however, that remains mirrored in the clear pools of remembrance for all time; whose glamour can never be dispelled, no matter how rough or long or dark the years may be,—no matter how many new scenes may strive to blot it from your mind. There is one beautiful memory that stands beside you forever, sanctifying your sorrows, making brighter your joy, nerving you in the hour of danger, inspiring and helping you always. It is the memory of May devotions in a little country church on some Irish hillside or in some sheltered valley, where the spirits of a long line of Irish saints and martyrs seem to float with the incense down the sun-kissed aisles, and to throng about you as you pray, filling your mind with beautiful thoughts, and your heart with love for God, and for that sweet Mother of Joys

SIMPLICITY of character is the natural result of profound thought.—*Hazlitt.*

and Sorrows who takes all our cares in her loving arms, and changes them into fragrant flowers to deck the throne of her beloved Son.

From early morn, all through the sunlit day, the people have toiled in the fields; the children have tripped, barefooted, to the school on the hill, and have hastened home again, gathering on the way big bunches of cowslips and daisies and primroses and graceful ferns, to beautify the simple May altar that is to be seen in every Catholic home. The Angelus rings out over the peaceful fields; all work is suspended; every head is bared and bowed; and the sweet Salutation of the Angel is carried on reverent lips from field to field, and Mary's help is invoked, and a prayer is breathed for the souls of the never-forgotten dead. Home then for a little rest and a simple meal, before they make their way to the devotions in honor of the Virgin Mother of God.

In the calm of the May evening, with the sun far on its way to rest, and the birds singing drowsily and dreamily in blossom-crowned hedges, old and young pass along the white, winding roads to the little church on the hill, where loving hands have clothed Our Lady's altar in a many-colored robe of flowers; and there, with heads bent down, and hearts full to overflowing, they murmur the Rosary responses, give thanks to God for all His graces and blessings in the past, and beg, from His infinite store of mercy, strength and guidance for the days that are to come.

It is through Mary they ask it all,—Mary, who has been the light and the comfort of their race through long centuries of gloom and sorrow; Mary, who gave them hope and courage in the dark night of the Penal times, when it was a crime to speak her name, when it was courting death to call her Mother and to possess the signs and emblems of her love; Mary, who upheld them in days of persecution and famine and injustice, whisper-

ing always to them to be of good cheer,—that, no matter how long the night, sometime the dawn should break, and the land of martyrs be uplifted again in loveliness, in sanctity, and in strength. What wonder that they turn to Mary with love and confidence and hope? What wonder that she is to them and to you and to me the one great beacon light on the dark, rough road that leads to the haven of rest?

Fresh young voices fill the church with hymns of praise to Mary; the altar is a blaze of light; the scent of the incense pervades the House of God from floor to roof; the birds come shyly to the open door, glad to know that human hearts have joined them in their eternal song of praise for God and for His Mother.

The Body of Christ is raised aloft in the hands of His anointed; every head is bowed low; every heart pours out its own plea for help in some cross that is hard to bear, in some danger that is soon to be faced, in some temptation that tries a struggling soul to the utmost limit of its strength, and returns to the attack again and again. The last strain of the music dies away; the last prayer is breathed; the last light extinguished on the altar; and then, with glad hearts and strengthened souls, they turn towards home again.

Now they are gone from the blessed altar,

The darkness of evening around it falls;
The sun is hidden beyond the mountains,

Away in the meadow the blackbird calls.
But their hearts bear with them the inspiration
That Mary gives them this evening bright—

To work for God until He shall call them
Away to His home in the Land of Light.

And still they seem to be kneeling there,
And breathing to Heaven the fervent prayer:
Queen of the Angels, O Star of the Sea!
Pray for us, Mary, and guide us to thee!

You may try to forget it, you may travel far, you may live to the age of a hundred years, but never can you erase from your mind the memory of May devotions in Ireland. Thank God for a memory so sweet!

Chopin's Death.

ONE of the intimate friends and a biographer of Chopin thus describes the last hours of that great composer.

The end was indeed near; his sister Louise, Madame Jedezejewicz, and his pupil Gutmann watched by him, and nursed him with the utmost care; and his favorite pupil, the Countess Delphine Potocka, also hastened to his side. It was Sunday, October 15, 1849. His friends were round his bed, weeping at the sight of his sufferings, which they were powerless to relieve. All at once he saw the Countess Potocka, and in a whisper asked her to sing. With a supreme effort she controlled her feelings, and, thinking only of her dear friend and master, gained the strength to sing without faltering Stradella's beautiful "Hymn to the Virgin." Chopin, listening to the lovely voice and music, murmured: "Oh, how beautiful! My God, how beautiful! Again, again!" She sat down to the piano and sang a psalm by Marcello.

In the room all was now still, save for that voice intoning the words of faith and supplication; and the watchers, thinking the end was near, fell on their knees and waited, while he lay apparently insensible on his couch. But he lingered on till the next evening, when he received the last Sacraments, and, resting his head on his faithful Gutmann's shoulder, repeated after the priest in a clear voice the words of the prayers. Soon the death agony came upon him; he bent his head and kissed Gutmann's hand. Then, with a sigh, his spirit passed away, and Chopin, whom Schumann calls "the boldest and proudest poetic spirit of the age," was no more—at least for earth.

It was widely known how much he loved flowers, and so many were sent by his friends that his body was literally covered with them. Mozart's *Requiem*, which Chopin had specially begged should be sung, was performed at the Madeleine, Mesdemoiselles Viardot Garcia and Cas-

tellan, and Signor Lablache taking the solos; and the funeral march was his own, from the B flat minor, *sonata*, scored for the occasion by Reber. When his body was lowered into the grave, a cupful of Polish earth, which had been given to him nineteen years before, in the days when, a youth with glowing hopes and aspiring genius, he had left Poland to see and conquer the world, was scattered over the coffin. He had carefully treasured it all the time, and the earth that now fell upon his coffin was poured from that relic of his long-sundered youth.

Chopin's heart, according to his desire, was taken to his native land, and it is now in the Church of the Sacred Cross at Warsaw.

"Catholic" and "Roman Catholic."

AN APPOSITE QUOTATION.

IT is with no desire of raising a controversy that the writer of the article "Catholic" and "Roman Catholic" in THE AVE MARIA of January 8, 1916 (to which, in the number dated January 22, a rejoinder was made by his Grace the Archbishop of Toronto), ventures to present the following. The quotation, it will be seen, has a distinct bearing on the subject; and is taken from the *Northampton* [England] *Diocesan Magazine* for April, 1916. Writing of his experiences as an Anglican curate, under the title "Another Convert's Experiences," the Rev. Father Philip Gresham Brown, O. D. C., relates this incident:

Some Boulogne fishermen, whose boat had been damaged in a storm at sea, had put into our harbor to make the necessary repairs. They came up to our church and attended the services. But they looked about the church in evident perplexity: the absence of holy water and of an image of Our Lady, among other things, surprised them. I showed them our vestments and other objects calculated to remove any lurking suspicions that we were not genuine Catholics. As they were leaving the church, one of them catechised me as follows:

"Est-ce l'église catholique?"

"Oui," I answered.

"Et apostolique?"

"Oui," I again answered, devoutly hoping that was the end of the matter. But no: another "test" yet remained to be applied.

"Et romaine?" he persisted.

"Non," I answered.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, turning to one of his comrades, with a slight shrug of the shoulders and the faintest suggestion of a smile. "*C'est l'église schismatique.*"

These simple souls, at all events, were not to be deceived. They had summed up our position as accurately as one of the theologians of the Church.

* *

It is quite safe to assert that no one will appreciate this little story more thoroughly than the Archbishop, or be more ready to acknowledge its appositeness. We hope to have more of Father Brown's experiences.

A Word with a Pacifist.

WITHOUT posing as "the spokesman of the rights of humanity," Mr. Henry Ford sometimes says things of some moral importance. He himself jokes about the movement to nominate and elect him President of the United States; but he was not joking when he said, in reference to preparedness:

"In all this clamor of militaristic preparedness, wherever you take the trouble to probe it, there are uncovered the sinister manipulations of the army contractors and their greed for profits. Preparedness in itself is not what they are after; what they want is expensive big contracts, big profit army contracts with their campaigns. They don't want little submarines and plenty of them, that are comparatively cheap: they are always for huge battleships that cost millions of dollars. The influence of the army contractor is everywhere in this sinister campaign for militaristic preparedness. And to that preparedness he gives nothing—no risk,—not even a cessation of profits; on the contrary, he fattens on such militarism. Men are asked to lay down their lives,

women to face destitution in giving up their husbands and their sons to the slow torture and death of the battlefield; everywhere are want and privation and misery. Yet the army contractor alone profits; his contracts abate not one cent of profits; he alone grows wealthier, and not even the patriotism of the bankers who stand behind him is tested. The latter buy the bonds and supply the money for militarism and the schemes of preparedness at a lower price, and charge a higher interest upon them. It is these two classes that are the beneficiaries of war and of the schemes for preparedness that are shouted out to the people."

Granting that there is some truth in all this—much less, however, than Mr. Ford imagines,—he ought to be able to advance stronger arguments against preparedness. The significance of recent events in Mexico is evidently not plain to him; and he has probably turned a deaf ear to the strong recommendations of military experts as to the advisability of having more troops at the Canal Zone; also to the fact that the Japanese are flocking to the Philippines and acquiring a large amount of property there.

The delusion of the pacifists is that they see the world as it ought to be, not as it is. It is unlikely that there will ever again be so general a war as the one now raging, but it is also unlikely that for a long time to come nations will agree to settle all their disputes by arbitration. The world will have to become vastly more Christianized than it is before the reign of peace is firmly established everywhere.

Our people do not want war any more than Mr. Ford, and they are not likely to be swept away by the hysteria of militarism and militaristic preparedness. They realize, however, that, in order to preserve peace and to protect their national rights, the formation of an adequate army and navy is both a measure of prudence and a lesson of experience. Our unpreparedness is a serious matter.

Notes and Remarks.

While it is an old story with us here in the United States that Dr. Carroll, as a religious statistician, is unfair in his figures as to our Catholic population, there is no reason for believing that he minimizes the number of other religionists in the country. It is doubtful, however, whether either the Doctor himself, or the "Federal Union of Churches" which issues his statistics, will exult in the conclusion which his figures thrust upon foreign readers of his studies. The London *Catholic Times*, for instance, comments on the fact that Dr. Carroll reports only forty millions of our one hundred million people as acknowledging membership in any religious body. "That is to say, there are sixty million persons in the Republic—far more than half the population—who profess no religious creed. American Protestants send missionaries to Europe. Some of the sects send men and money to Rome for the purpose of perverting Italian Catholics. Protestant missionaries have also been sent to tempt the Catholics of the South American republics from their creed. Seeing how vast is the field open to them for work amongst their own lapsed members, the missionaries might well have spared their societies the expense of sending them abroad. But doubtless they have found the situation at home hopeless."

Verily, the dauntless proselytizers of the sects might profitably read the Scriptural saying regarding the mote in one's neighbor's eye and the beam in one's own.

Some passages of a recent Pastoral by the Bishop of Galloway on the subject of the war—the fury of which, far from abating, grows more and more fierce as time advances—would not be altogether agreeable reading for the Catholics of Germany, but the faithful of every country will be gratified by his reference to the beneficent influence exerted by Benedict

XV. "The only Power on earth that has been able to intervene amongst the belligerent forces for the mitigation of the sorrows of the war," says the Bishop, "is the Holy See. The Sovereign Pontiff wields an influence amongst the nations at war that is not in the power of any other person or Government in the world. If the storm of passions has still baffled his desire for peace, nevertheless the Holy Father has been able to snatch many lives from the conflagration and soothe the pains of suffering humanity. He has induced the belligerent Governments to consent to the exchange of those prisoners of war who are no longer fit for military service on account of their maimed condition or advanced age,—many of whom have already returned to their homes in Great Britain and Ireland, or to Germany, Russia, and France. He has succeeded in having houses opened in Switzerland for the care of soldier-prisoners who are victims of various diseases. He has obtained permission from the various belligerent Powers for chaplains to minister to the wants of their fellow-countrymen who are prisoners in many parts of the Continent of Europe, as well as in Turkey,—a consolation more salutary than any other to the unhappy soldiers in foreign lands who are separated from their spiritual directors."

Although South Carolina can not boast of its wealth or the literacy of its inhabitants, it has reason to be proud of the fact that, in regard to the sanctity attaching to marriage and the marriage bond, and the preservation and protection of the integrity of the family, the State ranks first. And it is a sincere gratification to have the assurance of one of its leading newspapers (the *Columbia State*) that "there is not the faintest likelihood that the people of South Carolina will surrender the one thing that more than all others gives the State distinction, and of which her people wherever they may go may and do speak with honest pride. In South

Carolina the theory and the practice are that family life, family honor, and the rights of children shall be protected even though, in rare cases, the happiness of an individual man or woman be sacrificed."

The distinction of having no divorce law would be honor enough for any State, and South Carolina has others besides this.

A diamond wedding, or a diamond jubilee, used to mean the seventy-fifth anniversary of the event commemorated; and we see that the latest edition of the Century Dictionary still adheres to that signification of the phrase. Of late years, however, it has become customary to apply the phrase to the sixtieth anniversary, and this usage is concurred in by the compilers of so authoritative a work as the Oxford Dictionary. Possibly the seventy-fifth year will henceforth be known as the radium anniversary, on the principle that the event and the substance are equally rare. All this is merely preliminary to the statement that the Very Rev. Father Cormier, Master General of the Dominicans, celebrates this month the rounding out of sixty years in the priesthood,—his Diamond Jubilee as a priest of God. The *Rosary Magazine* publishes an interesting summary of the life of this venerable religious—a life full to the brim of beneficent activities,—and concludes its sketch with this notable statement: "And the greatest paradox of his whole life has been this—that, being professed as a preparation for death, he has outlived all his fellow-novices; and that, having joined the Order to efface himself, he has from the very beginning been put upon the candlestick to be a light for his brethren."

The zealous ultra-Protestant evangelists of this country, whose hearts are yearning for the conversion—save the mark!—of the poor benighted Catholics of Latin America, must be just a little disheartened by the cumulative testimony of repre-

sentative men of their own faith, or faiths,—all certifying to the utter uselessness and futility of such attempted converting. Here, for instance, is the declaration of a Protestant minister, writing from a South American city to the *Living Church*:

The most silly method to obtain the support of men and money from Great Britain and the United States is to proclaim that Latin America is without religion, without faith, and relapsing into a condition of paganism. The people of Latin America are happy, affable, and full of aspirations; their cities are clean and well governed; wealth is rapidly increasing; schools, universities, and modern engineering industries are constantly expanding. Their churches are attractive and full of activity. There are four thousand priests and students. I have heard splendid sermons, have been inspired with the magnificent influence of the Catholic Church upon the people, and have prayed to God to provide a movement as effective in Boston, Washington or Milwaukee; in fact, I have never really known what the Church meant until I took up my final residence here. These people neither desire nor would understand any of the forms of speculative Protestantism with which I am acquainted.

Such of the ambitious evangelists as are really sincere in their hope of making Protestants out of Latin Americans are clearly ignorant of the people and their condition; the others are chiefly interested in keeping the good folk of this country equally ignorant of real conditions in the republics to the south of us, while collecting in the meanwhile as many shekels as they possibly can.

The following news item from the *Morning Star* is eloquent of the state of mind which seems to prevail in a certain section of the southern half of this republic. Says our New Orleans contemporary:

The State of Florida appears to have gone stark mad in its bigotry. It celebrated Easter by ordering the arrest of three Sisters of St. Joseph in the city of St. Augustine on Easter Monday. This is the disgrace that to-day stamps Florida before the eyes of the nation. Catholic Sisters were marched as prisoners through the streets of the oldest Catholic city in the United States, where the first Mass was said, where the first priest-martyrs shed their

blood for the Faith, where the first church was erected, where Christianity was first preached. And what was their crime? They taught little colored children to read and write and to know God, in a colored parochial school. Yes, that is a crime in the State of Florida! Three years ago a law was passed forbidding whites to teach the colored in colored schools.

Catholics in this country, whatever be their hyphenated affiliations, might for a while forego their indignation respecting foreign affairs and turn their attention to such rank un-Americanism as that exhibited by these bigots. But not Catholics alone, every American with power of public utterance should rise up to repudiate the ignorance and malice of the Florida fools, who seem to have no conception of what it means to be either American or even human.

Adventurous as well as beneficent was the career of the late Father Thomas Jackson, of St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society, who passed to the reward of his labors and sufferings last month in England. His heroism as a military chaplain in India won the unbounded admiration of the officers and soldiers of the British army, who referred to him as its bravest member; while his subsequent self-sacrificing labors as a missionary in Borneo caused him to be appointed its Prefect Apostolic and to be known as its apostle. In reference to the part Father Jackson bore in the Afghan War, Bishop Casartelli, in a sermon preached at the funeral of the devoted priest, related that while the British troops were in rapid retreat to Kandahar, after the disastrous battle of Maiwand, he noticed a poor wounded soldier dragging himself along on foot, and insisted upon his accepting the camel that had been provided for the chaplain. Father Jackson followed on foot. "Wearied and exhausted, he was unable to keep up with the rapid march; and for a fortnight or more, entirely alone in the midst of a wild, dangerous country, inhabited by fanatic and hostile tribes, and in danger of wild

beasts, he managed, hiding by day and travelling by night, and almost starved to death, at last to overtake the column and reach Kandahar, where he remained during the long siege, until the famous General, afterwards Lord Roberts, came to the relief."

**

Of the life led by Father Jackson in Borneo, the Bishop said that it reminded one of the travels and sufferings of St. Paul. "He had been the first priest to penetrate into the interior of North Borneo, and again and again he got jungle fever. He had been days and days without a stitch of dry clothing, and he visited several savage tribes with a view to ascertain where it would be best to make missionary centres. The terrible work of exploring was necessary; for no priest had for two hundred years before explored the land. The great difficulty he experienced—his cost and time in travelling from North Borneo to Sarawak and back again—might be understood if missions in Scotland and the South of France had to be served from this centre [Manchester, England]. Twice Father Jackson had been almost lost at sea, having had to sail for many days and nights in a small open boat, all the time wet to the skin. Once, while in the morass with his guides, he fell down insensible with jungle fever and had to be carried back to the coast. On another occasion he remained twenty-four hours for dead in a hut among the savages."

Truly an heroic life. And to think that such lives are being led by our missionaries all over the world!

As a rule we do not read the pastoral letters of bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, having found them academic rather than apostolic, shifty instead of strong. We have smiled over some of these productions—to keep from sighing,—they seemed so weak and watery compared with the pastorals of real bishops—those of the late Bishop Hedley, for

instance. But we shall be on the lookout for future charges to his clergy by Bishop White, of Michigan City—or is it Mishawaka?—if the following paragraph turns out to be a specimen one:

I hold that the Protestantism of to-day is a totally different thing from the Protestantism of three hundred years ago. That was negative, this is positive. It is bold, aggressive, and defiant. It contends for the right of man to think what he pleases, believe what he pleases, construct what religious societies he pleases, and worship as he pleases. It flaunts at all that historic Christianity holds sacred, repudiates the creeds as of any binding obligation, scoffs at an accredited ministry with divine power in matters sacred, and teaches something totally different from the sacramental system embedded in historic Christianity. It is a disintegrating force, and its final battle will be in the rejection of all essential religion.

Bishop White has really distinguished himself by this statement concerning Protestantism.

Some months ago we set forth a remarkable description of a death on the field of battle, taken from the sketches contributed by John Ayscough to the *Month*. There is another such account, also well worth quoting, in the current number of the same periodical,—the story of his ministration to a German boy, as that other was the tale of the last hours of a young Polish soldier. The chaplain writes:

One day the Ancient was summoned by a series of nods and beckonings to a mere boy, pathetically childish-looking, who was sitting up, the better to attract attention, in the middle of his stretcher. He was badly shot in the head, and his bandage had a queer, caricaturish resemblance to a turban. Coming down a little over one eye, it caused him to hold his head sideways, and peer up sideways in an inquisitive, alert fashion that was like a starling. There was not much of him; and what there was, was very lean.

"*Kommen Sie hier,*" he kept calling, with volleys of smiles. "*Ich wünsche sprechen zu Ihnen. Sie sind Katholisch? Ja! Prälat? Ja, ja; ich verstehe.*"

He was full of impatience. He had been, he said, looking out for a priest, and offering all the money he had to the orderlies to bring him one. They had assured him that he would soon get one for nothing, but he had not been quite

ready to believe. He thought they might only want to save themselves trouble. He said he was not quite sixteen, and he certainly looked only fifteen,—a most merry creature, though he fully realized that he was probably going to die.

"Now," he cried triumphantly, "I'm going to confess!"

And he did so, in no subdued tones, with extraordinary preparation, and with a most touching boyish simplicity and devotion. All the time he knelt up in the middle of his stretcher, his little face full of "recollection," his small, thin hands clasped, the bright black eyes tightly closed.

"Now," he said decisively, when he had been absolved,—“now that part's done. Now—anooint me, please!”

He stretched himself out flat, and eagerly turned to the priest each part that was to be anointed.

"And now," when that was finished,—“now, my Father—give me Our Lord!”

"Yes, dear little son; but I must go to a church and—"

"Well, go,—go, Father! Be quick! It wouldn't do to die till you come back."

He did not look like dying so soon; but still there might be no time to lose; and the priest went, bringing back with him more than one Host, as there were several terrible-looking cases.

When the little lad had received the Holy Viaticum, he smiled and said:

"Now it's all right. . . . *Auf wiedersehen, mein Vater!*"

"And the priest turned to move among the dying to seek for others of his own." Our readers are, of course, aware that John Ayscough is, outside of his writing capacity, the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew.

One important and not unneeded lesson taught by the life of the late Wilfrid Ward is pointed out by Canon Barry in a sympathetic "Remembrance" contributed to the *Catholic Times* of London. "For myself," says the distinguished writer, "I am glad to have watched his career from the beginning, with an admiration deepened now by all I have been told of his devout courage in the face of death. May God rest him, and may we learn from him how to unite perfect faith and entire charity in judging our fellow-Catholics!"

Notable New Books.

The "Summa Theologica" of St. Thomas Aquinas. Part II. (First Part.) Literally Translated by the Fathers of the English Dominican Province. Second Number. (QQ. XLIX—LXXXIX.) R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.

In this new volume of the excellent translation of the "Summa Theologica" we have the profound treatise on habits—in general and in particular. The titles of the questions in the first part are: Of Habits in General, as to their Substance; Of the Subject of Habits; Of the Cause of Habits, as to their Formation; Of the Increase of Habits; Of the Corruption and Diminution of Habits; Of the Distinction of Habits. Part second treats of good habits—i. e., virtues; and of evil habits—i. e., vices. Needless to say the treatment is thorough and masterful. Could anything, in fact, be more comprehensive and intensive than the holy Doctor's answer to the contention that venial sin is not a disposition to mortal sin? He says:

"A disposition is a kind of cause; wherefore as there is a twofold manner of cause, so is there a twofold manner of disposition. For there is a cause which moves directly to the production of the effect, as a hot thing heats: and there is a cause which moves indirectly, by removing an obstacle, as he who displaces a pillar is said to displace the stone that rests on it. Accordingly, an act of sin disposes to something in two ways. First, directly; and thus it disposes to an act of like species. In this way, a sin generically venial does not, primarily and of its nature, dispose to a sin generically mortal; for they differ in species. Nevertheless, in this same way a venial sin can dispose, by way of consequence, to a sin which is mortal on the part of the agent; because the disposition, or habit, may be so far strengthened by acts of venial sin that the lust of sinning increases, and the sinner fixes his end in that venial sin; since the end for one who has a habit, as such, is to work according to that habit; and the consequence will be that, by sinning often venially, he becomes disposed to a mortal sin. Secondly, a human act disposes to something by removing an obstacle thereto. In this way a sin generically venial can dispose to a sin generically mortal; because he that commits a sin generically venial, turns aside from some particular order; and, through accustoming his will not to be subject to the due order in lesser matters, he is disposed not to subject his will even to the order of the last end, by choosing something that is a mortal sin in its genus."

This short passage shows how St. Thomas

goes to the root of things, how clearly he sets forth principles, and how completely he removes difficulties; it shows, too, in what good, plain English his teaching has been reproduced. The translators are to be congratulated on the regularity with which they provide readers with successive numbers of their great undertaking, as well as on the care which they exercise to render the English version of the "Summa Theologica" worthy of comparison with the best translations that have appeared in other languages. The completion of their important task may be delayed by the war, but happily it is already within sight.

The Romanticism of St. Francis, and Other Studies in the Genius of the Franciscans. By Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. Longmans, Green & Co.

Of the four studies which make up the contents of this engaging volume, the average reader will peruse with greatest interest the first, which gives the book its name; and the last, which is entitled "A Modern Friar." The learned author, in true Franciscan manner, modestly disclaims completeness for any of these studies; and there is a sense in which his disavowal may be allowed—namely, in that these essays are suggestive and will lead to much further investigation of the themes of which they treat. But that they are so highly suggestive is a tribute to the profound scholarship by which the author was enabled to crowd so much historical information, social philosophy, racial poetry, and spiritual lore, into the limits which he had set himself. In this sense, the essays are liberally complete.

The writer's aim has been, not merely to set forth the bare facts of Franciscan history, nor the traditions of Franciscan legend: rather he has aimed to present the Franciscan ideal, or point of view, directly interpreted by life, directly applied to life. Thus, in the opening study, "The Romanticism of St. Francis," he is concerned with the ideal of poverty established by the Poverello, showing it to be fundamental in the Franciscan scheme, a positive rather than a negative virtue, and really a thing of beauty and a joy abiding.

Father Alphonsus, who died at the friary of Pantasaph, in North Wales, in 1911, is the modern friar of whom Father Cuthbert writes,— "a friar of whom it may be said that in him the spirit lived which made the Franciscans so much revered by the English people in the far-off thirteenth century. He was a man with the gift of creating enthusiasm; an idealist in close touch with the mental and moral life of his time; a believer in the essential sincerity of the movements—religious, intellectual and

social—which take hold of the world's life; and yet withal instinctively Catholic in his every thought and affection." The intellectual and moral training which he received, the prodigious natural powers which he brought to that training, the crowded years of activity which he passed as a missionary, and his inner character, furnish a picture of Franciscan genius at its best in our own day.

History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages. By Johannes Janssen. Translated by A. M. Christie. Vols. XIII.–XVI. Kegan Paul & Co.; B. Herder.

The first two of these volumes are devoted to Book III. of the work, which deals with the schools and universities, culture and learning, book censorship and book trade of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. To most readers, perhaps, these volumes will be the most attractive of all. A glance at the table of contents gives an idea of the varied information they afford. Chapter ix of Vol. XIV. is of especial value and interest, being a detailed account of the translation of the Holy Scriptures into the German language by Catholics and Protestants. Martin Luther's deserts as regard the development of the German language are acknowledged to be great; but his translation of the Bible is shown to teem with coarseness, mistakes, and inaccuracies.

Vol. XV. in Part first of Book IV. deals with commerce and capital, Christian and Jewish usurers, minting and mining, industry, peasant life, the effect on agriculture of unlimited hunting, and the decline of agriculture; in Part second, with princes and court life, princely finery in clothes and jewels, games of fortune, gold-making, life of the nobles, burgher and peasant life, beggars, poor laws, robbery of the poor, causes of growing pauperism, and the increase of beggars and vagabonds. Vol. XVI. (Part third of Book IV.) discusses the general moral and religious chaos, the increase of crime, criminal justice, witchcraft and persecution of witches down to the religious revolution, the spread of the belief in witches after the outbreak of the schism, imperial penal legislation against witchcraft and its violation in judicial procedure, witch-persecution from the time of the Church-split to the last third of the sixteenth century, Johann Meyer's stand against witch-persecution—his co-fighters and opponents, witch-persecution in Catholic and mixed districts after the last third of the sixteenth century, the attitude of the German Jesuits to witchcraft prior to Frederick von Spee, and the persecution of witches in the Protestant districts since the last third of the sixteenth century.

Of the authoritative character of this ad-

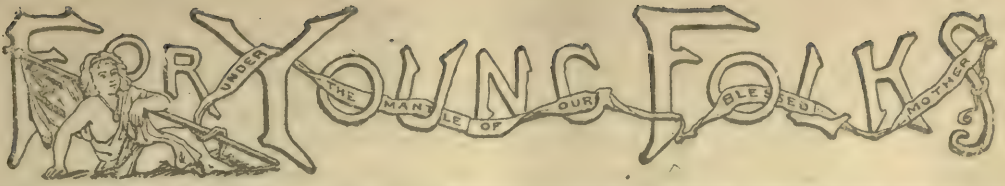
mirably written and excellently translated work it is unnecessary to speak. As will be seen from the foregoing conspectus, the latest volumes are of exceptional interest, giving a wealth of details on many very important subjects.

The Story of the Catholic Church. By the Rev. G. Stebbing, C. SS. R. Sands & Co.; B. Herder.

A fairly adequate history of the Church in one volume—and a not unwieldy one, although it is a post octavo of seven hundred pages—is something for which the average Catholic reader may well be thankful. Father Stebbing avowedly writes for the general rather than the scholarly, theological, or critical reader; and his work, accordingly, differs from most of our Church histories both in what it contains and especially in what it omits. The book is not an apologetic volume, either in the controversial sense or in the popular one. No pages are devoted to proving the truth of the Church's claim, and discussions on dogma and heresy are rather stated in brief than argued in detail. As for apology in the popular sense, the author well says: "When once we have fixed in our mind these two things, that the Church is a divine institution, God's organ for telling the good tidings of His Revelation to all nations; and this other truth, that it comprises human elements, and is therefore sure to be marked with all manner of human weaknesses, we need apologize in the popular sense no longer."

More than most other ecclesiastical histories, at least in the English language, the narrative is a connected one, written with regard to chronological sequence; and, while the author's divisions of time for his various "books" will not impress the scholar as being uniformly accurate, they are sufficiently precise for his general purpose. These books, with their titles and dates, are: I. The Foundation of the Kingdom (A. D. 29–313); II. The Christian Empire (313–590); III. Formation of Christendom (590–800); IV. The Holy Roman Empire (800–1048); V. Mediæval Christendom (1048–1276); VI. The Decline of the Middle Ages (1276–1417); VII. The Renaissance (1417–1534); VIII. The Reformation (1534–1648); IX. The Balance of Power (1648–1774); X. The Church and Democracy (1774–1914).

While the work as a whole is eminently satisfactory, it contains here and there statements of facts and expressions of opinions which leave the author open to criticism, and which, in so necessarily summarized a narrative, might congruously enough have been omitted. It should be added that the volume is furnished with a list of useful works of reference, a table of Popes and sovereigns, and a chronological as well as a general index.



God's Stars.

BY CHARLES S. GOODMAN.

WHEN I am gazing at the sky,
The stars all seem to say:

"If you are good to everyone,
You'll be with us some day.

"For we're the souls of little boys
Who used to live like you,
And faithfully we did what God
Gave each of us to do.

"And so He took us to His home,
His little stars to be;
Up here in heaven we shall shine
For all eternity."

The Jingling Bridle.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

SOMETIMES occurrences which appear to be supernatural admit of a very simple explanation, although it seems that Providence surrounds them with mystery in order to impress the wicked. The story of a French miller's jingling bridle is a case in point.

Pierre Le Du lived in the village of Toulbraz, on the bank of the River Blavet. He was a very violent and cruel man, whose conversation was habitually sprinkled with oaths, and who was disliked and feared by all who knew him, and that meant everybody within fifteen miles; for he rode about the country soliciting orders, seated on his donkey, whose bridle—or, rather, the string of sleigh-bells attached to it—announced his approach.

Le Du went from one farm to another gathering sacks of corn, which he afterwards brought back in the form of meal. But he was so profane and treated his

customers so rudely that, if there had been another gristmill in the district, the wheels of his would assuredly have been idle.

His wife, Jeanne-Yvonne, helped him in his work, while the housework as also the care of the stable and the barnyard fell to the lot of a little fourteen-year-old orphan girl, Iaketa. Poor Iaketa! What a sad and laborious life she had of it! How shamefully ill-treated she was by Pierre Le Du! Fortunately, she was better treated by the miller's wife. But Jeanne-Yvonne's friendly words or caresses and little acts of kindness had to be given by stealth, else Pierre would have exploded into a burst of angry violence. Everybody trembled before him, even to little Patand, a young dog full of frolicsome humor, and Iaketa's great friend.

One morning, as he was harnessing his donkey, Pierre appeared to be in an unusually savage temper, even for him.

"Iaketa! Iaketa!" he called.

"Yes, master!"

"Where did you put that bridle?"

"I didn't put it anywhere,—I didn't touch it."

"You lie, you hussy! Last night I left it on the doorstep. You must have picked it up and put it somewhere."

"I assure you, master—"

"Shut up! You do-nothing stupid! You have no more gumption than a stone. But I'll give you some. Here, take that!"

The *that* was a cruel blow with his whip. The lash encircled the poor girl's face, leaving a red mark on both cheeks.

Iaketa fell to the ground, sobbing loudly. The noise brought out Jeanne-Yvonne, who attempted to console her. But Pierre seized his wife by the arm, and, shaking her, said angrily:

"Oh, ho! So you take her part, do you? Do you want a taste of the whip yourself?

You'll get it, if you don't look out. I'm in a nice fix on account of this good-for-nothing jade. Without the bells, the farmers won't hear me coming; they won't come to their gates, and I'll have to dismount and tramp through their confounded yards. I must go, all the same, since I have made engagements for to-day. But," and he made a menacing gesture at Iaketa, "if that bridle isn't found by the time I get back this evening, look out for another whipping!"

Now, despite the most minute searching during the day, neither Jeanne-Yvonne nor Iaketa could find the bridle; and, sure enough, on his return he was as good as his word. He beat poor Iaketa unmercifully, and threw her, all bruised and trembling, on the straw tick in the stable, her only bedroom. The unfortunate girl sobbed herself to sleep; for sleep is stronger, when one is young, than pain or sorrow.

Le Du slept also. No qualms of conscience about his cruelty disturbed his heavy slumber. About midnight, however, something *did* disturb him. He found himself suddenly wide awake and listening to—the jingle of the bridle's bells. His wife, awake also, heard it distinctly, too.

"Well," said Pierre, with a big oath, "that's queer."

"Don't swear," expostulated Jeanne-Yvonne. "What can it possibly be?"

"That little idiot, Iaketa. But I'll soon make sure."

He got up, lighted a lantern, and, followed by the trembling Jeanne-Yvonne, went out to the stable. Iaketa was sleeping soundly. He shook her awake and questioned her, but the poor girl did not understand what he was talking about. *She* had not heard the bells. Nevertheless, Pierre examined the tick, looked all around the stable, and then all around the house. Nothing was to be seen, or, at present, to be heard. Then he returned to bed, telling his wife that both of them must have been dreaming.

Several times during the night, however,

the jingling was again heard. At daybreak it was quite distinct; and a half-dozen different times in the course of the day the noise of the bells was too clear and plain to be mistaken. The jingling seemed to come from underground, but there was no cellar to the house, so that could hardly be. Pierre moved all the furniture, looked and relooked into every hole and corner, but found nothing.

The days went on, and the jingling was heard at irregular intervals. The miller's anger only grew worse. His wife timidly suggested that he was perhaps being punished for having beaten Iaketa. That made him still more furious, and he would have persisted in blaming the jingling on the girl, were it not that the noise was heard sometimes when Iaketa was under his eye and plainly had nothing to do with it. Anyhow, she was a nuisance; so he sent her away,—turned her adrift on the world. Jeanne-Yvonne ventured to say to him: "Ask her pardon for accusing her falsely, or else some misfortune will befall us." But he would not. So Iaketa went off, and—the bells still jingled.

Then Pierre Le Du fell sick,—sick of anger and fear. The neighbors did not go near them. "Their house is haunted," they said among themselves; "they are accursed."

In the meanwhile the mill-wheel was silent. And the condition of Le Du's health progressed from bad to worse. At first, whenever he heard the jingling, he flew into a rage; and then, as his business was threatened with ruin, his violence changed into terror, and a vague remorse began to torment him. Suppose Heaven was punishing him for having beaten so cruelly the innocent Iaketa! He gave up eating and was fast sinking into the depths of despair, when one afternoon he chanced upon the explanation of the mysterious jingling. And the explanation was nothing more or less than—Patand.

That young dog had noticed the bridle lying on the doorstep, had seized it in his teeth, trotted around with it for a time, and, rather proud of his new play-

thing, had taken it to his favorite hiding-place. This was an excavation under the fireplace of the house, unknown to the Le Dus, and reached by a hole in the rear wall,—the said hole being nicely concealed from view by a bush growing in front of it. This was Patand's special cave. He repaired there occasionally during the day, and amused himself with biting the leather of the bridle. He slept there at night, and, if he happened to awake, grabbed the bridle in his teeth and shook it again and again.

On one particular afternoon, however, as Le Du was sitting on a bench in his orchard, his eyes gloomy and his head bent beneath the weight of his worries, he saw the dog disappear under the bush, and the next minute heard the bells.

Pierre called out: "Patand, Patand!" And, after an interval of a few seconds, Patand emerged from under the bush with the jingling bridle in his teeth.

For a moment Pierre could not speak. Then he shouted: "Jeanne-Yvonne! The bridle is found."

The wife was fully as much surprised as the husband. When the surprise had subsided, she investigated, looked under the bush, found the hole in the wall, the cavity under the fireplace—and everything was clear.

So there was not anything supernatural about the mysterious jingling, after all. Nevertheless, the experience taught Pierre Le Du a needed lesson. During his illness he had had time to reflect on his outbursts of temper and their effect upon himself and upon others, and the reflection was salutary. Accordingly, when Jeanne-Yvonne insisted that he should apologize to Iaketa, take her back, and nevermore be brutal, he sighed and consented. He really did become a changed man. His health returned, and his customers also. Thereafter he was as mild as he had formerly been rough; the mill-wheel turned merrily; and Patand played with Iaketa as unconcernedly as if he had not worked a real wonder.

Killykinick.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XX.—LITTLE BOY BLUE.



R. WIRT lay very still. Freddy never remembered seeing any one quite so still before. Even his breathing had grown quiet, and the rise and fall of the broad breast was the only sign of life in the otherwise motionless figure. All around him was very still, too. Freddy could hear the splash of the waves on the beach, the rustle of the wind through the dwarf trees, the whirl of wings as some sea bird took its swift flight above the broken roof. But within there was a solemn hush, that to the small watcher seemed quite appalling.

Roy, as the other dog was named on his collar, dozed at his master's feet. Rex kept his place at Freddy's side, as if conscious of his responsibilities; and, for a time that seemed quite interminable, all were silent. Freddy found himself studying the big man's pale face with fearsome interest. How very pale it was! And the rough growth of beard that hid mouth and chin made it seem paler still. But the nose was straight and smooth as Freddy's own. The silver-streaked hair fell in soft waves over a broad handsome brow. And there was a white scar on the left temple, that throbbed with the low breathing. Somehow, that scar held Freddy's eye. Surely he had seen a V shaped scar like it before, where or when he could not think; perhaps on one of the big football players at St. Andrew's.

"Ah, if good Brother Tim were only here now!" thought Freddy hopelessly, as the picture of the spotless stretch of infirmary arose before him. The rows of white beds so safe and soft; the kind old face bending over the fevered pillows; Old Top waving his friendly shadow in the sunlit window; the Angelus chiming from the great bell tower; the merry

shouts of the ball players on the green below,—all these memories were in dire contrast indeed to the present scene.

If Dan would only come back! But he wouldn't—he couldn't—for hours. And maybe this big, strange man might die while he was gone,—die with only a little boy beside him,—a little boy to help him, to pray for him. Freddy's thoughts grew more and more solemn and awesome. People always prayed by dying beds, he knew. Oh, if Dan would only come with a doctor and perhaps a priest! For Freddy felt that big men who wandered around the world with dogs and guns were likely to need higher spiritual ministrations than a small boy could give. In the meanwhile he would do his best; and, drawing out his silver-mounted rosary, he began to say his beads.

And perhaps, as the young watcher had been an early riser this morning, he was nodding a little over his decades when a sudden movement of his patient roused him. Mr. Wirt was awake, his eyes fixed steadily on Freddy's face.

"Still here," he murmured,—“still here? Boy,—little boy! Are you real or a death dream?”

It was a startling question; but Freddy had learned something of fever vagaries during the measles, when even some of the Seniors had lost their heads.

"Oh, I'm real!" he answered cheerfully. "I'm a real boy all right. I'm Freddy Neville, from St. Andrew's College—"

"My God!" burst in a low cry from the pale lips.

"Yes," said Freddy. "It's time for you to say that,—to say your prayers, I mean; because—because—you're very sick, and when people are very sick, you know, they—sometimes they die."

"Die!" was the hoarse echo. "Aye, die as I have lived,—in darkness, despair! Lost—lost—lost!"

"Oh, no, no, no!" Boy as he was, Freddy felt his young heart thrill at the cry. "You're not lost yet. You're never lost while you live. You can always say

an act of contrition, you know, and—and—" Freddy's voice faltered, for the rôle of spiritual adviser was a new one; but he had not gone through the big Catechism last year without learning a young Catholic Christian's obligations. "Would—would you like me to say an act of contrition for you?" he asked.

There was no answer save in the strange softening of the eyes fixed upon the boyish face. And, feeling that his patient was too far gone for speech, Freddy dropped on his knees, and in a sweet, trembling tone repeated the brief, blessed words of sorrow for sin, the plea for pardon, the promise of amendment. It had been a long, long time since those familiar words had fallen on his listener's ears; a longer time since they had reached his heart. For years he had believed nothing, hoped nothing, feared nothing. Life had been to him a dull blank, broken only by reckless adventure; death, the end of all. But for three days and nights he had lain helpless, fever-smitten, stricken down in all his proud strength in this wilderness, with no friends but his dogs, no home but the ruined hut into which he had crawled for shelter, no human aid within reach or call. The derelict, as he had called himself to Dan, had drifted on the rocks beyond hope and help, as derelicts must. And in those three days and nights he had realized that for him there was no light in sea or sky,—that all was darkness forever.

And then young voices had broken in upon the black silence; and, opening his eyes, closed on hideous fever dreams, he had seen Freddy,—Freddy, who was not a dream; Freddy, who was kneeling by his side, whispering sweet, forgotten words of peace and hope and pardon; Freddy—Freddy—he could not speak, there was such a stirring in the depths of his heart and soul. He could only stretch out his weak, trembling hand, that Freddy met with a warm, boyish grip.

"Oh, I'm here yet!" he said, thinking his patient needed the reassurance. "I'm

staying here right by you, to say prayers, or get water or anything you want. Dan left me here to take care of you. He has gone for the doctor;—and if you just hold on till they get here, why, maybe—maybe—they'll pull you through all right. Gee whilikins!" exclaimed Freddy, as the sick man suddenly started up from his rude pillow. "You mustn't do that!"

"I must—I must!" was the hoarse reply; and Freddy was caught in a wild, passionate clasp to his patient's heart. "Dying or living, I must claim you, hold you, my boy,—my own little son,—little Boy Blue!" The voice sank to a low, trembling whisper. "Little Boy Blue, don't you know your own daddy?"

And Freddy, who had been struggling wildly in what he believed to be a delirious grasp, suddenly grew still. "Little Boy Blue,"—it was the nursery name of long ago,—the name that only the dad of those days knew,—the name that even Brother Bart had never heard. It brought back blazing fire, and cushioned rocker, and the clasp of strong arms around his little white-robed form, and a deep, merry voice in his baby ear: "Little Boy Blue."

Freddy lifted a frightened, bewildered little face. The eyes,—softened now with brimming tears; the straight nose like his own, the waving hair, the scar he had so often pressed with baby fingers,—ah, he remembered,—little Boy Blue remembered! It was as if a curtain were snatched from a far past that had been only dimly outlined until now.

"My daddy,—my daddy,—my own dear daddy!" he cried, flinging his arms about the sick man's neck. "Oh, don't die,—don't die!"

For, weak and exhausted by his outburst of emotion, the father had fallen back upon his pillow, gasping for breath, the sweat standing out in great beads on his brow, his hand clutching Freddy's own in what seemed a death clasp.

And now Freddy prayed indeed,—prayed as never in all his young life he had prayed before,—prayed from the

depths of his tender, innocent heart, in words all his own.

"O God, Father in heaven, spare my dear daddy! He has been lost so long! Oh, do not let me lose him again! Save him for his little boy,—save him, spare him!"

Without, the sky had darkened, the wind moaned, the waves swelled white-capped against the low shore. The August storm was rising against Last Island in swift wrath; but, wrestling in passionate fervor for the life that had suddenly become so precious to him, Freddy did not hear or heed. The dogs started out into the open. Father and son were alone in the gathering gloom.

Through what he believed the throes of his death agony, the sick man caught the sweet, faltering words: "O dear Lord, have mercy on my dear father! Let him live, and we will bless and thank You all the rest of our lives. He has been lost so long, but now he has come back. Oh, try to say it with me, daddy: you have come back to be good,—to live good and live right forever!"

And then, even while Freddy prayed, the storm burst upon Last Island. And such a storm! It seemed as if the derelict lying there had roused wind and wave into destructive fury against the friendly outpost that sheltered him. Last Island had been abandoned on account of its perilous exposure; and its beacon light, shattered again and again by fierce ocean gales, was transferred to a safer shore.

"It's a-washing away fast," old Neb had informed Dan when they had drifted by the low-lying shore. "Some of these days a big storm will gulp it down for good."

And truly the roaring sea seemed to rush upon it in hungry rage to-day. The dogs came in crouching and whining to their master; while the wind shrieked and whistled, and the foaming breakers thundered higher and higher upon the unprotected shore.

"O Dan, Dan!" thought Freddy hopelessly, as the storm beat through the

broken walls and roof. "Dan will never get here now,—never!"

But, though his heart was quailing within him, Brother Bart's laddie was no weakling: he stood bravely to his post, bathing his father's head and hands, wetting the dry, muttering lips, soothing him with tender words and soft caresses,—
"daddy, my own dear daddy, it is your little boy that is with you,—your own little Boy Blue! You will be better soon, daddy." And then through the roar and rage of the storm would rise the boyish voice pleading to God for help and mercy.

And the innocent prayer seemed to prevail. The sick man's labored breathing grew easier, the drawn features relaxed, the blood came into the livid lips; and, with the long-drawn sigh of one exhausted by his struggle for life, Freddy's patient sank into a heavy sleep; while his little Boy Blue watched on, through terrors that would have tried stronger souls than Brother Bart's laddie. For all the powers of earth and air and sea seemed loosened for battle. The winds rose into madder fury; the rain swept down in blinding floods; forked tongues of fire leaped from the black clouds that thundered back to the rolling waves.

The dogs crouched, whimpering and shivering, at Freddy's side. Whether daddy was alive or dead he could not tell. He could only keep close to him, trembling and praying, and feeling that all this horror of darkness could not be real:—that he would waken in a moment,—waken as he had sometimes wakened at St. Andrew's, with Brother Bart's kind voice in his ear telling him it was all a dream,—an awful dream.

And then blaze and crash and roar would send poor little Boy Blue shivering to his knees, realizing that it was all true: that he was indeed here on this far-off ocean isle, beyond all help and reach of man, with daddy dying,—dead beside him. He had closed the door as best he could with its rusted bolt; but the wind kept tearing at it madly, shaking the

rotten timbers until they suddenly gave way, with rattle and crash that were too much for the brave little watcher's nerves. He flung his arms about his father in horror he could no longer control.

"Daddy, daddy!" he cried desperately. "Wake up,—wake up! Daddy, speak to me and tell me you're not dead!"

And daddy started into consciousness at the piteous cry, to find his little Boy Blue clinging to him in wild affright, while wind and wave burst into their wretched shelter,—wind and wave! Surging, foaming, sweeping over beach and bramble and briar growth that guarded the low shore, rising higher and higher each moment before the furious goad of the gale, came the white-capped breakers!

"Oh, the water is coming in on us! Poor daddy, poor daddy, you'll get wet!"

And then daddy, wild wanderer that he had been over sea and land, roused to the peril, his dulled brain quickening into life.

"The gun,—my gun!" he said hoarsely. "It is loaded, Freddy. Lift it up here within reach of my hand."

"O daddy, daddy, what are you going to do?" cried Freddy in new alarm.

"Shoot,—shoot! Signal for help. There is a life-saving station not far away. There, hold the gun closer now,—closer!"

And the trembling hand pulled the trigger, and its sharp call for help went out again and again into the storm.

(To be continued.)

The Seven Champions of Christendom.

Seven is often called the number of perfection, there being seven sacraments, seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, seven joys and sorrows of the Blessed Virgin, seven great councils of the early Church, etc. The seven champions of Christendom are: St. George of England, St. Andrew of Scotland, St. David of Wales, St. Patrick of Ireland, St. James of Spain, St. Denys of France, and St. Anthony of Italy.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A pamphlet dealing with and disposing of the Mediaeval myth about "Pope Joan" has just been issued by the English Catholic Truth Society. The author, the Rev. H. Thurston, S. J., has performed his task with accustomed thoroughness.

—Another welcome addition to the publications of the C. T. S. of England, on Theosophy, Spiritualism, Christian Science, and the like, is "New Thought Briefly Considered," by Leslie Moore. In a series of brightly written letters, he examines one more of the vagaries of modern religious speculation.

—Children will delight in "Glimpses of the Angels," a pamphlet in the *Irish Messenger* Series. It is prepared by a member of the Ursuline community, Waterford, who in the text impersonates the children's aunt, narrating to them beautiful imaginings about these heavenly spirits in their own life and in their dealings with men.

—"Paul Mary Pakenham, Passionist," by the Rev. Joseph Smith, C. P., is the interesting and edifying biographical memoir, based upon which a recent sketch appeared in these pages. We feel sure that all who read that article will be drawn to fuller acquaintance with the holy priest who was its subject, and whose life is now published in this country by B. Herder.

—"Revelation and the Life to Come" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is a rather grotesque attempt to make the "messages" received by spiritualists fit in with the "phenomena" of the Resurrection of Christ. The book contains nothing of value to the Catholic student, or, for that matter, to any other reader of sane mentality. It is anonymous, though we are informed on the title-page that it is edited by the author of "The Way: the Nature and Means of Revelation," whoever he may be.

—Two plays have recently come to our table. One is "Garcia Moreno," described as a "tragedy in three acts," adapted from the German by Fr. Bernard, O. M. Cap. Its presentation involves sixteen male characters. The scene is laid in Ecuador, in the period of A. D. 1875. The hero does not put in his appearance till the second act; he is a noble character, but he is killed in the next act. This play is from the press of B. Herder. The second play, privately printed, is called "The Ship in the Wake: A Three Act Play for Boy's and Young Men," as the title-page has it. Its author is

the Rev. P. J. Carroll, C. S. C. There are twenty-nine characters, two of them, by the way, being female characters. The action of the drama is parochial; the leading character would seem to be "Father Hyland," who is not what you would call a reticent person. There is much human-interest, the dialogue is bright, and there is no lack of movement from beginning to end.

—A story decidedly worth telling and eminently well told, must be the judgment on "My Lady of the Moor," by John Oxenham. (Longmans, Green & Co.) It is a curious tale, mixing fiction and fact in variable proportions. And since certain of the parts that are fact are well known as such, an interesting question of taste arises. Thus, the very singularity of "My Lady" makes sure her identification with one who has herself told the public about her "House of Bread," her "answered prayers," and certain of her friendships. None the less on this account, however, will the reader find his interest flagging. Besides being a story which details the wonderful influence for good exerted by goodness and love, it is a book touched with the higher appeal of the literature of practical mysticism.

—Rand McNally & Co. publish "Critical Realism," by Roy Wood Sellars, Ph. D., assistant professor of philosophy in the University of Michigan. The work, an octavo of 283 pages, is called a study of the nature and conditions of knowledge, and is one that will naturally appeal to specialists in philosophy rather than to the general reader. A Catholic philosopher may perhaps be interested in some of Mr. Sellars' tenets, but he will not in consequence feel impelled to revise his own opinions. He is likely, indeed, to avail himself of the privilege which the author offers him in this sentence from the preface: "If the critic desires to follow the present liking for the word 'new,' he is at liberty to call my position Neo-Materialism or the New Materialism." The book lacks—what ought to be an integral part of a work of its kind—a good index.

—The foresight of the venerable founder of THE AVE MARIA was justified when, in the issue of March 17, 1866, he wrote:

We are happy to see that the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, which since the beginning of THE AVE MARIA we have been publishing by parts, has now become here, as in Europe, the direct organ of the Apostleship of Prayer, which is at present regularly organized with the fairest prospects of success in the New World. No one rejoices

more heartily than we do at this most consoling movement, from which we anticipate the most abundant fruits for religion. But while we congratulate ourselves on having been the means to introduce it among our people, we think our aid in publishing the *Messenger* is not only no longer needed, but rather going counter to the new publication, from the interest of which we would not in the least detract. Therefore, we will drop in future that part in our weekly issues. . . . With all our heart we exhort our readers to take the liveliest interest in the Apostleship of Prayer and in its admirable *Messenger*, of which they should all be regular subscribers.

This was a full half century ago, and since that time the *Messenger* has lived up to the high expectations entertained for it by Father Sorin. This year it keeps its Golden Jubilee; and THE AVE MARIA of to-day is happy to congratulate it upon its fifty years of good service, and to bespeak for it enlarged opportunities and even greater achievement in the years to come.

Another jubilee which this year registers is that of the *Northwestern Chronicle* (of St. Paul), which has indeed done yeoman service in the spread of Catholic truth and in the upholding of Catholic interests in the section of the country in which it circulates. Under its present management, its scope has been enlarged and its general effectiveness increased till it has become one of the most readable and alert of Catholic newspapers. We can but wish it even greater success for the future.

The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The 'Summa Theologica' of St. Thomas Aquinas." Part II. (First Part.) Literally Translated by the Fathers of the English Dominican Province. \$2.
- "The Story of the Catholic Church." Rev. G. Stebbing, C. SS. R. \$1.80.
- "The Romanticism of St. Francis and Other Studies in the Genius of the Franciscans." Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. \$2.
- "History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages." Johannes Janssen. Translated by A. M. Christie. Vols. XIII.—XVI. Per two vols., \$6.25.
- "Paul Mary Pakenham, Passionist." Rev. Joseph Smith, C. P. 50 cts.

- "My Lady of the Moor." John Oxenham. \$1.35.
- "The Inner Life and Writings of Dame Gertrude More." 2 vols. \$3.
- "The Second Coming." Frederic Arnold, Henry P. Jones. 50 cts.
- "Orbis Catholicus: A Year-Book of the Catholic World." Canon Glancey. \$1.50.
- "G. K. Chesterton: A Critical Study." Julius West. \$2.
- "The Official Catholic Directory." \$1.70.
- "Catholicism in Mediæval Wales." J. E. Hirsch-Davies. B. A. 3s. 6d.
- "Songs of the Son of Isai." Helen Hughes Hielscher. \$1.50.
- "A Doctor of the Old School." Ian Maclaren. Illustrated Edition. \$2.
- "Feminism." Mr. and Mrs. John Martin. \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Stephen Schmid, of the diocese of Covington; Rev. Dr. James Gallagher, archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. Paul Reutter, C. PP. S.; and Rev. John B. René, S. J.

Sister M. Aloysius, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister M. Anastasia, O. S. B.; Sister M. Agripiana, Order of Charity; Sisters M. Hildegardis and M. Antoinette, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. Charles Montague, Mrs. Mary Ward, Mr. Thomas Kiernan, Mr. Andrew Gramham, Mrs. Edward Carey, Mr. Peter Barteau, Mr. T. H. Beerman, Mr. V. E. Eberle, Sr., Miss Anne Healy, Mr. Denis McDade, Mr. John Guerin, Mr. N. R. Range, Mr. Raymond Murray, Mrs. Mary McGann, Mr. James Duggan, Mr. B. J. Smith, Mr. Philip Voerg, Jr., Mrs. John McInerny, Mr. B. Schweninger, Mrs. Catherine McDevitt, Mr. Edward Watters, Mrs. Margaret Sullivan, Mr. Frederick Mavis, and Mrs. Catherine B. Considine.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the rescue of starving children in China: E. M. S., \$1; A client of St. Anthony, \$10.10; M. H., \$1; Mrs. H. (Montana), \$2. For the Indian Missions: E. R., \$1; T. L. S., \$3. For the war sufferers: C. H. M., \$5; E. M. S., \$2. For the plague-stricken in Abyssinia: Mrs. M. J. C., \$2. For the Foreign Missions: E. M. S., \$1; Friend (Toledo), \$1. For the Propagation of the Faith: E. M. S., \$1. For the Chinese Missions: Friend, \$2.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. III. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 20, 1916.

NO. 21

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Our Lady of the Olives.

BY HENRY MCLEAN.

OUR Lady of the Olives, Queen of Peace,
Who brought us Heaven's Hostage in thy
hands,
Do thou implore thy Son that strife may cease
In distant lands.

Death flashes from the cannon's fiery mouth,
And red, and darker red, it stains the lea:
Ah, shall they sing—the songsters of the South—
Spring's minstrelsy!

O Mother chaste, when came the white-winged
dove,
Lighting the gray dawn of a wrathful day,
It brought a symbol of the Son above—
An Olive spray.

The olive trees of dark Gethsemani
Have drunk His Blood,—O blessed Queen of
Peace,
Do thou implore the Christ of Calvary
That wars may cease!

The Confessor of Louis XVI.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

I.

FATHER HENRY ESSEX EDGEWORTH" is a name that probably evokes no historical memories even in the minds of those most familiar with the dark pages of the French Revolution; but "the Abbé Edgeworth de Firmont" is one closely interwoven with the annals of that dreadful time, and inseparably linked with its culminating horror, the execution of

King Louis XVI. It was this Abbé indeed who, just before the axe of the guillotine fell on the neck of his beloved master, said to him: "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven!" The two names designate the same individual—an Irish-French or Franco-Irish priest, born in County Longford, Ireland, in 1745; and deceased at Mittau, Russia, in 1807.

The Edgeworths went to Ireland originally from London during the reign of Elizabeth, in 1582,—Francis Edgeworth, the founder of the Irish branch of the family being a gentleman of Elizabeth's court. Settling in Longford, he gave his name to Edgeworthstown, sometimes called Mostrim. In the middle of the eighteenth century the Protestant rector of this town was the Rev. Robert Edgeworth, cousin of Maria Edgeworth, the celebrated novelist whose Irish stories suggested to Sir Walter Scott the Waverley series. The Rev. Robert's wife was a granddaughter of the Protestant Archbishop Usher, famous for his antiquarian researches and his hostility to Catholics. It is clear, therefore, that when Henry Essex, in 1745, was born to this Protestant rector and his ultra-Protestant wife, there were no indications that the baby would ever acquire fame as a Catholic clergyman, or, as his folks would probably have phrased it, "a popish priest."

It is interesting to note that the vicarage, the house at Edgeworthstown in which the future Abbé spent the first four or five years of his eventful life is thought to be the same house in which Oliver Goldsmith went to school to the Rev. Patrick Hughes.

The appendix "de Firmont," so commonly used in the Abbé's later years, came from an estate owned by his father at Firmount, or Fairymount, a few miles distant from Edgeworthstown.

Little Henry's father, the Rev. Robert, although a zealous Anglican, was not at all a man to sin against the light; and, curiously enough, his thoughts were first turned to the claims of Catholicity as the true religion by a bishop of his own Church. This Anglican prelate had been paying a visit to France; and, soon after his return therefrom, called on the réctor of Edgeworthstown.

"Your Lordship," said the latter in the course of the conversation, "must have been greatly shocked by the idolatrous ceremonies so common in Catholic countries, and especially by the ignorant adoration of the Host."

The bishop shook his head, and replied: "No: when the Roman Catholic doctrine holds that the body and blood of Christ are present under the appearance of the Host, you can not call idolaters those who adore, not the visible Host, but the Christ whom they believe it to be."

The prelate went further and confessed to having been seized with a strange emotion while attending Mass in a church at Toulouse. This talk set Edgeworthstown's rector to thinking seriously. He made a deep study of Catholic dogma, and eventually became a convert. His action created a big scandal among the Edgeworths, all the greater as his brother-in-law, Usher, then a *littérateur* of considerable vogue in London, followed his example and entered the true Church. Face to face with the hostility of his relatives and the intolerable persecution of the penal laws, Robert Edgeworth, with his family (all of whom had become Catholics with him), left Ireland for France. One member of the family, it is true, was left in the home country: Usher, his eldest son, who was to succeed to his inheritance. But Mrs. Edgeworth, their second son Robert, their daughter "Betty," and little Henry, the

subject of this sketch, accompanied the father to Toulouse.

In one of the colleges of that city the future Abbé began his studies. As he grew up he formed, at the University, a close friendship with a young fellow-countryman of his, James Moylan,—a friendship which, despite distance and years, endured throughout the lives of the two. Side by side with Moylan, Edgeworth prosecuted his classical studies, achieving therein brilliant success. He impressed all who met him as a modest, gentle youth; and he endeared himself to his professors not only by his evident taste for *belles-lettres*, but by his genuine simplicity and his marked diffidence in his own powers. For the rest, a notable piety, a pronounced liking for work and solitude, and a distinct inclination for the religious life, made plain to his companions the destiny God had appointed for Essex Edgeworth: he was to be a priest.

The precise year in which he received Holy Orders has not been determined; but it is generally admitted that it was in 1776 that he left Toulouse for Paris in order to enter a seminary. He was then thirty-one years of age; his father was dead, and his brother Robert had gone back to Ireland to gather together the remnants of a fortune that was badly compromised. He reached Paris alone, knowing nobody in the city, and having no other recommendation than a letter from his friend Moylan to the Abbé de Laroche, rector of the seminary of Trente-Trois. Who among the Parisians that elbowed the rather forlorn-looking young man could have dreamt of the terrible mission which he was one day to accomplish in the French capital?

Edgeworth sought out the Abbé de Laroche, who received him kindly and gave him lodging in the seminary. He attended the lectures at the Sorbonne and in due time was ordained priest. He then entered the Seminary of Foreign Missions, designed for the formation of clerics destined to evangelize pagan peoples, although occasionally the institution re-

ceived Parisian priests whose functions did not call them so far away. The new Abbé now sent to Toulouse for his mother and sister, whom he lodged in the Rue de Bac, in a quiet little home, to which he made his way every evening. Thus began for him a series of arduous yet pleasant years consecrated entirely to his ministry. No striking event marked the opening of his sacerdotal career.

His friend, the Abbé Bouvens, who preached his funeral sermon in 1807, thus described the young ecclesiastic's life at this period: "The capital became the scene of the Abbé Edgeworth's apostolic labors. It was in that immense city, where all the passions are in constant fermentation, where vice so artfully disguises itself, that he began his ministry. No other ecclesiastic displayed more benignity in his demeanor, more affability in his greeting, more affection for the unfortunate ones whom he led back to the source of all consolations. An apostolic priest, he was most frequently seen either surrounded by the poor and the artisans whom he drew to his confessional, or in the midst of the children of the parish, to whom he taught the catechism."

Parish work and prayer occupied his days. Of evenings, some of his friends gathered around him in the little house in the Rue de Bac. There, his mother and sister, whose nerves were not much troubled by the preliminary outbreaks of 1789, kept up the Irish fashion of having their intimate friends "in to tea." It was with them that the Abbé enjoyed the only relief from his exhausting work. It was there, too, that he first met his second cousin, Maria Edgeworth, who had remained a Protestant. Maria described him as being "a little taciturn, timid, somewhat distracted, and very careful in avoiding talk of a controversial character."

As Maria was an inflexible Anglican, a relative, and his mother's guest, the Abbé's delicacy in refraining from controversial topics will be readily understood. It would be a great mistake to conclude, however,

that he was lacking in zeal. On the contrary, whenever Irish or English Catholics, persecuted on account of their religion, went to Paris, or whenever new English-speaking converts became troubled about their faith, they were invariably sent by their friends to No. 483 Rue de Bac, where they received a hospitable greeting and all the attention their cases demanded.

Little by little, the reputation of this "good director of consciences" became established throughout Paris. Many great ladies came to him. The Duchess of Doudeauville, Madame de La Fayette, and the Duchess d'Ayen were among his penitents. The serenity of his countenance and the charm of his manner were so notable that they were credited with convincing of the truth of his belief those who had not sufficient light to discover that truth by their own judgment. A typical anecdote to this effect is told of a young American.

The Abbé de Firmont (as he was commonly called) was one day visiting the Duke of Noailles when the latter's son-in-law, La Fayette, entered the drawing-room with a young friend who had accompanied him from the United States. After some conversation with the Abbé, the enthusiastic American declared that a religion which gave such an air of virtue to its advocate must necessarily be the true religion, and he asked to be allowed to abjure his Protestantism forthwith. The prudent Abbé, however, moderated the young man's zeal, and finally convinced him that some preliminary religious instruction was necessary before he could be baptized.

"Such virtue and such talent," wrote the Abbé Bouvens, "could not remain buried in Paris." Edgeworth's college friend, Moylan, had become Bishop of Kerry; and in 1777 he wrote to the Abbé, offering him, in behalf of the Irish hierarchy, a bishopric in his native land. Here is the Abbé's reply: "No, no, my dear friend. I am far, immensely far, from possessing the qualities necessary to accomplish any great good either in Ireland or in France; but I should be still more

useless in my own country than in this one. You ask how I occupy my time. Indifferently well, to tell the truth. I hear confessions. I have even preached, but only to see whether I have any talent for the pulpit, and I quite satisfied myself that I haven't. In all other respects my situation is about the same as when you were here; and, if one of my friends is right, it *will* be the same even thirty years from now. The reason why is very simple. There are only two means by which to 'succeed'—personal merit and intrigue, and I don't possess either. Yet what does it matter, after all, provided we attain the main end of life? In the meanwhile, let me say with the poet, and perhaps with more truth than he:

Je vis ignoré de la France,
Sans besoin et sans abondance,
Content de mon sort, . . .”*

Bishop Moylan did not give up his plan. In 1779 he again tried to persuade his friend to go to Ireland and accept a See; but the Abbé would not be persuaded. Among other reasons for his refusal, he put forward his indifferent health and the difficulty with which he spoke English. “If you ask me,” he wrote, “what are my plans for the future, I can only tell you that I have none save that of remaining where Providence has placed me until He sees fit to put me elsewhere. I don't speak English any more. True, the All-Powerful, who caused Balaam's ass to speak, could renew the same miracle in my favor; but my actual situation is certainly better adapted to my capabilities than is any of those to which you would like to draw me. I am working where God placed me,—working very ineffectively, it is true,—so ineffectively that I am ashamed to speak of it; but, at any rate, I am not altogether idle.”

The correspondence between the Irish prelate and his Gallicized friend was kept up for many years, and the Abbé's letters contain many shrewd and forceful judg-

ments concerning the progress of the great Revolution. Here, for instance, is an extract from a letter of his written in October, 1789: “The Republican party continues to be in the ascendant. Our King, the best of men, has been obliged to quit Versailles and take up his residence in Paris. I suppose that your newspapers have given you a detailed account of this surprising revolution, and I don't doubt that more than once you have been tempted to believe that the details were exaggerated, or even altogether false. But the French of to-day are not the people we knew years ago. No nation in the world ever underwent in so short a time so complete a change of principles. Modern philosophy destroys every religious principle and all the ties that bind society together. . . . Unbelief has insinuated itself into all classes, from the master to the valet. If présent conditions endure for a few years more, the French will retain, of what they used to be, only their name and their language. . . .”

Father Edgeworth, who wrote of the King as “the best of men,” had never had at the time an audience with that royal personage; but a series of events was drawing him closer to the ruler of the nation. Madame Élizabeth (sister of Louis XVI.) had lost her confessor, the Abbé Madier, whom the King's aunts had taken with them to Italy; and, following the suggestion of the director of the Seminary of Foreign Missions, she secured in his stead the Abbé Edgeworth. The princess soon had occasion to felicitate herself on her choice, and acknowledged the salutary influence which her new confessor exerted over her soul. “He has gentleness,” she wrote to a friend, “and intelligence, and a deep knowledge of the human heart.” She could not but recognize that it was Providence that had guided her choice. After her interviews with the Abbé she found herself stronger, calmer, and more resigned. She seemed also to judge passing events with a clearer impartiality. Her piety increased,

* “Ignored by France, I live without want and without abundance, content with my lot, etc.”

and took on a character of serious and elevated maturity.

As for the Abbé, his new appointment operated no change in his humble and silent life. He continued to exercise his ministry, although threatening events, like forewarnings of the coming disaster, began to multiply. In September, 1791, the churches were closed. The Abbé Edgeworth, a nonjuring priest, celebrated Mass in private houses or in attics. The buildings given up to "Constitutional worship" remained empty. On Ash Wednesday, 1792, there were only thirty-two persons present at Mass in the church of St. Sulpice. Abbé Edgeworth was forced to traverse all the quarters of Paris to carry spiritual succor to genuine Catholics who had been bereft of their pastors, and who refused to attend the services conducted by priests who had taken the oath required by the revolutionaries.

Up to this time he was unknown to the King; but as he now went to the Tuileries two or three times a week to aid Madame Elizabeth with his counsels, and, moreover, wore while going there his usual priestly costume (an eyesore to the revolutionaries), Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette remarked him, and caused him to be told how much his assiduity—so rare at the time—moved and consoled them.

Then came the imprisonment of the royal family. The confessor of "the sister of Capet" became an object of all sorts of suspicions. One evening in August, 1792, his house was attacked by a band of forty or fifty "citizens." The Abbé, who had been asleep, awoke with a start to find his door broken in and his furniture upset and destroyed. He thought that his last hour had arrived, and forthwith bravely approached "the species of officer" who led the attack which "these citizens called a search." The so-styled officer carried a drawn sword in his hand. Holding a lantern up to the priest's face, he cried, "You are not the man!" and made a sign

to his followers to leave the house. Edgeworth thought himself now free from danger, but no. The officer turned round and addressed him again. "Give me your papers," he said brusquely. "A thunderbolt could not have terrified me more," wrote the Abbé later on. "I possessed a number of documents, any one of which would have led me to the scaffold." Fortunately, he had presence of mind enough to give the officer at first the most insignificant papers. The fellow looked over two or three of them, was satisfied as to their contents, and left, taking his men with him.

(Conclusion next week.)

James Harrington, M. D.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

XXI.

MISS WHARTON'S father was an invalid, scarcely ever out of the house; and her mother had long been dead. She smiled happily. She knew in advance what her father's answer to the Doctor would be. She knew beyond a doubt he would keep telling her over and over that she was the luckiest girl in Montreal to get such a man, which declaration would have been aggravating only that she so thoroughly agreed with him. And her brothers and sisters (one of the latter was a widow, who had taken up her abode with them) would swell the chorus.

"Six weeks from to-morrow!" the Doctor had whispered as Miss Wharton went up the steps, and he stood at the foot watching her, with his heart in his eyes. "And meantime you must give me every moment that we can both spare, and fling your cap in the face of Mrs. Grundy."

"Oh, no!" she said. "I shall have her with us all the time, and invite her to the wedding."

Dr. Harrington bowed and smiled brightly in reply.

He found it very hard to keep his thoughts upon his patients during those next few weeks; but, so strong was the habit of self-control, that he was enabled to do it successfully. He would like to have prescribed for every one of them large doses of happiness, and, where it was possible, to be taken in the elixir of love, so enchanting did he find that intoxicating draught. For the affection which possessed him commended itself to both heart and reason. Mind and soul had their share therein; and the lovers could look up to God, or kneel at the altar and ask His blessing upon it.

Very tenderly he broke the news to his mother; and her brave, strong heart never wavered at the word. Although this was a wife she would have chosen amongst many for her son, still she could not but feel the severance of the intimate tie which had bound them for long years.

"May God bless you both," she said, "and make your happiness but the beginning of the eternal joy!"

Outwardly at least, she was even able to rejoice; but deep in her heart was the knowledge that, in so far as she was concerned, here was another link broken with earth,—another call to the eternal reunion.

Dr. Harrington sat once more at the table in his office, his mind busy with many things. He expected soon to leave that dwelling which had been associated with so much of his life; for when the final arrangements had been made for his marriage, he had bought a commodious house on one of the chief avenues, which ran parallel with the mountain. There his mother, at her own suggestion, could have her apartments, allowing the young couple a complete independence, while yet remaining under the same roof with her son. Indeed, neither he nor his future wife would have considered any arrangement which might exclude her from the fullest participation in their life. Hers was a personality which would have been

sorely missed from any household. Her warm and genial human sympathies had kept her in touch, not only with every detail in her son's career, but with that of her small but intimate circle of friends, and with such of the Doctor's patients as had been brought into contact with her.

Perhaps it was the sense of approaching change that was causing the Doctor to review various scenes in his life, and particularly those which had occurred since that eventful night when he had been sent for to give what aid he might to the sadly changed and fatally stricken Mrs. Maloney. Memory, by one of its curious freaks, brought before him the various details of that little room into which he had been ushered,—the aspect of the priest, and the strong, capable figure of Sister Monaghan.

He was now approaching that wedding day which was the culmination of all his hopes, and which filled him with a happiness so great that he could scarcely believe it was real, and not some dream which would fade away and leave his life cold, gray and barren. But, as is nearly always the case with certain natures, the very intensity of joy seems to bring a shadow in its wake, as does the most brilliant sun. And something of the almost boyish lightness of heart with which he had formerly enjoyed things had deserted him. The trial through which Dr. Harrington had passed had sobered him. But most saddening of all had been the untimely death of Lucy Forrester, with all its pathetic circumstances. The very futility of her existence had, somehow, seemed to augment the pathos of her early end. That poor little butterfly had beaten out her wings in a vain effort to battle with the storms of life. The Doctor's great consolation had been her entrance into the Church, and the happy ending, which had brought her, as he hoped and believed, into eternal peace.

So had many of the hopes, the ambitions, the affections, and most of all the enmities,

fallen from him during these last years. Even that hot enmity against the Professor which he had had to struggle so hard to subdue, especially after the death of Mrs. Forrester, seemed to melt away in that fierce flame of pity which had burned up within him when he had to pronounce sentence of death upon that miserable charlatan. In the short time that remained of that wasted life, he had tried to alleviate the wretch's sufferings, and to extend its term. From these considerations he turned, with a leaping of the heart and a thrill of gladness, exclusively to the thought of Mabel Wharton. What a prize he had won! What a new existence of truest happiness was to be his! In clouds or in sunshine, they should be together forever.

He bethought himself that the hour must be getting late, and that his mother might be on the point of retiring. He was scrupulously careful to pay her even more of the usual little attentions since he had become a prospective bridegroom. He found her sitting in her armchair above, where she had more than ever the appearance of a peaceful old picture. It smote upon him, however, that she was aging,—her erect figure slightly stooping, her frame altogether growing feebler. It cut through his heart like a knife to think that one of these days he must lose her, in so far as this life was concerned.

She began to talk to him, striving to be even more than ordinarily cheerful. She spoke of Mabel, and of their approaching marriage, and of all the good things that life had lately brought him; also of the many honors, civic and otherwise, that were offered him. She was laughing and jesting even more than was her wont. Gradually the sadness passed from him. Her strength seemed infused into him; and he felt assured that night, more than ever before, that, even after her visible presence should be withdrawn from him, she would always be near as now, to hearten and to inspire. And, fixed as was her mind on higher things,

she was ever ready to spare some thoughts for the joys or the sorrows of those about her.

"You can't imagine," she said, "how glad it makes me to think that you are going to be married very soon. I want to see your life complete, and to be the witness of your happiness. I should feel cheated if I had to die before that happened." She laughed softly as she spoke, and stroked his hand. "And I am thanking God every day that it is Mabel who is to be your wife."

"She is splendid, mother; isn't she?" the man exclaimed, with his heart, simple and straightforward as that of a boy, shining in his eyes.

"Yes, yes!" the mother agreed. "Even a lover's rhapsodies would not sound exaggerated to me where Mabel is concerned. And I am glad she has got you. She deserves nothing less."

"But a great deal more," said the son.

"She is satisfied," replied the mother, nodding her head. "She and I have had some talks, and I know."

"I hope and pray that she is satisfied," observed the Doctor, seriously; "and I will strive my best that she may always remain so."

"Amen to that!" said the mother. "It should be the prayer of every good man who has chosen a wife, and especially when he has won such a pearl amongst women as is yours."

The encomiums on his chosen wife delighted him. The perfect understanding between these two beloved women was an abiding source of joy to him.

"But, O my son, my son," cried the mother, "she has got into her keeping a noble heart!"

And, with the aged head resting on his shoulder, for the first time in all his experience of her, his mother wept aloud. She was presently ashamed of these tears, and comforted him, and sent him from her with cheerful words and the repeated assurance of her happiness. And from that day until the wedding morning broke she

was busier and more cheerful than ever. She looked a stately figure as she walked up the aisle of the splendid Gothic church to see her idolized son and the wife he had chosen united in marriage. With them she received Holy Communion. Then she knelt tranquilly to hear the young couple, rich with benedictions, and the promise of future happiness and prosperity upon their heads, pronounce vows which each felt to be the most solemn and sacred thing of all their lives.

(The End.)

Our Goodly Heritage.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

XV.—ACCESSORY JOYS OF HEAVEN.

 F the accessory joys of the soul—not essential to that supreme beatitude which consists in the vision of God, but added, nevertheless, to that supreme joy,—the first is that the Blessed have a clear knowledge in God of all that it is fitting for them to know, and of all that it concerns them to know. Thus, in God, they certainly know things that are happening upon earth, especially what is happening to those in whom they are interested and who are dear to them. They have a very perfect knowledge of the wonderful purposes of God in creation, and His still more wonderful purposes in redemption. The marvellous workings of God's all-wise providence in human history, so often hidden from us now, as well as the workings of divine mercy and justice in the supernatural order, are unfolded to them.

Nor are we to suppose that glory, any more than grace, destroys their natural faculties, or does away with natural modes of knowledge; so that the Blessed still see, and much more perfectly than on earth, how God is mirrored in His works. They are able to explore the marvels of the created universe. "Not only will eternity not be long enough to sound the

depths of the Divinity, but I would venture to say that it will not be long enough even to study God's works. These, in all their magnificence, will unfold themselves before our eyes. The innumerable multiplicity of the stellar and planetary worlds, the laws of their movements, the wonderful play of their light, the treasures hidden beneath their surface, the infinite variety of the vegetation with which they are clothed,—all these will have no secrets from us. But is it certain that we shall see all these things in one glance? Why should God not leave us the pleasure of discovering them? If He does, what a perspective! What immensities to explore!"* What pleasures will accrue to the soul from the knowledge thus gained!

The virtues which the Blessed possessed upon earth—except only faith and hope, for which there is no need in the happy home of sight and fruition—will shine in their souls as bright adornments, together with the gifts of the Holy Ghost and the sacramental characters. The Blessed will rejoice in the happiness and beauty of one another; and this joy, for those who are in heaven now, is ever increasing as each newly saved soul enters there. Some of the Blessed are adorned with a special glory on account of some special victory gained in earthly life. Beatitude is itself the crown for victory won; but there is a special crown or "aureole"—that is to say, a special reward of particular glory—conferred upon the souls of martyrs, confessors, virgins, holy widows, Doctors of the Church, and those who by their teaching have enlarged the borders of God's kingdom on earth.

It is a distinctively Christian truth that all men shall rise again with their bodies at the Last Day. Tertullian speaks beautifully of this. "The day dies," he writes, "giving place to night, and is buried in darkness; the beauties of the earth are hidden under a funeral veil. In the midst of this obscurity all is gloomy,

* Bougaud, quoted by Souben: "Nouvelle Théologie Dogmatique." Vol. ix.

silent, dismayed; work ceases; Nature has put on mourning to weep the departure of the light. But soon that glorious light comes to life again with the bridal pomp of its sun, ever the same, ever intact, conquering its nightly death, putting off its shroud of darkness till night comes once more. But even then the stars are lit again, which the brilliance of the sun had extinguished; the planets, chased away by the day, come back in triumph. So, too, we see the bright moon repair her disc that had waned in her monthly revolution. Winter, summer, spring, and autumn come round also in a perpetual cycle, with their influences, their varying conditions, and their produce.

"And as with the heavens, so with the earth. The trees, now stripped, again put on their foliage; the flowers are born again, with their gay colors; the fields are green once more; the seeds, consumed in the bosom of the earth, push up, and do not push up except at the price of being consumed. Wonderful wisdom of Divine Providence, who deprives us of these things only in order to give them back; destroys them, to continue them; gives them over to corruption in order to renew them; takes them away, to multiply them for us a hundredfold. . . . In one word, Creation is ever passing from death to life; . . . nothing is lost that shall not return one day. What is this perpetual evolution of Nature but a testimony of the resurrection from the dead? God wrote the resurrection in His works before He wrote it in Holy Scripture: He proclaimed it by His power before He taught it by His word."

The resurrection of all men in their bodies from the tomb is an article of faith. "The hour cometh," said our Divine Lord, "wherein all that are in the graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that have done good things shall come forth unto the resurrection of life; but they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of judgment."* This

truth is taught in the creeds of the Church from her earliest days. "I believe," we say in the Apostles' Creed, "in the resurrection of the body, and life everlasting"; and the fourth Lateran Council lays down that "All shall rise again with their own bodies, which they have now."

Unbelievers have endeavored to discredit this teaching of Jesus Christ and the Church by insisting on the difficulty of understanding how a man can have the same identical body in the resurrection that he possessed on earth. There is in this a mystery, calling, like all religious truth, for the exercise of faith. The best and all-sufficing answer is in the words of St. Paul to the Philippians: "Our conversation [i. e., citizenship] is in heaven, from whence also we wait for the Saviour, our Lord Jesus Christ, who will reform the body of our lowliness, made like to the body of His glory,"—and how? "According to the operation whereby also He is able to subdue all things unto Himself."*

The resurrection of the body is a work of Almighty God; and He who by His omnipotent word called all things into being at the first, can by His word and will restore them again, and make them more beautiful and splendid than before. Science, by its own confession, knows nothing of the real constitution of matter, which is one of the greatest and most insoluble mysteries of nature. It is known that every particle of matter in the human frame changes in the course of a few years; yet we have no hesitation in recognizing as identical the body of the infant, the youth, the grown man, and of the same man in the last stage of senile decay. Science, then, can tell us nothing of what constitutes the identity of the risen and the earthly body. An eminent modern theologian, Cardinal Billot, is of opinion that this identity is constituted by the soul. Be that as it may, the devotees of modern science are in no position to say that it is impossible for our bodies to be reconstructed by the

* St. John, v, 28, 29.

* Phil., iii, 21.

same divine power that created them; and so to be reconstructed that they will be the same bodies, as the Church teaches, that we now bear.

Yes, we shall rise again. How glorious will that resurrection be for those who have persevered to the end! Our bodies will be like to the risen body of Jesus. "It is sown," writes St. Paul, "in corruption, it shall rise in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it shall rise in glory; it is sown in weakness, it shall rise in power; it is sown a natural [or animal] body, it shall rise a spiritual body." Glorified, incorruptible, no longer capable of suffering or death,—a body renewed and beautified, able to move at will with the swiftness of light, and to range over the vastnesses of the "new heavens and the new earth" that shall rise from the ruins of the old. For, says St. Augustine, "where the soul wills that the body shall be, there it will be,"—vigorous with perpetual health and well-being; every sense filled with exquisite delight; blessed by the sight of the Sacred Humanity of Jesus, of the sweet majesty and enthralling grace of the beauty of Mary; by the sight and voices of these and of all the saints, and of those whom we have loved, and lost a while; a spiritual body, in that it will be now a finely-tempered and perfect instrument of the soul controlling it; no longer gross, no longer subject to any concupiscence, or inordinate appetite.

Such is the destiny, the goodly heritage, even of this poor house of clay of our earthly habitation. Like the seed, it must die in order to spring up again in beauty. But we need not sorrow at the thought of death; for though it die, ravaged by disease, wasted by long sickness, rent and torn by accident or in battle, or reduced to humiliating impotence by age; though it have hungered and thirsted, suffered and been maltreated; though at the last it has undergone the corruption of the grave, in which all that was fair and beautiful is laid low,

yet we know that it shall rise again, shining and brilliant; for "the just shall shine as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." *

We have seen now, "as in a glass, in a dark manner," the end and object for which we were made; the glorious destiny, enhanced now by the Incarnation of God's only-begotten Son, to which by Redemption we have been restored; the goodly heritage above, of which our goodly heritage in the Church is the faithful pledge. And all this glory of the Blessed is to the honor and glory of Almighty God, the Beginning and End of all things; for all the Blessed know God clearly, love and praise Him intensely and without cessation, will only His divine good pleasure, live to Him and for Him alone; referring all their joy and bliss, all their knowledge and love, every good thing that is theirs, their own glory and that of their loved fellow-citizens in heaven,—referring, too, the glory and triumph of Jesus as Man, both in His own victory and the victory of His redeemed ones,—referring all to God. This is signified in that wonderful vision in the Apocalypse (iv, 10, 11), when the Apostle saw the four and twenty Ancients who "fell down before Him that sitteth on the throne, and adored Him that liveth forever and ever."

Thus will the object and aim of our creation and of our munificent Redemption be attained, and the glorious Church in heaven be completed. We, glorified members of our glorified Head, led by Him, our Saviour, in His Sacred Humanity, shall live forever in the happy and perfect worship and service of God, "whom to know is to love, and to serve is to reign." Christ, having destroyed the last enemy, Death, shall submit Himself as Man—and us, His subjects, with Him—to the glorious and ennobling sway of His Father, according to the words of the Apostle: "Afterwards the end, when He

* St. Matt., xiii, 43.

[Christ] shall have delivered up the Kingdom to God and the Father, when He shall have abolished all principality and authority and power; for He must reign, until He hath put all enemies under His feet. And the enemy Death shall be destroyed last. . . . And when all things shall be subdued unto Him, then the Son also. Himself shall be subject to Him that put all things under Him, that God may be all in all." (I. Cor., xv, 24-28.)

Let us remember for our consolation that this glorious reward is well within our power to attain. While a careless, unprayerful life will not win it, a practical Catholic life will. And a practical Catholic life is not a matter of formidable difficulty. There must be struggle and combat, trial and sorrow and temptation; but the graces of Catholic life are so abundant that great Catholic theologians—such, for instance, as the holy and deeply learned Suarez—have given it as their considered opinion that the great majority of adult Catholics will be saved. Let us thank God for this consoling hope, so honorable to the Precious Blood of Jesus. It will not make us lax or careless: it will greatly encourage us, and spur us on to work and to pray that we may all at the last be amongst that happy number.

(The End.)

Guiding Stars.

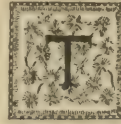
BY GERTRUDE ROBINSON.

★ STAR of the Night, thou evening star,

Throwing thy sparkling rays afar,
Tempting the wanderer with thy light,
Luring him out into the night!
Lonely and sad will the poor heart be,
Star of the Night, that follows thee!

Star of the Dawn, O star of day,
Shining alone in the morning grey,
Silver with hope of coming years,
Guiding us on till the light appears!
Hopeful and glad will the poor heart be,
Star of the Dawn, that follows thee!

The Story of Vivia Perpetua.*



THESE memoirs, written in prison by Vivia Perpetua from the day of her arrest until the eve of her martyrdom, together with the account of her death and that of her companions, are famous in ecclesiastical history. The journal has been preserved in the acts of the martyrs, the history of the Church, the works of Tertullian, and the sermons of St. Augustine, who pronounced her eulogium with an eloquence worthy of his splendid genius. This heroine of faith was crowned with martyrdom in the reign of Septimius Severus in 202, most probably in Carthage, as St. Prosper and Venerable Bede assert.

Vivia Perpetua was a woman of twenty-two, of noble birth, and was married to a man of distinguished ancestry. She had a father and mother living, and a little son at the breast, whom she herself nursed. When the persecution was at its height, she was arrested, together with Felicitas and Rogatus, both servants of the same master, to whom Secundulus and Saturninus were afterward joined.

From the day of her arrest, Vivia began to write the touching story of her imprisonment, sufferings, and combats,—a story which up to the time of St. Augustine used to be read in the churches, and which it will be useful to repeat in our times. But let us hear from the martyr herself what she had to suffer for the sake of her persecuted faith.

I.

We were in the power of the persecutors when my father came, impelled by his love, to wage a terrible battle in order to shake my constancy; to whom I said:

"Father, seest thou that pitcher there on the ground?"

"Yes, I see it," he answered.

"Can it be called by any other name than its own?"

* Translated and adapted for THE AVE MARIA from the *Civiltà Cattolica*, by J. M. T.

"No."

"And so neither can I call myself by any other name than what I am—a Christian."

At these words my father grew furious, and snatched me to him as if he would tear the eyes out of my head; but he only gave me a severe reprimand, and then withdrew.

For some days my father did not make his appearance, and I breathed freely, and gave thanks to the Lord. Meanwhile we were all baptized; and on coming out of the holy font, the Spirit of the Lord put it into my mind to ask no other grace save that of patience under torments.

A few days after that we were shut up in prison, and I was frightened; in all my days I never remember such horrible darkness. My God, what a time of sorrow was that! The number of prisoners collected there, the heat, the sultriness, the suffocation, the trouble given us by the guards, and still more my great anxiety for my child, pierced me with cruel anguish. Then the blessed deacons Tertius and Pomponius, who assisted us, obtained from the guards permission for us to come out for an hour or so in the day, to breathe the fresh air and recreate ourselves.

Emerging, therefore, from the depths of that dungeon, each one took some exercise; and I suckled my baby, who was brought to me almost starved; and, my heart trembling for him, I recommended him to my mother. And although I tried to cheer up my brother, my soul was torn with anguish to see how deeply he was afflicted for me.

Many days passed in this anxiety, until, having become accustomed to have my child with me in prison, I soon felt myself strengthened, and free from that uneasiness which I had experienced on his account. Thus the prison was transformed for me into a palace, so that I felt better pleased to dwell there than elsewhere.

My brother came to me and said: "My sister and lady, thou art now so pleasing

to God that thou canst surely ask Him to let thee know by some vision whether thou art to suffer only imprisonment or death also." And I, who was accustomed to converse familiarly with the Lord, by whom I was so much favored, full of confidence, promised, saying to him: "Come back to-morrow and I shall tell thee."

Then I prayed, and behold what appeared to me. I saw a ladder of wonderful height, which reached up even to heaven, but so narrow that only one person at a time could climb it. The two sides bristled with all kinds of weapons—lances, swords, hooks, and knives,—so that if a person were not careful to keep his eyes fixed above as he mounted, he would be badly cut. At the foot of the ladder an immense dragon lay at full length, trying to debar those that wished to mount, and to frighten them.

Saturus, who afterward delivered himself up voluntarily into the hands of the persecutors for our sakes, and who had not been present when we were taken, mounted the ladder first; and having reached the top, turning to me, he said: "Perpetua, I expect thee up here; but be careful that the dragon does not bite thee." To whom I answered: "Be not afraid; he will not hurt me, thanks to the powerful Name of Jesus."

In fact, the monster crawled under the ladder, as if afraid of me, and hardly dared to show his head. Having placed my foot on the first round, I stepped on his head, and then ascended the ladder to the top.

There opened out before my eyes an immense stretch of land, cultivated as a garden, in the midst of which sat a white-haired man, tall in person, dressed as a shepherd and in the act of milking his sheep; and he was surrounded by thousands of persons dressed in white. Raising his head, he looked at me, and said: "Welcome, daughter." And, beckoning me to him, he gave me some of the curdled milk to taste. I received it with joined hands, and consumed some of it; and then all present said, "Amen." At the sound

of this word I awoke, still feeling an indescribable sweetness in my mouth.

I related this vision to my brother, and we both understood clearly what it meant—namely, that we prisoners were destined for martyrdom; and therefore from that moment we gave up all earthly hope.

Some days after this it was rumored that we should be called to trial; and my father came from the city to see me, and to overcome my constancy. He said to me:

"O my daughter! have pity on these white hairs: have pity on thy father, if I am worthy to be so called by thee. Remember how I have brought thee up, until now thou art in the flower of thy age, and that amongst all my children thou wert the favorite. Do not therefore in return make me a reproach to the world. Have regard to thy mother, thy brethren, thy aunt, thy little son, who can not live without thee. Put aside this pride which makes thee despise death, and do not be the ruin of us all; for if thou shalt be tortured or put to death, none of us will ever again dare to appear in public."

Those things my father said, moved by his great love. I felt my heart torn asunder; and I pitied my father, whom I tried to comfort, saying:

"When I am at the court, God's will shall be done in me. Know, O my father! that we are not in our own power, but in that of God."

And he went away, plunged in grief.

Next day, when we were at table, we were unexpectedly summoned before the tribunal. The report at once spread, and drew a great multitude to the square. We ascended the tribunal, and the interrogatory began. The Procurator Hilarion, who acted as judge, said to Satorus:

"Sacrifice to the gods, as the immortal Emperors command."

"We should sacrifice to God and not to idols," replied Satorus.

"Dost thou answer in thy own name or in the name of all?"

"In the name of all, because we have only one will."

Hilarion, turning to the others, asked: "And what do you say?"

"It is true: we have only one will."

The Procurator ordered the men to be removed, and the two women to be brought before him. Then turning to Felicitas, he asked:

"What is thy name?"

"Felicitas."

"Hast thou parents?"

"No, but Revocatus is my brother."

"Have compassion on thyself,—I pity thee."

"Do with me what thou wilt, but thou canst not persuade me."

"And thou, Perpetua, what dost thou say? Wilt thou offer sacrifice?"

"My very name tells thee that I do not change."

"Hast thou parents?"

"Yes."*

And hereupon my father came in with my little boy in his arms. He seized me, drew me down a step toward him, and entreated me, saying:

"Have pity on thy little child!"

The Procurator Hilarion said to me:

"Let the white hairs of thy father move thee; let the infancy of thy child move thee; sacrifice to the gods for the safety of the Emperor."

I answered him: "I will never do it."

"Thou art a Christian, then?"

"Yes, I am a Christian."

Meanwhile as my father continued to importune me to yield, he was, by order of Hilarion, driven down the steps of the tribunal, with the blow of a stick. Ah! that blow pierced my soul, and I felt it more than if I myself had been struck. It tore my heart to see his pitiable old age thus ill used. After this Hilarion pro-

* In her autobiography, Perpetua barely mentions this interrogatory; but it is deemed proper to give it at greater length, as it is found in the authentic and abridged acts of her martyrdom contained in Alard's "*Histoire des Persécutions*."

nounced the sentence which condemned us to the beasts; and we received it with joyful countenances, and returned to our prison. . . .

A few days later the soldier Pudens, the superintendent of the prisons, who held us in great esteem on account of the power of divine grace which he saw in us, gave free entrance to many who came to comfort us, or to receive comfort from us.

Meanwhile the day of the games was at hand, when lo! my father came to me again, worn out and emaciated by his long mental agony; and as soon as he saw me, he threw himself on his face on the ground, and, tearing out his beard, cursed his gray hairs and said things that would have moved any heart to compassion. And although my own soul was pierced with cruel wounds, I wept to see his old age so full of sorrow.

The day before our combat I had this other vision. At the prison door I saw Pomponius the deacon, who knocked loudly. I opened it for him; and he stood before me in a white garment, not girdled, and bordered with a string of golden berries. And he said to me: "Perpetua, come; we await thee." Thus saying, he took me by the hand and led me over rough and winding paths, till we arrived at the amphitheatre, out of breath and panting. Then, introducing me into the midst of the arena, he said to me: "Fear not; here I am with thee, and I will combat with thee." Having said this, he disappeared. Then I saw myself surrounded by an immense multitude of people, who looked at me with surprise; and as I knew that I was condemned to the beasts, it seemed to me strange that they were not already rushing on me.

And behold! an Ethiopian of horrid aspect rushed at me, who came with his assassins to attack me; and at the same time there stood at my side most beautiful young men in the attitude of protecting me. On a sudden I felt myself transformed into a robust athlete. My protectors anointed me with oil for the combat, and

before me I saw the Ethiopian rolling in the dust. Then there stepped up to me a man of gigantic stature—so tall that his head rose even above the roof of the amphitheatre. He wore a white garment, ungirt, a purple stole garnished with gold and silver ornaments, and he held a rod in one hand, as is usual with the master of the gladiators; and in the other a green bough, from which hung golden apples. The giant, beckoning for silence spoke thus: "If the Ethiopian conquer this young woman, he shall kill her with the sword; and if she conquer the Ethiopian, she shall have this branch as a present." And having said this, he retired.

Then we advanced one toward the other, and we began the contest. My enemy tried to lay hold of me, but I repelled him; when I felt myself suddenly raised in the air and standing on his head, until I bowed it down even to the ground beneath my feet. But then, seeing that the contest was growing long, I seized his head with my hands, beat it against the ground, and trampled upon him. The people broke out in applause, my protectors intoned the canticle of victory, and I presented myself to the master of the gladiators. And he handed me the branch with the golden apples, kissed me on the forehead, and said to me: "O daughter! the peace of the Lord be with thee." Then I was borne in triumph to the Porta Sanavivaria.

Hereupon I awoke; and I understood that it was reserved for me to combat, not with wild beasts, but with the Evil One; and that the victory was certain. All this I have written up to this day, the eve of my martyrdom; let some one else write the acts of it, if any one chooses.

II.

Such is the diary of Perpetua and the history of her painful imprisonment, of her combats, and of the torture of her heart, wounded in the deepest and strongest sentiments of nature—her filial and maternal love. Of her husband she

makes no mention, either because he was no longer amongst the living, or, more probably, because, being a pagan like her father, he had abandoned her. Taking up the thread of the touching narrative, we will now relate the story of her last combat and that of her companions.

The acts of their martyrdom inform us that Secundulus was called from the prison to heaven; and Felicitas, who was gone eight months with child, was very uneasy, fearing that her martyrdom would be deferred on account of her condition; for the Roman laws forbade the execution of a woman with child until after she was delivered. Her companions also grieved at the thought of leaving so dear a sister alone on the field of battle. Therefore, three days before the games, all joined her in prayer to the Lord with many tears and sighs; and she was presently attacked with the pangs of childbirth. She could not conceal her sufferings, and one of the guards said to her:

"O thou who dost now cry out so, with pain, what wilt thou do when thou art exposed to the wild beasts, although when thou didst refuse to offer sacrifice thou didst speak bravely enough?"

She replied: "Now it is I that suffer; then Another will be in me who will suffer for me, because I shall suffer for Him." An answer inspired by the wisdom of the saints.

It was the custom amongst the Romans that the last meal taken by those condemned to the beasts, called *cena libera*, should be in public. The martyrs turned this meal into a Christian *agapæ*. Great numbers of people came to witness the scene, and the martyrs reproached them for their shameless curiosity; they threatened them with the judgments of God, and declared their own happiness in having to suffer for Jesus Christ. Saturus said to them:

"Will not to-morrow suffice for you to look upon those whom you hate so much? To-day you pretend to be our friends, and to-morrow you will declare yourselves

our enemies. But look us well in the face, so that you may recognize us on the day of judgment."

At these words many withdrew out of shame, and amongst them several were converted.

The day of victory dawned at length; and the martyrs, their faces radiant with joy and their hearts beating fast, not with fear, but with desire and jubilation, marched to the amphitheatre as if they were going toward heaven. The three men went first; the noble Vivia Perpetua followed, majestic and triumphant; as was becoming a matron of Christ most dear to Him; and she kept her eyes modestly cast down, to hide their brilliancy from the sight of others. At her side walked Felicitas, who thanked God that she had been delivered in time to join her companions in meeting the beasts.

When the prisoners had arrived at the gate of the amphitheatre, the ministers of justice attempted to make the men assume the garments of priests of Saturn, and the women those of priestesses of Ceres; but the martyrs were firm in their refusal, and answered:

"We have come here of our own accord, because we would not allow our liberty to be infringed upon. We willingly give up our lives sooner than do what you require."

The tribune recognized the justice of their protest, and allowed them to retain their own clothes.

Perpetua intoned the canticle that she had heard in her vision when she trampled on the head of the Ethiopian; and Revocatus, Saturninus, and Saturus, turning to the populace who came as spectators, bade them beware of the chastisements of God. Then having come into the presence of Hilarion, by gestures and voice they said to him:

"Thou dost condemn us now, but take care lest God one day condemn thee."

The people, hearing this, arose in fury, and began to shout to have them scourged by running the gauntlet between the

hunters.* The martyrs rejoiced in the Lord that they were found worthy to suffer what He Himself had suffered for love of us.

He that said, "Ask, and you shall receive," disposed it so that each one of the martyrs consummated his sacrifice by the kind of death that he desired. For as they were talking together of their coming struggle, Saturninus expressed the desire to be exposed to every kind of wild beast in order to obtain a more glorious crown; and, indeed, during the games it happened that both he and Revocatus, after having been bitten by a leopard, were torn by a bear and dragged all over the floor of the arena.

Saturus, who did not fear the bear, hoped to receive his crown through the bites of a leopard. A wild boar was let loose on him; but the animal turned on his guard, and wounded him so badly that the unfortunate man died in a few days; whilst he did Saturus no other harm than to drag him over a part of the arena. He was then placed on a bridge and exposed to a bear; but the bear, instead of rushing on him, would not even come out of his den; and so he was again removed from the arena safe and sound.

There yet remained the two young women, who before entering the arena had to suffer a torment worse than any death. The executioners stripped them, and wrapped them in a kind of net which hardly covered them, and they were thus conducted to be mocked in the arena. But a sense of humanity and of horror was awakened in the people, who uttered a shout of deep indignation. The women were therefore made to retire from the amphitheatre and to resume their own garments, and then they were brought back to the arena.

* This name was given to certain ministers of the public games, who were ranged in double file, holding in their hands leather whips tipped with little leaden bullets, with which they struck the prisoners as the latter passed between the ranks.

A savage cow, which had been goaded against them, attacked Perpetua fiercely, and tossed her in the air. She fell down on her side, but she immediately sat up again; and, perceiving that her dress was torn so as to expose her side, more sensible to modesty than to pain, she gathered her clothes together so as to cover her body. When the ministers came to take her up, she rearranged her garments and tied up her hair, which had fallen loose; thinking it unbecoming that a martyr should suffer with her hair hanging about her, as if she were in mourning in the midst of her triumph.

She rose to her feet, therefore; and seeing that Felicitas had been thrown down and trampled on, she went to her, and, taking her by the hand, helped her to rise. And thus the two stood expecting to be again delivered to the beasts; but the people would not allow it, and they were removed to the Porta Sanavivaria.

There Perpetua was met by a certain Rusticus, a catechumen, who was very much attached to her. She, like a person awaking from a dream—so entirely had her soul been absorbed in God,—looking around her, said to the crowd, which observed her with astonishment:

"Well, when are we to be exposed to the savage cow?"

And when she was told that it had already been done, she could hardly believe it, until the rents in her dress and her wounds convinced her.

Then summoning her brother and the catechumen, she said to them:

"Stand firm in your faith, love one another, and be not frightened by our sufferings."

At another gate of the amphitheatre, Saturus made a similar exhortation to the soldier Pudens, saying to him:

"Thou seest that, as I foretold thee, I have not yet felt the tusks or claws of any wild beast. Believe in my words therefore. And now I tell thee that I am about to be called back into the amphitheatre, where the teeth of a leopard will be my death."

Toward the end of the games he was, in fact, summoned again to the battlefield and exposed to a leopard, which inflicted on him a deep wound, whence the blood gushed forth in torrents. Seeing this, the pagans cried out in mockery, "*Salvus, nam lotus!*" (He is saved, because he is washed!) thus ridiculing the Christians' baptism. Little did they know how true it was that he was saved because washed in his own blood.

Meanwhile Saturus said to Pudens:

"Farewell, my good friend! Be mindful of my faith; let not my death trouble, but rather comfort thee." And thus saying he took off Pudens' ring, dipped it in his own blood, and handed it back, saying, "Keep this heritage of my faith as a treasure—this memento of my blood." So saying he expired.

The people, eager to continue feasting their eyes on wounds and blood, shouted aloud for the Christians to be brought again into the amphitheatre, that they might behold them in their agony and death.

At this the martyrs arose promptly; they embraced, kissing one another on the forehead, to consummate their sacrifice by this solemn pledge of peace. Then, marching into the middle of the amphitheatre, they received the stroke of death from the gladiators, silent and motionless. But Vivia Perpetua, for whom, it seems, greater sufferings were reserved, fell to the lot of an inexperienced and clumsy gladiator, who only wounded her. A cry escaped her; and taking hold of the trembling hand of the gladiator, she guided it to the spot where he should strike; and at the second blow she fell to the ground dead.

What heroism in Vivia Perpetua, who, aided by grace, rose superior to pain, torments, and death, and even to the dearest instincts of nature, all of which she was called upon to immolate for the sake of Jesus! And yet she had been a Christian for only a few days. What a splendid testimony to the truth of Chris-

tianity and to the divinity of Christ!

He who does not see the work of God in this triumph of grace over nature, will never be able to explain the phenomenon of the Christian martyrs,—a phenomenon which has been repeated at frequent intervals, and which beyond all others succeeded in bringing down the pride of the pagan world to the feet of the Martyr of Golgotha, and in making the Cross triumph on the ruins of idolatry. Surely Tertullian had reason to say: "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of Christians."

Stars in the Darkness.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

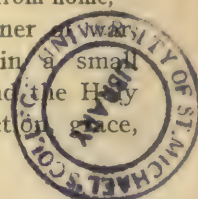
"When the night is dark the stars come out."

HOW dark the night would be without the stars! Even so, how much more terrible would war time be without those deeds of love and charity which shine like patines of bright gold in the night of conflict, of tribulation, and of bereavement! Let us look at a few of these stars which shine in the skies of the warring nations.

A Birmingham mother had a son at the front, and she received from him a letter in which he told her his many thoughts of home, and one of them was this. He thought of his vacant bed, of how soft and comfortable it was; and then his thoughts turned to poor, homeless lads who, like Him who "came down from heaven," had no place whereon to lay their heads; and he begged his mother to let one of them have his bed. His wish was complied with, and a poor young refugee knew what it was to lie down in peace and take his rest.

It is not exactly happiness to realize the truth of Newman's line,

The night is dark, and I am far from home,—
in other words, to be a prisoner of war. Quite recently, the women in a small German town realized this, and the Holy Spirit came to them with unctious



and "fire of love." They all made acts of self-denial, and procured many comforts for the friendless prisoners of war in a camp near by,—knitting and sewing, and forwarding parcels to them. Think how the receivers of these kindly gifts would thank those who remembered them in a strange land! "I was sick, and you visited Me; I was in prison, and you came to Me." These are the divine words these women had in their hearts.

Cadburys' chocolates are everywhere. I should not be surprised if some besieged children are eating them when the big guns are roaring. Personally, I have a lively recollection of Everton "toffee" and chocolate creams consoling me in many a childish trouble. Some Belgian refugees have come to Uffculme, the country seat of the Cadburys. The generous Quakers turned their beautiful home into a House of Rest; and there Sisters of Charity came and helped them to do the honors,—God's honors.

Many poor, homeless wanderers came to this nest in the greensward. The great hall was full of them; and amongst them moved the women in the white cornettes, who spoke to them in their own tongue, comforted them, and made them feel at peace. Here an old woman of seventy wept bitter tears, remembering the home to which her husband had brought her, in which her children had been born; and the hands of the bride of Christ wiped her tears. There a father mourned his fallen household gods. And through it all the happy little children played on the velvet lawn.

Even over deserted battlefields the golden stars have shone. An English soldier found himself lying wounded—injured in both legs—entirely helpless. It was night; he was very cold and in agony. Somehow, he had not been found, so he gave up human hope,—simply threw himself on the mercy of the Lord. As he lay thus, a tall man in a cloak came up to him, bent over him, lifted his head, placed a flask to his lips, and in English,

spoken with a foreign accent, said: "Are you badly hurt?"—"Very badly, in both legs."—"If I stoop, could you manage to put your arms round my neck?" The Englishman saw by the moonlight that the good Samaritan was a German officer; so, much wondering, he whispered: "I'll try." The tall man bent very low: the wounded soldier made a supreme effort, lifted himself as best he could, and feebly placed his arms round the other's neck. Slowly and painfully, the pair made their way from the field. Every now and again the German paused, gave the soldier a cordial, and encouraged him to bear up. At length they came to an empty barn, near the English lines; and there the kind officer placed his burden on some straw, made him a pillow, covered him with hay, put his flask within reach, and said: "Courage! They will find you in the morning." Then the pair shook hands. Next day a patrol found the soldier and carried him to a base hospital. He owed his life to the pity of that good Samaritan.

In some districts where terrible battles have been fought, the country people of the place tend all the graves. Those who have fallen lie side by side; and a visitor to the stricken places tells how deeply moved he was on seeing a nun and her pupils going from mound to mound with flowers. Truly, Charity is kind.

In this same war fell one of Heaven's true gentlemen, whom we will simply call the Man of the Three Crosses. He was a plain-living country gentleman in England; and was not a hero to his chauffeur, who thought him inclined to be timid when anything went wrong with his motor car. He bore a part in the trench fights; and when one was over, he and many others noticed that a wounded German soldier lay between the two lines, exposed to a cross fire from both sides. The British officer climbed over the parapet and made his way alone (the mark of all eyes) to where his injured foe lay. He took him up and carried

him on his back to the German lines, whence cheer on cheer rang out. An officer stepped forward, saluted, and received the rescued man; then he took the Iron Cross from his breast and gave it to the rescuer—who, I may mention, had already received the Cross of the Legion. This true gentleman has now joined the majority, and a cross is placed at his head: hence his name of the Man of the Three Crosses. It seems to me he was a modern Bayard,—*sans peur et sans reproche*.

Whenever I think of the present Holy Father, I think also of an exquisite stained-glass window—the Good Shepherd window,—whereon Our Lord is depicted with the hurt sheep upon His shoulder. Pope Benedict, from the very beginning of his pontificate, has gone in search of the wounded sheep on the battlefields of the world. Many a man has found himself at home, “rounding the corner,” owing to the Pontiff’s kind services. He it was who thought of the exchange of prisoners of war unfit for service, and all Christendom hails this as a blessed boon. We read that they brought to Jesus the sick, the halt, the maimed; and so it is meet and fitting that he to whom is committed the care of the sheep should think of them and seek for them. Indeed, many a one has been drawn close to the breast of the *Magna Mater*, who speaks thus to her poor children:

I a message have for thee,
Tempted, sad humanity.
From the Seven Hills of Rome,
I, your mother, call you home.
See! In me behold the bride
Of a Spouse once crucified.
Dust of Time is on my hair,
Yet my Bridegroom counts me fair;
Though the tempests round me beat,
Come the nations to my feet.
Many children have I borne,
Who, like Christ, were crowned with thorn.
I have seen them fearless stand
On the red arena sand.
Empires rise and empires fall,—
I, the bride, outlast them all.
For the quick and for the dead
Are my prayers forever said.

To the sad I give God’s balm;
To the storm-tost, Heaven’s calm.
Close my Spouse beside me stands,
Filled with gifts His nail-marked hands.
Saints stand round Him ring on ring,
And their glad Hosannas sing.
I am guardian of the sheep,
And I slumber not nor sleep.
From across far-distant seas
Come my children to my knees,—
From the Seven Hills of Rome,
I, their mother, call them home.

Perhaps one of the things which appeal most strongly to men is mother-love—the love for the woman who bore us,—which is, of course, born with us. Years ago, during the Afghan War, a solitary soldier—a sentinel possibly—was found dead behind a mud wall, in a mountain pass,—shot down, no doubt, in guerilla warfare. As he lay there in his mortal agony, he had traced with his blood, on a rock near by: “Give all I have to mother.” And just recently a prisoner of war in Groningen, Germany, has been allowed to return to England on parole, in order to see his dying mother. Yet another star in the darkness,—the star of mother-love.

When I read this incident, I thought of one which occurred during the Napoleonic wars. A British sailor boy, when a prisoner at Boulogne, was detected trying to escape in an osier boat he had made. He was taken before the Little Corporal, who asked him why he had dared to tempt the perils of the ocean in so frail a bark. Promptly came the answer: “Sire, to see my mother.” Then said Napoleon: “Set him free. Surely ’tis a worthy mother who has borne so brave a son.” And thus, too, our own dark night, as we have seen, is lighted by many a star of charity and mercy.

It is true that men are no fit judges of themselves, because commonly they are partial to their own cause; yet it is as true that he who will dispose himself to judge indifferently of himself can do so better than any one else, because a man can see farther into his own mind and heart than any one else.—*Harrington*.

A Numerical Coincidence.

A PROPOS of the article on "The Confessor of Louis XVI.," to be found in our present number, and of the words, "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven," it is interesting to note the parallel that exists between the reigns of those two French kings, St. Louis and Louis XVI. Especially curious among the resemblances discovered is a numerical coincidence, the recurrence of the number 539 in the parallel. Following the plan of the French writer who has called attention to the curious matter, we shall give a separate paragraph to each coincidence.

St. Louis was born on April 23, 1215; and 539 years later, on August 23, 1754, was born Louis XVI.

In 1225 occurred the birth of Isabella, sister of St. Louis; and 539 years later, in 1764, there was born Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI.

In 1226 Louis VIII., father of St. Louis, died; and 539 years later, in 1765, died the Dauphin Louis, father of Louis XVI.

His minority as king began for St. Louis in 1226; and 539 years later, in 1765, began the minority as dauphin of Louis XVI.

In 1243 St. Louis, victorious, concluded a peace with Henry III. of England; and 539 years later, in 1782, Louis XVI., victorious, signed a treaty of peace with George III.

In 1249 an Oriental prince announced to St. Louis by an ambassador his desire to become a Christian; and 539 years later, in 1788, another Oriental prince sent an embassy to Louis XVI. for the same purpose.

In 1250 occurred the captivity of St. Louis; and 539 years later, in 1789, occurred the imprisonment of Louis XVI.

In 1250 St. Louis, captive, is abandoned by his "own"; and 539 years later, in 1789, Louis XVI. is also abandoned: the princes depart, the emigration begins.

In 1250, under St. Louis, arose the Pastoureaux whose leader was the apostate Jacob; and 539 years later, in 1789, arose the Jacobins,—the priest Jacob, curé of St. Louis, Versailles, giving up his church to the people.

In 1254 came the end of the captivity of St. Louis, who visited the Madeleine in Provence; and 539 years later, in 1793, came the end of Louis XVI.'s captivity by his death on the scaffold. He was buried in the Madeleine cemetery, whither he was borne by Provenceaux (Marseillais).

It is further to be noted that, if St. Louis be accepted as the true founder of the French monarchy, there is something curious in the fact that the sum of the digits in this oft-recurring number, 539, give $(5+3+9)$ 17, and that it was the death, in the Temple, of the young Louis the *Seventeenth* that marked the downfall of that monarchy.

Whatever may be thought of these various historical coincidences, they certainly merit as much attention as do most of the cryptograms and other devices by which some literary enthusiasts endeavor to prove that Bacon wrote the plays of Shakespeare. As a matter of fact, the whole series of dates, verifiable by any patient reader of French annals, constitutes as remarkable an instance of chronological parallelism as has ever come to our notice.

WE thus perceive the fallacious character of that argument which affirms that even an infallible Church would be no certain guide to us if its claims were not demonstrated by a process of such scientific rigor that no man could resist it. Equally sophistical is it to urge that if the individual can decide for himself on the claims of the Church, he must also be competent to form true opinions on all other points of theology. As well might we say that whosoever can select a safe guide must have sagacity enough also to find his path across the mountains without a guide.—*Aubrey de Vere.*

Increasing Reverence for the Mother of Christ Outside of the Church.

THE marked development of a spirit of reverence towards the Mother of the world's Redeemer among those outside of the Church is one of the most consoling signs of the age in which we live. It is another proof of the great fact that those who live in heresy are beginning to realize their inconsistency, and that the struggle in the religious world is rapidly narrowing down to the conflict between Catholicity and infidelity.

When it was reported some years ago that a notorious French actress was about to present a "religious drama" in which she would take the "part" of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the whole Christian world was shocked and scandalized; and among the protests that were made against such a profanation not the least forcible were those that came from Protestant lips. To cite one of many, an anonymous writer in the London *Telegraph* spoke as follows:

"It is difficult for those who do not belong to the Roman obedience to appreciate the horror with which they must hear of a Parisian artist posing before a Parisian audience as Holy Mary's representative. One need not, however, be a Roman Catholic to understand the objections to this proposition. The Virgin Mother lives tenderly in the memories of all men, as the purest type of a high ideal, and her crowning sorrow has been the world's greatest tragedy in the traditions of nearly 2000 years. The most vigorous assertor of secularism and free-thought must respect the feelings of the Christian world on a subject so tender and so sacred in its majestic outlines. She lives in legend, she looks down on us from the canvas of the masters, and the greatest poets have brought their homage to her feet. Now the Parisians propose to make her the theme of the green-room—the topic of the boulevard,—to present an

image of her based on the undoubted but utterly alien genius of the great Sarah, aided by the wigmaker, the property manager, and all the purveyors of washes and paints, with limelight effects lavishly thrown in. Voltaire threw dirt at Joan of Arc, but in this insult to the Virgin there is something far more than defamation of a national heroine: it is an outrage on the feelings of one-third of the human race."

A logical mind, however deeply steeped it may be in heresy, can not fail to see that to deny that Mary is the Mother of God is to deny the whole truth and divinity of the Christian religion. For the truth of Christianity depends upon the truth that its Founder, Jesus Christ, is God; and therefore to deny that Mary, His Mother, is the Mother of God, is to deny that Jesus is God and that Christianity is true; therefore, to deny the honor of the Mother is to deny the glory of her Son, and to deny the redemption of one's own soul. This is happily becoming more and more clear to open-minded non-Catholics.

One whose heart is filled with faith and love towards the ever-blessed Mother of our Divine Lord needs not the cold, precise, formal language of reasoning and demonstration to remind him of all that belongs to her honor and dignity. The bright light of faith illuminating his soul, and the fire of love glowing within his heart, lead him on naturally and convincingly to all that concerns the mysteries of our holy religion. True Christian souls look upon our Blessed Lord as the cause of all their good; they believe Him to be the Son of God, and for that very reason God of God, Light of light, true God of true God; and therefore they value His merits and satisfaction as being infinite. And all this, to their minds, is implied by His sacred and adorable name; and thus irresistibly, but sweetly and lovingly, they say: Mary is the Mother of Jesus; Jesus is God, therefore Mary is the Mother of God.

Notes and Remarks.

A suggestion that may well arrest the attention of a good many pastors and other workers for the uplift of our Catholic young people is made by Margaret Tucker in a recent bulletin of the Social Service Commission of the American Federation of Catholic Societies. It is that parochial school buildings, which "for the most part stand dark and empty after 4 p. m.," should be utilized for the religious instruction of Catholic boys and girls who at present are practically without such instruction. "In many big parishes," writes Miss Tucker, "a large proportion of the Catholic children are attending public schools, and growing up without the influence of religious education and moral training, owing to the indifference of parents and the vicious influence of street life. These children are keeping our Juvenile Courts and reformatories busy, and at the proper age will probably swell the ranks of the I. W. W. or join the Socialists.... A social worker, with the use of the parochial school or other parish building, could fill it with children every day after 4 p. m., providing she had sufficient helpers for her work, and adequate material."

Practical difficulties in the way of using the school-room for other than its specific purpose will, of course, present themselves; but there would seem to be no insuperable obstacles to the carrying out of some such plan as is thus suggested. The religious training of such Catholic children as do not attend Catholic schools undoubtedly deserves looking after.

Solicitude for the great number of orphan children of the men who have fallen in the war is keen and general. Among Catholics it is naturally intensified by the fact that many of these children will be in danger of losing the faith. As yet there has been no concerted action in their behalf on the part of Catholics

in this country, though large numbers of them are likely to find their way hither. It is a consolation to know these innocent victims of man's barbarity are not to be left to the tender mercies of the Ministry of Education in France. The widowed mothers demand that their children shall be educated in the faith of their fathers, in which sorrow now finds its greatest comfort, and patriotism its strongest support. The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris has called upon his clergy and people to form a War Orphans' Committee in every parish to aid and protect the orphans and widows by advice and material assistance. "We owe it," writes his Eminence, "to these widowed mothers to find the help necessary for them to keep their children with them, and to place those whom they can not themselves bring up and educate.... Catholic orphans must be assured of some sort of official representation, and one strong enough to speak in their name and intervene in their behalf."

In an editorial review of the anti-Catholic movements that have disgraced this country during the past three-quarters of a century, the *Jewish News* declares that the present inning of "the organized form of bigotry" is not likely to last so long as formerly. Speaking for its own people, the Denver journal says:

Of particular importance at this time should be the Jewish attitude, which ought to repudiate any attempt at intolerance, no matter where it comes from. The Jews have suffered at the hands of all the sects that differed from them in all ages. They can play no favorites. They should, therefore, become no part of any movement that is intolerant. If they help to persecute to-day, it will be their turn to-morrow to suffer therefrom. Liberty and tolerance now and for evermore must be our slogan.

One reason why the prestige of the Guardians of Liberty and like bigoted organizations is waning is that lectures to the general public by such Catholic laymen as Mr. Joseph Scott are opening the eyes of a good many non-Catholics to the true inwardness of those self-styled American

patriots who besmire the character of their Catholic fellow-citizens. Should our country, unfortunately, become involved in war, on either side of the Atlantic, the present intolerance will die a natural death, extinguished by the practical patriotism of our coreligionists.

An authority on aerial warfare asserts that ten years hence, within an hour of a declaration of war, aeroplanes will have flown three hundred miles and bombarded this or that enemy city into ruins. The prophecy will not seem at all absurd to those who have been watching the contest for the supremacy of the air, and who remember that feats now accomplished every day by airmen in Europe were undreamt of two years ago. Not until ten years ago did any one seriously regard the air as a practical region for travellers. The occasional experiments then hazarded by bold spirits have since become commonplace. Count Zeppelin declares that his original machine will soon be as much out of date as the one-horse shay. He hopes that his improved super-zeppelins will be employed in the interests of peace, and accomplish far more than they have done in the interests of war.

All Irishmen and friends of Ireland will be gratified to know that the following paragraph of a speech delivered by former President Taft, at a St. Patrick's Day banquet in Chicago this year, is now being widely circulated in England. It goes to prove that Irishmen are not anarchists:

There has been an easy amalgamation of the Irish with our American life. They have added much to the composite American, made from various European stocks. They have softened the American wit. They have added to American tenderness. They have increased the spirit of good-fellowship, added to our social graces, increased our poetical imagination, made us more optimistic, and added to our sunny philosophy. Socialism and anarchy have found no lodgment among Irishmen. They believe in institutions of modern society. They believe in upholding our National and our State Governments. They are not full of diatribes against

the existing order. They struggle for equality of opportunity, and recognize the value of liberty ordered by law. They are not seeking to invent a new society and turn the present one topsy-turvy. They are co-operating with the good fortune, the prosperity, and the happiness that is possible under our Government. They are grateful for all this, they value it, they will fight to preserve it.

No fair-minded American at least will say that this generous tribute is not fully deserved.

A by-product of the recent Panama Congress of Protestant sects was a conference of sectarian missionaries engaged in evangelizing (God save the mark!) the benighted Catholics of Porto Rico. We have been impressed with one recommendation proffered by these ultra-zealous divines, to wit: "It was recommended that the claims of the students of the University of Porto Rico be presented to the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. and the National Board of the Y. W. C. A., with the earnest request that they undertake the task of meeting the social and religious needs of the students, furnish dormitories, and minister in other ways to their well-being."

The recommendation may not prove utterly futile if it has the effect of convincing some "broad-minded Catholics," and the U. S. Government as well, that these associations of young men and young women are, radically and emphatically, Protestant bodies, and *not* non-sectarian organizations.

A writer in the current *Atlantic Monthly*, John Jay Chapman, with some of whose *obiter dicta* we find ourselves in disagreement, urges a truth of perennial timeliness when he asserts that "the lowest classes ought to be taught by the highest ability; for if a child is once headed right, he can be trusted to any competent guide. The great teacher, the man of genius, must be used at the start." We wonder how the writer of this article on "The School-master" would reconcile this principle with

the utter absence of moral and religious instruction in the schools of the land. A Catholic will find in it but further justification of the early and long instruction which our children receive in Catechism and Bible History, and the general correlation of religious with secular knowledge at which our schools aim. Incidentally, too, our teachers, Sisters and Brothers, in their equipment and zeal approach the ideal of the really efficient educator.

* * *

Other testimony on this same subject is given in the latest issue of the *Holy Cross Magazine* (Anglican), where, writing of "Education and Character," the Rev. Selden P. Delany, D. D., declares it is necessary that children should be trained in the practice of their religion. "It is of little use to teach children about religion or about morality unless they are given the opportunity to put the teaching into practice. Every child should be taught by sympathetic teachers such fundamental practices of religion as prayer, worship, self-examination, confession, meditation, and communion. Moral teachings, too, should find an outlet in moral expression. This sort of thing of course must be done chiefly by the church and the Sunday school."

The one idea we can not applaud here is that "of course" of the concluding sentence. Also we spell our sacraments more reverently.

A memorable lesson on the treatment of fanatical bigots, whose violence and abuse are sometimes so hard to bear, has been left by the late Lister Drummond, the zealous English convert to whom we lately paid tribute. One of his many friends and admirers, probably an associate with him in the activities of the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom, writes: "He was once asked if he had ever had serious trouble at his meetings in the Park, and replied in the negative, attributing his success always to keeping his temper, no

matter how ridiculous or offensive the questions might be! He asked us to consider the case of a man entering your well-kept garden and trampling all the flowers down, walking on the beds, etc. If you saw this from a window you would immediately rush out, with the idea of kicking him out of the gate; but if on approaching him you found he was *blind*, your feeling of anger would change, and you would take him by the arm and *lead* him out of the garden. He begged us to remember always to treat those outside the Church in the same way."

* * *

Even more interesting, at the present moment, than Father Alfred Knight's account of Cardinal Hohenlohe's interview with Queen Victoria when the hierarchy was restored in England are his reminiscences of the Cardinal's visit to Germany during the Kulturkampf. Father Knight accompanied him on this important mission, and writes of it (in the *London Tablet*) as follows:

From my own intercourse with leading men at the time, I do not think the blame for the Kulturkampf rests on Bismarck or any other politician. It rests on the founders of Old Catholicism. All the German statesmen cared for was a strong and united German Empire. The founders of Old Catholicism succeeded in persuading the statesmen then in power that the great enemy of the Empire would be the Church. Rome, they said, would never permit a Protestant Power to usurp the place of the Holy Roman Empire. Hence the determination to found a national Catholic Church, independent of Rome, with Cardinal Hohenlohe, as Archbishop of Cologne, at its head. They did not know the Cardinal. . . .

The persecution ran its course, and the persecutors were disillusioned. They could not separate German Catholics from Rome. Old Catholicism was a failure. And they had learned that the Church was not the enemy of Germany. Leo XIII. decided that the time for private action had come. Because of his connection with the Prussian royal family, and because his brother the Prince was Grand Chancellor of the German Empire, he sent Cardinal Hohenlohe on a private mission to Berlin. It was towards the end of 1880. He went as a simple priest, and . . . had interviews with the Emperor, with

Bismarck, and with any others he wished to see. His mission was quite a success.

The consequence was a German Catholic pilgrimage to Rome. This was received in public audience by Leo XIII. on Ascension Day, 1881. He said the State had a sphere which was its own. The Church also had its sphere, which was intangible. But between the two there was a debatable ground, where each might give and take. He held out the hand of peace to Germany, and offered to settle the differences between the Church and the Empire by diplomacy. The public spoke of this Allocution as folly. The newspapers thought it the presumption of inexperience. But the ground had been prepared. Negotiations were opened, and peace came. . . .

I did not see Cologne again until the Eucharistic Congress was held there. Then the glorious decorations of the cathedral, the Princes of the Church and multitudes of clergy about the altar, and the vast crowd of the faithful, forced from me the exclamation: "I shall never see anything so beautiful outside heaven!" And it seemed to me that that procession of the Blessed Sacrament through the city of Cologne represented sensibly the indefectibility of the Church Militant, and adumbrated the glory of the Church Triumphant.

Such of our readers as have heard, from time to time of late years, about the activities of American sects, notably the Methodists, in Rome and in Italy generally, may be interested in learning just what proportion of non-Catholics are resident in that country. Here are the latest official figures: The population in 1911 was 35,597,784. The foreigners, resident mostly in Piedmont, Liguria, and Lombardy, numbered 79,756. The inhabitants, to the number of 32,983,664, were Catholics. In the whole of the country, including foreigners, there were only 123,253 Protestants, chiefly in Piedmont, Lombardy, and Sicily. The Jews numbered 34,324, and the Greek schismatics 2200.

A needed article on "Simplicity of Life" is contributed to a recent issue of *America* by Dr. James J. Walsh. It is matter for perpetual surprise what contrasts this writer can work up between

his own age and previous times, and generally all to the advantage *temporis acti*. But it is no vain laudation that he permits himself; as in the present case, it is a scientific demonstration that certain advancements in the daily conduct of life are really deleterious to physical and mental health. Dr. Walsh concludes by remarking:

The refinements of life are very tempting, and usually seem to represent distinct advances. Unless controlled by thoroughgoing common-sense and a definite tendency toward the simple life, they are prone rather to lead to physical as well as moral deterioration. Man thrives best in a rather changeable temperature while living on coarse food, working hard enough to digest it, and taking plenty of air of a temperature considerably lower than that of his body, so as to consume heat energy and arouse appetite. Whenever he tries to avoid these natural trials, disturbance of his system is likely to follow. It is a long while ago since Horace said: "You may drive out Nature with a pitchfork if you will, but she will always return." This expression is quite as true in our time as it was in his.

Horace, by the way, is a rather modern authority for this eminent student to invoke. We have no doubt Dr. Walsh could also have given us the Cave Man's version of the same truth.

Of the late Dr. Wilfrid Ward, the *New Witness* says editorially:

The death of Wilfrid Ward means most to Catholic Englishmen, but it is a very real loss to English thought and letters in our time. His own achievement was considerable. "The Wish to Believe" is the work of a sensitive and scrupulous psychologist; but his special province was biography. In an age in which that form of writing tends more and more to facile and complacent anecdote, the Lives of Cardinal Wiseman, of Aubrey de Vere, and of Newman—whose correspondence he was engaged up to the last in preparing for the press—stand out as substantial contributions to the study of the great spiritual movements of recent generations. But perhaps his finest work is to be found in the two volumes he devoted to the memory of "Ideal" Ward.

This seems to us rather nearer the right thing than certain other "appreciations" appearing in the Catholic press.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Who Loves the Children Best?

BY MILDRED M. BLANCHARD.

"I," SAID the Springtime,
"Love children the best,
So I give to Nature
Her beautiful dress;
I clothe with blossoms
Each shrub and each tree,
For all little children
With rapture to see."

"I love them better,"
The Summertime said;
"For I make the blossoms
Blue, yellow, and red;
I give them sunshine
And warmth all the day,
And bright feathered songsters
To sing while they play."

"I," said the Autumn,
"Do love most of all;
For do I not send them
Sweet fruits in the fall?
I paint the forests
All golden and red,
To please little children,"
The Autumntime said.

"I," said the Winter,
"Fringe treetops with pearls,
And send pretty snowflakes
For boys and for girls.
I give them sleigh rides
And quiet and rest,—
I," said the Winter,
"Love children the best."

"Peace," said the Christ-Child,
"Speak not of your love:
Thy gifts are My goodness,
And come from above.
Springtime and Summer
And Winter and Fall,—
'Tis I, little children,
Who give you them all."

Killykinick.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XXI.—A DARK HOUR.



EANTIME Dan had set his dingy sail to what he felt was a changing wind, and started Neb's fishing boat on the straightest line he could make for Killykinick. But it had taken a great deal of tacking and beating to keep his course. He was not yet sailor enough to know that the bank of cloud lying low in the far horizon meant a storm; but the breeze that now filled and now flapped his sail was as full of pranks as a naughty boy. In all his experience as second mate, Dan had never before met so trying a breeze; and it was growing fresher and stronger and more trying every minute. To beat back to Beach Cliff against its yagaries, our young navigator felt would be beyond his skill. The only thing he could do was to take the shorter course of about three miles to Killykinick, and send off Jim and Dud in their rented boat (which had a motor) for a doctor. Then he could explain Freddy's absence to Brother Bart, and hurry back to his little chum.

Wind and tide, however, were both against these well-laid plans to-day. The wind was bad enough, but now even the waves seemed to have a strange swell, different from the measured rise and fall he knew. It was as if their far-off depths were rising, stirring out of their usual calm. They no longer tossed their snowy crests in the summer sunlight, but surged and swayed in low, broken lines, white-capped with fitful foam. And the voice—the song of the sea—that had been a very lullaby to Dan as he swung every night in his hammock beneath the stars, had a

hoarse, fierce tone, like a sob of passion or pain. Altogether, Dan and his boat had a very hard pull over the three miles to Killykinick.

"Thar they come!" said Captain Jeb, who, with Brother Bart, was watching from the beach. "I told you you could count on Mate Dan, Padre. Thar the lads come, safe and sound; though they hed a pull against the wind, I bet. But here they come all right."

"God be thanked for that same!" said Brother Bart, reverently. "My heart has been nearly leaping out of my breast this last half hour. And you weren't over-easy about them yourself, as I could see, Jeroboam."

"Wall, I'm glad to see the younkers safe back, I must say," agreed Captain Jeb, in frank relief. "Thar was nothing to skeer about when they started this morning, but that bank of cloud wasn't in sight then. My, but it come up sudden! It fairly took my breath when Neb pointed it out to me. That ar marline spike didn't hurt his weather eye. 'Hurricane,' he says to me; 'straight up from the West Indies, and them boys is out!' I tell you it did give me a turn—aye, aye matey!" as Dan came hurrying up the beach. "Ye made it all right agin wind an' tide—but where's the other?"

"Laddie,—my laddie!" cried Brother Bart, his ruddy face paling. "Speak up, Dan Dolan! Has harm come to him?"

"No, no, no!" answered Dan, eagerly,— "no harm at all, Brother Bart. He is safe and sound. Don't scare, Brother Bart." And then as briefly as he could Dan told the adventure of the morning.

"And you left laddie, that lone innocent, with a dying man?" said Brother Bart. "Sure it will frighten the life out of him!"

"No, it won't," replied Dan. "Freddy isn't the baby you think, Brother Bart. He's got lots of sand. He was ready and willing to stay. We couldn't leave the poor man there alone with the dogs."

"Sure you couldn't,—you couldn't," said the good Brother, his tone softening.

"But laddie—little laddie,—that never saw sickness or death! Send off the other boys for the doctor, Jeroboam, and the priest as well, while Dan and I go back for laddie."

But Captain Jeroboam, who was watching the horizon with a wide-awake weather eye, shook his head.

"You can't, Padre,—you can't! Not even the 'Sary Jane' could make it agin what's coming on now. If the boy is on dry land, you'll have to trust him to the Lord."

"Oh, no, no!" answered the good Brother, forgetting what he said, in his solicitude. "I'll go for him myself. Give us your boat, man, and Dan and I will go for laddie."

"Ye can't, I tell ye!" and the old sailor's voice took a sudden tone of command. "I'm captain of this here Killykinick, Padre; and no boat leaves this shore in the face of such a storm, for it would mean death to every man aboard her,—sure and certain death."

"The Lord have mercy,—the Lord have mercy!" cried Brother Bart. "My laddie,—my poor little laddie! The fright of this will kill him entirely. Oh, but you're the hard man, Jeroboam! You have no heart!"

"Back!" shouted Captain Jeb, heedless of the good old man's reproaches, as a whistling sound came over the white-capped waves. "Back, under cover, all of ye. The storm is on us now!"

And, fairly dragging Brother Bart, while Neb and Dan hurried behind them, the Captain made for shelter in the old ship under the cliffs, where Dud and Jim had already found refuge.

"Down with the hatches! Brace everything!" came the trumpet tones of command of the old sailor over the roar of the wind. And doors and portholes shut, the heavy bolts of iron and timber fell into place, and everything was made tight and fast against the storm that now burst in all its fury on Killykinick,—a storm that sent Brother Bart down on his knees in prayer, and held the boys

speechless and almost breathless with terror. In the awful blackness that fell upon them they could scarcely see one another. The "Lady Jane" shook from stem to stern as if she were being torn from her fifty years' mooring. The stout awnings were ripped from the upper deck; their posts snapped like reeds in the gale; the great hollows of the Devil's Jaw thundered back the roar of the breakers that filled their cavernous depths with mad turmoil. On land, on sea, in sky, all was battle,—such battle as even Captain Jeb agreed he had never seen on Killykinick before.

"I've faced many a hurricane, but never nothing as bad as this. If it wasn't for them cliffs behind us and the stretch of reef before, durned if we wouldn't be washed clean off the face of the earth!"

"Laddie, laddie!" was the cry that blended with Brother Bart's prayers for mercy. "God in heaven, take care of my poor laddie through this! I ought not to have let him out of my sight."

"But he's safe, Brother Bart," said Dan, striving to comfort himself with the thought. "He is on land, you know, just as we are; and the old lighthouse is as strong as the 'Lady Jane'; and God can take care of him anywhere."

"Sure He can, lad,—He can. I'm the weak old sinner to doubt and fear," was the broken answer. "But he's only a bit of a boy, my own little laddie,—only a wee bit of a boy, that never saw trouble or danger in his life. To be facing this beside a dying man,—ah, God have mercy on him, poor laddie!"

So, amid fears and doubts and prayers, the wild hours of the storm and darkness passed; the fierce hurricane, somewhat shorn of its first tropic strength, swept on its northward way; the shriek of the wind sank into moan and murmur; the sea fell back, like a passion-weary giant; the clouds broke and scattered, and a glorious rainbow arched the clearing sky.

The bolts and bars that had done such good duty were lifted, and the crew of

the "Lady Jane" went out to reconnoitre a very damaged domain. Cow-house and chicken-house were roofless. Brown Betty lay crouching fearful in the ruins, while her feathered neighbors fluttered homeless in the hollows of the rocks. The beans and peas and corn,—all things that had lifted their green growth too proudly, were crushed to the earth. But far worse than this was the havoc wrought on the beach. One half of the wharf was down. The small boats, torn from their moorings, had disappeared entirely. The motor boat Jim and Dud had hired for the season was stove in upon the rocks. The "Sary Ann," stranded upon the shoals of Numskull Nob, to which she had been swept by the gale, lay without mast or rudder, leaking at every joint.

The two old salts surveyed the scene for a moment in stoic silence, realizing all it meant to them. But Brother Bart, with the sunlight dancing on the waves, the rainbow arching the sky, broke into eager, hopeful speech.

"God be thanked it's over and we're all alive to tell it; for Noah's deluge itself couldn't have been worse. And now, Jeroboam, we'll be going over after laddie; and the Lord grant that we may find him safe as the rest!"

"We'll be going after him!" repeated Captain Jeb, grimly. "How and whar?"

"Sure—can't we right one of the boats?" asked the old man, anxiously.

"Which boat," was the gruff question. "That thar play toy" (surveying the motor boat) "is smashed in like an egg-shell. Whar the other has been swept to nobody knows. And the 'Sary Ann' has done her best, as we all can see;—but no boat could hold her own agin that storm. Do you think she will stand till morning, Neb?"

Neb rolled his dull eyes over reef and shoal.

"She moight," he replied briefly. "Struck pretty bad thar in the bow; but the wind is down now and the tide is low."

"And she is oak-keeled and copper-

braced from stem to stern," continued Captain Jeb. "She may stick it out until we can get thar and tow her in. As for the boy, Padre, we can't reach him no more'n we can reach the 'Sary Ann' without a boat; and thar's nothing left that will float around this Killykinick."

"Ah, the Lord have mercy! And are we to leave laddie in that wild place beyond all night?" cried Brother Bart. "Scatter, boys,—scatter all over the place, and maybe you can find a boat caught in the rocks and sands; for we must get to the laddie afore the night comes on, cost what it may. Scatter and strive to find a boat!"

While the boys scattered eagerly enough Captain Jeb, making a spyglass of his hands, was scanning the horizon with a sailor's practised eye.

"What is it you see?" asked Brother Bart, anxiously. "Don't tell me it's another storm!"

"No," answered Captain Jeb, slowly, "it ain't another storm. Neb" (his tone grew suddenly sharper and quicker), "step up to the ship and get the old man's glass,—the glass we keep shut up in the case."

Neb, who never shirked an order, obeyed. In a moment he returned with one of the greatest treasures of the "Lady Jane"—Great-uncle Joe's ship-glass that was always kept safe from profaning touch; its clear lenses, that had looked out on sea and sky through many a long voyage, polished to a shine. Captain Jeb adjusted them to his own failing eyes, and gazed seaward for a few moments in silence. Then he said:

"'Pears as if I couldn't see clarly after that tarnation blow. You look out, Neb. And, Padre, you'd better step back thar and keep a weather eye on them yunkers. It doesn't do to turn them out too free, with things all broke up."

"You're right, man,—you're right, Jeroboam," said the good Brother, tremulously. "I'll keep an eye on them, as you say."

"Thar,—I've got him out of the way!"

said Captain Jeb, as Brother Bart hurried back to watch over his scattered flock. "Now look, Neb,—look steady and straight! Three points to the south of Numskull Nob,—what d'ye see?"

"Nothing at all," answered Neb.

"Look again!" His brother adjusted the old shipmaster's glass with a hand that trembled strangely. "Another point to the south. Look steady as ye can, Neb. Yer weather eye was always clarer than mine. What d'ye see now?"

"Nothing," came the answer again; and then the dull tone quickened: "Aye I do,—I do! Thar's suthing sticking out of the waves like a broken mast."

"The Old Light," said Captain Jeb, hoarsely,— "all that's left of it. Last Island has gone under, as you said it would, Neb,—clean swallowed up. And the boy—" (the speaker gulped down something like a sob). "Looks as if the Padre will never see his little lad agin."

(To be continued.)

The Chapel of the Lilies.

A LEGEND OF THE HARZ MOUNTAINS.



IN a stormy, dismal night in mid-winter a belated teamster, with a heavy load of wine, was driving along the almost impassable road which runs by the little mountain church of Elend, at the foot of the Brocken. The disc of the moon appeared only seldom through the dark clouds, which chased one another across the sky. A sharp north wind shook the bare branches of the trees that grew thick on both sides of the way, and blowing the snow into the ravines, heaped it into huge snowdrifts. The wind grew every moment more sharp and cutting, the snow deeper, and the difficulty greater for the tired horses to draw their heavy load.

Now and then the teamster stopped and gazed into the darkness in search of some shelter. He called for help, but heard

only the echoes of his own voice ring deep in the snowy wood. All remained desolate, dumb, and awful. No friendly light, that so rejoices the nightly wanderer, was to be seen anywhere; no bark of dog. The silence of death reigned. Only now and then the wings of some nocturnal bird of prey fluttered over his head, and a rustling was heard among the dry branches of the leafless trees. The stars seemed like cold, silent eyes looking down on the weary man and tired horses. The thick clouds scudded quietly past; and the snow, too, was silent as the grave.

The lonely traveller grew more terrified; and, as he urged on his horses, the wagon suddenly sunk in a deep place, and no efforts of the exhausted animals could move it from the spot. Loud cried the unfortunate teamster for help. No one heard him. In anguish he wrung his hands, and besought the Blessed Virgin, Hope of the Despairing, to aid him in his distress.

Suddenly he heard a rustling in the thicket; and a female form, like the silver moon when she appears above the peaks of the mountains, glided out of the darkness into view,—slender as the fir-tree of the Harz, fair as the early dawn, fresh as meadow dew, beautiful as eternal youth. A lustre like a sunset in spring, or an Alpine glow on the perpetual snow, floated around the heavenly form, and cast on the rigid snow masses a soft glimmer like a fairy light.

In consternation the teamster gazed at the radiant figure, that, with a celestial smile, approached the sunken wagon, and with a single touch drew wagon and horses out of the deep place.

Thrilled by the mysterious vision, and cheered by the unexpected aid, the teamster fell on his knees and endeavored to thank his helper and deliverer, expressing deep regret that he had neither gold nor silver to make an offering to her mountain chapel.

At these words the beautiful apparition touched a shrub that stretched forth its

dried, thorny branches—when instantly leaves and buds burst forth, and soon the whole shrub was loaded with most beautiful lilies, that breathed forth a wondrous and unwonted perfume!

The Queen of Heaven—for it was she herself—broke off one of the lilies and formed a chalice. And as the teamster was thinking whether he might venture to fill it with wine from his casks, the vision vanished.

Meanwhile the horses had gone on with the wagon, which they now drew with perfect ease; but stood still before the Chapel of Elend. The teamster entered the oratory to thank the Almighty for his deliverance, when lo! he recognized in the painting of Our Lady over the altar his gracious deliverer, and placed the lily-chalice as an offering before her shrine.

With amazing rapidity the fame of the miracle spread over Germany, and the Chapel of the Lilies became one of the most frequented shrines. The wondrous lily-chalice was sent to Rome; but first an exact copy of it was made in clay and preserved in Elend for many, many years. It was often shown to the pilgrims, who flocked to the mountain church in such great numbers that it was enlarged, and seven doors cut in its walls. It is sometimes called the Church of the Seven Portals, but more commonly by the prettier name of the Chapel of the Lilies.

The Greatest Evil.

Three wise men were once debating the question, "Of all evils, which is the greatest?" One was a Greek, one a native of India, the other a Persian. The Greek said: "Old age oppressed with poverty." The Indian: "Pain with impatience." The Persian declared the most undesirable thing to be "death without good works before it." "My countryman is right," said the Persian king, before whom the debate was held.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Who Goes There?" the new book by the author of "Aunt Sarah and the War," just issued by Burns & Oates, consists of "pages from the diary of Miss Pauline Vandeleur," the heroine of "Aunt Sarah and the War," who is now nursing in a military hospital; and notes by her *fiancé*, "the late Capt. Owen Tudor, V. C.," on "This England."

—The annual report of the Catholic Seamen's Institute, Dublin, shows what helpful work is being done by the branch of the St. Vincent de Paul Society which has this mission in charge. Incidentally, it is gratifying to learn that the regular issues of THE AVE MARIA, and all back numbers as well, are eagerly awaited and gratefully received at the Institute.

—"His Holiness Pope Benedict XV. on the Great War: A Collection of the Holy Father's Utterances in the Cause of Peace," is the title of a new pamphlet claiming to be a translation of the actual words used by him, and not of those attributed to him. It includes various addresses to the Catholic world, the bishops and clergy, cardinals, and belligerent nations. Burns & Oates, publishers.

—Recent issues of the penny pamphlets of the Australian Catholic Truth Society include: "An Australian Mother, and Other Stories," by Miriam Agatha; "A Soul's Struggle towards the Faith in Australia," by E. J. H.; "The Family, the State, and the School," by the Rev. P. C. Yorke, D. D.; and "The Workingman and His Child," by the Rev. W. J. Lockington, S. J. All are interesting and worth while.

—Interest is sustained throughout "Marie of the House D'Anters," the latest novel of the Rev. Michael Earls, S. J., in spite of certain obstacles of structure in the narrative itself. The strength of the book is in its vivid characterization rather than in plot construction, scenic background, or in any of the other elements of the story-teller's art. Each set of characters is interesting, and it is well that this is so; for certain groups of even chief figures are left for considerable intervals "off stage." If the author has been less fortunate in the matter of character contrast, it is because he has made the line of cleavage a little too marked. With possibly one exception, his characters are either all very good people or all very bad people. The plot untangles with something of mechanistic fortuity, but it is well worth following to the end; and along the way, the author

makes sure to drop seeds of thought that need to be widely sown. "Marie of the House D'Anters" is very worthy Catholic fiction. Published by Benziger Brothers.

—A brochure entitled "The Happiness of Duty," is sent out by the Rev. J. M. Lelen. (The Christian Year Publishing Company, Fort Thomas, Ky.) It is a treatise on obedience taken from the writings of Mgr. Gay, whose name is sufficient guarantee of the solidity and practicality of his matter. "There is," says a modern writer, "a vague impression that the world would be a good world if it were only happy"; but the world needs to learn, as this brochure makes abundantly evident, that it will be a happy world only when it is good,—when it finds its satisfaction in the observance of law.

—Under the general title "La Vie Héroïque," the Rev. A. D. Sertillanges has been giving a series of conferences in the Madeleine, Paris. We have received from Bloud & Gay three of the printed discourses: "La Femme Française," "Epouses et Mères," and "Nos Jeunes Filles." Thoroughly practical, and vibrant with faith, they are timely words to the women of France. From the same publishers come a brochure of 164 pages, "Journal d'une Infirmière d'Arras," by Mme. E. Colombel; and three numbers of the "Pages Actuelles" pamphlets—"Les Femmes et la Guerre de 1914," by F. Masson; "La Charité et la Guerre," by G. Lechartier; and "La Reine Elisabeth," by M. des Ombiaux.

—An interesting allusion to Shakespeare occurs in an anonymous "Essay against too Much Reading," published in 1728, a copy of which was offered for sale last month in London. The writer says:

I will give you a short account of Mr. Shakespeare's proceeding, and that I had from one of his intimate acquaintance. His being imperfect in some things was owing to his not being a scholar, which obliged him to have for his particular associate one of those chuckle-pated historians that could scarcely speak a word but upon that subject; and he maintain'd him, or he might have starv'd upon his history. And when he wanted anything in his way, as his plays were all historical, he sent to him, and took down the heads of what was for his purpose in characters, which were thirty times as quick as running to the books to read for it; then, with his natural flowing wit, he work'd it into all shapes and forms, as his beautiful thoughts directed.

—A volume of essays by Agnes Repplier may or may not be "one of the really notable works" of the season, as her publishers declare; but it is safe to say that such a book as "Counter-Currents," which the Houghton Mifflin Co.

have just issued, is sure of a very wide and well-deserved welcome. Miss Repplier's mastery of the essay is a long admitted fact, and her work in this form is one of the glories of American literature. There is no falling off of power in this her latest offering. In many ways, "Counter-Currents" is one of her most interesting and "authoritative" achievements. It is characterized by "actuality"; its inspiration, unlike that of certain other of her books, not being that of the library, but rather of life itself, and, specifically, American life. Many a folly and fad of our time is brought to the block in this keen writing. "Our Loss of Nerve," for example—the second and, we think, the best essay in the book, treating of modern education,—says profoundly:

It is not, after all, a smattering of chemistry, or an acquaintance with the habits of bees, which will carry our children through life; but a capacity for doing what they do not want to do, if it be a thing which needs to be done. They will have to do many things they do not want to do later on, if their lives are going to be worth the living; and the sooner they learn to stand to their guns, the better for them, and for all those whose welfare will lie in their hands.

Thus, from a basis of reasoned conservatism, Miss Repplier, throughout this volume, gives real service to the higher interests of her country and her time.

The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Marie of the House of D'Anters." Rev. Michael Earls, S. J. \$1.35.

"Counter-Currents." Agnes Repplier. \$1.25.

"The Happiness of Duty." Mgr. Gay. 15 cts.

"The 'Summa Theologica' of St. Thomas Aquinas." Part II. (First Part.) Literally Translated by the Fathers of the English Dominican Province. \$2.20.

"The Story of the Catholic Church." Rev. G. Stebbing, C. SS. R. \$1.80.

"The Romanticism of St. Francis and Other Studies in the Genius of the Franciscans." Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. \$2.

"History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages." Johannes Janssen. Translated by A. M. Christie. Vols. XIII.-XVI. Per two vols., \$6.25.

"Paul Mary Pakenham, Passionist." Rev.

Joseph Smith, C. P. 50 cts.

"My Lady of the Moor." John Oxenham. \$1.35.

"The Inner Life and Writings of Dame Gertrude More." 2 vols. \$3.

"The Second Coming." Frederic Arnold, Henry P. Janes. 50 cts.

"Orbis Catholicus: A Year-Book of the Catholic World." Canon Glancey. \$1.50.

"G. K. Chesterton: A Critical Study." Julius West. \$2.

"The Official Catholic Directory." \$1.70.

"Catholicism in Mediæval Wales." J. E. Hirsch-Davies. B. A. 3s. 6d.

"Songs of the Son of Isai." Helen Hughes Hielscher. \$1.50.

"A Doctor of the Old School." Ian Maclaren. Illustrated Edition. \$2.

"Feminism." Mr. and Mrs. John Martin. \$1.50.

"The Science of Ethics (General Ethics)." Rev. Dr. Michael Cronin. \$4.50.

"Singing Fires of Erin." Eleanor Rogers Cox. \$1.

"On the Old Camping Ground." Mary E. Mannix. 85 cts.

"Our Home in Heaven." Abbé Max Caron. \$1.75.

"Pastoral Letters, etc." Rt. Rev. Bishop McFaul. \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HAB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Samuel Hedges, of the diocese of Newark; Rev. J. A. Pilon and Rev. Christopher Schmidt, diocese of Superior.

Sister M. Xavier, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister M. Berchmans, Sisters of Mercy; and Sister M. Eunice, Sisters of St. Dominic.

Mr. Thomas Campan, Mr. William A. Wixted, Miss Nancy O'Connor, Mr. Joseph Dowling, Mrs. K. S. Rikley, Mr. James Geoghegan, Mrs. Catherine Morton, Miss J. Sanders, Mrs. John O. Reilly, Mrs. P. F. Reilly, Mr. George Carsten, Mr. Charles Pratt, Mr. Thomas McGoe, Mr. T. B. Webster, Mrs. Anna Scherer, Mr. M. T. Gilligan, Mr. Francis Mullen, Mr. Frank Trudell, Mr. S. J. Smith, Mrs. Mary Collins, Mr. W. H. Miller, Miss E. Kane, Mr. George Burgess, Mr. G. L. Hirt, and Mrs. C. E. Caron.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the plague-stricken in Abyssinia: P. S., \$5. To supply good reading to prisons, hospitals, etc.: Friend, \$2.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. III. (New Series.)

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Peccavi.

BY HUGH PHILLIPS.

GOD of mercy, hear a sinner's plea,—
 Be patient with my sinful weakness still!
 O Man of Sorrows, crucified for me,
 Give me the grace to crucify my will,
 And in my agonized contrition share
 The agonies Thy sacred Body bare
 In that dark hour upon the bloody hill!
 O Son of Maid, Thy Mother makes her prayer—
 That gentle advocate Thou gavest me,—
 Spare, Lord of Justice,—for Thy Name's sake,
 spare,
 And let her tears blot out Thy just decree.
 So shall my soul, transmuted in love's kiln,
 The tender yearning of Thy Heart fulfil,—
 Repentant, pardoned, and at peace with Thee.

St. Francis and the Italian Renaissance.

BY OLIVE MYLES.



IT is impossible to gaze upon some wondrous painting of our Blessed Lord, or to contemplate the sweet features of Our Lady, as portrayed by the artists of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, without speculating as to the source from which these great men of the past drew their inspiration. In regarding the pictures of Cimabue, Giotto, Botticelli or Leonardo da Vinci (to select but four from the long roll of illustrious masters who belonged to that extraordinary revival in art known as the Renaissance), we are struck with

the remarkable vitality of treatment and veracity of conception in their works as opposed to the stilted, untruthful style of the lingering remnants of decayed classicism and effete traditions of the pagan and Byzantine schools, which had been till this time the only recognized medium for the representation of Christian subjects.

A creative power, in order to gain stimulus and sincerity, must search outside itself for means of interpretation. The true artist seeks ever a spiritual message,—listens for the chance rustle of an angel's wings, or strives to snatch a glimpse of God in the monotony of every day. The need of a freer mode of expression has been the motive of all great revivals, artistic and otherwise; and it is to this discontent of soul that we can attribute the birth of those great periods in history which have revolutionized the world.

It has been said that the work which is the most instinct with spiritual life is that which conforms most clearly to the facts of physical life. To the true artist, then—and the word "artist" is used here in its widest, most liberal sense,—there is no desire to break away entirely from the "bondage of the earth"; instead, there is the impulse to turn these worldly fetters into links of gold by means of that magic spirit which lies beneath the surface of life, and which is to be found by those only who turn to Nature for their inspiration.

Thus at the end of the fourteenth century, the classical spirit in painting, which dealt with type only, gave way completely and unreservedly to the new spirit of romanticism, which treated of

the individual. Instead of the legendary Christs, Madonnas, and saints—strangely uninspired and unconvincing, with their staring eyes, rigid mouths, and wooden draperies,—appeared figures divine in their humanness, human in their divineness. From canvas, backgrounds looked forth faces exquisitely lovely: Christs gentle and majestic; Marias with smiles tender and gracious; saints whose ecstasies of adoration seemed to possess some magnetic power that caused to throb in response the heart of the beholder. Added to this, a richness of coloring and a rare delicacy in regard to detail showed that the day of tradition was at an end, and that some supernatural force controlled the production of these masterpieces.

Whence came, then, the influence that was capable of inciting such a reversal of feeling in the apathy of the decadent Italian mind, giving to it a clearness of vision, a variety of expression, and that mysterious, sustained Mediæval calm which is, as Mazzini says, individuality? It is largely to the teaching of St. Francis of Assisi that the Renaissance owes the most primary factor of its production.

The career of Francis is too well known to be repeated here at any length: how, the son of a wealthy merchant of Assisi, he was in youth, on account of his riches and gay temperament, the leader among the young nobles of his town; how, in his twenty-second year, after a severe illness, his *joie de vivre* fled, and questions concerning the deeper meaning of life and death began to trouble his mind, with the result that he ultimately set aside all the luxuries and pleasures of the station to which he was born, and took to himself the "yoke of holy poverty,"—casting off the bondage of worldly things, and seeking freedom in the service of God; how he gathered around him a little band of chosen followers, which same brotherhood formed the nucleus of the Franciscan Order; how he and the brethren travelled throughout Italy, and visited many other countries besides, awakening the hearts

of the people to the mysticism of Nature as being the one true symbol on earth of the Almighty Father; how, whilst on one of these journeys, he was recalled to Italy only to find that certain over-ambitious vicars of the Order had effected great changes during his absence in regard to multiplication of rules and relaxation of the vow of poverty,—inaugurating, at the same time, academic learning, which was foreign to the Franciscan principle; how he waged war against the new tendency with but scant success, the unequal fight causing his delicate constitution to break down completely under the bitterness of betrayed ideals and disappointed hopes; how he just managed to reach his mother-town, Assisi, before Death took him for her own.

It was not till shortly before he died that St. Francis composed the most beautiful hymn that has, perhaps, ever been written; and this song, which he called "The Canticle of Brother Sun," uttered in the colloquial Italian of his day, reveals more completely than any other of his sayings the essence of his teaching. "I will make a new hymn concerning those creatures of the Lord which minister to our daily need and without whom we could not live," he said to his companions; and, "having sat down and pondered a little," he spoke as follows:

Most high, omnipotent, good Lord,
Thine are praise, glory and honor and all benediction;

To Thee alone, Most High, do they belong:
And no man is there worthy to Thee name.
Praise be to Thee, my Lord, with all Thy creatures,—

Chiefest of all, Sir Brother Sun—
Who is our day, through whom Thou givest light;
Beautiful is he; radiant, with great splendor;
Of Thee, Most High, he is a true revealer.
Praise be to Thee, my Lord, for Sister Moon,
and for the stars,—

In heaven hast Thou formed them, bright, precious and fair.

Praise be to Thee, my Lord, for Brother Wind,
And for the air and for the cloud, for clear sky
and all weathers,

By which Thou givest nourishment to all Thy creatures.

Praise be to Thee, my Lord, for Sister Water; she
Most useful is, and humble, precious, pure.

Praise be to Thee, my Lord, for Brother Fire;
by whom

Thou lightest up the night;

And fair is he and merry, mighty and strong.

Praise be to Thee, my Lord, for our Sister,
Mother Earth,

The which sustains and keeps us;

She brings forth diverse fruits, the many-hued
flowers and grass.

O Creatures all! praise and bless my Lord, and
grateful be,

And serve Him with deep humility.

To St. Francis, the great King God, His Son Prince Jesus, and the sweet Queen Mary were not dwellers in the Kingdom of Heaven merely: they belonged, he said, just as much to the Kingdom of Earth, this last made infinitely precious by Their sacred presence. He taught how unutterably near are these blessed Three in the cool and scented freshness of a summer night; in the quivering stars laid back on deepest blue; in the wind-blown waves that ripple on the surface of a field of barley-corn; in the intoxicating perfume of a crimson rose, that seems to hold the warmth and vigor of the fiery sun within the hollows of its petals. A writer of the last century said that Christ lived a "flower-like life." Could anything more beautiful be said of our Blessed Lord than this? And did not St. Francis, centuries ago, discern the same quality in his "Brother Jesus"? He recognized Christ to be the Supreme Poet—the most tender, most sweet of singers, whose simplicity and pathos made of His utterances little jewels, the lovely things of life. It is the perception of poetry that gilds the dark places of the earth, that soothes the senses with its delicate fragrance, that makes to shine as a gemmed wreath the crown of thorns each one of us must wear upon his brow.

Thus dead and stale tradition found no place in the teaching of St. Francis: his doctrine was that of a new life—a *vita nuova*,—a closer union with God through the medium of the beauties of the visible world. Many who had sung

of religion before him had denounced the sense-world, had struggled to free themselves of the bonds which tied them to the earth, had imagined that joy was to be found only in the life beyond the grave. And because of this they passed sadly through their span of years,—creatures formal and uninspired, lacking in imagination, and with the life-blood torpid in their veins. Of a truth, good preachers there were in those days, and many; but their words too often fell on dull ears; for the hearts of the people, to be touched, must be approached primarily through the imagination.

So when St. Francis came and spoke of his "brother the wind," and his "sister the rain," the people fell a-marvelling that never before had they realized that God was indeed part of the world around them. Everything created took a new and wondrous form in their eyes, and their hearts were set a-throbbing with the joy of life. It was as though a dense and suffocating veil had been lifted from their souls, giving them a clearness of vision, and a realization of the glorious possibilities of existence in a world made infinitely precious by the immediate presence of its Creator. And so the harshness and austerity of the past gave way to a softer, a more expansive attitude towards life. Men were knit together by a bond of brotherhood; they drew their inspiration from the same source—the well of Sympathy.

As is ever the way, the wearing of God next the heart inspired men to use their talents for the advancement of the ideal; and so it was that the influence of St. Francis prompted artists to portray something of their hearts' joy through the medium of line and color. No longer were they satisfied with the grotesque and lifeless figures that had hitherto decorated their canvases; no longer were they content to spend their days in the production of Christs and Marias in whom no humanity was perceptible. No: St. Francis had shown that the counterpart

of the Blessed Virgin was to be seen in all the sweet and gracious ladies of the world; and was not the Christ-Child evident in each tiny babe that played at its mother's knee?

Thus, instead of seeking "desert solitudes and retreats hidden from the world," the painters of the new order turned to the realities of their surroundings to help them express their dreams of beauty; and the "quicksand of allegorical interpretation"—that fatal trap in which the pre-Renaissant artist was caught and held till his personality was swallowed up—was, from this time forward, shunned as being the means of the death of every healthy faculty, of every noble intelligence, of every form of progress. Sympathy, that greatest of all ties, had come into the heart of Italy, and under its softening influence a marvellous understanding was born. A divine tenderness permeated men's souls,—a tenderness known only to those who recognize the holiness and beauty of all God's creatures. And it was this spirit that influenced the art of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, giving to it a character of loveliness and a unique attraction.

To-day, even, across the lapse of ages, the wonders of the Renaissance draw us still. The might of her spell is a constant source of inspiration to all who seek beneath the mere surface of existing things; and in contemplating this the greatest revolution in the sphere of art, we realize that it was St. Francis of Assisi who first taught men to "seize hold of God's hand, and look full in the face of His creation"; who showed us that the secret of art is in life; and whose simple deeds of piety and faith inspired others to the fashioning of beautiful things towards which, in the "dread moments of discord and despair of this torn and troubled age," we turn our eyes; our weary hearts finding solace and refreshment in that "house of beauty where there is always a little forgetfulness, always a great joy."

The White Elephant Sale.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

I.

RETTY Katherine Glenn sat in the bay window of her library,—a room that looked out on a distant river. Half idly she held in one hand a newspaper she had just finished reading, while her dark head was supported by the other hand in an attitude more of thought than weariness. Her blue eyes took in the lovely landscape without,—the splendid color of a fine copper beech that was lit up by the rays of the late afternoon sun, and the deep green of the well-kept lawn that sloped gently down to the river.

But, although her physical sight took in all these details, the eye of her mind was far away, in the great city one hundred miles distant. Vividly she was picturing to herself a charitable affair that had just been successfully carried through by fashionable Chicago. Why should not she and her friends in M—— do the same? Chicago had had a White Elephant Sale. Everyone of any note had been asked to contribute, and had done so. Duplicate wedding presents, treasures routed from garrets, the overflow of drawing-rooms, even the overflow of personal possessions, as well as some treasured family heirlooms, had been contributed to the sale, and the result had exceeded everyone's expectations. For everything had sold. Young Mrs. J——, a multi-millionaire, had contributed, among other things, an impossible but costly vase, a wedding present from an aunt possessed of more wealth than taste. The incident was not without its humor; for two days later she received the same vase back, with a note from her aunt saying she had long been looking for a duplicate of the one she had sent her niece on her marriage, and, lo and behold, at the White Elephant

Sale she had found it! "How fortunate!"

And then the news of the sale filtered all over the country; and Katherine Glenn, the young wife of a rich and rising lawyer of M——, read the news, and decided then and there to raise some money—a goodly sum it must be—for the war sufferers, and by the same method.

So presently she arose, and, ringing a bell, gave orders for her automobile to be at the door in fifteen minutes; and then she went to her room to get ready. In two hours' time she had seen all the leaders of society at M——, had unfolded her plan, and had met with enthusiastic co-operation. Each lady agreed to visit ten others; they would also advertise in the local paper; and Mrs. Glenn, who was unanimously elected president, was to see about engaging Starr's Hall, a handsome building just suited to their purpose.

The newly elected president drove home in high spirits; and over the after-dinner coffee she imparted her plans to an amused and indulgent husband.

"I am going to keep strictly within the letter of the law," she said, "and give away everything I have that is really a white elephant. There are a lot of things up in the garret that come under that head,—really handsome things. Of course I won't give anything old or shabby."

"Have you anything especial in mind?" he asked.

"Yes. There are those velour curtains; they are perfectly good, but don't match anything in the house; and there's that little nest of tables, inlaid, and rather odd, but so ugly; and the pink Chinese vase that I never liked, though it's valuable; and, then, there are some old pictures."

"All those things belonged to mother."

"O Arthur, you don't mind!"

"Well, no. We shall probably never use them; and I think mother herself would have been better pleased to have them sold to help suffering humanity than to have them lie for years in a dusty

garret. Dear mother was very charitable."

"Then I may pick out whatever I think best to send?"

"Yes, Kitty; use your own judgment. But don't give away any books without first showing them to me."

"I'll be sure to remember. Arthur, you really are a dear! Oh—and here comes our tiny Tim!"

Father and mother both turned toward the door, as a splendid little boy of about four years entered. With a joyous shout he ran toward them; and presently all three were out on the porch, enjoying a half hour together before little Tim was put to bed.

It had been one of the few clouds on Katherine Glenn's happy life that she had felt obliged to let her husband give their only child the family name of Timothy. For six generations there had been a Timothy Glenn, and always the eldest son of the house. In the present generation the name was borne by Arthur's eldest brother, who had embraced the priesthood and had entered a religious Order. So it was little Tim—"Tiny Tim" they affectionately called him,—who was expected to carry on the family honors, as he bore also the family name.

Half an hour later the nurse promptly appeared for her young charge; and then the husband and wife entered the waiting automobile, and were soon out in the lovely open country, enjoying the cool May breezes.

II.

Nine o'clock the next morning found Katherine in the garret with the gardener and one of her maids, who began carrying downstairs the various articles she picked out for the sale. For two hours they worked briskly, until finally everything she had decided upon was in an empty room on the ground-floor, ready to be cleaned, dusted, beaten or polished, as the case might be. Dismissing the man and maid, Katherine sat down for a moment on a trunk and let her eyes wander over the garret, intent on seeing

if anything had escaped her vigilance that should not be overlooked.

And then there was a patter of feet on the stairs, and Tim's golden head appeared, followed by Tim's fat legs. Eluding his nurse, he had manoeuvred, with unerring boy instinct, to where the battle ground centered. Laughing gleefully, he began trotting around the garret; and presently he came back to his mother, something clasped tight in a chubby hand.

"Funny little hand!" he said, opening and spreading out his own pink fingers.

Katherine bent forward with an exclamation. A small, exquisitely carved hand, of old ivory, was lying on the child's outstretched palm.

"Why, Tim, where did you find it?"

"Over there!"

Rising from her seat, Katherine crossed over to the corner of the garret the boy had pointed out; and presently she had lifted up, and was carrying toward the light, a triptych of carved and enamelled sandalwood,—a beautiful thing, about two feet in length. Laying it down on a table near the window, she opened the doors and uttered a little exclamation of admiration. She remembered it now. It had been in the bedroom of Arthur's mother when she had come to the house as a bride five years before. That was when the whole house had the old-fashioned furnishing of the early sixties, bought when Arthur's mother had come there herself as a bride.

In the cyclonic changes that his wife had instituted, Arthur had acquiesced in the fact that his mother's room must now be furnished as a guest-room, and her things packed and stored in the garret. But he did not know that his non-Catholic wife had stood the triptych on the floor of the attic, its face toward the wall; and that there it had stood for five years, neglected, forgotten. And now, its doors opened, the interior almost free of the dust that lay thick on the outside, it stood revealed in all its wondrous beauty. The ivory figure of Our Lord, about

eleven inches long, was carved with exquisite delicacy and skill. The bowed head, with its crown of thorns, symbol of all the weakness and triumph of the Cross, was pathetic in its appeal; while above the crucifix, and inlaid in the sandalwood, was a beautiful double mosaic: on one side, the lifting up of the Serpent in the wilderness; on the other, Moses smiting the rock. Underneath the feet of the crucifix were two lovely angel heads, also in colored mosaic. Then Katherine Glenn saw that the right hand was gone; and carefully putting into the empty place the hand Tim had picked up, she found that it fitted perfectly and was without a break.

"How strange!" she said aloud. "All these five years that the doors have been closed, I suppose the hand has been on the floor. Well, I am glad Tim found it. I will take it to André to be mended and cleaned, and then it can go to the White Elephant Sale. It is sure to bring a good price."

Tim, finding that the excitement had shifted to other quarters, had departed; so presently Katherine descended to her room with her spoils. Wrapping the triptych in paper and laying it in a box, she left it in her closet on a shelf, ready to go to André on the morrow. Curiously enough, that night when she recounted to her husband what she had picked out for the sale, she omitted all mention of her last and greatest find.

III.

The first of June, the day of the sale, dawned cloudless and beautiful. As it had been advertised throughout the county, arousing no small degree of curiosity, the promoters and organizers of the White Elephant Sale were sure it would be a brilliant success. The time set was from two to ten o'clock; but by noon automobiles, carriages, and even farm wagons were pouring into M— from every direction; and when the doors of the hall were finally opened, there was a

rush to see who could get inside first. The triptych, the broken hand skilfully repaired, and the whole thing carefully cleaned and polished, was the center of admiration. It had been valued by André, the local art connoisseur, at two hundred dollars, and hence it was to be disposed of by raffle at one dollar a chance.

The bewildering variety of the objects offered for sale called forth constant comment. One contributor had donated a brocaded silk dress of the style of 1865. Mounted on a wax figure, the stiff silk stood out in voluminous folds. Over the shoulders of the model was draped a hundred dollar Paisley shawl; and the ringlets that hung around the smiling wax face above were enclosed in an enormous chip bonnet, finished off by a real black thread-lace veil. A ripple ran around the room when it was rumored that the entire costume had been bought by Mrs. Smith, wife of the wealthy owner of the iron foundries of M—. It was even whispered that she had paid two hundred and fifty dollars for the outfit, and would wear it at the next fancy-dress ball.

Katherine, flushed and excited, was answering questions, wrapping up bundles, and making change, when an attendant accosted her and said that her husband wanted her at the telephone. So she hurried to a small anteroom off the hall, where a telephone had been installed for the occasion; and, holding the receiver to one ear, proceeded, womanlike, to waste time by telling her husband she was so busy he must be quick in stating his message.

"Awfully sorry to disturb you, Kitty!—No, it's nothing about little Tim, but a lot about *big* Tim, my brother. He turned up unexpectedly an hour ago, after living two years in Munich and five years in London. They gave him just twenty-four hours to catch a steamer from Liverpool to New York. He was wanted for important work in Washington; but first they let him have a week off so he came on here,

and did not telegraph, as he wanted to surprise us."

"He has succeeded," said Kitty.

"I know it's rather a bad time, Kitty dear! But Father Tim won't be any trouble. Mary is getting mother's old room ready for him; and after dinner I'll bring him over to see the show, in which he is much interested."

"All right! good-bye!"

Kitty hung up the receiver and was soon back at her post. At six o'clock she and several of her co-workers, the crowd having thinned out, had a light supper served by a caterer in an adjoining room. The ladies took turns, so that all would be on hand, ready for the evening rush.

IV.

Arthur Glenn ordered an early dinner to be served at five-thirty for his brother and himself; and, as a special favor, little Tim was present, very much interested in the tall uncle, in clerical dress, whom he had never seen before. Father Timothy Glenn, devoted to children, was delighted with his nephew and namesake; and the two were soon fast friends, until, dessert being over, Tim espied his dog Dash on the lawn, and ran out to join him in a romp. The two gentlemen repaired to the porch, and, lighting cigars, settled down for a smoke and talk ere taking their way to the White Elephant Sale. Soon they were deep in conversation regarding the young wife and mother.

"And so she is still outside the Church," commented the priest, "even though her boy is being brought up a Catholic and already knows part of his catechism. Who teaches him?"

"He has a good Catholic nurse, a most intelligent and devoted girl; and she has taught him everything."

Father Timothy puffed at his cigar before he spoke again; then he said:

"Is she very much prejudiced, Arthur?"

"Who? Kitty? Not in the least. She has been with me to church a few times, chiefly at Christmas and Easter. It is

just indifference. I think she would become a Catholic if some great event brought the need home to her."

"Sometimes active dislike is easier to overcome than indifference."

"Yes, but sometimes where there is indifference there is also fallow ground. I think when Tim begins to go regularly to Mass, Kitty will sit up and think."

"Let us hope so. From what you tell me, she must be a fine woman."

Arthur looked at his watch.

"It is seven o'clock now," he said.

"Shall we walk to town, Tim? It is a pleasant walk, and we can be at the Hall by seven-thirty, which is about the time I told Kitty we would appear."

The two men arose, and five minutes later they were walking down the road toward M——.

Meanwhile Tim the younger, finding himself alone with Dash, and hugely enjoying his freedom, had decided to take a walk on his own account. Norah, his nurse, was at supper, and supposed he was still with his father; while Arthur Glenn, unused to the care of his boy, had forgotten that the nurse was off duty.

Tim and Dash ran across the lawn, and through a grove of trees that encircled Kitty's Italian garden; and presently, having passed a smiling marble boy in front of a fountain—the whole a work of art picked up in Italy,—Tim, closely followed by Dash, had run along a narrow path that was bordered on each side by tall hedges of box, until the two emerged out on the road leading to M——. The "wanderlust" had seized Tim. Why not continue his walk by going to town and surprising mother?

So little master and small dog were soon romping down the road; and, because they ran far and fast, Tim's stout little legs soon began to get weary, and he decided to sit down on a low grassy bank and rest. And then the chug-chug of an automobile was heard, and a big touring car swept around a

curve in the road; and, lo and behold! it contained among other things, a very belligerent little dog, that straightway, espying another canine on the roadside, began to bark wildly. This was too much for Dash. True to his name, he made a break for the road. At the same moment a second automobile came around the curve, and at one and the same time Father Timothy and Arthur Glenn appeared walking on the narrow footpath that ran through the grassy bank above the road.

It all happened in a moment. The child, intent only on correcting the bad manners of his dog, rushed out in the road, neither seeing nor hearing the second automobile; and then he tripped and fell. One little arm—the right one—was flung out beyond his body as the great car swept by, just missing the child, but with the wheel on a line with the small hand and wrist. Arthur and his brother, recognizing him, sprang down the bank to his rescue just as the automobile rose, skidded, and the wheels passed above little Tim's hand and wrist without giving him a scratch.

The owner of the auto brought his car to a standstill and sprang out, even as Arthur caught the boy up in his arms, unable to believe that the child had not received the slightest hurt. They examined the road, which was smooth and level; not a stone or a hole or anything was visible that could have caused the machine so wonderfully to rise from the ground and escape doing Tim any injury.

"It was a miracle!" said Father Timothy.

And then it was agreed that they should all ride to town in the automobile, so that Arthur could the sooner telephone the nurse that her little charge was with him and safe.

"You shall have this evening for a holiday," Arthur said to the child. "Why, Tim, the auto might have killed you!"

"Mrs. Codey says I have nine lives like a cat," replied Tim. "But Norah

says the blessed saints take care of me."

"And who is Mrs. Codey, Tim?"

"Oh, she's the gardener's wife, and she keeps her head tied up in a black veil, and she's very *lugreebush*."

The three men in the car laughed; and Tim continued to entertain them until they arrived at Starr's Hall, where Arthur found a small boy who, for a consideration, agreed to assume charge of Dash, and then they entered the building.

V.

The great hall was packed when Arthur, holding Tim in his arms and accompanied by his brother, entered and began looking for his wife. Hence his gaze shifted from one group of women to another; while Tim looked with unconcealed delight at the crowd, and the various queer, funny things for sale. With the decorations of the hall, and the twinkling electric lights, some enclosed in colored bulbs, it was a fairyland, probably inhabited by enchanted genii.

Suddenly, the priest uttered an exclamation and stood still. Arthur turned and also paused. His brother's fine dark face was visibly agitated. What could be the matter?

"Arthur, look! Surely that is not our mother's miraculous triptych!"

One startled glance Arthur gave; then he uttered a low exclamation:

"It *is*! I had no idea Kitty had brought it here. I will have it taken out at once."

Together the brothers made their way to the end of the hall where the triptych was hung, a background of heavy purple enhancing its wondrous beauty. And here Arthur Glenn found his wife. Briefly he introduced his brother, to whom Kitty accorded a warm greeting.

"But why have you brought little Tim?" she asked. "It is bad discipline, Arthur."

"I want to explain. Can I see you alone anywhere for a few moments? Father Tim will look after the boy till we come back."

"Yes; as president I have a small private room near the telephone booth. We can go there."

So little Tim was handed over to his uncle, and presently husband and wife were alone in Kitty's private sanctum. And then Arthur Glenn told of their child's peril and wonderful escape.

"I can't understand it," he said. "By all the inexorable laws of nature, his right hand and wrist were bound to have been crushed; it was simply by the mercy of God that the wheels of the automobile rose in the air and he escaped."

"O Arthur!"

"Yes; and another thing, Kitty. I came here fresh from such a solemn experience, thanking God for my boy; and I find, among all these worldly things that are on sale, my dear mother's triptych, that she received as a gift years ago in Italy, and which I would not sell for thousands. I blame myself that, when mother's room was done over, I did not ask where you had put it."

"It was in the garret."

"Well, it is all my fault, not yours. But now I am going to pay whatever price you have put on it, and take it back."

"O Arthur, it is being raffled for two hundred dollars!"

"Then you shall have a check for the amount, and the money so far paid in can be returned. No doubt you have everyone's name. You can simply say you found it was something your husband and his brother did not want to part with."

"Yes," answered Kitty, in a subdued voice.

"Mother believed the triptych was almost miraculous. It belonged to a very saintly Italian monk; and because she stayed in a little town in Italy during an epidemic, and would not run away, but helped him with his poor, he gave it to her, and told her to touch the figure in time of danger or temptation, because he believed a special grace went with its possession. It had belonged, before it

came to him, to a blind child, the daughter of an Italian noble. The child loved it, and used to run her hands over the figure. She died very young, full of love and devotion to her faith; and because his daughter loved the old monk, her father gave the triptych to him."

"O Arthur!"

"Well, Kitty, what?"

"I have just had an idea, and it is so wonderful! The day I was in the garret looking for relics, it was little Tim who found the triptych. He came to me, holding the ivory right hand of the Christ in his own right hand. He held it out to me, saying, 'Funny little hand!'"

Arthur Glenn, with his centuries of Catholic faith and love behind him, crossed himself.

"It was the grace of God," he said,—the grace that went, so the old monk said, with the possession of the triptych. Little Tim found it, Kitty, and held in his hand the broken hand of Our Lord and in his own supreme danger the real Christ reached down and saved him."

"I want that grace, too," answered Kitty. "O Arthur, I think I must now at last be one with you and little Tim!"

A week later Kitty was saying good-bye to Father Tim. As the train bearing him southward, to Washington, rolled out of the depot, Kitty turned to her husband.

"I said my White Elephant Sale would be epoch-making," she remarked, "and it surely was!"

It frightens us to think of Jesus and Mary as our examples. In Our Lord's case we take refuge in His divinity; in Our Lady's case we magnify her exceptional greatness, and think we do her virtues homage by putting them beyond the reach of our imitation. . . . If we will but be as faithful to our little graces as she was to her great ones, we shall at last draw near to her, or what we may call near, by following her example in this one respect.—*Faber*.

The Confessor of Louis XVI.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

II.

SEVERAL days after the first visit to the home of the Abbé, a second was paid, and the peril of death again confronted him. A municipal officer seized a bundle of his letters, the first of which was addressed to the Abbé by an agent of the Count of Provence. Fortune, or rather Providence, once more favored the priest. The night was rather far advanced; the officer was overcome with fatigue, and neglected to read the compromising document. The experience, however, taught the Abbé the necessity of taking one precaution: he burned practically all his papers. Among the most interesting and historically valuable of these were some letters from Madame Elizabeth, and the last counsels which, having a presentiment of her approaching death, she addressed to the Count of Artois, her favorite brother.

Despite this precaution, our Abbé was not out of danger. On September 2, a massacre took place in the prisons of Paris. The Abbé was in his apartments in the Rue de Bac when his servant, terrified, rushed in and told him that his name had been spoken by the Septemberists, and that these bloodthirsty wretches had decreed his death. The priest had barely time to seek refuge in an old convent where he had placed his mother and sister. Thence he went to Choisy (a suburb of Paris, seven or eight miles south of the city), where during a good many months he was known only as an Englishman named Edgeworth,—“a quiet fellow and not very well-to-do.” It would seem natural that, having escaped the horrors of the Revolution, the Abbé should consider himself fortunate in being forgotten on the field of danger. On the contrary, his one desire was to get back to Paris; for its Archbishop had com-

mitted to him the secret and provisional administration of the archdiocese,—an office that evidently called for his presence in the capital.

Continually going from Choisy, our Abbé found himself daily within the walls of a city given up to fury. Humble and gentle among so many frenzied citizens, he visited the sick and the poor, consoling the afflicted and miserable in every quarter. One day while on his regular rounds he received a mysterious request. He was asked to go to the home of the Marchioness of Senozan to meet that venerable octogenarian's brother, M. de Malesherbes, the Minister of Louis XVI.

It was an interesting, not to say a tragic, interview, that of these three personages in the dowager's residence: two of the three, Malesherbes and his sister, were soon to die on the scaffold. With great secrecy—what servant could be trusted in those days!—Malesherbes handed to the Abbé a letter from one who had been condemned to death and who requested the Abbé to assist him in his last moments. "This condemned person," wrote the recipient of the letter at a later date, "pushed his condescension so far as to call 'favor' the service he asked of me. He asked it as a last proof of my attachment for him. He hoped I would not refuse; . . . and it was only in case I did not feel brave enough to undergo the experience that he would permit me to substitute any other ecclesiastic." The letter, signed simply "Louis," had been written by the King of France.

The general opinion in Paris was that Louis XVI.'s confessor, whoever he might be, would not long survive the King. Edgeworth was quite well aware of this opinion, and indeed shared it himself. Nevertheless, he at once said to Malesherbes: "I accept." Being asked, that evening, by his sister what work he had on hand, he replied that he was soon going to assist a dying person. "Alas!" said Betty, "the dying person must be the King. I always dreaded that you

would be called on for that service. You are lost to us now."

Several days elapsed, and, hearing nothing further about the matter, the Abbé began to hope that the execution of the King had been commuted to exile, or at least had been indefinitely postponed. On the 20th of January, however, a messenger from the provisional Executive Council presented himself to the Abbé and handed him a note to this effect: "The Executive Council, having an affair of the highest importance to communicate to citizen Edgeworth de Firmont, begs his immediate presence at their sitting." The messenger added that he had orders to accompany the priest, and that a carriage was awaiting them in the street. The Abbé went out and set off with him for the Tuileries. He found all the ministers present in the council chamber. They were patently disturbed over the approaching culmination of their revolutionary policies.

"Consternation was visible on every visage," he wrote afterwards. "As soon as I appeared, they rose and surrounded me with a sort of eagerness. The Minister of Justice (Garat) began the conversation. 'Are you,' he asked me, 'citizen Edgeworth de Firmont?'—I answered that I was.—'Louis Capet,' he went on, 'having informed us of his desire to have you with him during his last moments, we have summoned you to inquire whether you consent to render him the service which he asks of you.'—I replied that, since the King had asked for the service and had mentioned me by name, it became my duty to go to him."

That same evening Abbé Edgeworth was conducted to the prison, and after having been subjected to a minutious search, "lest you should have a dagger about you," was admitted to the presence of the royal prisoner. Louis was calm, although they had just read to him the decree announcing his speedy death. At sight of a priest, however (he had been so long deprived of such a consoler),

Nature reclaimed her rights: the self-control of the martyr-king gave way, and Louis XVI. burst into tears.

Recovering himself in a moment, he apologized to his visitor, and bade him be seated. "So the hour has arrived, Father," he continued, "when I must take up the great business which should entirely preëccupy my thoughts,—the only really important business, alas! For what are all others in comparison? I must ask you, however, to excuse me for a few moments, as my family is about to descend. In the meanwhile, here is a communication which I am very glad to place in your hands." And Louis XVI. handed the Abbé de Firmont his last will and testament.

Marie-Antoinette and her children, accompanied by Madame Elizabeth, soon after entered the adjoining chamber, and the King at once went out to them. The Abbé was left alone during an hour,—a very sad hour, for the cries and sobs of the stricken wife and children and sister were plainly audible through the slight partition which divided the rooms. Finally, the King returned, and set to work at the "great business" of preparing his soul to meet its Maker. The Abbé disclosed to the royal penitent his project of asking the Council for permission to say Mass the following morning in the Temple (the prison where Louis was confined) and to give the King a last Communion. Though expressing some fear lest there should be a profanation of the Sacred Host, Louis consented; and the Abbé forthwith sought the Council and proffered his request. It embarrassed the members considerably; but at last, on the principle of "liberty of worship," it was granted, and the confessor was able to assure his royal penitent that the supreme consolation of the dying Catholic would be his.

The King slept soundly during the night; but the Abbé, who had thrown himself on the bed of Louis' faithful servant, Cléry, counted the hours one by one, without closing an eye. Early the

next morning Mass was celebrated; and the King, whom the Abbé had dissuaded from seeing his family again, remained for a long time in prayer after receiving Communion. From seven to eight o'clock King and confessor remained alone in a little chamber of the tower. Every few moments there were raps at the door. The King, less put out than his confessor, went himself to see what was wanted, and cheerfully replied to the questions put to him. Finally, Sansterre and his company of guards arrived; and, on his answering this last summons, the King was informed that he must accompany them to his death. "I am busy just now," replied Louis. "Wait for me there, and I'll be with you shortly."

A few minutes later a carriage rolled quietly towards the Place de la Revolution, carrying thither the King, his confessor, a commissary of the Commune, and two guards. The Abbé de Firmont still hoped that a tumult would occur and that the King would escape death; but the passage of the carriage through a body of armed soldiery three ranks deep, and at last the arrival at the Place itself, bereft him of further possibility of hope. A crowd of more than a hundred thousand silently surrounded the scaffold. At its foot the carriage stopped, and the King remarked: "I believe we have arrived."

Then, turning to the guards, Louis recommended the Abbé Edgeworth to their care. The guards making no reply, the King renewed his request that his confessor's safety should not be imperilled. "Yes, yes," replied one of the *gendarmes*, "we'll look after him! Let us alone for that." The reply was given, said the Abbé at a later date, in a tone that would have frozen the blood in his veins had it been at any other time, or had he been able to give any thought to himself at so solemn a moment.

One of the executioner's assistants approached with a cord for the purpose of tying the King's hands. "Never!" cried Louis XVI. The fellow insisted; and the

King looked fixedly at his confessor, as if to ask his counsel. The Abbé did not know what to say for the moment; but, as the King continued to gaze at him, he finally said, with tears in his voice: "Sire, in this new outrage I see only a last trait of resemblance between your Majesty and the Saviour who is to be your recompense." Louis looked up to heaven with an indescribable expression of sorrow; then, turning to the executioners, said: "Do what you will; I shall drink the chalice to the dregs."

Leaning on the arm of his confessor, he then walked towards the scaffold. "The steps leading to it," wrote the Abbé in his account of the final scene, "were very steep and extremely difficult to ascend. The King was obliged to lean on me; and, from the trouble he seemed to experience, I feared for a moment that his courage was beginning to fail him. Imagine my astonishment, then, when on reaching the last step I saw him escape, as it were, from my hands, walk with a firm step across the platform of the scaffold, impose silence by a single look on the score of drummers in front of him, and pronounce the immortal words, 'I die innocent; I forgive my enemies; I hope that my blood will not fall upon France. . . .'"

Half dead with anguish, sobbing and praying, the Abbé knelt on the last step, and stayed there till the fatal instant. A moment later, one of the executioners, holding the King's head at arm's length, made the circuit of the platform, showing it to the people. The Abbé, with an instinctive movement of horror, drew back just in time to escape being covered with its blood.

To the question whether or not he had, just before the King's death, pronounced the famous phrase, "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven!" the Abbé declared that he could neither affirm nor deny his having said the words; but that it was quite possible he had said them without remembering his having done so, because his soul was so superexalted and his

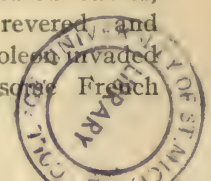
faculties in such a condition that his memory could not recall anything in particular that he may have said at the supreme moment.

Rather to the surprise of all his friends and to his own as well, the Abbé Edgeworth experienced no difficulty in escaping from the throng of soldiers and guards surrounding the scaffold. He had been forbidden to wear any distinctively priestly vestments; and his civilian's dress, accordingly, aided him in getting away without trouble. He proceeded at once to the home of M. de Malesherbes, to whom on behalf of the martyr-king he communicated an important message.

The former Minister strongly advised the Abbé to fly not only from Paris, but from France altogether. To this counsel the sturdy Abbé paid no attention. He desired to pay a last debt to Madame Elizabeth, whose death he foresaw. In vain, however, did he seek admission to the Temple: he never again met his illustrious penitent.

His head having been demanded by various clubs of "citizens," he found himself obliged to leave Paris and take refuge at Bayeux. Thence he could easily have made his way to England, but several considerations forbade his doing so. He had a great diocese committed to his care, his mother and sister were still in Paris, and he had promised Madame Elizabeth never to desert her. At Bayeux he dressed as an ordinary citizen, called himself now Essex, now Edgeworth, and again Henry; and successfully eluded the guillotine. Finally, in 1796, after the execution of Madame Elizabeth and the death of his mother, he escaped to Portsmouth and proceeded to London.

The last years of the Abbé Edgeworth were spent in Russia, whither he went in the suite of the exiled French King, Louis XVIII. The Emperor Paul settled upon him a pension of five hundred roubles, and he was universally revered and honored. In 1807, when Napoleon invaded Russia, it happened that some French



prisoners of war were sent to Mittau, the town in which the Abbé resided. A contagious fever having broken out among them, the Abbé with characteristic charity spent himself in attending to their spiritual wants. He contracted the fever, and fell a victim thereto. The daughter of Louis XVIII. stayed by his sick bed night and day; and when the end came, that King himself wrote his epitaph. Among the countless names of Irishmen who have loved and served and fought and died for France, few wear in history a brighter halo than Henry Essex Edgeworth, Abbé de Firmont.

(The End.)

A Utah Garden.

BY MARION MUIR.

THE pansies showed their purples rare
 Below the Aztec's stuccoed wall,
 Where, golden brown as Ceres' hair,
 Rose tufts of coreopsis tall.

The humming of the ruby throat,
 With spice of pinks and mignonette,
 Blown over desert dust remote,
 Reveals the place where streams have met.

O fair lost land! of vine and corn,
 Lone Utah, lost for sins of men,
 How often, over glens forlorn,
 The Vesper chimes ring dreamlike, when

The roses that thy mother wore
 More than a thousand miles away,
 Bend beautiful beside the door,
 But not, dear heart, where she can pray!

Beyond enchanted barriers lie
 The hopes of unforgotten years;
 And deep regrets that can not die,
 Soothed by the soft relief of tears.

Will God forget these valleys, now
 That His redeeming peace seems near,
 Or brazen streets where myriads bow
 To cold idolatries of fear?

Then half-divine thy sorrow grows,
 A beacon light for souls at sea,—
 The star that out of storm arose
 To rescue those adrift like thee.

Echoes of a Song.

BY FRANCIS PAUL.

HERE was in Salonica a French church, with a convent and hospital and school attached. To this school went little Hubert Fauvel. Mighty Olympus raised her peaks against the horizon far across the blue waters of the Ægean. Moslem minarets lifted their white shapes against the sunlit vista of a clear sky, on almost every street. Old Greek churches lurked in inner courts behind the shops of Eastern traders. But Hubert marched through the streets to his school and back each day of the year; for when there were no lessons there was Mass on Sunday or on a feast-day. He marched past the shuffling Turks, the hurrying Greeks, the impatient Bulgars. And as he marched he sang.

His father held a post in the great shop of the *Établissements Orosdi-Bak*; and early in the morning the severe, huge, dark man of business and the golden-haired lad went together along the narrow streets. Hubert left his father at the door of the large building, and walked on to the school a few squares down. For sheer joy of the sunshine and the clear air, he sang a song he had learned at school:

O alma Redemptoris Mater!

To the school went other children, born of Christian folk out of Italy, Spain, or France. There they learned such doctrine as the lads of Nancy, Tours and Avignon: to speak, to sing, to read as small children do in childhood; to follow the manual of Coquempot, to understand the grammar of Noël and Chapsal, to recite from the Abbé Gauthier's "*Histoire de France*." But most of all did little Hubert like to kneel before the image of the Virgin and repeat his *Ave Maria*, and, when he was not in church, to sing softly,

O alma Redemptoris Mater!

His dead mother had been a wonderful and a saintly woman, whom he had loved

beyond words; and so he loved the Virgin Mother in such manner as a small child should love heavenly above earthly things. He was but ten, this golden-haired boy. He knew no Latin yet, and so he asked another to explain the meaning of the song the day he heard it first. That one explained:

"This song was made to praise our Blessed Lady, to pray to her for help and aid."

"It, then, is for reverence of Christ's Mother," replied Hubert. "I know not grammar nor the meaning of all the words. But I shall learn it by heart."

And so, as he passed through the streets alone on his way, since his own mother was in another place, he sang to ask the protection of the Mother of Christ in heaven. He loved the Blessed Virgin. He saw her statue every day in the church. The sunlight crowned her head; the painted clouds behind seemed real to him; and she looked so clement and loving that he knew she would take care of him. So he sang the Latin words whose meaning he did not know. He knew they were prayer and praise, and his heart was full of prayer and praise. But whether he distinguished clearly in his love between his own mother in heaven and the Mother of Christ, I can not say.

Those were awful times. The King of Montenegro had fired the single rifle shot, as 'a king should, which was to bring to the dust the empire of the grand Turk. Greece, Serbia, and Bulgaria had drawn their swords, and once more the Cross faced the Crescent in battle. But for once the new Crusaders struggled not against an advancing foe,—they advanced themselves. The Islamic yoke was at last to be cast aside; once more the Red Cross Knights would ride the paved streets of old Byzantium. Once more Mass might be said in Sancta Sophia. At last, after years of oppression, the Balkan States and Greece rode on victorious toward the far-famed Golden Horn.

Turkish forts were falling, Turkish troops retreating; the Crescent of the East was sinking fast; and the ghostly spirit of Constantine led on the Greeks around the curving bays of the old Ægean to the city which bears his name.

But glorious conquest was not all of the war. Defeat and humiliation were to the beaten,—murder and madness and flaming folly on earth and sky and sea. Into Salonica streamed many thousands of refugees. Free kitchens were established under the direction of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. The few inadequate hospitals were crowded to overflowing. Volunteer ambulance drivers rode through the streets crying, "Christians, open your doors! The hospitals are full and there is no place for the wounded!" Wild news of the horrors of war came sweeping into the town. Turks were being murdered by Bulgars in Serres. At Kukush, shells fell on the orphan asylum and hospital conducted by French Catholic Sisters under the protection of the French flag. Turks murdered Bulgarians at Akangeli. Greeks had severely flogged Father Treptché in Ghevgheli. Moslem houses were burned at Strumitsa, and a mosque crowded with innocent people was fired at Kurkut. Thousands of Mohammedan refugees pressed into Salonica.

The tales told by the fleeing inflamed the town to which they had come. Along the water front the wounded mingled with the homeless. In the café terraces everyone was talking of the terrible situation! From Kouchalki Tower in the old citadel on the hilltop, down the hill, through the squalor of Turkish homes and the affected modesty of veiled women, to the fishing ships along the quay and the frightened European colony beyond the White Tower, speculation ran riot, and terror stalked through the very streets. Then news came of the defeat of the Turks at Kirk-Kilissa and of the imminent fall of Salonica. Under their red fezes, the Moslem merchants scowled and cast evil looks at the enemies who were assailing the Crescent, and who,

they knew, would soon rule in this their great seaport town. The Turks did not like to think of their mosques being seized and, after centuries of occupation, reconverted into Christian places of worship. Sophia in Salonica was to them as important as Sophia in Stamboul. Hatred rose in their evil hearts.

And all the while Hubert Fauvel marched through the excited streets to and from his school, singing softly:

O alma Redemptoris Mater!

It was a beautiful October day, and Hubert was enjoying it with a sort of spiritual elevation. A Turk stood at a corner and saw him go by. He heard the song, and, being an educated Turk, knew what the sense was, though he knew not the meaning of each word. His heart grew black within him. He followed.

It was early for school, and Hubert slipped into the white purity of the church. The Turk followed. The Greek soldiers had entered town that morning, flashing their bayonets along toward the old Arch of Alexander. There was an ardor in their march, even to the swinging guns and these same forbidding bayonets; for cold steel can, in a righteous cause, be glowing as well as chill. But there was no ardor in the heart of the raging Turk.

Was it for this that he had prayed so oft toward Mecca? Was it for this that he had fought so fierce toward Vienna? That Greek soldiery should intrude into his town and despoil the holy places, even perhaps walk booted and spurred into the sacred mosque? That a little child should insult him in the streets with a Christian song? His blood was leaping through his veins. His heart throbbed at the tips of his fingers.

Then the child came out into the courtyard; and there, beneath the friendly trees, the strong hands of Ali Riza seized the little lad by the throat. A short struggle and the body grew limp. The right hand automatically made some attempt to complete the Sign of the Cross. The Turk shuddered and threw

the dead thing from him. He looked about. All was still. No one had seen, no one had heard; and there was a convenient hiding-place.

In a moment the lifeless arms and legs were curled into a small space behind the rockery. The Turk spat at the motionless figure of the Blessed Virgin, and then, slipping quietly out of the gate, was lost to sight and sound.

Soon Hubert was missed. His father searched for him everywhere, but in vain. He wandered through the old arcades, mingled with the crowds at the water front, and haunted the military barracks which ranged up the hill from the White Tower. But the boy was not to be found.

The town was in a turmoil. Administrations were changing hands daily. Greeks and Bulgars grew jealous and envious of each other. They had other things to think of than the loss of a single child, and that child a European. So the father grieved in silence for a day, a night and a day.

Next evening he stood in the courtyard of the French church and mused on the statue of the Blessed Virgin. One of the Fathers of St. Lazarus had, long ago, constructed a pile of rock and placed thereon an image of Mary. In the course of time the vines planted there had spread over the stones; and the little fish, of a red-gold, had grown in size and multiplied in the small pond beneath. The overflowing water sent forth a sad and gentle murmur.

There was a service in the church, and the singing of the choir came sweetly through the twilight air. The words were clear and soft in supplication, and issued out of the open doors with a calm grace that spoke of the peace of God.

As M. Fauvel stood silent in the gathering gloom, the sound seemed clearly echoed from the long wall in front of him, scarcely to come at all from the portals behind. It was as though the very stones were whispering to music:

O alma Redemptoris Mater!

Did the words come from the motionless wall in front of him? Or did the image of the Virgin Mother, placed amid the vines and rocks above the purling water, repeat in whispers to herself the song of her devotees?

He stretched out his arms in anguish as he recognized the favorite hymn of his lost lad:

O alma Redemptoris Mater!

He approached nearer, and closed his eyes as if in thought. He opened his eyes again, and saw—yes, he saw two small hands clasped as if in prayer near the base of the statue. And thus he found his child. The lips were parted as if in song. A serenity was on that face that told of choirs in heaven singing the old hymn:

O alma Redemptoris Mater!

The little body was carried home in sorrow. Soon it was brought back again, and buried there in that same courtyard, away from the noise of commerce and the clash of political desires. And people say that to this day at twilight one of the Fathers of St. Lazarus steals out of the cloister across the garden. He comes to the edge of the pond and watches the little fish swim back and forth. He gazes a while on the image of the Blessed Virgin. He stands there, a huge dark man, until the darkness of night enshrouds the courtyard. And then the patients in the hospital near by, or the passing folk in the street, or the evening worshippers within the church, can hear a strong but gentle voice intone in a song of prayer and praise:

O alma Redemptoris Mater!

THE everyday cares and duties which men call drudgery are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of Time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion; and when they cease to hang upon the wheels, the pendulum no longer sways, the hands no longer move, the clock stands still.

—Longfellow.

Telling Time by Plants.

IT is interesting when out on a long tramp to see how near you can come to guessing the right time by the plants you see along the way. The compass plant, common on the prairies, is one of the best plants for judging the time of day. Its great yellow face follows the sun about; but of course you could hardly guess the time in less than hours, unless you have practised a good deal. You can easily tell, however, if it is before or after noon; you can tell if it is before or after nine o'clock, and before or after three.

In Borneo there is a plant called the clock plant. The native men go to work by its movements. It has three leaves, and when the sun strikes a leaf, it begins to stir; it takes just three-quarters of an hour for each leaf to move its entire distance. In many parts of this country the clock plant is cultivated for a curiosity. Should you find one on your walk, it will be interesting to stand and watch it for a time.

If you get up early enough in the morning for your walk, you can time yourself pretty accurately on your trip. At four o'clock in the morning the salsify begins to awake; at five the poppies begin to expand their silken petals; by half-past five the dandelions are beginning to awaken; at six the bittersweet is wide awake; and at seven the scarlet pimpernel, which is also called the poorman's weatherglass, begins to peep forth. If the weather is fine, it stays out; if cloudy, back it goes for another nap. At eight o'clock the water lilies begin to open; at nine o'clock the tulips are wide open, if the sun shines brightly; and the marigold soon follows.

By high noon the crocus, which opened before dawn, is beginning to go to sleep; and at one the morning-glories on the north side of the house are all sound asleep on their drooping stems. At three

the dandelions in the shade are asleep; and by four, the four-o'clocks are beginning to open for the night. About five o'clock the nicotina and the datura are spreading their white trumpets, while the gorgeous tulips have begun to close their cups for the night. The evening primrose opens at six, and the moonflower at seven in midsummer.

With the Methodist Clergy.

THE Methodist clergy have been holding conferences whose proceedings we have followed with an interest that would doubtless surprise these pious men. They discussed many subjects of grave importance, expressed views more or less enlightened; exhorted, protested, agreed; and then returned home, happier, if not wiser or wealthier. Just what was accomplished it is impossible to say, but our fear is that it will amount to little or nothing. Methodist ministers do not seem to profit much by experience; the lessons of the past are too often lost on them. If they were to assemble less frequently, it would be no detriment either to themselves or their congregations.

There was a large meeting of ministers a few years ago in the Nutmeg State, which should have been recalled this year. Its object was to inquire into the causes of moral decadence, and to discuss the subject, "What the Ministers can do to bring about a Spiritual Awakening." The members were all frank and fervent, as the report of their addresses goes to show. The Rev. Mr. Richard said that the people had hazy ideas about sin; the Rev. Magee Pratt recalled his own early experience, when he got a loathing of sin as a result of a belief in hell-fire; another minister declared that people in our day did not realize what was meant by the loss of a soul; still another, the Rev. W. A. Carr, contended that there was a great deal of fault to be found with prevalent preaching.

We think Brother Carr hit the nail squarely on the head. The reason why men do not go to church is because their religious faith, which it is the business of the ministers to stir up, is slumbering. But they are powerless to do this unless their own faith is lively. A sermon on the happiness of heaven is without effect from a pastor who is known to be very much attached to the pleasures of earth. If, as Brother Richard said, the people have hazy ideas about sin, it is because the ministers who preach to them are so theologically confused themselves. Many Methodist ministers, for instance, who consider it a sin to use tobacco in any form, seem to have no scruple whatever about reviling Catholics. They should not thus lose sight of divine precepts in following their Methodistical traditions. They ought to know that it were better for all of them to smoke like chimneys than that even one among them, even once, should knowingly bear false witness against his Catholic brethren.

The Methodist clergy have two serious faults which they ought to acknowledge and correct. In the first place, they ought to cultivate consistency. When the daily walk and conversation of a religious guide are in nowise different from those of the ungodly, when he is distinguished from worldlings only by the length of his coat or the length of his hair, the righteous blush and "the wicked man hardeneth his face." (Prov., xxi, 29.) There is a rude sense of logic among the people, and respect for the cloth is always lessened when a parson who is piling up a bank account exhorts his people to lay up treasures in heaven; or when a minister whose hands are never extended except with palms upward preaches to poor people on the omnipotence of loving-kindness; or yet again when a sermon on the art of always rejoicing is delivered by a lugubrious exhorter, more accustomed to bemoaning the faults and failings of ungodly lay folk.

Clergymen can not be too firmly per-

suaded that their power for good depends upon the example they set to their people, and the zeal with which they exercise their high calling. A minister of the Gospel who shows greater interest in things political or athletical than in things ascetical; who is conspicuous where he ought not to appear, and often absent where duty calls him; who does what he exhorts the laity not to do; in a word, whose preaching is at variance with his practice,—such a minister can not command popular respect, and has no right to complain when his salary falls short, or his exhortations fail to rouse the sleepers in the pews or the sinners on the anxious bench.

Daniel Webster once said of the clergymen of his day: "If they would return to the simplicity of the Gospel, there would not be so much complaint of the decline of true religion. Many ministers take their text from Paul and preach from the newspapers. When they do so, I prefer to enjoy my own thoughts rather than to listen. I want my pastor to come to me in the spirit of the Gospel, saying: 'You are mortal; your probation is brief; your work must be done speedily. You are immortal, too; you are hastening to the bar of God; the Judge even now standeth at the door.' When I am thus admonished I have no disposition either to muse or to sleep." Webster expressed a sentiment that was probably general in his day; it is no less so now.

We share the opinion that if all clergymen of the Methodist persuasion were to give their people essential religion instead of sentimental philanthropy, Methodist churches would be unable to hold all those who would flock to them to hear the "good things of the Lord." We are convinced also that if in the preparation of their sermons the preachers were to study the Bible more, their discourses would be popular, practical and persuasive, instead of being stale, flat and unprofitable, as is now too often the case.

They Need Reminding.

SOME fallacies held by a not inconsiderable number of people in this country are that the term "non-sectarian" is exactly synonymous with "non-Catholic"; that the public schools are, and of right ought to be, just as distinctively Protestant as our privately supported parish schools are Catholic; that State universities are quite within their rights in furthering the interests of Protestant propagandas; and that governmental aid to such actively Protestant organizations as the Y. M. C. A. is no violation of the principle that Church and State in this country are separate entities. We have repeatedly asserted that, so long as Catholics have to bear their proportion of taxation for the upkeep of public schools and State universities, they have an undeniable right to protest against the turning of these institutions into centres of Protestant propaganda, and, constructively, into organized forces arrayed against Catholicism.

The apparently fair Protestant inquiry that asks us, "Why should you interfere with our schools when we let you run yours as you like?" begs the whole question. The public schools are *not* theirs any more than they are ours or the Jews' or the agnostics'. They belong to all the people, independently of their religious belief or unbelief, since all the people pay for them. Our parish schools, on the contrary, are distinctively ours, because we Catholics and no others support them. The difference is sufficiently obvious, it would seem; but it is astonishing how many among our separated brethren either ignore it, or act as if they do. They need reminding every once in a while that the principle "no taxation without representation" is as applicable in the United States to education as to political matters; and that, if they wish to regulate school affairs in accordance with their particular tenets, then they must do as we have done—build and support, without State aid, schools of their own.

Notes and Remarks.

Twenty-five years ago this month Pope Leo XIII. issued his great Encyclical, "On the Condition of the Working Classes." It is not too much to say that this document was epoch-making. We are now in the ferment of industrial agitation; on all sides the Labor Question is discussed, and there is no end to the ways and means proposed for its settlement. A quarter of a century ago this was not so,—at least not to the same degree. It remained for the Father of Christendom to draw the attention of all the world to the immense issues involved in the present order of industrial society. Consider, for example, the breadth and scope of the bare introduction to this great charter. Here, as set forth by the Social Service Commission of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, is a summary of the contents of that remarkable introduction:

The main factors in modern industrial relations; the vast extension of industrial enterprise, and the introduction of machinery; the changed relations between masters and workmen; the accumulation of wealth in the hands of comparatively few individuals; the utter poverty of great sections of the common people; the increased self-reliance and organization of the workers; finally, the prevailing moral degeneracy; the position of the Papacy and the Church; Capitalism and Socialism the penalty of religious rebellion; importance and difficulties of a solution.

Father Dietz, secretary of the Commission, well says that "the Encyclical, after twenty-five years of service, has not by any means spent its force. It continues to be the inspiration of Christian democracy."

That the "silent contempt" treatment of inveterate defamers of Catholic institutions and personalities is not always the most advisable is being discovered by a good many of those who once were its strongest advocates. Quite recently the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Detroit found his

patience exhausted by the repeated calumnies launched against a house of the Good Shepherd in his episcopal city; and, as one means of arresting the evil, he requested the State Board of Corrections and Charities to investigate the institution whenever they felt inclined to do so. The investigating committee, among whose members were a Protestant Episcopal bishop and several exceptionally prominent non-Catholic laymen, visited the institution without giving previous notice, and spent the greater portion of a day in examining the whole place, from cellar to garret. As a result, the committee reported that not only were the complaints and charges that had been made utterly unfounded, but the discipline, work, recreation, sanitary conditions, etc., were worthy of special praise.

The National Conference of Charities and Correction, which has just closed its yearly deliberations at Indianapolis, opened under very good auspices, with an address by its president, the Very Rev. Francis H. Gavisk. Outlining the scope of the Conference, he made what must at this time be considered a very important point. In view of certain disturbances in the administration of charity elsewhere in the United States, it is well for all charity workers to give their most serious attention to what this specialist has to say of the place of religion in the movement. Father Gavisk said:

I believe the strongest ally of the Conference is Religion. The very history of charity is founded in religion. In the Book of Tobias we read of the wonderful deeds of charity of that Jewish captive in Nineveh, the elder Tobias,—how he "daily went among his fellow-captives and comforted them, and distributed to everyone as he was able out of his goods; he fed the hungry and gave clothes to the naked, and was careful to bury the dead and they that were slain," and instructed his son to works of mercy. And this not to bring about a better social condition among the captives, but rather to the end that their faith might be maintained, their hope sustained, that the face of the Lord be not turned from them;

and the almsdeeds of the poor Jewish captive merited an angel's visit. The teachings of the Book of Proverbs abound in counsels of mutual help for God's sake.

The example of Our Lord and His words have been the inspiration for the wonder works of charity during the present era; and the spirit of giving of the present day is the fruitful inheritance from those who believed that doing to the least of the brethren was doing to Him. It may not have always been done in the most enlightened manner, and may have simply relieved the evils without effecting a cure; but, at all events, the motives behind the effort were pure and high. Let us not negative the splendid work of the Jew, the Protestant, and the Catholic in charitable effort by removing or minimizing the spiritual, the religious motives which are the purpose of their being.

This is a broad basis, surely; but it is the only one, we think, upon which really co-operative and successful charity work can be pursued among our people. It was an important service that Father Gavisk rendered in thus striking the keynote for the assembly of the Conference this year.

In the course of a speech before the National Press Club in Washington last week, President Wilson said, in reference to our foreign relations: "If I can not retain my moral influence over a man except by occasionally knocking him down, then for the sake of his soul I have got to knock him down occasionally. . . . Sometimes when I am most beset I seriously think of renting a pair of whiskers or of doing something else that will furnish me with an adequate disguise, because I am sorry to find that the cut of my jib is unmistakable, and that I must sail under false colors if I am going to sail incognito."

Strange language is this for one in Mr. Wilson's position to make use of; and there was more of it. Of course the President was trying to speak humoristically. But facetiousness is not his forte. The whole speech sounds very much like the talk of a professor who isn't in the mood of teaching to a class that isn't in the mood of being taught.

Professorial humor is decidedly peculiar; however, it has one advantage. If you are not quite sure of what it means—and you really never can be—you may be quite sure it isn't worth while trying to find out.

The mere statement that Senator Reed Smoot recently urged the passage by the Senate of a Bill to appropriate \$10,000 to each State in the Union for the purpose of teaching girls how to cook and keep house, will of course provoke smiles and occasion jokes everywhere; however, a great many persons will agree with the Senator that much misery, drunkenness, and disease are due to poorly prepared food, and that countless homes are ruined by helpless or ignorant housekeepers. If there is any truth in the old German saying, "a man is what he eats" (*man ist was man isst*), the importance of good, wholesome cooking is something to be remembered. And it ought not to be forgotten that virtue is more apt to flourish in homes that are clean, comfortable, and orderly. Still we do not favor Senator Smoot's contention that the Government should take a hand in these matters. The colleges for women, of which there are so many, ought to be able to produce enough cooks capable of preparing food fit to eat, and a sufficient number of housekeepers capable of keeping house. It is no credit to an educated woman not to know how to boil water without scorching it, or to light a stove without setting the house on fire.

A contributor to the *North American Review* calls attention to the fact that the spread of Woman's Suffrage sentiment in this country synchronizes with the spread of the Prohibition propaganda. On general principles, one would be inclined to believe that the suppression of the liquor traffic would appeal far more to women than it does to men; and it is, therefore, scarcely surprising to learn that Prohibition is making headway in those States

in which women exercise the privilege of voting, although economic considerations in California make an exception of that commonwealth. The ladies apparently do not desire to destroy the vine-growing industry of their State by prohibiting the product of the vine. Elsewhere in the country, however, the two causes appear to advance side by side. As the *Review* presents them: "It would seem, therefore, that the possession of the ballot by women is an asset of the Prohibitionists in the bulk of the States where they are campaigning, with the exception of California; or, in other words, that to a considerable extent the sentiment for the two movements is coextensive."

St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society and the college at Mill Hill, England, where its great work was begun, have just celebrated their Golden Jubilee. There was good reason for all the rejoicing that was indulged in, not only at the mother house of the Society and the branch establishment at Freshfield, but in Holland and Switzerland, where other foundations have been made, and in numerous foreign missions served by the devoted Mill Hill Fathers—in Africa, India, Borneo, the Philippines, etc. These missionaries now number 216, besides whom the Society has furnished several bishops to the Church, and provided chaplains for the British army in India and elsewhere. The founder of St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society was Cardinal Vaughan, and surely God heard his prayers and blessed his efforts when in the humblest way he began the great work for which in the years to come he will doubtless be best remembered.

In the course of a plea for the Foreign Missions contributed to a recent issue of *America* by Father T. Gavan Duffy, we find this notable paragraph:

There is, moreover, a patriotic as well as a Catholic consideration that enters into this matter; for it can not possibly be denied that

genuine missionary enterprise is a large factor in the glory of any country. The Ireland of long ago and the France of to-day are conspicuous examples; none of their prowess, whether in war or in the peaceable pursuits of science and of letters, can boast so full a share in winning for those nations the regard and the gratitude of mankind as their generosity in bearing afar off the gift of faith.

Well said, and suggestive as well to ardent young Catholic America. One American martyr in China—a priest or Brother or Sister actually killed for the Faith—would redound more to the glory of this country than the greatest martial or civic service rendered to her by the most renowned of popular heroes.

Reviewing a new work by the learned Dr. Budge—a British Museum publication which gives the text, with English translations, of eighteen documents in the Sahidic or Upper Egypt dialect of Coptic,—the *Athenæum* remarks:

The persistence of the Coptic Church into our own times is one of the most striking phenomena of Christianity. Whether it was founded by St. Mark, as tradition asserts, may be doubted; but all scholars are agreed that it never passed through the Judæo-Christian stage experienced by its sister churches in Europe and Asia. Christianity, in fact, came to Egypt as it were full-grown; and made its way not among the rich Jewish community there—always bitterly hostile to it—but among the Greek-speaking "intellectuals" on the one hand, and the native peasantry and handicraftsmen on the other. Yet from the first it took deep root; and neither the constant dissensions on doctrinal matters among the Christians themselves, nor the persecutions which it endured from pagan emperors and Mussulman caliphs, have ever been able to uproot it. Hence it has endured to the present day, with an unbroken pedigree of tradition and practice which certainly goes back to Apostolic times. Somewhere about 450 A. D., moreover, it gave birth to the Abyssinian or Ethiopic Church; and the two together can boast of having preserved the Apostolic faith untainted by the Nestorian opinions which still separate the Asiatic churches from their Western sisters.

The documents include sermons preached on festivals of the Blessed Virgin by St. Cyril of Jerusalem and his namesake of Alexandria; also "encomia" of St. Michael,

St. Gabriel, and the military saints Theodore and Mercurius. In reference to the miracles recorded in these MSS., the reviewer justly observes: "We should probably do wrong were we to judge them according to Western ideas. . . . We need not consider the narrators as liars, only anxious to deceive the people for their own ends, or as not believing themselves the miracles they narrate. As everybody knows who has had much to do with the Egyptian *fellah*—a kindly and, on the whole, a truthful person according to his lights,—the miraculous or supernatural explanation of any phenomenon unfamiliar to him seems the natural one, and he thinks it mere waste of time to look for any other. Add to this the difficulty which he finds in taking any metaphorical or figurative expression in any but its most material and literal meaning, and you probably have a full explanation of how pious and learned men, as many of the authors of these stories were, managed to write down such marvels with a grave face."

In one of his moments of "inspired common-sense," Mr. Roosevelt recently wrote: "The indispensable work for the community is the work of the wife and the mother. It is the most honorable work. It is literally and exactly the vital work,—the work which, of course, must be done by the average woman, or the whole nation goes down with a crash."

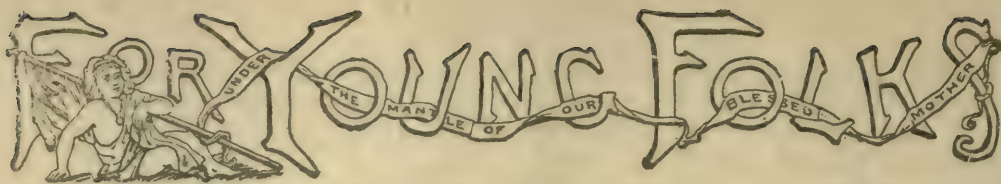
Complimenting the author on his sensible words, *America* congruously suggests a Catholic amendment to his statement, as follows: "With the single reservation that it is still more honorable, noble and useful to give up the joys of being the maker and keeper of a home, in order for God's sake to mother countless numbers of unfortunate children, or to devote oneself solely to advancing the interests of the Father of all, who is in heaven, Christians and patriots will give to these sentiments their heartiest approval." Mr. Roosevelt has said so many things in

eulogy of Sisters that he will doubtless accept the amendment as being quite in harmony with his own views.

Concluding an able Pastoral devoted to the consideration of the burning question of the priest and military service, the Bishop of Northampton says: "We take our stand on the ground of principle, deprecating with all the force at our command any departure from the traditional Christian attitude—that in war as in peace, in the army as in civil life, the most useful and only fitting occupation for priests is God's business; and that, though a priest may lawfully expose his own life, and will cheerfully do so at the call of duty, to require him to take the life of another is an outrage on the sanctity of his profession."

THE AVE MARIA was severely criticised for taking precisely this stand at the outbreak of the Great War. We never presumed to discuss how far departure from the traditional Christian attitude was necessitated or might be justified by force of circumstances.

The fifteenth National Convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, to be held in New York during the four days, August 20-23, promises to be a notably large and influential gathering of laity and clergy. The chairman of the committee of organization is the Rt. Rev. Bishop McFaul, a name that has become synonymous in the annals of the Federation with energetic activity and thorough efficiency. The present year is a timely one for the demonstration of organized Catholic strength, as well as for authoritative Catholic utterances on numerous topics of outstanding importance to the interests of the Church in this country, and of the country itself. The convention will doubtless be an object-lesson to some who need it; and its deliberations, we feel assured, will make for good citizenship not less than practical Catholicity.



Caught in His Own Trap.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

THE Sultan Mahmoud, who lived in the eleventh century, had a prodigious memory. Simply by listening once to a poem, however long, he knew it by heart, just as though he had written it himself. His vizier, Abdul, was gifted in much the same way; only *his* memory was not quite so good as his royal master's. Abdul had to hear a poem recited twice before he could repeat it from memory. Finally, one of the Mussulman ruler's slaves, of the name of Ali, who had no education whatever, was also possessed of a remarkable memory, although *he* had to hear a poem three times before he had it by heart.

Now, sovereigns who, like Mahmoud, have millions of people under them, should give an example of every virtue. Unfortunately, however, this is not always the case. Mahmoud, for instance, was a despot, and a trifle besides. The strange faculty possessed by his brain led him to fool his subjects in a way unworthy of an emperor. Whenever a poet presented himself at court and asked the privilege of being allowed to give a proof of his art, the Sultan used to promise him that, if his verses proved to be really new and original, he, the Sultan, would recompense the versifier by giving him the weight of his manuscript in gold.

Quite sure that he had not borrowed his poem from anybody, the poor poet would recite his verses with confidence; but scarcely could he finish when the Sultan would exclaim: "Here, that's not new,—what you have been reciting! I have been familiar with that poem for years; in fact, I know it by heart." And

the tricky sovereign, with his astonishing memory, recited the verses word for word, much to the amazement, of course, of the dumfounded poet. Not content with that, the Sultan would add: "My vizier, Abdul, learned it some years ago: he will recite it for you." Whereupon, sure enough, the vizier (having heard the piece twice) proceeded to deliver it quite correctly. Then, to give still greater weight to his contention, Mahmoud sent for the slave, Ali. The latter had been hidden behind a curtain; and, having thus heard the poem recited three times, was able to repeat it himself.

This sort of thing had been going on for some time, much to the consternation of the poets. Some of them declared it was magic; others suspected that there was trickery somewhere, though they could not discover just what it was.

Now, at that time there lived in the suburb of Gohasna a young sculptor, who was also something of a poet: he chiselled marble and rhymes with equal facility. Whenever he tired of wielding the hammer, he set about writing touching ballads on a scroll of papyrus. Having heard a good deal about the defeats sustained by his brother poets, the idea of clearing up the mystery so possessed him that at last he resolved to risk an attempt to solve it. Accordingly, he closed his shop one evening; and, his face covered with a false white beard, his turban drawn down to his eyes, and his body doubled up under his burnous, he made his way, hobbling along with the aid of a cane, to the imperial palace. Having made known his desire, he was shown into the presence of Mahmoud.

The customary scene was re-enacted. Hassan recited a long ode that he had composed only a few days previously. As he had told nobody anything about

it, he felt sure that there could be no chance of his being accused of plagiarism. Imagine his surprise, then, when Mahmoud, with a rather bored expression, remarked: "My good fellow, your ode is beautiful enough, but it doesn't enjoy the merit of being original. I asked for something new; and your poem is so far from being new that I can, if you like, recite the whole of it." And, without waiting for the poet's reply, he forthwith declaimed the whole ode.

Hassan, for the form of the thing, protested his innocence of plagiarism; but he knew he was the victim of some kind of trickery or sorcery. The Sultan, however, bent on carrying out his trick to the full, caused his two accomplices, Abdul and Ali, to repeat the ode also; so that Hassan retired quite covered with confusion. He was determined, nevertheless, to get to the bottom of the mystery.

The next day Hassan paid a visit to a wise old dervish who lived at some distance from the city; and to him he recounted the story of the undoing of the poets, himself included.

"My son," said the old man, "Mahmoud is powerful, but Allah [God] is still more so. Give me eight days to spend in prayer and mortification; then return to me. God will have shown me how you may fight the Sultan with his own arms, and come out victorious from the combat."

"Holy man," said Hassan, "how much do you ask for your assistance?"

"One half the sum you will receive from the Sultan. Is he not to give you the weight of your manuscript in gold?"

"Yes, that is the reward he has promised: and I shall willingly share it with you."

Relying on the promised aid of the old man, Hassan returned to his work. On the eighth day after, he went back to the dervish. Their interview lasted a considerable time; and when the young sculptor departed, his countenance was beaming with joy. Another eight days elapsed, however, before Hassan ventured a second visit to the palace. He spent

the time at home, as he had a good many things to do in preparation.

At last, one fine morning he set out for the Sultan's home,—his face free this time from any beard, his body straight, his step firm. Incidentally, he was followed by a loaded camel.

"O brother of the Arabs," said the Sultan when Hassan was introduced into his presence, "whence do you come and what do you desire of me?"

"Allah increase the power of His Sultan," replied Hassan; "I am a humble poet, and I have composed an ode in honor of your Majesty."

"O brother of the Arabs," rejoined Mahmoud, "do you know the condition on which you will receive a reward for your ode?"

"I do not, powerful sovereign. What is this condition?"

"If the ode which, you are about to recite has not been composed by you, you will receive nothing from me. But if it is original and really written by you, I will give you in gold the weight of the manuscript on which you have inscribed your inspirations."

"How should I dare," said Hassan, "to pretend to the authorship of verses written by another? Does any subject ignore that to lie to the Sultan is one of the vilest of crimes? My verses are my own, and I submit without fear to the condition you impose, O great Sultan!"

Hassan began forthwith to recite his ode; and as he proceeded, Mahmoud's countenance lost its expression of self-satisfaction and betrayed growing uneasiness. The poetry that Hassan was reciting had been composed by the learned dervish in such a way that, without any sacrifice of sense, there came into it the most difficult words to pronounce and remember that the Arab language contained. The erudition of the dervish proved too much even for the memory of Mahmoud; far from remembering the complete ode, he could not recall a single complete stanza. He signed to Abdul;

but he was no better off. As for Ali, what could *he* be expected to do when his superiors had failed so miserably?

Mahmoud made the best of his discomfiture. Concealing his chagrin, he said:

"O brother of the Arabs, you have spoken truly! The ode is without doubt your own. It is the first time I have heard it. Show us your manuscript, so that I may give you the promised reward."

"Be pleased," replied the poet, "to have two of your servants bring to the foot of your throne what you ask of me."

"Bring what?" cried the Sultan. "Isn't the manuscript papyrus, and have you not got it on your person?"

"No, great Sultan. I am very poor. When I composed this ode, I didn't have any papyrus, and so had to engrave the lines on the base of a column that my father left me as a legacy. This bit of marble is on the back of my camel."

Mahmoud was caught in his own trap. The marble block, under which the poor camel could scarcely stand up, weighed so much that the Sultan's treasury was well-nigh depleted in order that his promise should be made good; and Hassan left the palace with the fortune of a prince.

His first care was to seek out the dervish.

"Holy man," he cried, "thanks to your wisdom and knowledge, I have succeeded in outwitting the royal cheat! It remains for me to thank you, and to beg you to accept the half of the gold I have received. See, my camel is bending under its weight, and is anxious that we should relieve him of some of it."

"My son," replied the dervish, "Allah in His goodness has preserved me from having need of any wealth, but He wishes us to help the unfortunate. This gold, that I shouldn't know what to do with, will be distributed among the poor. Endeavor to employ your share equally well."

It is said that thereafter Mahmoud gave up playing his trick on the poets. He rewarded them,—meagrely, it is true, for he was miserly; but still sufficiently well to satisfy them.

Killykinick.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XXII.—THE LOST AND FOUND.



HERE had been an extra Mass at the little church at Beach Cliff on the morning of the storm. Father Tom Rayburn, an old classmate of the pastor's, had arrived, and been welcomed most cordially.

"I am off to an old camping ground of mine—Killykinick," he had explained to his host as they sat together at breakfast. "One of our Brothers is there with some of St. Andrew's boys, and my own little nephew is among them."

"Ah, yes, I know!" was the reply. "They come every Sunday to the late Mass. And, by the way, if you are going out into those ocean 'wilds,' you could save a busy man some trouble by stopping at the Life-Saving Station (it's not far out of your way, as I suppose you'll take a sail or a motor boat); and I promised two of those sturdy fellows who are groping for the Truth some reading matter. I thought a friendly talk at the same time would not be amiss. They have little chance for such things in their lonely lives. But my duties are quadrupled at this season, as you know."

"And the 'wilderness' is in my line," said Father Tom. "Of course I'll be glad to stop. I used to haunt the Life-Saving Station when I was a boy; and I should like to see it again, especially when I can do a little missionary work on the side," he laughed cheerily.

And so it had happened that while Dan and Freddy were hauling in their lines and delivering breakfasts along the shore, one of the trig motors from the Boat Club was bearing a tall, broad-shouldered passenger, bronzed by sun and storm, to the Life-Saving Station, whose long, low buildings stood on a desolate spit of sand that jutted out into the sea beyond Shelter Cove. It was Uncle

Sam's farthest outpost. The Stars and Stripes floating from its flagstaff told of his watchful care of this perilous stretch of shore that his sturdy sons paced by day and night, alert to any cry for help, any sign of danger.

Father Tom, whose own life work lay in some such lines, met the Life-Savers with a warm, cordial sympathy that made his visit a most pleasant one. He was ready to listen as well as talk. But Blake and Ford, whom he had come especially to see, were on duty up the shore, and would not be back for more than two hours.

"I'll wait for them," said Father Tom, who never let a wandering sheep, that hook or crook could hold, escape his shepherd's care; and he settled down for a longer chat of his own wild and woolly West, which his hearers, watching with trained eyes the black line in the horizon, were too polite in their own simple way to interrupt. Their guest was in the midst of a description of the 'Mohave Desert, where he had nearly left his bones to bleach two years ago, when his boatman came hurriedly up with a request of speedy shelter for his little craft.

"There's a storm coming up I daren't face, sir," he said. "We can't make Killykinick until it blows over. You'll have to stay another hour or two here."

"All right, if our good friends will keep us," was the cheery response. "We are not travelling on schedule time."

And then Father Tom looked on with keen interest as the sturdy life-savers made ready for the swift-coming tempest that was very soon upon them, bringing Blake and Ford back, breathless and drenched, to report their observations along the beach,—that there was nothing in sight: everything had scudded to shelter. So all gathered in the lookout, whose heavy leaded glass, set in a stone frame, defied the fury of the elements. And, thus sheltered, the group in Uncle Sam's outpost watched the sweep of the storm.

"It's a ripper!" said Blake, translating the more professional opinion of his mates to Father Tom. "But we ain't getting the worst of it here. These West Indianers travel narrow gauge tracks, and we're out of line. Killykinick is catching it bad. Shouldn't wonder if that stranded tub of the old Captain's would keel over altogether."

"You think they are in danger there?" asked Father Tom, anxiously.

"Oh, no! Thar's plenty of other shelter. Killykinick is rock-ribbed to stand till the day of doom. But there's another shore not so safe. George! I believe Last Island is going clean under!"

"Let her go!" came the keeper's bluff response. "Been nothing but a bramble bed these twenty years."

"Bramble bed or not, some fools are camping there," said Blake. "I've seen their dogs on the beach for the last three days; and there was a boat moored to the rocks this morning, and boys scrambling along the shore. The folks that are boxed up in town all winter run wild when they break loose here, and don't care where they go—"

"Hush!" broke in the keeper, suddenly. "Push open the glass there, men, and listen! I think I heard a gun!"

They flung open the window at his word. Borne upon the wild sweep of the wind that rushed in upon them, there came again a sound they all knew,—the signal of distress, the sharp call for help. It was their business to hear and heed.

"A gun sure, and from Last Island!" said the keeper, briefly. "There are fools there, as you say, Blake. Run out the lifeboat, my men! We must get them off. Both boats, for we don't know how many we have to care for."

"Both boats, sir?" hesitated Blake. "We're short-handed to-day, for Ford has a crippled arm that would be no good in this surf."

"I'll take his place," said Father Tom, eagerly. "I've shot the rapids with my

Indian guides many a time. I'll take Ford's place."

"Think twice of it, sir," was Blake's warning. "You are risking your life."

"I know," was the brief answer. "That's my business as well as yours, my friends; so I'll take my chance."

"There talks a man!" said the keeper, heartily. "Give him a sou'wester, and let him take his chances, as he asks, in Ford's place."

And, in briefer time than we can picture, the two lifeboats were swung out of their shelter in the very teeth of the driving gale, and manned by their fearless crews, including Father Tom Rayburn, who, muffled in a huge sou'wester, took his place with the rest; and all pushed out into the storm.

At Last Island all hope seemed gone.

"One last shot, my boy!" daddy had said, as the gun dropped from his shaking hand. "And no one has heard,—no one could hear in the roar of the storm."

"Oh, they could,—they could!" murmured Freddy. "God could make them hear, daddy,—make them hear and come to help us. And I think He will. I have prayed so hard that we might not be drowned here all alone in the storm. You pray, too, daddy,—oh, please pray!"

"I can not,—I *dare* not," was the hoarse answer.

"O daddy, yes you can,—you must! The waters are coming on us so fast, daddy,—so fast! Please try to pray with me. Our Lord made the winds and waves go down when He lived here on earth; He walked on the waters and they did not hurt Him. Oh, they are coming higher and higher on us, daddy! What shall we do?"

"Die," was the hoarse, fierce answer,—
"die here together, my boy,—my little boy! For me it is justice, judgment; but, O my God, why should Thy curse fall on my boy,—my innocent boy?"

"O daddy, no! That isn't the way to pray. You mustn't say 'curse,' daddy.

You must say; 'Have mercy, dear Lord,—have mercy! Save me and my little boy. Send some one to help us.' Oh, I am trying not to be afraid, but I can't help it, daddy!"

"My boy,—my poor little boy! Climb, Freddy! Try to climb up on the roof—the broken shaft! Leave me here, and try to climb, my boy! You may be safe for a while."

"O daddy, no, I can't climb and leave you," and Freddy clung piteously to his father's breast. "I'd rather die here with you, and God will take us both to heaven together. I haven't been a very good boy, I know; and maybe you haven't either; but if we are sorry He will let us come to Him in heaven—O dad, what is that?" Freddy's low tone changed to one of wild alarm. "What is it now,—what is it now?"

For the dogs, that had been crouching and cowering beside their master, suddenly started up, barking wildly, and dashed out into the rising waters; new sounds blended with the roar of the storm,—shouts, cries, voices.

"Here,—*here!*" daddy feebly essayed to answer. "Call to them, Freddy! It is help. God has heard your prayers. Call—call—call—loud as you can, my boy!"

But there was no need. Rex and Roy had already done the calling, the guiding. On they came, the sturdy rescuers, plunging waist-deep through the waters that were already breaking high on the beach and bramble growth, surging and swelling across the broken wall that had once guarded the Old Light, and lapping the low cabin floor. On the brave life-savers came, while Rex and Roy barked in mad welcome; and Freddy's clear, boyish cry, "Here,—here! Daddy and I are here!" pierced through the darkness and turmoil of the storm. On they came, strong and fearless,—God's angels surely, thought Freddy, though in strange mortal guise. And one, whose muffling sou'wester had been flung loose in his eager haste, led all the rest.

"Here, my men,—here!" he cried, bursting into the ruined hut, 'where a little figure stood, white-faced, breathless, bewildered with the joy of his answered prayer. "They are here! God have mercy!" broke in reverent awe from his lips. "Freddy, Freddy,—my own little Freddy here!"

"Uncle Tom,—Uncle Tom!" And Freddy sobbed outright as he was clasped in those dear, strong arms, held tight to the loving heart. "How did God tell you where to come for me, dear Uncle Tom?—Daddy, daddy, look up,—look up! It's Uncle Tom!"

And what daddy felt as he looked up into that old friend's face, what Uncle Tom felt as he looked down on the "derelict" that had drifted so far from him, no one can say; for there was no time for words or wonderment. Life-savers can not stop to think, much less to talk. Daddy was caught up by two or three big fellows, without any question, while Uncle Tom looked out for Freddy.

It was a fierce struggle, through surging waves and battering wind and beating rain, to the waiting lifeboats; but, held tight in those strong arms, pressed close to the true heart whose every pulse was a prayer, Freddy felt no fear. Even when the stout boat, fighting its way back to the other shore, tossed like a cork in the breakers, when the oar snapped in Blake's hand, when all around was foam and spray, in which earth and heaven seemed lost, Freddy, nestling in Uncle Tom's sou'wester, felt as if its rough, tarry folds were angel wings.

And so safety and shelter were reached at last. Father Tom gave his little drenched, shivering, white-faced boy into Ford's friendly care.

"Put him to bed somewhere, to get dry and warm."

"But daddy,—my own dear, lost daddy?"

"Leave him to me, my boy," said Uncle Tom, softly. "I'll take care of daddy. Leave him to me."

And then Ford, who, somewhere back of Cape Cod, had a small boy of his own, proceeded to do his rough best for the little stranger. Freddy was dried, rubbed, and put into a flannel shirt some ten sizes too big for him, and given something hot and spicy to drink, and finally tumbled into a bunk with coarse but spotless sheets, and very rough but comfortable blankets, where in less than four minutes he was sound asleep, worn out, as even the pluckiest eleven-year-old boy would be, with the strain on his small body and brave young soul.

How long he slept, Freddy did not know; but it was long enough for the wind to lull, the skies to brighten, the black clouds to break and scatter before the golden glory of the summer sun. The wide lookout window had been thrown open, and showed a glorious rainbow spanning the western sky. And there, on a pallet thrown hastily on the floor, lay daddy, very still and pale, with Uncle Tom kneeling beside him, holding his hand. An icy fear now clutched Freddy's heart at the sight. Reckless of the ten-sizes-too-big shirt trailing around him, he was out of his bunk with a jump to his father's side.

"Daddy, daddy!—O Uncle Tom, is daddy dead?"

And daddy's eyes opened at the words,—eyes that were no longer burning, but soft and dim with tears.

"Not dead, little Boy Blue! Daddy is alive again,—alive as he has not been for long, long years.—Tell him all, Tom. I am too weak. Tell him all. He'll be glad to hear it, I know."

But Father Tom only put his arm around the boy and drew him close to his side.

"Why should I?" he said, smiling into the upturned face. "We know quite enough for a little boy; don't we, Freddy,—that, like another wanderer from his Father's house, daddy was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found. And now get into some short clothes,

if you can find them, and we'll go over to Killykinick in my little motor boat; for poor Brother Bart is in sad terror about you, I am sure."

Ah, in sad terror, indeed! It was a pale, shaken old man that stood on the beach at Killykinick, looking over the sea, and listening to the Captain, who was striving to find hope where he felt there was none.

"Looks as if the old cabin on Last Island might be holding together still. Dan and Neb are knocking a raft together, and if they can make it float they'll go over there and get the little lad off. And if they don't, Padre" (the rough old voice trembled),—"if they don't, wal, you are sky pilot enough to know that the little chap has reached a better shore than this."

"Aye, aye, I know, Jeroboam!" was the hoarse, shaken answer. "God knows what is best for His little lamb. His holy will be done. But, O my laddie, my little laddie, why did I let you go from me into the darkness and storm, my little boy, my little boy?"

"Hooray! Hooray!" Wild shouts broke in upon the broken-hearted prayer, as Jim and Dud and Dan burst round the bend of the rocks. "Brother Bart, Brother Bart! Look what's coming, Brother Bart!"

And, turning his dim eyes where the boys pointed, Brother Bart saw a little motor boat making its swift way over the still swelling waves. On it came, dancing in the sunlight arched by the rainbow, tossing and swaying to the pulse of the sea; and in the stern, enthusiastically waving the little signal flag that Ford had put into his hand to remember the life-savers, sat—

"Laddie!" burst from Brother Bart's lips, and he fell upon his knees in thanksgiving. "O God be praised and blessed for the sight! My laddie,—my own little laddie safe, safe,—my laddie coming back to me again!"

(To be continued.)

What the Mule Said.

Our young folk know that a ventriloquist is a person who can manage his voice so well as to make people think the sound comes from the cellar or the housetop, or any other place he may choose. Some very good stories are told of ventriloquists, but probably none more amusing than this.

Once upon a time a big Negro was driving a mule, when the animal balked and refused to go farther. The driver coaxed, but the mule would not budge. At length Sambo lost his temper, and used his whip unmercifully; but the poor mule only turned his head and looked reproachfully at his tormentor.

In the meantime a ventriloquist had drawn near, unperceived by the Negro. Just as the animal turned his head in response to a vigorous blow, "*Don't you do that again!*" came as plainly, as possible from the mule's mouth. The effect was magical. Sambo rolled his eyes in terror, grew deathly pale, and, dropping whip and hat, fled without a word. Then the ventriloquist, who had enjoyed the scene immensely, called the frightened Negro back, approached the mule, and after a few kind words and a friendly pat induced him to follow his master.

Queer Old Lines.

Long ago, when England was Catholic, her schoolboys had St. Gregory the Great for one of their patron saints, and these queer lines survive:

St. Gregory looks to little boyes to teach them
A, B, C,
And make them for to love their bookes, and
schollars good to be.

Although England has grown to be a mighty country, with hosts of learned and illustrious men, it has never forgotten what it owes to St. Gregory and his pity for the beautiful slave children brought to Rome long centuries ago.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. issue in this country the monumental work, "The English Catholic Revival in the Nineteenth Century," by Paul Thureau-Dangin, revised and edited by Wilfrid Wilberforce.

—A clear statement and able defence of Catholic doctrine on the subject of "Everlasting Punishment" will be found in a new pamphlet (thus entitled) by Fr. Joseph Rickaby, S. J., published by the English Catholic Truth Society.

—Catholic Boy Scouts and Catholic boys generally will be pleased with "The Prayer-Book for Boy Scouts," composed by the Rev. Thomas McGrath, and published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons. The prayers are short, and the expression of piety manly. It is a slender book that will fit into the vest pocket (or the Boy Scout's equivalent thereof).

—Portuguese and Spanish literature afford "Seven Fairy Tales," a volume made attractive for children by good binding, good print, and several wonderful illustrations in the manner of old woodcuts. These stories, representing fresh sources of fairy-lore in English, will be welcomed in the nurseries. The book was printed in England, and is for sale in the United States by Benziger Brothers.

—A reprint from the *Catholic World* of the article "French Missionaries and the European War," contributed to its pages by A. M. Roussel, missionary in Tokyo, is calculated to give wider hearing to the strong case which this missionary makes for the conduct of his confrères in the present international crisis. When the full story is told by the impartial historian of the future, it will be found there was much to be said for the clerical patriot.

—Few persons, on this side of the Atlantic at least, have shown greater interest in the Cervantes celebration than Mr. Howells, who professes an unbounded admiration for the author of "Don Quixote," and relates the penalty which the great Spaniard once paid for living in a neighborhood of evil repute. One night a gentleman was stabbed in the street, and Cervantes was the first to reach the scene. He and his family were arrested as accessories to the crime. "The whole abomination is matter of judicial record," says Mr. Howells; "and it appears from this that suspicion fell upon the gentle family (one sister was a nun), because they were living in that infamous place. The

man whose renown has since filled the civilized world fuller even than the name of his contemporary, Shakespeare (they died on the same day), was then so unknown to the authorities of Valladolid that he had great ado to establish the innocence of himself and his household."

—Thirteen editions for a Catholic pamphlet is rather remarkable, but that is what has fallen to the lot of Father Noll's "Defamers of the Church," the latest revised edition of which is just to hand. It is a veritable rogues' gallery; but obviously it was needed, and will yet do good service. To be had of *Our Sunday Visitor*, Huntington, Indiana.

—"The Fruits of the Life of Prayer," by the Rev. B. W. Maturin, is a brief series of considerations on the Seven Last Words of Our Lord. It seems to have been written during Father Maturin's Anglican days, for private circulation; assuredly it is no addition to his contribution to the devotional literature of his time. Longmans, Green & Co.

—From the Bobbs-Merrill Company we have received "The Irish Orators: a History of Ireland's Fight for Freedom," by Claude G. Bowers. The fundamental idea of this work is a very good one,—to present the history of Ireland's struggle for independent statehood as reflected in the speeches of certain of her greatest orators for the periods when this struggle was keenest. The orators selected are Flood, Grattan, Plunkett, O'Connell, Meagher, Butt, Curran, and Emmet. The result is a volume of historical service, and one which is also a handbook of Irish oratory. On both accounts it is valuable, the more so as it helps to preserve the great public-speaking traditions of the Irish race. Where there is such great divergence of opinion, Mr. Bowers' views of certain disputed points of Irish policy may not be generally acceptable; but, on the whole, it should be said he has produced a work which Irishmen of all parties can read with profit. The volume has an excellent analytical table of contents, a working index, and also boasts some illustrations,—one of which, that of Castlereagh, might have been spared.

—The latest issue of the excellent "Stella Maris" series (R. & T. Washbourne) is "The Mirror of Justice," which the sub-title describes as "Chapters on Our Blessed Lady," by Robert Eaton, priest of the Birmingham Oratory. This is an admirable issue indeed, not only sustaining

the standard which this series set for itself, but elevating it. Its beautiful piety in treating of the sorrows and glories and mysteries of the life of the Blessed Virgin finds expression in a style which has, appropriately, something of the grace and charm of Newman. Here is a typical passage which shows alike the dignity and practicalness of Fr. Eaton's writing:

Further, when God chooses a soul for a particular office and work, He always endows it with the special gifts and graces which it needs. Our Lady was such a one, and so are we. She did not know what was before her; she did not realize what it meant to be the Mother of Our Lord; she did not know the sea of sorrow through which she must pass before she reached her crown. But, not trusting in herself, she looked only to God, and said: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord! No word is impossible with God; I can do all things in Him who strengtheneth me." Like Our Lady, let us trust God to give us all necessary strength for our task, and not waste time in wondering how our shortcomings are to be made good. Often we sigh for a change; often we think we should serve God better in some other path of life; often we imagine that if our difficulties and temptations were different we should do better and sin less. It is not so. It is for us to be the disciples of the Lord, like our Blessed Mother, taking one duty after another, doing all for God and with His help.

This little book should become a vade-mecum with all lovers of the Blessed Virgin. Benziger Brothers are the American publishers.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Mirror of Justice." Robert Eaton, of the Oratory. 40 cts.
- "The Irish Orators: A History of Ireland's Fight for Freedom." Claude G. Bowers. \$1.50.
- "Seven Fairy Tales." 35 cts.
- "Marie of the House of D'Anters." Rev. Michael Earls, S. J. \$1.35.
- "Counter-Currents." Agnes Repplier. \$1.25.
- "The Happiness of Duty." Mgr. Gay. 15 cts.
- "The 'Summa Theologica' of St. Thomas Aquinas." Part II. (First Part.) Literally Translated by the Fathers of the English Dominican Province. \$2.20.
- "The Romanticism of St. Francis and Other Studies in the Genius of the Franciscans." Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. \$2.

- "The Story of the Catholic Church." Rev. G. Stebbing, C. SS. R. \$1.80.
- "History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages." Johannes Janssen. Translated by A. M. Christie. Vols. XIII.-XVI. Per two vols., \$6.25.
- "Paul Mary Pakenham, Passionist." Rev. Joseph Smith, C. P. 50 cts.
- "My Lady of the Moor." John Oxenham. \$1.35.
- "The Inner Life and Writings of Dame Gertrude More." 2 vols. \$3.
- "The Second Coming." Frederic Arnold, Henry P. Janes. 50 cts.
- "Orbis Catholicus: A Year-Book of the Catholic World." Canon Glancey. \$1.50.
- "The Official Catholic Directory." \$1.70.
- "Catholicism in Mediaeval Wales." J. E. Hirsch-Davies, B. A. 3s. 6d.
- "G. K. Chesterton: A Critical Study." Julius West. \$2.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HGA., xiii, 3.

Rev. Albert Andlauer, of the diocese of Toledo; Rev. John Creary, diocese of La Crosse; Rev. George Schoeneman, diocese of Cleveland; Rev. Thomas Delaney, archdiocese of New Orleans; and Rev. William Reilly, diocese of Brooklyn.

Sister M. Aloysius, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; and Sister M. Wilfrid, Sisters of St. Dominic.

Mr. James Cozzen, Mr. Joseph Hitz, Miss Hanna Broderick, Mrs. Anna Alft, Mr. James O'Gorman, Mr. Charles Calvert, Mr. Patrick Holmes, Mr. Francis Chapin, Mr. Mark Brennan, Mr. John Coleman, Mr. Joseph Kessler, Miss Katharine R. Dolan, Mr. H. J. Bruemmer, Mrs. Anna McCarthy, Mr. Frank Mavrinac, Mrs. Katharine Kelly, Mr. Thomas Morris, Mr. John Schneider, Mr. Luke Kearney, Miss Rose Kearney, Mr. Rudolph Schultz, Mr. David Shelly, Mr. J. A. Stockman, Mrs. Mary Connelly, Mrs. Ellen Driscoll, Mr. Joseph Tappella, Mr. Frank Flood, and Mr. L. H. Urban.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the rescue of starving children in China: "In honor of Our Lady of the May-Time," \$10; Child of Mary (Va.), \$1. For the plague-stricken in Abyssinia: Peter Steil, \$5. For the Foreign Missions: J. B. T., \$25. "For Charity," R. J. V., \$1.25.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. III. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 3, 1916.

NO. 23

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Our Lady of Dreams.

BY M. WOELLWARTH.

OUR Lady walks among the stars,
The gold moon lights her way;
She wears a sapphire cloak by night,
A turquoise one by day.

Her milk-white feet above the clouds,
Move lightly to and fro;
The clouds line all the sky along,
That she may softly go.

A gold snood binds her long, dark hair,
That falls her knees below;
A gold hem borders all her gown,—
Her gown is white as snow.

A troop of children bear her train;
One holds her sweet hand fast,—
He is the smallest one of all,
And came to heaven the last.

A silver basket at his side
Is slung by silver beams:
It is therein Our Lady keeps
Her nightly store of dreams.

Our Lady scatters dreams abroad
Where sleeping mothers lie;
There is not one or sad or poor
The good Queen passes by.

And, falling light on hearts bereft,
They are of blessed worth;
For each child kissed its mother's dream
Before it fell to earth.

Though still the mothers sigh, their hearts
No more are sorrow-tossed:
They know Our Lady holds in trust
The children they have lost.

The Sacraments.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

I.—BAPTISM.



“E gave them power to be made the sons of God.”* The son of a man is born into the home and inheritance of the father.

It is acknowledged that the son is entitled to the care, the respect, the nurture, education, and attendance that are due to one born of such a father. The infant boy is a miniature of the father, so that even his childish orders are obeyed by the “hired servants in his father’s house.” Even an adopted child is granted these privileges. Moses was an adopted child, and was brought up in “all the learning of the Egyptians.” We do not know if the father and mother of Moses were poor. It is more than probable that his father, of the stock of Levi, was a priest; but that would not prove that he was wealthy. On the contrary, for many reasons it is rather to be believed that he who was so striking a prototype of the Babe who had “no place whereon to lay His head,” was born in a humble home. Let us recall his own story.

“Pharao charged all his people, saying: Whosoever shall be born of the male sex, ye shall cast into the river.† After this [order] there went a man of the house of Levi, and took a wife of his own kindred, and she bore a son; and, seeing him a goodly child, hid him three months. . . . And when she could hide him no longer

* St. John, i, 12.

† Exod., i, 22.

she took a basket, . . . and laid him on the sedges by the river's brink. . . . And, behold, the daughter of Pharaoh came down, and she opened the basket; and, seeing within it an infant crying, she had compassion on the child, and said: This is one of the babes of the Hebrews. . . . And she adopted him for a son, and called him Moses.* From the water he went to the king's palace. And she "gave him power to be made the son" of Pharaoh.

Moses was a striking image of our Divine Lord. "God shall raise up to you a Prophet like unto me," said he, in an inspired moment, when addressing the Israelites. And "that Prophet like unto him" was one day to stand on the banks of another river than the Nile. And He "entered into the waters, and was baptized by John. . . . And behold, a voice from heaven saying: This is My beloved Son." By the waters of these two rivers the prototype, on the one hand, is made a son of Pharaoh; the antitype, on the other, is proclaimed Son of God. Far away in eternity, before "anything was made of all that are made," these things were as present to God as they were the day they happened. In that eternity that knew no beginning God decreed them. Had these two events no meaning in the mind of God? Had their permission no lesson for us? "What has been written has been written for our instruction." God knew we were to read about them, and they were to unfold to us the meaning of the more than Sibylline riddle: "He gave them power to be made the sons of God."

You and I—thank God!—were baptized. There was a day when they brought us to the door of the church,—brought us while we were absolutely and literally unconscious of the mystery of our fate. And they knocked at the door of the church; and a voice from within came, demanding: "What dost thou ask from the Church of God?" And we answered through our spiritual parents: "Faith."

* *Ib.*, ii, 1-10.

Again came the query from within: "What doth faith avail thee?" We answered through our sponsors: "Life everlasting." The Bride of the Lamb, showing herself through the open door, but as yet not allowing us to enter, warned: "If, then, thou desirest to enter into life, keep the Commandments. Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, with all thy mind and with all thy strength; and thy neighbor as thyself." Then she bade her minister go out before the door, and breathe gently three times on the face of the young postulant. The breathing was to recall the manner in which God gave life to the first man while Adam was still but dead clay. "And the Lord God formed man of the slime of the earth, and breathed into his face the breath of life, and man became a living soul." And the priest breathed three times in honor of the Three Divine Persons: "Let us make man to Our own image and likeness." He breathes with his open mouth three times on the face of the child. Then he commands the devil, of whom death (or rather absence of life) is the type, to depart, and give place to the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

Now, for the first time, the beloved Sign of Redemption is imprinted on the forehead and breast of the child. The cross is the mark of the Bridegroom; and the Bride "and the friends of the Bridegroom rejoice." The mark is put on the forehead of the child to signify that later on the holy Cross is to be known by his reason; it is put on the breast to show that later on he is to love it with his heart: "Receive the Sign of the Cross as well on the forehead as on the breast." The Sign of the Cross, such as Catholics make it, dates from the earliest Christian times. Tertullian says: "When we go in and when we go out; when we dress, put on our sandals, take our bath, sit at table, retire to rest,—whatsoever during the day engages us, we make on our foreheads the Sign of the Cross."

The little postulant is now allowed to be called the "elect" of God. "We beseech Thee, O Lord, mercifully hear our prayers; and by Thy unceasing protection guard this Thy *elect* [John or Mary], who has been signed by the Sign of the Cross of the Lord." Oh, 'tis a wonderful thing to be "chosen out of thousands" and called the "elect of God!" "And He rejected the tabernacle of Joseph, and He chose not the tribe of Ephraim. But He chose the tribe of Juda, Mount Sion, which He loved. . . . And He chose His servant David, and took him from the flocks of sheep; He brought him from following the ewes great with young, to feed Jacob His servant, and Israel His inheritance."*

In the next prayer the Bride orders her minister to put his hand on the head of the child, and to call him "servant" of the Lord. "Servant of the Lord" is a beautiful title. Would to God we may in our last hour hear it! "Good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." It was this beautiful title that Our Lord Himself, when speaking in vision to Blessed Margaret Mary, gave to the holy priest whose name is in process of canonization, Father de la Colombière: "I will send you *My servant*." The priest then, in order to show the loving care of the Church that is henceforward to watch over the child, lays his hand on the head of the infant and prays: "O Almighty and Eternal God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, behold this Thy *servant*, whom Thou hast been pleased to call to the rudiments of faith! Take away all blindness of heart; break the bonds of Satan; open, O Lord, the gate of Thy mercy, that he [or she], being saturated with the dew of Thy wisdom, may follow the sweet odor of Thy precepts, and joyfully serve Thee in Thy Church."

The Bride now orders her minister to bless salt. It is exorcised, or blessed, in the name of God the Father Almighty, in the charity of our Lord Jesus Christ, in

the power of the Holy Ghost. The priest, by the blessing and power of God, exalting salt from its natural to a supernatural use, takes the least portion between his thumb and forefinger and puts it in the mouth of the child, saying: "Receive the salt of wisdom" (wisdom cures and preserves the soul as salt does food). "May it be to thee a support unto life everlasting" (by preserving from vices, while it sustains the health of the soul). "The men of the city of Jericho said to Eliseus: Behold the situation of this city is good, but the waters are very bad, and the ground barren. And he said: Bring me a new vessel, and put salt into it. And when they brought it, he went out to the spring of the waters, and cast the salt into it, and said: Thus saith the Lord: I have blessed these waters; and there shall be death in them no more or barrenness. And the waters were healed even unto this day, according to the word of Eliseus, which he spoke."* Thus the priest, at "the spring" of the child's life, "casts the salt into it," and the Bride whispers: "Thus saith the Lord: I have blessed these waters; and there shall be death in them no more or barrenness." Then the Bride bids her minister pray over the infant thus: "O God of our fathers! O God, the Author of all truth! we humbly beseech Thee that Thou wouldst graciously behold this Thy servant, tasting this salt for the first time; and that Thou wouldst permit him no longer to starve, but wouldst fill him with heavenly nourishment; so that he be ever fervent in Spirit, joyful in hope, and at all times obedient to Thy name. Bring him, we beseech Thee, O Lord, to the laver of regeneration; that, with Thy faithful, he may secure the eternal rewards Thou hast promised: through Christ, our Lord. Amen."

The priest is then ordered to exorcise the demon from the soul of the child, and he is to do it very strangely, in language that is most contemptuous of the arch-

* Ps. lxxvii, 67-71.

* IV. Kings, ii, 19-22.



fiend: "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, I exorcise thee, thou unclean spirit, so that thou leave and depart from this servant of God; for He who walked on the waters commands thee, thou lost and accursed one. Therefore, thou outcast demon, remember this condemnation, and give honor to the true and living God; give honor to Jesus Christ, His Son; give honor to the Holy Ghost; and depart from this servant of God, because our Lord Jesus Christ has deigned to call him to His holy grace and blessing, and to His sacred baptismal font." Then the priest with his thumb signs the forehead of the child with the Sign of the Cross, and gives a last command to the demon: "And this Sign of the Holy Cross do thou, wicked spirit, never dare to violate."

The infant has now been exorcised, has had salt put into its mouth, has been signed with the Sign of the Cross, and is ready to be allowed into the Church. One prayer more, however, is said outside the door. The priest, laying his hand on the child's head, prays that God, the Author of light and truth, would illumine, cleanse, and sanctify him [or her], so that, being made worthy of baptism, he [or she] "may persevere in firm hope, righteous counsel, and holy doctrine."

And now comes a happy moment,—a moment that will not lose its happiness for all eternity. The priest takes the end of his stole (the official insignia of the Church), and, while laying it on the head of the child, speaks, with all his deputed authority, these solemn and beautiful words: "Enter into the Church of God, that thou mayest have part with Christ unto life everlasting." It was said to ourselves, but we were infants and did not understand. Do we understand now? "That we may *have part with Christ.*" It is not that we may have a half or a third, or a tenth of something, but that we be partners in everything that He has, in everything that is His, heirs and coheirs of His immortal

joys. Oh, when you are present at a baptism, watch the moment the priest puts his stole on the child's head. You are not alone: the angels of heaven are watching with you, and hoping and praying that the priest's benediction may come true both in the child's case and yours. "Enter into the Church of God, that thou mayest *have part with Christ unto life everlasting.* Amen."

The priest leads the child into the church with the extremity of his stole on the infant's head. To what part of the church does he lead the child? To the altar? no. There is only one place: to the baptistery. The child is coming there, intending to be a follower of Christ in this world, and thereby secure the reward to be with Him in the next, and "have part with Him unto life everlasting." Now, if the child is going to be a follower of Christ, profession of faith must be made. Therefore, when the child reaches the font, and before it is admitted to baptism, the godparents declare boldly in the child's name their unwavering belief: "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord," and so on through the Creed. When this is finished they repeat the "Our Father." Then the priest for the last time exorcises the demon, and requires him "in the name of God, the Father Almighty, in the name of Jesus Christ, His Son, and our Lord and Judge, in the power of the Holy Ghost, to depart from this handiwork of God, that Our Lord hath deigned to call to His holy temple; that he [or she] may become the temple of the Living God, where the Holy Ghost may dwell."

The Bride orders her minister, when the exorcism is over, to perform a very strange ceremony, but one that has come down from the early ages of Christianity, and which therefore is sure to contain some deep mystical instruction. The priest then with his finger takes spittle from his mouth. With this he moistens the tip of the thumb

of his right hand, and, going to the child, touches the lobe of the right ear, while he says "*Ephpheta*"; then the left, while he says, "*Quod est adaperire*"; the right nostril, saying, "*In odorem*"; then the left, "*suavitatis*." We will for the moment ask for no explanation, but open the Bible and read: "And Jesus, passing by, saw a man that was blind from his birth. . . . And He spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and spread the clay upon his eyes, and said to him: Go, wash in the Pool of Siloe (which is interpreted, Sent). He went, therefore, and washed; and returned, seeing."* The Catechism of the Council of Trent gives us the mystic explanation in these words: "The child's nostrils and ears are touched with spittle, and he is immediately *sent* to the baptismal font; that, as sight was restored to the blind man mentioned in the Gospel, whom the Lord, after having spread clay over his eyes, commanded to wash them in the waters of Siloe, so also we may understand that the efficacy of the sacred ablution is such as to bring light to the mind to discern heavenly truth."

"Now, it was the Sabbath when Jesus made the clay and opened his eyes." "Sabbath" means "rest." There is rest for the soul only in the Church of God. The infant, unbaptized, is unconscious, and does not feel itself a wanderer and without rest. But if it dies without baptism, it will wander, ever excluded from the sanctified rest of the Blessed. It is not condemned to eternal pain; but it has, alas! "no part with Christ unto life everlasting." The adult, unbaptized, goes through many a weary journey, travels many a stony road; and one day 'the Lord, passing by, sees the man *blind* from his birth; and, making clay of spittle, spreads it on his eyes, and bids him go to Siloe and wash.' It seems trifling; but he goes and washes; and returns, *seeing*. And it is the Sabbath for that soul when the things are done.

God has given that troubled heart *rest*.

We know the remainder of that poor blind man's story, told in such minute and satisfying detail by St. John. We know how "the Pharisees cast him out" of their synagogûe; and how Our Lord mercifully put Himself in his way, and said: "Dost thou believe in the Son of God?—Who is He, Lord, that I may believe in Him?—Thou hast both seen Him, and it is He who talketh with thee.—And he said: I believe, Lord! And, falling down, *he adored Him*." The peace of the Sabbath had, indeed, come.

Now, the Church wants us to have all these beautiful things in our minds when we draw near the sacred font, of which Siloe in the New Testament, and the Red Sea in the Old, were such striking types. Beside the font we see several things typical of light and mercy. There is a lighted candle, symbol of faith; and there is a silver vessel of sacred oil, telling, in the words of St. Bernard, that "oil shines, feeds, anoints. It heats fire, it nourishes flesh, it soothes pain. It is light, it is food, it is medicine."

When in imitation of our Divine Lord, the priest touched with spittle the ears and nostrils of the child, he said: "*Ephpheta*,"—that is, "Be thou opened unto the odor of sweetness." Now he puts questions, just as Our Lord questioned the man who had been blind: "John [or Mary], dost thou renounce Satan?"—"I renounce him."—"And all his works?"—"And all his works."—"And all his pomps?"—"And all his pomps." The Catechism of the Council of Trent says: "The person to be baptized is finally asked by the priest: 'Dost thou renounce Satan? And all his works? And all his pomps?' To each question he, or the sponsor in his name, replies: 'I renounce.' He, therefore, who is to be enrolled under the banner of Christ must first enter into a holy and religious engagement, that he abandons the devil and the world, and will ever detest them as his worst enemies."

* St. John, ix, 1-7.

It is not left on sacred record what ceremonies took place at Pharaoh's court when, "the goodly child" having grown up, his mother delivered him to the king's daughter; and she adopted him for a son, and called him Moses, saying: "Because I took him out of the water." We may at least suppose that some special arrangements were made when he was introduced to court as the grandson of the reigning sovereign. But we have the information in the case of Saul, the first King of Israel. And we are to remember that the kings of Israel and their kingdoms are, in a certain sense, types of the Christian soul and its inheritance. Saul was going to be elected king, but he did not know it. "And when now it began to be light, Samuel called Saul (who was sleeping) on the top of the house, and said: Arise, that I may let thee go. And when they were going down the city towards the end of it, Samuel said to Saul: Speak to thy servant to go before us, and pass on; but stand thou still a while, till I tell thee the word of the Lord. And Samuel took a little vial of oil, and poured it on his head, and kissed him, and said: Behold the Lord hath anointed thee to be prince over His inheritance. . . . And Saul was a child of one year."*

The infant about to be baptized has sent on his servant—that is, the affections of his mind,—and now he "stands still a while"; and the priest takes a little vial of the oil of catechumens, and dipping his thumb into it, anoints the child on the breast and on the back, while he says: "I anoint thee with the oil of salvation in Christ Jesus our Lord, that thou mayest have life everlasting. Amen." "The person to be baptized is next anointed with the oil of catechumens on the breast and between the shoulders,—on the breast, that by the grace of the Holy Ghost he may cast off error and ignorance; on the back that, by the gift of the Holy Spirit, he may engage in the performance of

good works."* "The unctions in baptism have been in use from the earliest times, but they were not always confined to the breast and the back. According to an ancient sacramentary, they were extended to the ears and nostrils; and in the Oriental Church the whole body was anointed, as is expressly stated by St. Cyril and St. Chrysostom."†

The priest now lays aside his violet stole, and puts on a white one, while the Bride whispers the blessed words of St. Paul, so full of comfort and praise: "You are no longer foreigners and strangers, but you are fellow-citizens with the saints and the domestics of God."‡ As soon as he puts on the white stole, he asks: "Dost thou believe in God the Father Almighty?"—"I believe."—"Dost thou believe in Jesus Christ, His only Son, Our Lord, who was born and suffered?"—"I believe."—"Dost thou believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and life everlasting?"—"I believe."—"Dost thou desire to be baptized? Wilt thou be baptized?"—"I will."—And forthwith, as if "the zeal of God's house" were upon him, the minister of God hastens to take water, which has been consecrated by oil and chrism on Holy Thursday, and pours it on the child's head: "I baptize thee — in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

The priest next anoints the child on the head, saying: "May the Almighty God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who regenerated thee by water and the Holy Ghost, and who forgave thee thy sins, anoint thee with the chrism of salvation, in the same Jesus Christ, unto life everlasting. Amen." "The priest anoints the crown of the head with chrism," says the Catechism of the Council of Trent, "to give the person baptized to understand that, from that day forward, he is

* Catechism of the Council of Trent.

† O'Kane, on the Rubrics. ‡ Ephes., ii, 19-22,

* I. Kings, ix, 26, 27; x, 1; xiii, 1.

united as a member to Christ, his Head."

"Bring forth the richest robe." The soul of the baptized person is now to be compared only to the angels in heaven. A white linen is laid on the child's head to typify this; and the priest says: "Receive this white garment; and mayest thou carry it unstained before the judgment seat of Jesus Christ unto life everlasting. Amen."

"The newly baptized were clothed in white garments, which they continued to wear for some time after their baptism. . . . The vigils of Easter and Pentecost were the two days fixed for the solemn administration of baptism. The neophytes wore the white garments, in which they were clothed on Easter Eve, until the following Saturday, which from this circumstance is called *Sabbatum in Albis* (Saturday in White); the next day being called *Dominica in Albis* (Sunday in White), perhaps because they did not lay aside the white garments until after Sunday."*

All that the Bride can give the child is now given; and so, concluding the sacred ceremonies, she bids the priest put a lighted candle, the emblem of faith, into his hands with the warning: "Receive this lighted candle, and keep thy baptism without reproof. Observe the Commandments of God, that when Our Lord shall come to His nuptials thou mayest meet Him, together with all the saints, in the heavenly court, and mayest have life eternal, and live forever and ever. Amen."

Let us sum up what has been done. (1) Original sin is removed; and, if the baptized be an adult, all sins go out with it, and all their punishment is forgiven. (2) The inestimable gifts of faith, hope, and charity, like "olive plants in a new ground," are planted in it, later on to "bring forth fruit in due season." (3) The Bride of our Lord Jesus Christ receives him as her child on earth, and admits him into the superabounding wealth of

merits and graces that the Blood of her Spouse and the virtues of her elect have stored up. (4) The Father of our Lord Jesus Christ issues in heaven a patent of nobility, enrolling the child's name among the nine choirs of angels and the immense "multitude of the redeemed whom no man could number,"—all on condition that he will only "keep the Commandments."

Now let us listen to the great St. Gregory: "If we consider, beloved brethren, what and how great are those things which are promised us beyond the skies, all things on earth will grow vile in our eyes. For earthly life when compared to everlasting blessedness is a drag and not a support. Earthly life compared to heavenly life is rather to be called death than life. For what else is that constant wasting of our earthly life day by day, than, as it were, a long spun-out death? What tongue, on the other hand, could tell, or what intellect could grasp, the joys of eternal citizenship? To be enrolled among the angels, to behold with the Blessed the glory of our Creator, to gaze on the beauty of God's face, to see evermore the Light that has no limits, to fear death no more, to rejoice in everlasting health,—what tongue will suffice to tell, what mind to conceive?"

After crossing the Jordan and entering into the Land of Promise, Josue, in the name of God, said to the people: "I have given you a land which you have not tilled, and cities to dwell in which you built not, vineyards and olive-yards which you planted not. Now, therefore, fear the Lord, and serve Him with a most perfect and sincere heart. And all the people said to Josue: We will serve the Lord our God, and we will be obedient to His Commandments."* Oh, who seeing a little child leaving the font, and thinking on the long journey that child has to travel with all its trials, can escape feeling a touch of pity, and, echoing the words of the priest, cry out, "God be with thee!"

* O'Kane, on the Rubrics.

* Josue, xxiv, 13, 14, 24.

A Melody in the Prelude.

BY VALENTINE PARAISSO.

I.

DO you remember the Square in Appleworth,—an oblong space all paved with cobblestones? If you ran across it in your car, you have not forgotten the timbered inn, the "Pig and Harrow" at the corner—or the suppressed language of your chauffeur bumping over the pavement. There is a noticeable residence at one side,—a grand old Queen Anne house, with a warm front of red brick, and row upon row of windows framed in white wood level with the wall. Did you see the iron extinguishers perched high on the corner of the railings at each side of the door? Those are remnants of the old times, when my lady with powdered hair came home from the rout, carried in her sedan-chair by two lackeys, and accompanied by a link-light man, who put out his flaming torch at the iron extinguisher.

The St. Aubyn family lived there even then, in the days when the house was built. The last of them was a pale little man with a bit of brown beard, round shoulders, and a hunchback. He was very shy and sensitive, spent most of his time on the Continent sketching in lonely corners, or playing on a hotel piano when everyone else was out pleasuring; and he came back to his Appleworth home now and again, to arrange new purchases of china and daub impressions from his sketches. "We all have a few toys," he would say. "Some people think my toys are my world."

Next to the Queen Anne mansion there was a small modern house, newly furnished, with cheap white curtains in the bay windows. It was in every way a contrast to the home of the St. Aubyns, which was handsome outside, and contained within a wealth of oak carving and a famous china collection of fabulous worth.

When John St. Aubyn came home one summer after a long absence, he saw that the little house next door was to be sold or let. A board with the announcement hung out at the front gate. He was told that some ill fortune must have come to Mrs. Delahay; for she had been a whole year living there alone with the child. The servants had been sent away; even from outside, the house looked shabby, and the strip of ground at the rear was weedy and neglected.

John St. Aubyn saw it, as he looked out from the window of his painting room. One could see the broad, well-kept garden of his own house below, the smooth lawn and flowering shrubs, the trellis-work hung with creepers, and the fruit trees of a kitchen garden beyond. There was the great mulberry tree, huge and gnarled, at the farthest corner. Its branches overhung the widow's neglected ground. Outside the end wall were the willows, marking the course of a stream where he had sometimes fished and caught nothing, on cloudy mornings. You will remember that stream goes along behind the village street in Appleworth on the opposite side to the Grange. Farther down, it joins the greater river at the point where the brewery stands. From here one could see tall chimneys away to the right; and to the left, the red roofs of the village, with masses of embowering trees in August sunshine, and the top of the square church tower.

But it was to the next garden close below that the eyes of John St. Aubyn were attracted. There was Mrs. Delahay, still looking so young and pretty, no matter what trouble had befallen her. Good Heavens, it was amazing to think that girlish creature had been out to India and back, and was a widowed mother! She had fair hair, and a little hollow was in her cheek where there ought to have been a dimple. She ran round and round the overgrown rosebush on the flat, sun-burned grass,—ran laughing after her laughing child.

Mrs. Delahay was in every way surprisingly young. The women of Appleworth had been exercised in mind about her age, or rather about her youth, ever since she came from India. It was a problem they could never let alone. Indeed, some of the ladies seemed to think it was quite wrong for a widow to look so young and be so pretty. As if the poor little thing could help it!

Many a time John St. Aubyn watched her from that upper window, and a bitter truth stole in upon his mind. There he was, with his pale face all too low down against the glass,—a crooked, lonely man, getting a glimpse of happier lives. His path seemed doomed to be apart, unlike the life of other men. He could read about love in books; every town was full of homes,—real homes quite different from his own; he might talk to other people's children and watch them at their play.

I do not know what would have become of poor John St. Aubyn at such times, or to what depths of listless sadness he might have sunk, if he could not have turned his gaze to the other side of the room, where a lamp burned before a picture on the wall. The Madonna looked down from a gleaming gold background; her arms clasped a Child; her grave brows bent to watch over the sorrowing world. It was a copy of Byzantine work conceived by some Eastern artist in remote ages,—solemn, holy, straight of line; not a likeness, but a symbol. Yet it was before this picture the man had thought out deep mysteries. He who was represented in the Madonna's arms had truly been a Child upon earth,—the one Child in all the universe that had really known and loved John St. Aubyn. The thought had often been a consolation. At many a Christmas it had awakened depths of tenderness in his soul. It was the answer to his unspoken love of children and child-life, and his human yearning for affection. It quieted some hunger of his heart.

After these musings at the window, he would go down into the panelled drawing-

room; and open the grand piano and begin to play. Little bits of melody dissolved into straying, purposeless notes, and these again changed into prayer and pleading. Then came weird discords resolved into heavenly harmonies; sudden breaks of silence; tremendous chords struggling and stormy, making the whole room shake, and distant bits of china tinkle on the shelves. Soon the crashes would become a harmonious, triumphant movement, swung out with exulting strength. And when the windows were trembling, and the whole house seemed alive with a tempest of sound, he would suddenly stop and pause, and then begin the recitative of little begging notes all over again,—pleading, troubled.

It was no wonder the housekeeper wished the master would play something he knew; and the grey-haired valet, who had served Mr. John's father before him, said there was no head or tail to it, and one would never believe such a little gentleman could be so strong till he began trying to "break the piano."

The owner of the Queen Anne house shrank from knowing people, so Appleworth was a lonely place for him. One great resource was his studio upstairs,—a comfortable bachelor's den, with a slight flavor of tobacco in the air, and unframed squares of stretched canvas leaning from the floor against every wall. There he would put a palette on his thumb, squeeze tubes, and produce his idea of impressionist art from suggestions in his sketch-books. Here, again, the servants thought it was a pity the master did not finish anything. It was difficult to decide whether a picture was right side up or upside down. The canvas inscribed in white paint on the corner "The Glory of the Woods," with a dash of water in the foreground, looked much better turned the other way, when it became blue sky and a kangaroo in a turnip field. Yes, it was a pity the master spent so much time daubing and finished nothing.

But now a new speck of light came into

the life of the solitary man. The child next door made acquaintance with him, after the manner of small boys who have no shyness. John St. Aubyn had gone out two or three times to gather mulberries. As he set the ladder against the wall and went up, he thought how many years it was since he kept silkworms and fed them on the leaves of this same tree. Yes, many, many years! And yet he felt strangely young again, when he mounted the ladder and scrambled on to a great gnarled branch. There he sat enthroned; and, looking down, saw in the next garden a child waiting in the hope of mulberries;—a child with bright hair, a blue cotton, long-sleeved pinafore, a pair of sturdy legs, and bare feet in sandals. Each time St. Aubyn talked to this very small friend, he began to be playful, and forgot to be sad.

"Well, chick?" he said.

"Why do you call me 'chick'?" The boy looked up with an exquisite smile; amused to think what silly things some grown-up people said.

"Because you have a yellow head and two legs."

St. Aubyn had already observed that his small friend's conversation consisted mostly of questions. He answered a few, and then told the terrible example of the little boy who did nothing but ask questions, and how he was tossed by the bull.

"Did he go to ask the bull a question?" The urchin was very quick of thought.

There was no answer; somebody was laughing up in the tree.

"May I climb up where you are?"

"No, young sir! And don't pull that ivy down off the wall!"

The "chick" was very decidedly a boy. He would have volunteered for the South Pole, if he knew there was such a place, and if any one were going.

"Why may I not climb up?" he asked. "I could!"

"Stop it, you young terror!"

The man in the tree held a branch above, while he stooped and shook a fist at his

very small friend. The child looked up, laughing merrily, with teeth like pearls, and eyes brimful of fun. These two understood each other.

Presently a fat purple mulberry came down, well aimed and well caught.

"Good! How old are you, lad?"

"Four." Then, after a pause: "How old are *you*?"

"Going on a hundred and forty-four. Now, young man, is there anything else you would like to know?"

The child took the invitation seriously.

"I would like to know," he began slowly, "how old is my mamma. Is she a hundred? If *you* would like to know that, I could ask her for you."

"Oh, my dear chick, no!" came the voice from above, with such haste that "No" was almost a shout. "Don't! If you do I shall never again give you mulberries. Now catch!" Down came one, two, three, four. "Just try if you can keep one of those in your mouth without swallowing it."

The "chick" was still trying, when the man finished filling his basket in peace; and, then—while the child, in an absent-minded moment, was admiring a snail on the ivy—the mulberry man and the ladder disappeared.

When the small boy went back to the house, he asked a great many questions of his pretty, fair-haired mother, who was beating up eggs in a colored basin.

"Do you know how old the mulberry man is, mamma? He is a hundred and forty-four." Then holding up two little smeared hands, to make a hollow full of fruit. "I kept these for my mamma. Do you like mulberries?"

"Put one—just one—between my lips, my darling!" She stooped her smiling face, and was fed with one luscious beaded berry. "Now, no more."

"Don't you like them?"

"Yes, very much."

"And don't you like pudding, mamma?" looking at the frothing eggs.

"Oh, yes, I do!"

"But, mamma, you never take it. Why do I have mine for dinner and the other piece for supper?"

Truly he was a most observant "chick"; and his mother never ate anything nice.

"My darling," she said, "when we get to be rich, we shall have—

Puddings and pies and turkeys' thighs,
And peacocks' tails, too, all over eyes."

He laughed at the rhyme, and his blue eyes sparkled.

"Is the mulberry man rich, mamma?"

"Yes, very. He has heaps and heaps of money."

"Haven't we?"

"No, my pet; so I must be very careful."

"Why have we not got money?"

Some of those questions were hard to answer.

"My darling, you couldn't understand. The bank broke."

"Where is it? Who broke it?"

"Come!" said the young mother, gaily.

"Let me wash your hands. Oh, look at those dear little paws! We must soak them and soak them in soap and water, and even then I am afraid they will be red and blue."

At four years old, his attention was easily drawn away from questions left unanswered. If he had been older, he might have seen many a sad thing in that little house. He might have noticed that his mother had no jewellery except her wedding ring; that all the Indian curios, relics of a happier home, were gone from the drawing-room; that even furniture had been sent away when a handcart came under the shades of night, and the rooms were beginning to look blank and empty. But he was only four; and life was never too quiet, because his mother had such playful ways. Those were splendid games, when they ran after each other round and round the rosebush. He always shrieked with laughter when she turned and met him, and he had to dodge and begin running the opposite way.

(To be continued.)

Rest.

BY ERWIN BELLFORD.

LONGING let others long for rest—

The rest on earth that can not be,—
But till life sleeps within the west,
Life's labor is my rest to me.

Thou, Christ, art God of Peace: man's place
Of rest is nearness, Lord, to Thee;
And stars that swiftest speed in space
Swing nearest to eternity.

Thou art for aye—Thou canst not cease:
Thy life-stream flows from evermore,
And evermore shall flow; but Peace
Walks on Thy waves, that know no shore.

I am from Thee; to Thee I go:
My rest—a hastening to Thee;
My wave of life still, still must flow,
Till that it mingle in Thy sea.

My soul descends from Thee: to Thee
Ascends again. Until Thy Light
Shall find the summit of my tree,
I still must grow from height to height.

Thou knowest all; and Thou dost know
That love is life's tranquillity;
Then, that my calm of soul may grow,
I'll love my labor, Lord, in Thee.

I will not long for present rest—
The rest on earth that can not be,—
But till life sleeps within the west,
Labor my only rest shall be.

I DO not understand how any one who has watched the breaking of a summer day can question the noblest faiths of man. William Blake, with that integrity of insight which is often the possession of the true mystic, said that when he was asked if he saw anything more in a sunset than a round disk of fire, he could only answer that he saw an innumerable company of the heavenly host crying, "Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty!" The birth of a day is a diviner miracle even than its death.

—Hamilton Wright Mabie.

A Great American Catholic Scientist.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M. D., PH. D.

SCIENCE, the weekly periodical of scientific news and notes which is the official organ of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, contains in its number for March 31, 1916, two papers, by professors of the University of California, on Eugene Woldemar Hilgard, who, at the ripe age of eighty-three, died of pneumonia at his home in Berkeley, California, on January 8 of the present year. Professor Wickson contributes a biographical sketch of the man, and Professor Loughridge gives a brief résumé of his scientific work. For a great many people, Professor Hilgard's name will doubtless be quite new; and yet no fewer than four universities in this country—those of Mississippi, Michigan and California, as well as Columbia—bestowed the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws on him for his notable services to science, and especially agricultural science; the Royal Academy of Sciences of Munich presented him with the Liebig Medal—the blue ribbon of this department of science—for distinguished achievements in the agricultural sciences; and the International Exposition of Paris in 1900 awarded him a gold medal for his successful researches in this same department.

Manifestly, under these circumstances, Professor Hilgard must be considered as one of the most distinguished of our scientists here in America in this generation. His work has meant more for the application of chemistry to agriculture, in such a way as to add greatly to the value of our crops, than probably that of any other in our time. It has been said that the only man who is really a productive worker for mankind is the sower. All of us are parasites on him in the strict etymological sense of that word, inasmuch as we obtain our food from him. It has been said, besides, that the

man to whom any generation must ever feel itself greatly in debt is he who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before. If that be accepted, then indeed must Professor Hilgard's name be held in benediction; for, undoubtedly more than any other man of his time, he enabled the farmer in many parts of the country to make his fields yield ever so much more than before. And, now that we are feeding almost a whole continent, besides our own, in a Europe at war, the blessing that this increase in our agricultural products which has come as the consequence largely of the incentive of Professor Hilgard's work must indeed stand as a magnificent tribute to his successful endeavors.

His fine work was carried on very quietly, modestly, without any bid for sensational publicity,—indeed, without any attempt to attract public attention in any way, except in so far as might be necessary to secure legislative aid for State agricultural work. He has been very little known and less appreciated except by the students, assistants, and professional colleagues, who recognized very thoroughly all that his successful efforts for the development of applied agricultural chemistry meant. He has been heard of probably by very few Catholics, except those close to him on the Pacific Coast, where his influence for the good of Catholic students was deeply felt, and where his efforts to help them in many ways were widely known and appreciated.

I have called him an American, though he was actually born in Zweibruecken, in Rhenish Bavaria. His father, who was a distinguished lawyer, holding the position of Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals of the province, emigrated to America in the thirties of the nineteenth century, and settled near Belleville, Illinois. As a result, Hilgard's life from the age of three to eighty-three was spent in this country, with the exception of some half a dozen years of study in Europe, passed in Spain and Germany.

In spite of his having been born in Rhenish Bavaria, Professor Hilgard was not by birth a Catholic, but became a convert at St. Matthew's Church, Washington, D. C., in the year 1857. He was then twenty-four years old. He had graduated from the University of Heidelberg, receiving his degree of Ph. D. from that University at the age of twenty. Not long afterwards he and his brother Theodore investigated the claims of the Church, and came to the conclusion that they must make their submission to it. For family and other reasons, this was delayed for a time; and young Hilgard, after his graduation at Heidelberg, spent several years in Spain. Strange as that might seem to some, the influence of what he saw in Spain helped toward his conversion to Catholicity.

Cardinal Newman had the happy privilege, though he became a convert at the age of forty-five, of living as many years within the Church as he had passed without it. Professor Hilgard, however, living to the age of eighty-three, spent a little more than twice as many years in the Church as before his conversion. During all that time, though deeply engaged in the pursuit of science, intimately associated with scientists of all kinds, an enthusiastic contributor to scientific journals, and a member of scientific societies—he was recently honored by the American Association for the Advancement of Science by being elected to life membership, one of the highest honors that can come to an American scientist,—yet in the midst of all this he remained both a faithful and an edifying Catholic, and fulfilled all his religious obligations not only with regularity but with piety and edification.

Evidently the life and work of such a man deserves to be known by American Catholics, and especially by those who are students in colleges and universities, and who are sometimes led to think, from what they hear, that any one who really knows science deeply can not maintain

faith; and indeed that belief and the scientific temper of mind are almost, if not quite, incompatible. Science demands facts, a youthful scientist said not long ago; while religion has for its domain the field of mystery. As we discover more facts, he added, the field of mystery constantly narrows, and the domain of religion becomes more limited, and after a time science will usurp the whole intellectual territory. Only a very young scientist would say any such thing; for of course with the advance of science the number of mysteries is constantly increasing, and the universe becomes ever harder to understand. Huxley once said that the mysteries of science are ever so much harder to accept than those of religion.

Whatever may be the attitude of the young scientist, the old men of science—those who by their efforts have broadened the field of science itself—never have any difficulty with regard to finding mental accommodations for both science and faith. Men like Johann Müller, the founder of modern German medicine and the greatest teacher of biology in the nineteenth century; like Theodor Schwann, the father of the cell doctrine; like Pasteur, the father of modern bacteriology; or like Lord Kelvin, the greatest of modern physicists; or Fabre, "that incomparable observer," as Darwin called him, "the Homer of the insects,"—such men actually find that their science strengthens their faith. Lord Kelvin declared emphatically that science demonstrated the existence of a Creator. So it evidently was with Hilgard. He went right on with his scientific work, accomplished magnificent results, for which he was honored in this country and Europe; and not only found no difficulty as regards incompatibility between science and faith, but even found that faith was strengthened and deepened as the years went on, until at the ripe age of eighty-three he was proud to be able to help the young students around him to maintain their faith, so that it might be the blessing to them that it had been

to him during nearly three-score years of his scientific career.

Eugene Woldemar Hilgard was born January 5, 1833, the youngest of a family of four sons and five daughters. This ninth child was an exemplification of the fact often noted before that the most talented members of a family usually come in the latter portion of it, especially after the fourth or fifth; many of our geniuses have been the seventh or later of the children of the same mother. To a great extent, we are missing this portion of the family now, and some have ventured to trace our lack of geniuses to this fact. His father, Judge Hilgard, as we have stated, removed, though he was at the climax of a successful career as a jurist, from Bavaria to America toward the end of the year 1835, settling on a farm near Belleville, the county seat of St. Clare County, Illinois. A number of Germans, many of them of good stock, who had enjoyed excellent opportunities for education in the old country, had settled in this neighborhood; and indeed many of them had a college education sufficiently good to enable them to talk Latin, so that the vicinity where they lived was called "the Latin settlement."

Eugene and his brothers received their early education from their father, who prepared them for entrance to the University. At the age of sixteen Eugene was in readiness, and went to the University of Heidelberg. He would find it rather difficult at the present time to secure entrance into a university with such an education; for we require academic counts and years of attendance, and sixteen seems entirely too early for a man to begin his university career. At the end of four years, when he was just past twenty, however, Eugene graduated at the University of Heidelberg, and received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy with honor—*summa cum laude*. This degree was reissued to him in 1903 as a "golden degree" in recognition of a half century's good work for science. Neither young

Hilgard nor his father seems to have thought his education completed because he had received a degree, and so there were some studies at the University of Zurich and at Freiberg in Saxony. After this he spent two years in Spain, and then, at the age of twenty-three, returned to America to take up scientific work here.

Hilgard had paid special attention to geology during his scientific studies in Heidelberg, so that he was glad to accept the post of Assistant State Geologist of Mississippi in 1856. This he occupied for two years, and then seems to have been glad to take up his more favorite subject of chemistry in the position of chemist in charge of the laboratory of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington,—a position which he occupied for some years, during which time he entered the Church and began his career as a Catholic. As a consequence of this experience, he was employed for a time during the Civil War as the chemist in charge of certain work required by the Southern Confederacy. It is not surprising, then, that immediately after the war was over he was offered the position of State Geologist of Mississippi and professor of science in the University of that State. He spent some six years there before his growing reputation led to an invitation to teach in a Northern University, with better opportunities than could be afforded him in Mississippi and at a much higher salary.

One might think that Professor Hilgard's interest in geology was only passing, and that his position of State Geologist was assumed as a stop-gap for the sake of the salary it carried. Professor E. A. Smith, the State Geologist of Alabama, says, however, of Professor Hilgard's geological work in Mississippi and Louisiana, that "it was valuable almost beyond description, though in a field that had been considered eminently unlikely to furnish any valuable finds." Indeed, the tribute of this colleague of Alabama shows very well how significant was any work that

Hilgard took up, because he went into it with so much conscientious carefulness. Professor Loughridge, of the University of California, says in his article in *Science* (March 31, 1916, p. 451): "One of the chief characteristics in Professor Hilgard's nature was the extreme care, accuracy, and attention to detail that he gave to everything he undertook. This is strongly shown in the results of the Mississippi survey, which will ever stand as a tribute to his high standing as a geologist." After this, Professor Smith's high praise for Dr. Hilgard's work will be better understood (p. 451-2):

"When Dr. Hilgard accepted the position of assistant geologist of Mississippi, there began the career of the most distinguished worker in Gulf Coastal Plain Geology; and the fame which he won for himself in this 'uninteresting' field is known to all geologists. He has laid the foundation on which most subsequent work in the 'Mississippi Embayment,' as he named it, securely rests; and after the lapse of more than fifty years since the publication of his report in 1860, his work is appreciated and referred to as authoritative not only by the farmers and other citizens of that State, but by the geologists who have succeeded him.

"In his excursions down the Mississippi River and through Louisiana, the post-Pliocene of the Port Hudson 'stump stratum,' and by inference at least its extension from the Sabine River to Mobile Bay, were definitely determined, and the Coast Pliocene of the 1860 map was changed to Port Hudson. The results of these expeditions may be summarized as follows:

"1. The outlining of the Mississippi Embayment in Louisiana and Mississippi.

"2. The outline geological study and mapping of these two States. He was the first to give a clear and definite account of the origin and distribution of the surface formation which he called the Orange Sand, now known as Lafayette. He was the first to give a clear and definite

account of the great series of river estuarine deposits, 'the Grand Gulf,' representing all geological time between the Vicksburg and the Lafayette.

"3. The recognition of the Cretaceous Ridge, or the backbone of Louisiana, and the determination of the Cretaceous age of the rock salt and sulphur deposits of Calcasieu parish.

"4. The study of the exceptional features of the Lower Mississippi delta, and of the mud-lumps and the definite correlation of the Port Hudson formation.

"Probably no work has done more for the correlation of the scattered accounts of the geology of the Southern States than the Cotton Culture Reports of the Tenth Census prepared under the direction of Dr. Hilgard. In these a summary of the physical and geological features of each State is first given. Then follow accounts of the agricultural features and capabilities of the cotton States, such as would be of interest to immigrants and investors; along with special descriptions of each county, with soil maps and many soil analyses; altogether with reports are reliable handbooks of the cotton States as regards general and agricultural information, which deserve to be more widely known than they are."

In 1872 Professor Hilgard was offered a chair of science in the University of Michigan, which he occupied for the next two years. From Michigan he was called, in 1874, by the regents of the University of California, for scientific work in that State in connection with the newly organized agricultural department of the University. Up to this time he had been doing more or less conventional scientific work in connection with his teaching; and, though this was of high character and attracted no little attention, it remained for him to find himself and his work in the genial atmosphere of California. Nearly forty-five years were spent on the Pacific Coast, during which he deeply influenced the agricultural resources and products of that wonderfully rich State,

which is now so proud to confess its obligations to him. His scientific influence in agriculture, however, was felt practically all over the country, and particularly in the Southern States.

Hilgard's coming to the University of California was for the purpose of developing agricultural instruction for the University. He proceeded at once, then, to the investigation of soils in connection with their native vegetation and the prospects they provided for other kinds of plants. Especially he took up the study of the nature of "alkali soils" and their reclamation. These are practically desert soils as a rule, growing only the most inferior kind of plants; and the problem of their reclamation was quite new not only in this country but in other arid regions. We may say at once, though we are anticipating the results of years of work, that what Professor Hilgard accomplished in his researches achieved for him, according to a colleague thoroughly familiar with the questions involved, "a reputation as wide as the world of science." Indeed, the solution of the problems connected with "alkali soils" and their treatment for agricultural purposes brought to Hilgard his world-wide recognition as an original scientist of high distinction.

It is easy to understand that, forty years ago farmers were not willing to accept with equanimity any suggestions from the academic theorizing—or "book learning," as they would probably have called it—of university professors, nor to consider their guidance as likely to be helpful in practical farming. Much as they despised the gentleman farmer, their feeling toward the "academic farmer" was even more strongly contemptuous. They felt that the accumulated experience of the farmers of the world meant ever so much more to the practical agriculturalist than all these university professors could find out, and that indeed these university professors were just intermeddling in matters of which they really

knew nothing. Even at the present day, when we have before us the results of so many investigations that have been helpful to the farmer, there is still not a little of that feeling left,—though not in the parts of the country where the farmer has been in such intimate contact with the agricultural school as to have learned to appreciate all the help science has, in recent years, accumulated for the proper knowledge of soil and plants.

Professor Wickson, of the University of California, a colleague of Professor Hilgard for years in teaching at Berkeley, describes Hilgard's thoroughly practical character and conciliatory method in dealing with the farmers of California in the early days, when there was likely to be so much feeling on the part of the practical farmer that these university professors were meddling with things of which they knew very little. He says in the article in *Science* already cited:

"I clearly recall an early instance of Hilgard's method. I was present at a farmer's meeting in San Francisco in 1876, apparently called to see just how far the college of agriculture at the University of California had fallen. The room was not large, and was crowded with men of some prominence in farming and hostile to the University, because they really believed that the college of agriculture ought to be snatched from ruinous association with a so-called 'classical institution.' It was a stormy assembly; but when there came a lull, the chairman asked Hilgard to speak. He rose alertly, showing them a slim, graceful figure; and when he had folded and pocketed the blue glasses which a long-continued eye trouble forced him to wear, they saw a scholarly face illuminated with an eagerness, cordiality, and brightness of expression which seemed to say to them, 'I never was in such a delightful place before in my life.' Before he could say a word he had them transfixed with surprise and curiosity; and when he began to speak in a low, conversational voice, with an accent which

compelled them to listen closely, every man was at attention.

"He was saying that he was glad to meet them; that no one could do much for farming unless he had personal knowledge and support of farmers; that he had listened with interest to what they had been saying, and much of it doubtless would be helpful to him; that other things they could talk over and agree upon when they became better acquainted; that he had come to California to try, with their help and support, to know California, from the rocks to the sky; and proposed to use all that he had learned in other lands merely as a help to begin to know California, which he already perceived was different from any other land in which he had lived and worked. He wished to work from California outward, not to try to fit old theories to a new State. He had always been interested in differences, and wanted to see what they were and how they worked in farming. On his father's farm in Illinois he had learned that the soil was not all alike; and he had been told that soil differed when it came from different rocks, when it was moved about in different ways, and when other things were mixed with it. Since boyhood he had been studying the rocks, the soils, the plants, to see what was in the soil and in the plant, in the hope of matching them up to get the best crops and the most money in farming. Then followed a charming half hour with soil formation and movement, tillage, fertilization, etc., without a scientific term, without reference to a chemical formula,—all straight farming talk about soils and plants. Finally, he said he had come to find out how these things worked in California."

As might have been expected with such an equipment of tact as well as thoroughly practical science as is here described, Hilgard's work with the farmers in California was eminently successful. He was given various opportunities in State agriculture after directing the Agricultural Division of the Northern Transcontinental

Survey. Later he was asked by the United States Government to assume charge, in connection with his university work, of the Cotton Investigation of the United States Census of 1880. This proved to be a magnificent opportunity, and he was just the man for it; for he projected and carried it out on a broader plan than it had ever before been undertaken. It occupied all his leisure from academic work during the years from 1879 to 1883. His report on cotton production, and the soil regions, and the soil characteristics of the cotton producing States (comprising two quarto volumes), made for this Tenth United States Census, is still looked upon as a highly valuable work; it did more than anything else to make cotton-growing scientific, and above all to increase the quantity of cotton grown in the United States, and to point out where and why cotton-growing was successful in certain part of the Southern States and unsuccessful in others.

Not long after this he published his volume on "Soils of Arid and Humid Regions," which is the first important text-book on the subject, and remains the classic in this department. In collaboration with Professor Osterhout, formerly of the University of California, a simplification and abridgment of this larger work was made for practical school work, under the title "Agriculture for Schools of the Pacific Slope." The first of these books brought him fame not only in this country but in Europe, and the bulletins issued in connection with his work came to be known and looked for wherever scientific agriculture was developing.

(Conclusion next week.)

HEAVEN'S gate is narrow and minute,
It can not be perceived by foolish men,
Blinded by vain illusions of the world.
E'en the clear-sighted, who discern the way
And seek to enter, find the portal barred
And hard to be unlocked. Its massive bolts
Are pride and passion, avarice and lust.

—Mahabharata.

A Double Conversion.

LATE one evening in April of the year 1868 there was a timid ring at the residence of a certain physician in C——, a convert to the Church, since deceased. As the maid opened the door, she discovered a man leaning against the porch, in a sad state of intoxication. He was a gentleman of noble nature and rare talents; but for years he had been a victim of intemperance, and the physician whom he sought had many times ministered to him in his misery.

The doctor was at home; and, seeing his friend again overcome by the passion for drink, led him gently into his study, and, in a tone of desperation, said: "What shall I do with you *now*?" Then followed a short but momentous pause; it may be that a prayer arose from the troubled heart of the doctor for guidance. Suddenly he turned to the trembling victim, then on the verge of *delirium tremens*, and said: "I have thought of a plan to see my pastor to-night, and talk over your case with him. Will you stay here until I return?"

The poor man, seeming to clutch at some hope, as a drowning man catches at a straw, readily gave the promise. The doctor, however, was too cautious to trust entirely to the word of an intoxicated man, and so he prudently ordered a surveillance during his absence.

When the doctor came back from his interview with Father R—— he found his guest eager to know the result of the visit. It seems that the good pastor had arranged to go into retreat at N——, and proposed taking the unfortunate man with him, if he could be kept sober until the following Monday. This the doctor pledged himself to do.

The man was in a deplorable condition, yet he showed good will, and was glad to be cared for in the home of the physician he so loved and trusted. There was a time in this man's life when, owing to his marked abilities, his accomplish-

ments, especially in music, his elegant presence and refined deportment, he had won and enjoyed a prominent position in the city where he was now almost an outcast from society.

The interval between Friday night and the time appointed for the journey to N—— was spent by the physician and his family in careful and tender nursing of their unfortunate friend; and when Monday morning dawned brightly and serenely, the doctor's guest walked to the carriage in waiting, with head erect, firm step, and neat attire. An observer could not have realized that only three days before this man had been lifted as it were from the gutter. The Rev. Father was called for, and the party drove to the depot. Upon reaching N——, a cordial welcome awaited them; and the clergyman, explaining the needs of his companion, went into his retreat.

After some refreshment, one of the priests of the community invited his new acquaintance to walk out and see the beauties of a place noted for its attractions. The weather was propitious, the balmy air giving a foretaste of summer. Indeed all nature seemed to lend a charm for the occasion. Suddenly the priest was called away; and, handing a copy of a Catholic magazine to the gentleman, promised to return soon. It is evident that God's providence was guiding them at every point. The first article that attracted his attention was on the dogma of the Immaculate Conception; and as he read it a light illumined his soul like that which broke upon Saul of Tarsus.

When the priest rejoined his new friend he was astonished to hear him exclaim: "Father, I am a Catholic! This article on the Immaculate Conception has convinced me of the truth of the divinity of Christ, and I wish to be baptized." The Father, deeply impressed and overjoyed, assured him that his desire should be realized as soon as he had received the necessary instruction. It was not long before the waters of baptism washed his

soul clean from every stain, for the priest found his friend already unusually well informed on matters of religion.

From that day he never relapsed into the old habit. Indeed, it seemed as if even the temptation to do so had been overcome by his ready correspondence to grace; for he kept the "even tenor of his way" with such serenity as belongs only to souls at peace. His rule to attend daily Mass was faithfully observed even after the feebleness of ill health rendered it almost a martyrdom to go out in the early morning. He was a sufferer from heart disease, and in the earliest hours of the day the circulation of the blood in those thus afflicted is so low that exertion seems well-nigh impossible.

On one occasion, during a heavy snow-storm, with high, piercing winds, the wife of the physician judged the weather too inclement to go to early Mass. Just as she had decided the question she saw our convert literally blown around the corner, having walked several blocks to attend the Holy Sacrifice. The impression made on her mind by the delicacy of his figure, battling as he was with the fierce elements, the pallor of his face, whose beauty was heightened by a halo of soft grey hair, was never effaced. It is needless to say that courage was put into her own heart to follow the example set her.

About this time the Unitarian wife of our convert remarked that, although her husband was so feeble that she often questioned the prudence of his going out to church in the early morning, she always pressed him to go; fearing, as she frankly confessed, that if he failed to attend Mass he might fall back into his old habits.

A little more than three years after his entrance into the fold of the Church he was called to his reward. During these years he had given edification to all who knew him by his simple piety, self-sacrifice, and a sweetness of disposition phenomenal in a malady which subjects the patient to extreme irritability. He received the last Sacraments with grateful and holy

joy. Just as the shadows were lengthening on a September afternoon he passed into his last agony. There was no Catholic present; and, although the film of death covered his eyes, with heroic faith he directed his wife to sprinkle him with holy water and to read the prayers for the dying, telling her where to turn to them in his "Golden Manual."

Thus that brave spirit departed from the battlefield of life, having "fought the good fight and kept the faith."

Kindergartens.

PRIOR to 1840, children were rarely if ever sent to school before the age of six or seven, and some celebrated educationists advocated the retarding of their school-going until the age of eight or nine. About three-quarters of a century ago, however, a German educator, Friedrich Fröbel, inaugurated a plan, or a system, that has in many countries rather revolutionized the old practice. He suggested and organized the Kindergarten (literally "Children's Garden"), a school for children from the third or fourth to the seventh year. His theory was that the natural activity of the child, bound to express itself in some fashion, should be directed to play, so organized that it would assist in the little one's physical, mental, and moral development.

The first Kindergarten was opened by Fröbel himself in 1840, in the village of Blankenburg, Germany; and, a quarter of a century later, the system was introduced into this country. The first permanently successful attempt to make the Kindergarten an integral part of our public-school system was begun in St. Louis about forty years ago. In the past two decades, most of our large cities and very many of our smaller ones have adopted the same plan; and at present the Kindergarten seems destined to remain the American child's introduction to the world of books and learning.

The Soft Answer.

THE personal experience of most people who have reached middle age abundantly verifies the dictum in Proverbs: "A mild answer breaketh wrath, but a harsh word stirreth up fury." Harshness is rarely, if ever, profitable; whereas meekness not only works wonders in those with whom we deal, but leaves our own soul undisturbed and at peace. The father whose correction of his unruly son is marked by gentle firmness is a much better philosopher, as well as Christian, than the irascible parent whose own passion aggravates the ill-humor of his boy and jeopardizes any chance of possible improvement.

The common-sense basis for gentleness in dealing with even extreme cases of refractoriness was well stated on one occasion by St. Francis of Sales. A reckless youth having been brought to him for private correction, the saint employed extreme gentleness instead of the rigor which the youth's parents had wished for. As the young man continued obstinate, St. Francis was blamed for having been too mild with him. The holy bishop replied: "What would you have me do? I tried as well as I could to arm myself with an anger that should not be sinful, and therefore I took my heart in both my hands, but I had not the strength to fling it in his face. And then, to tell the truth, I feared to lose that little stock of mildness which I have labored for twenty-two years to collect, like dew, in the vase of my heart. The bees have been many months in gathering the honey which a man swallows at a draught. Besides, what is the use of speaking to one who does not listen? That foolish youth was not capable of correction, for he was not master of his own judgment. So I could not have helped him, and might have injured myself, like those who are drowned with the shipwrecked sailors whom they are trying to save." There spoke the sage and the saint.

Of Evil Thoughts.

PERHAPS one of the most striking differences between the average Catholic and the ordinary non-Catholic is to be found in their respective views as to the sinfulness of mere thoughts. It is possible, indeed, that there are even some Catholics so poorly instructed that they entertain erroneous opinions on this subject,—imagining, for instance, that sins of thought are at the worst only venial sins. As for the too common man in the street who knows little and cares less about religion, he probably believes that, so long as an evil thought does not become externalized in word, and especially in act, "there is no harm done."

For the Catholic, any ignorance of the truth of the matter is, of course, inexcusable. He is probably not so ignorant that he has never recited the *Confiteor*,—the "I confess to Almighty God"; and as often as he has done so he has said: "I have sinned exceedingly in *thought*, word, and deed." Sinning exceedingly is obviously not a venial offence. As a matter of fact, not only may we sin mortally in mere thought, in our mind and heart, but it is just in evil thoughts that the source and fountain of sin resides. It is not too much, indeed, to say that words and acts are sins only inasmuch as they spring from an evil mind and will, or are influenced thereby. This is made abundantly clear by the words of Our Lord Himself: "From the heart come forth evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false testimonies, blasphemies. These are the things that defile a man."

To get a correct idea of Catholic teaching on this subject, it is necessary to know that by the word "thought" is meant not only the working of the mind, but the inclination of the will. It is the action of the will that determines whether or not any thought (in the sense of idea, notion, reflection), word, or act is a sin. When theologians or moralists talk of sins of thought, they include in the term

"thought" mental images, judgments, mental pleasure, desire, and resolve. A very little reflection will convince any one that mental images, ideas, notions, however bad in themselves, are not sinful unless they are voluntary, or acquiesced in by the will. Having or not having such thoughts is really not a matter over which we always have control. They come into the minds of the most saintly as well as the least holy, and are sinful or otherwise according as one takes pleasure in them, or endeavors to rid oneself of them as speedily as possible. So long as an effort is being made to banish them from one's mind, there is no culpability involved. In other words, temptations are not sins. They may be indeed, and in fact very frequently are, merely occasions for acquiring merit. Every temptation vanquished, every bad thought expelled from the mind, is an act of virtue.

The varieties of sins of thought are numerous, but they may best be classified under the heads of: sins against God, against our neighbor, and against ourselves. Of the first kind, some examples are: doubting the faith, murmuring in one's heart against God's divine providence, failing to resign ourselves to His holy will, receiving trials with impatience and revolt, despairing of our salvation or of the possibility of amending our lives, presuming on God's mercy while continuing in sin, etc.

Among sins of thought against our neighbor may be mentioned suspicions reflecting on his probity or virtue, envy of his talents or fame or fortune; deep aversion, especially towards those who are our civil or religious superiors; anger and malice and hatred; the desire of revenge, and especially the resolution to wreak vengeance should the opportunity offer; wishing that evil may befall our neighbor or rejoicing that evil has already befallen him; coveting his possessions or position, and—an especially vicious form—rejoicing in the sins he has committed.

As for sins of thought against ourselves, some of them are: pride, vanity, contempt of others, an inordinate ambition for a higher state in life or for honors and glory and renown; and, especially, the entertaining or dwelling upon thoughts and images against the virtue of purity.

Concerning all these varieties, it is never to be forgotten that only when the will acquiesces in the thought, or, in other words, when the thoughts are willingly entertained, are dwelt upon with pleasure, are consented to, do they become sinful. As has been said above, the coming of such evil thoughts into the mind is not always a matter that we can control; yet there is one important point in this connection that should not be lost sight of: it is possible to be directly responsible for their presence through our imprudence, our want of proper guard over the senses, etc. The person who deliberately reads a dangerous book, or who voluntarily attends a lascivious or quasi-lascivious drama, is simply inviting the presence of innumerable bad thoughts, not merely at the time of the reading or during the presentation of the drama, but for days or weeks, perhaps years, thereafter. He has sown the seeds, and the naturally corrupt soil of the human heart will ensure a plentiful crop of evil notions, sinful images, and dangerous imaginings.

On the other hand, many pious souls are unnecessarily troubled by the presence in their minds of thoughts against faith or charity or purity, to which they have not consciously given any occasion; and they sometimes even consider that such thoughts are a sign that God has abandoned them. They need to remember that where there is no will to sin, there is not, and can not be, any sin committed. The senses may be in revolt, but, unless the will consents to evil, the senses can do us no injury. Only when they are yielded to do temptations become transformed into sins; so long as they are resisted, they are occasions of merit and reward.

Notes and Remarks.

"Education is the dominant issue of America, more so than of any other nation in the world. We spend annually \$500,000,000, use 500,000 teachers, and send 20,000,000 children to school in our educational life. Besides this we are building up immense fortunes as the endowments of schools." Such is the proud boast of Dr. George Grose, president of De Pauw University. He does not realize how useless is much of the education of the present day, or see the danger of purely intellectual development. The Doctor is right, however, in declaring that "the interests of humanity are dominant, and must be made predominant." In other words, purely individual interests should be subordinated to the general welfare. No man should roll in wealth while his neighbor struggles in penury. Capital has its obligations as well as Labor. Greed and luxury are crimes not less than envy and anarchy. Until the world takes to heart the lessons of the Sermon on the Mount, it will be a world of endless strife.

None of our readers who are conversant with the standards of the Committee of the Catholic Theatre Movement are likely to accuse these gentlemen of any puritanical hatred of simple amusement, or of undue prudery in drawing up their list of White Plays,—dramatic productions that are safe and decent. There is accordingly all the more reason for judicious Catholics to give due weight to the following statement of the Committee:

The work of reviewing the plays presented to the New York public is oftentimes uninspiring, to say the least. The standards of ordinary decency that have been generally accepted as the only foundation of a civilized society are not only flouted, but their denial is frequently praised by the secular press as "a capital act." Seduction, adultery, indecencies of every kind are made the subject of an evening's entertainment. It is difficult to see how any man can take a woman whom he

respects to many of the plays now being presented on the New York stage; and more difficult to understand the mental attitude of any woman who, knowing their theme, attends them. The end of the present season has seen, both in revival and new plays, an unblushing exploitation of illicit sexual relations. The effect on the auditors can be naught else than a diseased, morbid outlook upon life, and a killing of the cleaner and happier thoughts that alone make for moral sanity.

We need merely add that the New York stage, as a rule, sets the pace for the theatres of most of large cities and towns all over the country; and so the foregoing statement is of general rather than purely local interest.

Just at present there are, no doubt, many Americans who side with Col. Roosevelt in his advocacy of militarism, and perhaps as many others who favor the peace-at-any-price policy of Mr. Bryan. The former are more noisy and insistent; the pacifists, as they are called, if not so vociferous, are quite as determined, and continue to denounce jingoism and all its works and pomps. Both parties are extremists, and they are now having their say wherever they can draw a crowd to listen or look on. The crowd cheers or jeers according to its mood. When both parties have subsided a little, there will be a compromise, and it will then be seen that the vast majority of our people are neither jingoes nor pacifists. It will be found that, while discountenancing a great military system for the United States, they nevertheless favor adequate preparation for war in case of an extraordinary emergency.

As to what this preparation should be, there will, of course, be differences of opinion. The wisest will not forget that uniforms do not make soldiers; that fortifications can not be erected in a day, or ammunition provided overnight. They will remember this, but they will not forget that the probability of war is a remote one; that our nation has nothing much to fear from any other nation; furthermore, that in all future conflicts

of the Powers there will be an intervention of peace forces, whose influence is constantly increasing. The world will be sick of war by the time the present international struggle is ended. Every ruler who is not already convinced of the fact will then be fully persuaded that peace, even at some sacrifice, is better than war at the risk of ruin.

The kindest judgment we have seen expressed upon the recent Irish trouble comes, not from any of the friends of the movement in this country, but from the pen of the editor of the *New Witness*, surely an "enemy's" paper. Mr. Cecil Chesterton, the editor, writes:

The "rebellion" organized by a small minority in Ireland is, to all intents and purposes, over; and we may indulge in the hope that we have seen the last blood to be shed in that unfortunate island, though not the last blood to be shed by Irishmen in her cause. Most emphatically do we hope and pray that we have seen the last blood shed by way of military execution. We would rather hear of more riots than of more shootings of "rebels." (By what strange fatality is it, by the way, that the English press, when it wishes to discredit Irishmen, always uses the word which every Irishman regards as the highest compliment?) After the necessary work of repressing the actual disturbances, there could hardly be too few reprisals. There have been too many already. There must be no more.

In another part of the same issue, a contributor says of Sinn Fein: "If, however, the Sinn Feiners did not live logically, they died superbly. One can not fail to have a generous measure of sympathy for *real* conscientious objectors (whatever they object to) when they fall, rifle in hand, for a principle, or suffer the last rigor of the law for a doctrine." Well said in both instances.

The Mexican bandit, Villa, who was so useful to Carranza when that worthy was openly hostile to the United States, is probably quite safe against his former partner. It is said that the efforts of our Government to capture Villa have already cost several million dollars, and it may be questioned if Carranza is in the least

grieved over this expenditure or the failure to apprehend the culprit who occasioned it. It is not unlikely that he knows perfectly well where Villa is and what new alias he has adopted. According to "confidential military advices" received last week at Columbus, N. M., the bandit chieftain is "in one of two places, alive, but wounded in the leg." It should be known by this time whether it is the right or the left leg—if indeed he has been wounded at all. As to Villa's being in one place only, the statement seems entirely probable.

The Great War has occasioned the death of tens of thousands who were in the bloom of youth, and of hundreds of others who were too young to ask why human beings should be slaughtering one another and causing so much ruin and suffering and desolation. But Franz Josef, an old, old man long before the conflict began, lives on and reigns. As the *Baltimore Sun* notes, he saw the rise and fall of the Second Empire in France, carrying down the ambitious Napoleon III. in its ruins. He has outlived Queen Victoria and King Edward, her son. He saw the German Empire created, William I. crowned kaiser, Frederick succeed him, and the third Emperor, William III., ascend the throne. The present Czar is the grandson of the Emperor of all the Russians that Franz Josef first knew. He has witnessed the entire history of the modern Italian kingdom, and is now at war with the grandson of the Victor Emmanuel he fought so many years ago. He has seen half a dozen sultans of Turkey and Persia rule and pass away. Spain and Portugal have seen revolutions and regencies; the changes have been rung in Norway and Sweden and in every other country in Europe and Asia. He has followed the course of events in the United States since long before our Civil War began. Not one of all those who bore a prominent part in that great struggle remains—but the venerable

Emperor of Austria reigns on. He, too, will pass; and for a day the world will wonder that a career so strenuous and so sorrowful should have been so lengthened.

Our readers will recall the position often maintained in these columns that Catholics, and more especially the cultured, educated, and wealthier among them, should not hold themselves aloof from political and civic duties. The contention that politics—national, State, and municipal politics—are all so tainted with corruption that honest men are justified in shunning any connection therewith, is a fallacy. Honest men should, by taking an active part in public affairs, contribute their share of effort in doing away with the corruption. We are reminded of our comments on such matters by an article contributed to the current issue of the *Dublin Review* by Father Keating, S. J. Among other sane paragraphs, we have noted this one:

Catholics, therefore, should not shirk social service: should be distinguished for their humane dealings with their employees and dependents; should dissociate themselves from the class of the "idle rich" who grasp at the privileges and shun the responsibilities of wealth. They should use their influence to further the spread of Christian ideas in the approaching readjustment of our national life, especially in that wide and troubled world of industry where there is so much that is amiss. The war has shown the bankruptcy of material civilization: It is now that Christianity, by the aid of her children, has a chance of recovering her own.

Such a chance, by the way, as has not been given since the great upheaval of the sixteenth century.

Men who question the executive ability of women—most men do, never doubting their own executive ability, though they may have no proofs of it to show—would do well to reflect on the following paragraph from the *Pittsburgh Observer*:

If any persons wish to have an object lesson in the ability of women to govern and administer, let them think of the various institutions which are under the control and management of the Sisterhoods of the Church. It would do the

present age much good if they had an insight into the business ability and financial management of these Sisters. For economy, thrift, care, prudence, exactness, honesty, and success, they can not be beaten by men prominent in our financial districts. These women look after their own affairs. They are not subject to any board of men to direct them. They are responsible to themselves. And yet their accounts are straight, clear, and precise. There are no faults recorded, because none happen among them. They bear heavy burdens; they accomplish great results; they get for themselves merely food, scant raiment, and a little cot for sleep and rest; and their duties are manifold. Yet not a flaw can be found in their conduct of affairs, not a cent of defalcation occurs, not a hitch in all that they arrange. Hospitals, asylums, homes, academies and schools are run with admirable system,—a monument to the power which, so many are loath to admit, exists in women.

The editor of the *Adult Student*, a Methodist Episcopal organ, has seen a great light in the matter of nineteenth-century scientific achievement and material progress generally. He thinks there must have been something fundamentally wrong in the spirit and work of a century that has culminated in a world war. To quote:

Strange we are just beginning to raise this question; for multitudes of our wisest and noblest men have been telling us all along, not simply that something was radically wrong, but wherein it was wrong. They are the men who believe that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth"; that all ultimate values are moral and spiritual; and that a society in which the divine order is reversed, and the chief emphasis is placed upon the material, must inevitably come to grief, it matters not how much wealth it may accumulate or how many machines it may operate. But we laughed at them as old fogies, and continued to cherish our dream of a golden age to be brought about by the use of steam and electricity. And now the rude awakening has come, and we are groping about for an explanation. Why not swallow our pride, and consider whether or not there may not have been some truth in the warnings of those whom we stigmatized as old fogies? Is it not possible that they were right in telling us that a civilization built by machinery lacks the essentials of true stability and greatness?

Perhaps our Methodist friend will admit that among the "old fogies" whose

prophecies have been verified, one outstanding figure is the old Church that has witnessed the rise and fall of many so-called civilizations, and has perennially preached as the indispensable work of society or individual: "Seek ye therefore first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these [other things] shall be added unto you."

The appeal made by the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Bonzano, to the Knights of Columbus, urging them to be especially generous in their donations to the Holy See during the present trying times, is particularly opportune in view of the economic crisis among the working classes in Rome and throughout Italy generally. The Sovereign Pontiff, sympathizing with his distressed children, has given orders that, notwithstanding the straitened circumstances in which he finds himself, none of the workmen employed by the Vatican shall be dismissed. More than that: not only are the works inaugurated by Pius X. to be prosecuted, but new works are to be undertaken for the express purpose of furnishing employment to a considerable number of the builders, painters, and sculptors of Rome. This truly fatherly solicitude for the workers will no doubt appeal with notable force to the rank and file of the Knights of Columbus.

In an exceptionally interesting paper, "American Character and the Religious State," contributed to a recent issue of *America* by M. J. McNeal, S. J., we find this suggestive paragraph:

A clear and authoritative voice has told us that it is "America's vocation" to save the Foreign Missions. This must not be misinterpreted into a mere appeal for generous alms in default of what Europe can no longer bestow. The appeal is to a greater generosity than that of the benefactor; the call is for a deeper sacrifice than that of the purse. Alms are but the sinews of the holy war. The best equipment is idle without soldiers—generous and self-devoted volunteers. In a word, America is to be called upon to furnish from her own youth recruits

for the Foreign Missions, and for the work of the hundreds of religious communities now flourishing within her own wide domain, whose European members when removed by death can not be replaced by others from across the Atlantic.

Father McNeal shows how congruous the religious life really is to the American character taken at its best; and he concludes his paper with the statement that "the perfection of American Catholicism must manifest itself in the fruitfulness, efficiency, and holiness of American religious institutes. . . . On the zeal and daring, the enterprise and perseverance, the members and personnel of those institutes, must depend the expansion of Christendom during the next twenty-five years."

In England as in this country, it would appear, there is a rather serious increase of criminality on the part of children. A writer in a Liverpool paper attributes it primarily to a cause which we ourselves have pointed out more than once—a sentimental weakening of control in fathers and mothers. And he advocates a remedy which we, too, have often suggested—corporal punishment in those cases where moral suasion is patently futile. The writer in question is supported by the Catholic Archbishop of Liverpool, Mgr. Whiteside, who tells him: "I agree with practically every word you say in your article; and, moreover, I preach the same. I doubt about the feasibility of starting a Corporal Correction League. However, the propagation of its principles which underlie the movement is sadly needed at the present time."

That they are equally needed on this side of the Atlantic will hardly be denied by any one conversant with the lack of discipline so commonly existing in the American home. A return to the old-fashioned training carried on by our grandfathers and grandmothers would be a distinct blessing to the children of this generation—the men and women of the next generation.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

In June.

BY GEORGE MAKEJOY.

I'D like to put away my books:
The day is far too bright
To bother about spelling words,
And doing sums just right.
I'd like to run about the woods,
And paddle in the brook,
And stay from morning until night
Away from every book.
But I will never dare to go
Till father says I can.
It's awful hard to be a boy,—
I wish I was a man.

Killykinick.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XXIII.—DAN'S MEDAL.

T was the day after the big storm that had made havoc even in the sheltered harbor of Beach Cliff, and so damaged "The Polly" in her safe moorings that six men were busy putting her into shipshape again. And dad's other Polly was in an equally doleful mood.

It was to have been a day of jollification with Marraine. They were to have gone voyaging together over the summer seas, that were smiling as joyously to-day as if they had never known a storm. They were to have stopped at the college camp in Shelter Cove, where Marraine had some girl friends; they were to have kept on their sunlit way to Killykinick, for so dad had agreed; they were to have looked in on the Life-Saving Station, which Marraine had never seen; in fact, they were to have done more pleasant things than Polly could count,—and now the storm had fallen on her namesake and spoiled all.

"Never mind, Pollykins!" comforted Marraine, who could find stars in the darkest sky. "We'll each take a dollar and go shopping."

"Only a dollar, Marraine? That won't buy much," said Polly, who had walked in ways where dollars seem very small indeed.

"Oh, yes, it will! There's no telling what it can buy in Jonah's junk shop," laughed Marraine. "I got a rusted tea tray that polished into silver plate, a blackened vase that rubbed into burnished copper. I should not wonder if he had an Aladdin's lamp hidden somewhere in his dusty shelves."

"Let us go look for it," said Polly, roused into gleeful interest. "Oh, I'd love to have Aladdin's lamp! Wouldn't you, Marraine?"

"What would you wish for, Pollykins?" asked Marraine, softly.

"Oh, lots of things!" said Polly, perching in her lap. "First—first of all, I wish that I could keep you here forever and forever, darling Marraine!"

"Well, you have me for six weeks every summer," laughed Marraine.

"But that isn't forever and forever," sighed Polly. "And mamma and dad and grandmamma and everybody else want you, too."

"Are you sure of that?" asked the lady, kissing the upturned face.

"Oh, very sure!" replied Polly, positively. "They say it's all nonsense for you to go to the hospital and take care of sick people. It's—it's something—I don't remember what."

"Stubborn pride?" suggested Marraine, with a merry sparkle in her eyes.

"Yes," said Polly, "that's just what grandmamma said. And stubborn pride must be something bad, I know; isn't it, Marraine?"

"Well, yes, it is," agreed Marraine,—

"when it is stubborn pride, Pollykins. But when one has empty hands and empty purse and—well, an empty life, too, Pollykins, it is not stubborn pride to try to fill them with work and care and pity and help."

"And that is what you do at the hospital, Marraine?"

"It is what I try to do, Pollykins. When my dear father died, and I found all his money gone, this beautiful home of yours opened its doors wide for me; dad, mamma, grandma, everybody begged me to come here. But—but it wasn't my real home or my real place."

"Oh, wasn't it, Marraine?" said Polly, sadly.

"No, dear. In our real home, our real place, God gives us work to do,—some work, even though it be only to bless and love. But there was no work for me here; and so I looked around, Pollykins, for my work and my place. If I had been, very, *very* good, I might have folded my butterfly wings under a veil and habit, and been a nice little nun, like Sister Claudine."

"Oh, I wouldn't have liked that at all!" said Polly, with a shiver.

"I'm afraid I wouldn't either," was the laughing answer. "Still, it's a lovely, useful, beautiful life, little girl. And the next—the very next—best place and best work seemed to me the hospital, with the white gown and cap I can put off when I please; with sickness and sorrow and suffering to soothe and help; with little children holding out their arms to me, and old people calling to me in their pain, and dying eyes turning to me for hope and help. So I am nurse in a hospital, and out of it, too, when there is need. And it's not for stubborn pride, as grandma says, and no doubt thinks; but because I believe it to be my real work and my real place. Now get your dollar, and we'll be off to Jonah's junk shop to look for Aladdin's lamp."

And Polly danced off for her flower-wreathed hat, and the two were soon on their way down the narrow streets to the

dull, dingy little shop near the water, where several customers were already looking over the curiously assorted stock, that on weekdays was spread far out on the sidewalk to attract passers-by. Among these was a big, burly grey-haired man, whose bronzed face and easy-fitting clothes proclaimed the sailor.

"Why, Captain Carleton!" greeted Miss Stella, in some surprise.

"God bless my heart and soul!" was the hearty response, and the Captain held out both hands to the speaker. "This is sailor's luck, indeed! From what star of hope did you drop, Miss Stella?"

"Oh, I drop here for a holiday every summer!" she answered gaily. "I am glad to see you looking so well and strong again, Captain."

"Thanks to you, my dear lady! Under the great Master of life and death, thanks to you! I was about as far on the rocks as an old craft could be without going to pieces entirely. How that soft little hand of yours steered me into safe water I'll never forget, dear lady,—never forget. And I was a tough patient, too; wasn't I?"

"Well, you did say things sometimes that were not—prayers," was the laughing answer.

And, chatting on pleasantly of the Captain's last winter in the hospital, they glanced over old Jonah's stock until something of interest caught the sailor's eye.

"By George! How in thunder did this get here?"

"A find,—a real find, Captain?" asked Miss Stella. "What is it?"

"A medal," he answered,—“a medal awarded for 'Brave and faithful service on the "Reina Maria" sixty years ago.'” (He was scanning the bronze disc as he spoke),—“‘Juan Farley.’ Good Lord! Yes, poor old Jack! I wonder how he lived and died? And what in Heaven's name is his medal doing here?”

"Perhaps Jonah can tell you," suggested Miss Stella; while Polly, whose bright eyes were searching for Aladdin's lamp, paused to listen.

"That ar medal?" said Jonah in answer to the Captain's questioning. "Let me think now! That ar medal—ticketed nineteen, isn't it?—was left here by a youngster. Now, what in thunder was his name? I'll have to look in my books to see."

And while he looked Captain Carleton explained his interest in his find.

"You see, my father was master and half owner of the 'Reina Maria,' though she was Spanish built and manned. But, luckily, Jack Farley, a first-class sailor, was second mate. There was a mutiny abroad, and it would have been all up with my father and his chief officer if brave Jack had not smelled mischief in time, and put down the hatches on the scoundrels at the risk of his own life. Ship and cargo (it was a pretty valuable ship) were saved; and this medal, that bears the stamp of her then Spanish Majesty, was Jack's reward. My father always felt that he ought to have had something more; but the Spanish owners were close-fisted, so my old man had to content himself with helping Jack (who was a rather reckless sort of chap ashore) in his own way. He got him out of many a tight place on the strength of that medal; and he would have looked out for him until the last, but he shipped on an East Indian, and drifted out of our reach. And this medal was left here by a boy, you say, my man?"

"Yes, sir" (Jonah had found his entry now),—"by a boy who said it was his: that it had been given him by an old sailor man who was dead; and he'd like to sell the medal now, for he wanted some money bad."

"Good!" said the old Captain, eagerly. "I'll give him his price. "Who and where is the boy?"

"His name is Dan Dolan and he lives at Killykinick."

"Dan Dolan!" exclaimed Miss Stella.

"Oh, does he mean my—my Dan, Marraine?" chirped Polly, breathlessly.

"What! You know the boy?" cried

the old sailor, in amazement. "God bless me,—you!"

"Why, yes, we know him,—don't we, Pollykins?" said Miss Stella. "But what he is doing with the medal we can't say. We're certain he has it rightfully and honestly; and as soon as 'The Polly' (my cousin's yacht) can spread her broken wings, we are going to Killykinick. Suppose you come with us, and see the owner of the medal, and strike a bargain yourself?"

"By George, I will,—I will! A sail with you, Miss Stella, is a temptation I can not resist. And I must have the medal. I must see the boy, and hear how he got it. I'll buy it from him at his own price; and you shall negotiate the sale, dear lady!"

"Take care," said Miss Stella, with a merry sparkle in her eyes,—*"take care how you do business with me, Captain! Remember how I drew upon you for the babies' ward last winter! I can fleece without mercy, as you know."*

"Fleece as you please," was the hearty answer. "I can stand it; for that soft little hand of yours did work for this old man that he can never repay."

So the agreement was made; and Miss Stella, having invested in a queer, twisted candlestick, which she declared was quite equal to Aladdin's lamp, and Polly having decided to reserve her dollar for a neighboring candy store, the party at Jonah's junk shop separated, with the promise of meeting as soon as "The Polly" should be ready for a flight to Killykinick.

But that pleasant excursion was indefinitely postponed; for when Miss Stella reached Polly's home it was to find two priestly visitors awaiting her. One was an old friend, the present pastor of St. Mary's Church, near the Foresters' home; the other, tall, pale even through his bronze, anxious-eyed, she had never met.

"Father Rayburn, Miss Allen," was the pastor's brief introduction. "We have come to throw ourselves on your mercy,

my dear young lady. You are here for your summer holiday, I know; and I hesitate to interrupt it. But Father Rayburn is in sore need of experienced service that you alone can give."

"You need a nurse?" asked Miss Stella.

"Yes." (It was Father Rayburn who answered.) "My brother—or perhaps I should say my brother-in-law, as that is really our relationship,—is lying very ill at Killykinick. While still prostrated with fever, he was exposed to the storm of yesterday, in which he nearly lost his life. Between the shock, the excitement of his rescue by the life savers, he is very, very ill,—too ill to be removed to a hospital; and he is at Killykinick with only boys and men to care for him," continued Father Rayburn. "The doctors tell me an experienced nurse is necessary, and we can find none willing to take so serious a case in such a rude, remote place. But my good friend Father John seems to think that you would take pity on our great need."

"Oh, I will,—I will!" was the eager answer. "I already have friends at Killykinick among those fine boys from St. Andrew's. My little goddaughter and I were to make an excursion there to-day, but the storm disabled Mr. Forester's yacht. I am so glad to be of service to you, Father! I will get ready at once."

In spite of the joyful return of laddie yesterday, there was gloom this morning at Killykinick. Daddy, who had been brought over at his own request from the Life-Saving Station, lay in the old Captain's room, which Brother Bart had resigned to him, very, very sick indeed.

"Sinking fast, I'm afraid," the doctor said. "The fever has broken, but the shock of yesterday's danger and rescue has been too much for a man in his weakened state. Still there's a chance for him,—a fighting chance. But it will take very careful and experienced nursing to pull him through."

So Father Tom had gone in search of a nurse, leaving Freddy and Brother Bart watching by the sick bed; while Dan, who as second mate was assisting his chief officers to right and repair the "Sary Ann," listened with a heavy heart to the old salt's prognostications.

"He won't last the day out," declared Captain Jeb. "Blue about the gills already! But, Lord, what could you expect, doused and drenched and shaken up like he was yesterday? It will be hard on the little chap, who was so glad to get his father back. It's sort of a pity, 'cording to my notion, that, being adrift so long, he didn't go down in deep-sea soundings, and not come ashore to break up like this."

"O Captain Jeb, no, no!" Dan looked up from his hammering on the "Sary Ann" in quick protest against such false doctrine. "A man isn't like a ship: he has a soul. And that's the main thing, after all. If you save your soul, it doesn't make much difference about your body. And drifting ashore right here has saved the soul of Mr. Wirt (or Mr. Neville, as we must call him now); for he was lying over on Last Island, feeling that there was no hope for him in heaven or on earth. And then Freddy came to him, and Father Tom, and he turned to God for pardon and mercy; and now his dying is all right,—though I haven't given him up yet," concluded Dan, more cheerfully. "Poor little Freddy has been praying so hard all night, I feel he is going to be heard somehow. And I've seen Mick Mulligan, that had typhoid last summer, looking a great deal worse than Mr. Neville, and before Thanksgiving there wasn't a boy on the hill he couldn't throw. Here comes Father Tom back with— with—" Dan dropped his hammer entirely, and stood up to stare in amazement at the little motor boat making its way to the broken wharf. "Jing! Jerusalem! if—if it isn't the pretty lady from Beach Cliff that Polly calls Marraine!"

An Egyptian Client of Our Lady.

In the days of the great Saint Pacomius, a monk, whose name has not come down to us, resolved to bury himself so far out in the desert that no one should be able to disturb his solitude or distract him from his prayers. After a long search, he finally found such a place as he desired. It was behind a mountain; a spring flowing from a rock made a neat little basin, and around it grew four date-palms loaded with fruit. True, there was no cave; but the rock overhung in one place so notably that its shelter was almost as good as would have been a real cell. The solitary thanked God for his discovery, and took up his abode in his new home, where he spent his time in praying, singing psalms, and meditating on eternity.

One of his greatest joys was to form himself a picture of Paradise and its blessed inhabitants—God, the saints, the angels, and above all the Blessed Virgin-Mother. "How beautiful she must be! How happy they must be who see her!" he often said to himself. And, remembering that she had sometimes appeared to hermits, he began to implore her to grant to himself this great favor.

Many months went by without Our Lady's showing herself. At length an angel appeared to the monk and told him that his prayer would be granted, but that the favor would cost him dear: he would lose one of his eyes. "Only let me see her,—let me see her!" was his reply. And that very moment the Blessed Virgin appeared to him in all her glory! Twelve stars formed her crown; whole troops of angels circled about her; Saints Lucy, Cecilia, Agatha, and thousands of others formed her court. The vision lasted a long time, but the hours passed without the solitary's paying any heed. Coming to his normal state at last, he found that the angel had spoken the truth: he could see with one eye only; but the Queen of Heaven was so beautiful,

he was so happy at having looked upon her, that he did not at all regret the price he had paid for the privilege.

Scarcely a week elapsed before he was again seized with an unconquerable longing to behold Our Lady. But could he without rashness solicit this new favor? And, then, if he lost his other eye, how could he live alone in the desert? He spent several days in deliberation about the matter; but finally his desire overcame all other considerations, and he resumed his prayers for a repetition of the delicious vision. He kept on praying for a week, a month, a year, two years, but no vision came. Yet he did not become discouraged. "She will grant it at last," he told himself. And, sure enough, Our Lady appeared to him a second time, just as beautiful as on the first occasion.

When the vision vanished, our solitary expected to find himself wholly blind. He was mistaken: Our Lady had rewarded his love by restoring the sight of the eye he had lost.

The Man in the Moon.

All our young people are familiar with the dark spots and lines which form what we call the Man in the Moon. These peculiar marks are supposed to be the shadows of mountains. There are no fewer than 100,000 of these great hills brought into view with a telescope of medium power. Many of them are supposed to be extinct volcanoes,—relics of the period when the moon was changing from a molten mass into the dead world that it is at present. The largest and perhaps the most beautiful of these craters is the one called Copernicus, which is a circular wall estimated to be fifty-four miles in diameter and 13,000 feet in height.

One of the most common fancies connected with the Man in the Moon is the legend that he carries a huge bundle of brushwood perpetually,—being exiled to the moon for gathering sticks in the forest on Sunday.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A new book by Violet and Armel O'Connor is announced, "Peacemakers," with a foreword in verse by John Oxenham. Essays and poems make up this latest volume from Mary's Meadow.

—Religious engaged in the care of the sick in hospitals will find much practical instruction and many wise counsels in a little pamphlet by the Rev. Fr. Girardey, C. SS. R., published by B. Herder.

—The chief feature of the Third Reader of the Ideal Catholic Readers, edited by a Sister of St. Joseph and published by the Macmillan Co., is the religious atmosphere; the book has all the other features, too, that competent teachers demand.

—We have received the following additional numbers of the "Pages Actuelles" pamphlets published by Bloud & Gay, Paris: "En Guerre," by Fernand de Brinon; "La France au-dessous de tout," by Raoul Narsy; "Contre les Maux de la Guerre," by Henri Joly; and "La Conduite des Armées allemandes en Belgique et en France," by Henri Davignon.

—"The Mystery of the Holy Trinity in Oldest Judaism," by Frank McGloin, LL. D. (John J. McVey), a 12mo of 232 pages, comes to us with a recommendation from Cardinal Gibbons and a eulogistic foreword from Archbishop Blenk. As it is also endorsed by the *imprimatur* of Archbishop Prendergast, there need be no doubt as to the orthodoxy of the work, even though it is a theological one from the pen of a layman. This last consideration may, indeed, be an additional reason why our cultured laity will be inclined to read the book. And it is well worth reading by layman or cleric. A new edition, however, should be provided with a good index.

—In his latest novel, "The Onion Peelers," Father Garrold, S. J., the author of several clever tales for young folk, has given us a book about a boy rather than a boy's book. The title is figurative, being drawn from a French epigram which states that "Life is an onion; we weep as we peel it." It is perhaps just as well that the title-page contains the information that the book is the early history of Sir Albert Jenkins, Knt., one of his Majesty's Judges of the Court of King's Bench; otherwise, the reader might entertain strong doubts as to the ultimate redemption of a young fellow who bears a lifelike resemblance to a "hard

case." The story will be thoroughly enjoyed by readers young and mature, although only the latter will appreciate to the full its delightful humor. It should perhaps be added that the tale deals with life in English schools. It is published by Sands & Co., London; and in this country by B. Herder.

—"Unhappy in Thy Daring," by Marius Lyle (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a novel 500 pages long in reality, and much longer in seeming. Notwithstanding the publishers' statement that the story "has won the highest praise from such masters of fiction as H. G. Wells and A. E. W. Mason," we have no hesitation in calling it a distinctly unwholesome narrative.

—"La Guerre en Champagne," a 12mo brochure of 525 pages, is the third edition, revised and enlarged, of the very interesting story of the Great War as it has affected the diocese of Chalons. Compiled under the direction, and with the active co-operation, of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of the diocese, the work is published by Pierre Tequi, 82 Rue Bonaparte, Paris; and may be had from their agents in Canada; Librairie Granger and Librairie Notre Dame, Montreal; and Garneau, Quebec.

—Despite the handicap of its "illustrations," "Little Donald" is a story which the children will enjoy. True, it is made very much according to the prescription for juvenile fiction; the good people are very good and the bad people are pretty bad, though they improve toward the end; and there are happenings that are little short of miraculous, so nicely do they help the story out. But this much is certain—interest is sustained, and the author, Mrs. Innes-Browne, is sure to hold her readers to the end. Published by Benziger Brothers.

—Two solid and well-made 12mo volumes, containing, respectively, 406 and 341 pages, constitute "Meditations on the Mysteries of Our Holy Faith," by the Rev. C. W. Barraud, S. J. Volume I. opens with a compact and practical treatise on "Mental Prayer." The remainder of the work is divided as follows: Part I. "The Purgative Way"; Part II. "The Illuminative Way"; Part III. "Our Lord's Public Life,"—all in the first volume. The second volume resumes, with Part IV., "Our Lord's Passion"; Part V. "The Unitive Way" (Christ's glorified life); and Part VI. "The Perfections and Benefits of God." Then there follows "Considerations for Retreats." Each book is provided with "prayers and hymns for col-

loquies." The second volume is furnished with an excellent index: As for the matter of these handsome books, it need only be said they are based on the writings of the Venerable Father de Ponte, S. J. One feature of these meditations we particularly like: there is a minimum of text and a maximum of suggestion in what is provided. Too often meditation books would serve better for spiritual reading. These two volumes are sold for the reasonable sum of \$3. Benziger Brothers, publishers.

—"Odd Leaves from an Adventurer's Log; or, Advanced Chapters of an Autobiography," Vol. I., "Tales of the Tropics," by Harry Morgan. Such is the information furnished by the title-page of a brochure of 171 octavo pages that comes to our table from Jamaica. Mr. Morgan dates his foreword "Feast of St. Agatha, V. M.," from which fact we judge him to be a Catholic; and a cursory glance through his narrative supplies the additional information that he is constitutionally averse to the beaten track of life, glorying in his possession of the *wanderlust*, and quite content to accept Fortune's occasional frowns in exchange for her more or less habitual smiles. His story is clean, and will interest those who sympathize with the lovers of fresh air, change of scene, and infrequent physical exertion.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Mystery of the Holy Trinity in Oldest Judaism." Frank McGloin, LL. D. \$1.
- "The Onion Peelers." Father Garrold, S. J. \$1.60.
- "Little Donald." Mrs. Innes-Browne. 80 cts.
- "The Mirror of Justice." Robert Eaton, of the Oratory. 40 cts.
- "The Irish Orators: A History of Ireland's Fight for Freedom." Claude G. Bowers. \$1.50.
- "Seven Fairy Tales." 35 cts.
- "Marie of the House of D'Anters." Rev. Michael Earls, S. J. \$1.35.
- "Counter-Currents." Agnes Repplier. \$1.25.
- "The Happiness of Duty." Mgr. Gay. 15 cts.

- "The 'Summa Theologica' of St. Thomas Aquinas." Part II. (First Part.) Literally Translated by the Fathers of the English Dominican Province. \$2.20.
- "The Romanticism of St. Francis and Other Studies in the Genius of the Franciscans." Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. \$2.
- "The Story of the Catholic Church." Rev. G. Stebbing, C. SS. R. \$1.80.
- "History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages." Johannes Janssen. Translated by A. M. Christie. Vols. XIII.-XVI. Per two vols., \$6.25.
- "Paul Mary Pakenham, Passionist." Rev. Joseph Smith, C. P. 50 cts.
- "My Lady of the Moor." John Oxenham. \$1.35.
- "The Inner Life and Writings of Dame Gertrude More." 2 vols. \$3.
- "The Second Coming." Frederic Arnold, Henry P. Janes. 50 cts.
- "The Official Catholic Directory." \$1.70.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Mgr. Melchior Faust, of the diocese of Marquette; Rev. James Crowley, diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. Otto Dus, diocese of Mobile; and Rev. Patrick Monaghan, archdiocese of Liverpool.

Sister M. Loyola, of the Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Loretto, Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Angela, Sisters of St. Mary; and Sister M. Mathilda, O. S. B.

Mr. James Robinson, Mr. Henry Smail, Capt. Amos Foster, Mrs. Ellen Rooney, Mrs. Mary A. Doyle, Mr. Andrew Graham, Mr. Thomas Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Thomas Badeux, Miss Mary Kinsella, Mr. Isaac Shillington, Mrs. Edward Smith, Miss Mary Kennedy, Mr. Charles Stewart, Mr. Myles Murphy, Mrs. Margaret Carden, Mr. Herman Wagner, Mr. Thomas Monaghan, Mr. Henry Russell, Mrs. Lucy Dergert, Mrs. Jennie McGeehand, and Mr. Pietro Ghigliazzo.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the war sufferers: H. O'F., \$5; T. M., \$2; R. E. R., \$2. For the rescue of starving children in China: "In thanksgiving," \$1; H. O'F., \$5. For the Foreign Missions: Friend (Logan), \$3; M. A. S., \$21; B. J. M., \$7. For the plague-stricken in Abyssinia: Child of Mary, \$1. For the Chinese missions: R. O'C., \$6.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. III. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 10, 1916.

NO. 24

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On a Lady Wearing a Locket of the Madonna and Child.

BY J. F.

UPON that soft and heaving breast of thine
Rises and falls, by gentlest breathings stirr'd,
A golden locket, where a face divine
Looks out in love—the Mother of the Lord;
And in her arms a flower-like Babe she beareth,
Lulled into dreams by her deep-taken breath,—
O trustful Maid, who through life's journey weareth
The emblem of thy high and starry faith!

What have I worn for Thee, Thou who didst wear
For me the sharp and circling crown of thorn?
What have I borne for Thee, Thou who didst bear
The ruthless Cross amid the ruthless scorn?
Didst bear the Cross, didst wear the thorn for me?
Nor sign nor symbol have I worn for Thee.

The Solving of a War Problem.

BY WILLIAM P. H. KITCHIN, PH. D.

A PROBLEM arising from the present frightful war, and one that is daily becoming more urgent, is to make adequate provision for the soldiers deprived of one or more of their members. Charity has already accomplished marvels, but charity in the long run often grows cold. Moreover, many of these heroes are too proud to be under an obligation; they wish, now as heretofore, to earn their own living

honorably and to be quite independent. It has been calculated that at present there are some 40,000 French soldiers and some 7000 Belgians who have suffered amputations; these large numbers are daily on the increase, and hence the only prudent method of grappling with the problem was to establish institutions where the maimed soldiers might be taught trades suitable to their infirmities, and Situation Bureaus that would endeavor to provide them with satisfactory employment. Both the French and the Belgian Governments have founded institutions of this nature; and around them have crystallized, so to speak, many associations of private philanthropy.

The Asile S. Maurice, in the suburbs of Paris (Bois de Vincennes), besides sheltering many convalescing soldiers, is also the headquarters of the Institut National-Professionnel des Invalides de la Guerre. There the maimed soldiers are taught trades, whose exercise lies within their strength and is also in accord with their own individual tastes and aptitudes. Among the trades taught are those of tailors, shoemakers, coopers, tinsmiths, machinists (i. e., for the adjustment and repair of agricultural machines); the better-educated men learn industrial designing, typewriting and account-keeping. It is marvellous how quickly the men acquire ease and facility in performing operations hitherto utterly unknown to them. A month's practice is, it seems, sufficient to learn enough of shoemaking to be able to make a living; while three months are necessary before being able

to write legibly with the left hand. In addition to these workrooms the Institut keeps up a branch establishment in Paris itself, in the Rue Rondelet, where eighty soldiers are sheltered and fed, and are taught other trades by private masters. The founders of these professional schools thought, on starting them, that fully a year would be required to put each maimed worker "on his feet" and make him self-supporting. To their surprise and relief, not much more than half that time is necessary.

A fortunate accident opened to the soldiers under consideration a new avenue of endeavor, which antecedently no one would have thought probable or even possible. A lady called Madame Amen, the inventrix and proprietress of a certain artistic method of weaving tapestries, has, since the war began, kept open in Paris five workrooms, whereby she provided a comfortable living for several women who would otherwise be almost starving. One day two discharged soldiers, wandering idly in the city, found their way into one of these workrooms. They watched with fascination the busy and deft fingers treading the maze of intricate patterns, and evolving order and beauty out of chaos. They asked as a favor to be allowed to try their hands at the puzzle; their wish was granted, in much the same way as a mother humors the whims of a child. But, to the amazement of everyone, they soon proved themselves perfectly adapted to the work. Others followed in their footsteps, and to-day there is a large workroom on the Rue Viète, where fifty soldiers earn a good living by weaving tapestries.

The Count de Chaumont-Quitry has devoted himself with the most self-sacrificing zeal and conspicuous success to securing suitable situations for the maimed. He is in intimate touch with all parts of France; he knows the needs, opportunities and possibilities of even the tiniest villages; and wherever a position is to be had, he promptly engages it for

one or other of his protégés. Thus some, through him, have become sacristans in venerable shrines and cathedrals; others, gifted with fine voices, singers in village churches. (In the churches of France men, wearing soutane and surplice, sing at High Mass and Vespers with the *curé* every Sunday; their presence is required at marriages and funerals, and they are paid so much for every religious service at which they assist.) Others, whose dispositions evidently did not lie along ecclesiastical lines, the Count placed as trainers of dogs or horses, or as park and game keepers on gentlemen's estates; others, again, he made polishers of the glasses used in the masks that preserve against poisonous gases. One hardly knows which to admire more—the generosity of the philanthropist devoting himself heart and soul to the service of his fellows, or the pluck of the soldier determined not to be a burden either to country or kin.

Of all the pitiful wrecks of humanity left in the wake of battles, none are sadder, none stand more in need of tactful sympathy and encouragement, than the blind. To find themselves suddenly cut off from the world of light and life, to feel themselves immured beyond release in perpetual darkness, is a most heartbreaking privation; and so the initial step in their training is, as is said, *to learn to be blind*,—i. e., to supply as far as possible by the avenues of their other senses the impressions which they can no longer receive through sight. A special association has been founded to assist these peculiarly helpless victims,—Les Amis des Soldats Aveugles, whose hospice is situated on the Rue de Reuilly. There the sightless soldiers are taught to make brooms and brushes, to manufacture baskets and all kinds of wicker-work. Those who have good voices are taught the Gregorian Chant in order to obtain positions in choirs; others learn massaging, and in this trade several have already made a fair competence; and should any one express a desire to acquire some other

accomplishment, every effort is made to obtain a *blind* master to initiate him.

When these blind soldiers appear in the streets, the people vie with one another in showing them sympathy and stretching them helping hands. At their marriage they are provided with clothes; their home is fitted out with special furniture, in which all the sharp angles have been carefully rounded out. They are also supplied with the tools of their trade and a certain amount of raw material. In the interest of the blind soldiers, M. Huguenot, a prominent actor of Paris, recently made a tour through the large cities of both North and South America, and on his return presented them with more than \$20,000.

The Belgian Institute for maimed soldiers is situated at Port-Villez, a village on a bend of the Seine, between Paris and Rouen. Although barely eight months in existence, it has already attained colossal proportions. It comprises eighty buildings, which cover no less than 20,000 square metres, and shelter 1500 men; while a magnificent farm, worked on the latest scientific principles by the inmates, contributes in no immaterial way to their support. The head of this establishment is M. de Paeuw, a member of one of the most distinguished families of Belgium and chief secretary to the Belgian Minister of War, M. de Broqueville. The institution is under military rule, and the discipline maintained is very strict. The uneducated inmates are obliged to do two hours' school-work every day; for inability to read and write is looked upon as a shameful defect. Forty-two trades are taught, including the somewhat unusual ones of engraving and wig-making. The directors congratulate themselves on having selected for the site of their institution a country village far away from all the large centres. The health of their pupils leaves nothing to be desired, and their moral interests are easily safeguarded. For both these aspects are far from ideal in the case of soldiers located in the big

cities. It may well be supposed that not all "the heroes of the trenches" are saints, and the seductions and temptations of the cities have often caused the Old Adam to assert himself.

It is worthy of remark that these technical schools, by their wise direction of activities, and development of latent and quite unsuspected aptitudes, have succeeded in bettering the economic status of some of their pupils; it seems that no inconsiderable percentage of maimed soldiers, in spite of their infirmity, are able to earn more now than they did previously,—a new instance, and indeed a most striking one, of how Providence draws good from evil. And not less forcibly does this last fact illustrate that Heaven helps those who help themselves.

A Melody in the Prelude.

BY VALENTINE PARAISO.

II.

HERE had been much anxiety in Appleworth over the age of pretty Mrs. Delahay. Another whisper was going round now: people said the poor lady was actually starving. The talk began at the baker's shop. Mrs. Delahay went to pay her bill, as she always did; and looked so pale and sunken-eyed that the good woman, suspecting she was hungry, asked her to taste a scone as a sample of the new sort of flour. Mrs. Delahay said, "No, thank you!" But she consented to sit down a while by the counter, for she felt a little faint.

Then the shopwoman went into the parlor, and brought her out a nice cup of tea; and, though she said, "No, thank you!" she took it at the second asking, and even tasted the scone; and, after the first taste, took all of it. She had a piece of Scotch short-bread, too, after a little pressing,—as a sample, of course; and the color came back to her face. Then they thanked each other very

politely; and the lady said she would be sure to remember and order those cakes, if she wanted any. And so they parted. But the baker's wife shook her head and was afraid the sweet young creature was starving. The whisper even reached Mr. St. Aubyn's housekeeper; and she told the master that she knew for a fact the people next door had no money.

That day he went out by the door at the end of the garden, and sat under the willows, with rod and line. It was a cloudy morning, and his thoughts were overclouded, too. Perhaps he was fishing; perhaps he was only trying to plan something without interruption. Circles rose and spread at the point where his line dipped into the water, but he did not seem to notice them. It was a peaceful place to sit and think, with no risk of being disturbed about household matters. Birds called to each other above the fields and cottage roofs beyond the stream. Close below the grassy bank, the water flowed and flowed forever. Sometimes one caught in the air a slight whiff of malt odor from the brewery far away by the river, and there were distant noises of slow country carts.

A smile overspread St. Aubyn's face. A plan had occurred to him, and he looked amused. But how could he be sure that the business would not be an intrusion? Did he really know that there was no money next door, that some misfortune had happened? Of course, if it was quite certain, the daring deed would be well worth doing.

The rattle of a latch sounded behind him, and the grating of a door on gravel. The "chick" at last, by some strange chance, had found the back entrance unlocked; and here he was—bright hair, blue pinafore, sandals and all,—running out to explore the world.

"O Mr. Mulberry man!" Two small hands clasped the angler's arm; the affectionate little head was rubbing on his shoulder.

To St. Aubyn, the touch of the child

was something delicious. He kept his cheek against the silken hair, and wondered at the delight it must be to mortals to possess for their own a living, loving being like this. Children, he had heard, grew up all too soon. But, then, the boy's growth would bring new interest in a thousand ways: he would know more, love more, and become at last a strong man and a comrade. John St. Aubyn gave a heavy sigh.

The boy put an arm round his stooping neck. For a while the fluffy fair hair mingled with the brown. No doubt, at this point, if the very small friend had been a girl, she would have given a confiding baby kiss to the mulberry man, as the most natural next move. But this was a boy with an eye to practical matters. So the next move was—

"May I fish, too?"

"Certainly not! You must wait for a day when I have my old clothes on."

"Why?"

"It won't be so bad then, if you tumble in."

The "chick" tried to puzzle this out. It was one of the queer things grown-up people amused themselves by saying. He slipped down, and knelt, holding the angler's arm.

"Now, now—don't jog me! I am just getting a bite."

"What are you eating?" the child asked, leaning round in front of him to see.

"I am not eating. The fish is biting."

"You said you were," complained the child, as if he had a grievance. "Where is the fish? Have you 'caught' him?"

The angler said he had not.

"Do you ever catch anything?"

This awkward question was asked persistently, till the angler said:

"Yes, of course I do: I catch a cold."

One could never think what a grown-up person might say next. The "chick" sat on the shelving grass to think it over.

"That's right! Now, mind you don't roll down the bank."

"The bank! Where is the bank?"

"O you dear little gosling, you are sitting on it!"

The small hand patted the ground.

"Is this the bank that broke? Mamma said the bank broke and she has no money. If this bank broke, would I fall in?"

John St. Aubyn dropped his fishing tackle, forgot the fish, and grasped the child by both shoulders. He looked straight into the wondering little face. The "chick" returned the stare with some alarm.

It took only a few moments to put the boy safely inside the widow's door, and to shut it; only another minute to get the ladder and appear above the wall, whistling a tune. The child was at once attracted.

"Well, chick? Does your mother like mulberries?"

Of course she did. Then would the chick run in and bring a plate for some? Mind, it was to be a pretty plate for fruit,—the prettiest in the house. The child went eagerly, and came back with a white cake-plate gilded at the edge, and with a shabby gilt flower in the middle. John St. Aubyn gave a groan as he filled it. The plate could not belong to anything but a cheap tea set.

Next morning a polite note was found in the letter-box of the Queen Anne house: "Mrs. Delahay thanks Mr. St. Aubyn for having been so kind as to send the mulberries. Mrs. Delahay and Bobbie enjoyed them very much." He could have kissed the girlish handwriting, as he put it away in his desk. But his plan was not succeeding. He must try, try, try again.

Next time he asked the child for a bowl: it would hold more than a plate. The "chick" brought one, and laughed with delight at the stains on his friend's fingers, as the bowl was filled; he had thought it was only little boys that got in such a mess.

"O Mr. Mulberry man, look at your hands! You'll have to soak 'em and soak 'em for hours; and then they'll be all bluey red,—they will!"

The man above the wall answered with a groan deeper than that of yesterday. This was a small white basin with a gilt edge,—part of the same set. Had these people nothing but cheap tea things in the house?

On the third morning, the child went foraging for himself, as there was no one in the kitchen; and he brought out the first thing he could lay hands on—a large thick bowl, bright with many colors. The basket was lowered by a rope, and the bowl was drawn up to the top of the wall. Then something distressing happened: his friend up there forgot all about picking mulberries.

"O my stars!" the mulberry man called out; and he mentioned "Great Scott," and held up the bowl, looking at the outside and the inside. "Go into the house this moment, child," he said, "and tell your mother I am coming." And he went down all at once behind the wall like the puppet in the Punch-and-Judy show.

Of course the boy rushed along the strip of garden, and into the widow's kitchen, shouting that the mulberry man had run away with their basin. Directly after, a loud ring sounded at the front door. There was Mr. St. Aubyn with the Japanese china between his hands. Pouring out breathless apologies, he asked if any one here knew the value of this specimen. Mrs. Delahay led him into her humble drawing-room—a chill, half-empty room,—and sent Bobbie to play in the garden. She herself looked all the sweeter, now that he saw her near,—very fair and very young. But she had a thin face and a timid manner. Her color came and went, and her right hand played nervously with the wedding ring that slipped too loosely on the wasted finger of the left. "The bowl is used only in the kitchen," she said gently, with a wondering smile. "I make Bobbie's puddings in it."

Her visitor gasped. He said something about "profanation." The corner of his

eye, with an upward glance, detected suppressed laughter in her face.

"You must know, madam," he said gravely, "that I come of a family of china collectors. My father was commanded to examine the royal collection at Windsor. An ancestor of mine had a famous lawsuit once with a Bond Street dealer—all about a sauceboat. I believe there were seven lawyers, and the handle came off it!"

Mrs. Delahay was laughing now; it did his heart good to see her so merry.

"Well, my dear lady, if you are very much attached to this bowl, I am only a stranger, and I can not ask you to do me a favor. But if you could bring yourself to part with it" (her eyes, with the dark shadows under them, brightened with amusement),—"if you *could*, it would be a wonderful addition to my collection."

It occurred to him at the moment that "wonderful" was a happily chosen word. He called the china "Yamagata." Mrs. Delahay became serious, repeated the Japanese name, and realized her ignorance.

"Yes, you say it rightly,—Yamagata," he repeated. "This is, of its kind, absolutely perfect."

"Do please take it!" said Mrs. Delahay, looking down at him with her childlike smile,—the same sweet smile as that of her little son. "It will be a pleasure to me if you care to have it. You have been so good to Bobbie, and you sent us all those delicious mulberries!"

The expert in china had to explain.

"Madam, you do not know the value of genuine antique Yamagata. If I am to have this bowl—and I *do* want to have it,—you must allow me to pay you at least two hundred pounds. It must be a business transaction. If I pay you two hundred pounds, this will be the best deal in china I have ever done in my life."

"Two—hundred—pounds!" Her face turned white.

"At the very least," he said. "I shall not let this specimen again out of my hands. You must allow me to carry it

away at once, and pay you the money to-day. Accidents may happen. Think of the sauceboat!"

She tried to smile, but her lips trembled and tears filled her eyes. Her face became whiter still. She swayed a little, and held the back of a chair. With an effort she whispered:

"Are you quite sure it is worth all that—two—hundred pounds?"

"Will you have a cheque or notes?" he asked, with businesslike brevity.

The widow made no answer. The poor thing gave a little sob, closed her eyes, and went down silently, in the prettiest way, flat on the floor.

This was very awkward for Mr. St. Aubyn. Afterwards he took a poet's view of it, and thought she had drooped and fallen like a beautiful white flower. But when it happened, there was no time for poetry. He flung the bowl away on a cushioned chair, luckily without a smash. He flew to find the kitchen and to draw water; and he ran back, spilling most of a glassful about the hall. With cold splashes on her face and a few drops between her lips, poor Mrs. Delahay revived, and began at once in a weak voice to apologize profusely. She had never done such a thing before; she was so sorry to trouble Mr. St. Aubyn; she was all right now—indeed, she was,—and so surprised at herself for fainting.

Mr. St. Aubyn went away with the Japanese bowl; and his housekeeper came in, carrying a tray of lunch. Would Mrs. Delahay give them pleasure by accepting it, for she was not well enough to wait upon herself just yet? The widow did accept it, simply because she was hungry; and Bobbie revelled in chicken and jelly and hothouse grapes.

The faithful housekeeper had not heard anything about the bowl or the money. She was quite sure the master had been so mad as to propose to the pretty widow. Poor dear Mr. John had forgotten how crooked he was, and the lady had very properly fainted on the spot. What a

pity he had not waited for Mrs. Delahay to know him better! Somebody might get fond of him—who knows?—but not at first sight.

III.

The very next day after the deal in china, the owner of the Queen Anne house went travelling abroad; and when he came back to Appleworth, it was springtime. He called at Mrs. Delahay's. The hall and drawing-room were bright with golden daffodils; the place was transformed,—full of comfort. Master Bobbie ran in first to welcome him. Alas! the two little hands had not to stretch up far to embrace the stooped neck of John St. Aubyn. Then came the child's young mother, looking more girlish than ever, in gray; with her face a sweet oval, as it ought to be; with cheeks aglow, and eyes no longer sunken; there was even a dimple when she smiled. Oh, yes, he thought, that had been a grand deal in china,—the best business ever done since the Queen Anne house was built.

The widow was soon invited to see the St. Aubyn collection. The "chick" playing in the garden had a new world to explore; while to his mother was shown a bewildering variety of porcelain and the ware of all nations in glass cases and cabinets. Her own Yamagata bowl was upon a side table, reposing on red velvet.

When music began in the drawing-room, the child noiselessly peeped in at the door. First appeared his fair face and hair blown fluffy with the wind, and a white belted coat.

"Come in, chick!" Mr. St. Aubyn called; he said something about a harmony in cream and gold. No doubt Bobbie made a picture against the background of brown panelling.

The boy came and stood by the curve of the grand piano, looking over the polished expanse of its top, and marking its edge with cloudy marks from the grasp of little fingers.

His mother was there, too, conscious that she understood little more than the

child. She had drawn near to watch and listen. Wonder, admiration, and something like pity, filled her soul. There were exquisite bits of melody, but they always changed into something else: queer discords; abrupt pauses; pleading notes prolonged and repeated, as if a voice was praying with insistence and tears. There were outbursts of sadness beyond human language, and afterwards triumphant chords that awoke a vague love and longing. Every change of feeling was reflected in the face of the man at the keyboard. There he was with his back rounded and his poor shoulders up; his head tossing or bowed as the music swayed him; his dreamy hazel eyes almost luminous.

The listener found herself thinking of bygone sorrows—and of the other life, the heaven of peace, where death shall be no more, nor any parting. She thought, too, of her child,—her darling here, with his soft cheek encircled by her arm. And did she think of any one else? Had there not been more than friendship in those letters? Was it not affection? Self-reproach touched her, and made her for a moment forget the music. Was she faithful to the memory of her "dear Dick"? Ah, surely she was! She thought of the drawer upstairs in her house, where she kept a pale blue sash and a little pair of white kid gloves, somewhat yellowed now by time. She had put these by after her first dance, never to be touched by other hands; for that evening she had met her first love. How could she ever think of any one but dear, dear Dick? And was there not a promise? Certainly she had wished to make it, but he would not let her, he was so good, so generous!

From these romantic dreams she was recalled by a perfect storm of noise. The child clung to the folds of her dress. The man was flinging upon the instrument all the power of his body and soul,—hammering with wild arms, sending chords struggling and crashing after each other. The whole place seemed to rock and roar.

The floor and windows shook; the china chinked on far-off shelves. No one could call it music: it was horrible, terrifying. Mrs. Delahay drew back, with dread on her face.

But there was a sudden silence, and he began the most beautiful melody ear ever heard. Her eyes filled with unbidden tears. What language was this? Was it a human thing,—a mother with kisses and tenderness lulling the child of her love? Or was it something heavenly,—the suggestion of an angel singing in ecstasy, while the left hand was sweeping up and down a shadowy bass “like the sound of many harpers”? Whatever it was, the song merged all too soon into mere confusion. The man seemed to be feeling about and making mistakes. Then the recitative began again, pleading, begging.

“Do you always play from memory?” the listener asked. She thought he was forgetting.

He looked up.

“I was improvising. This is my Prelude. It is what I like best to play. All our life here is a prelude,—nothing more!”

He took his hands from the piano.

“But you did not finish it?”

“Yes. It just ends anywhere.”

Mrs. Delahay looked puzzled,—very naturally.

“I must try to explain,” he said. “Everything in our life is changing and unfinished. I could not make my Prelude end like an early Victorian piece of music, with a nice little chord up in the treble, and one in the middle, and two in the bass. Oh, no! In the Prelude we call Life things are not arranged that way. All changes: nothing is complete.”

This was new and somewhat distressing to pretty Mrs. Delahay. She was trying to think it out, just as her child sometimes tried to understand the strange things grown-up people said. “Don’t let us be too serious,” he began again, smiling now. “It is much better that everything should be transient, unsatisfying: that

we should be denied the very things we want the most. Otherwise, we might forget that this was only the Prelude.”

Then his hands, touching the keys, awoke quite a different kind of music,—light and quaint, the echo of some harpsichord of two centuries ago.

“We must have something gay for you,” he said. “I enjoy playing Old-World dances here—sarabands, pavaues. This is a charming minuet, as old as the house, and older.”

Her foot could not help moving in time with the rhythm. As for the child, he went pirouetting away by himself over the polished floor.

“You see!” St. Aubyn was nodding towards the little white figure. “Dancing—the movement of joy—is natural to everything young. That is why Fra Angelico painted the angels dancing in circles in Paradise,—beautiful beings in vermilion and azure. Yes, the angels are eternally young. So are those souls who have entered upon immortal youth,—those happy souls who have passed beyond the Prelude.”

His voice sank to a whisper; in the last words he had been—talking to himself. Surely an earthly dance had never before been played with such unearthly thoughts.

When it ended, they came back to the everyday world again. Tea was ready at a little table spread with the most precious of Crown Derby china. On the white cloth, it looked like a lavish display of jewels and gold.

A few days after, Mr. St. Aubyn returned the widow’s visit; and, inspecting what she thought her worthless china, he took a fancy to “an incomparable plate” and “a gem of a saucer.” Next morning he came with a roll of bank-notes, and insisted upon buying those two specimens to be put in a glass case. He would not have a gift,—no! They almost quarrelled—so far as there could be a quarrel in an affectionate and polite manner. This was not to be a present: it was to be a “business transaction.” If he was

to have the incomparable plate and the gem of a saucer, she must accept the price; and here was the money, and he was wrapping the crockery in two silk handkerchiefs. Mr. St. Aubyn was a friend, but the china collector was adamant. Friendship was not to be mixed up with business.

Then came a shock. Mrs. Delahay and her child had gone to London for a day; and, in the region of Holborn, the "chick" dragged his mother with wild excitement to a shop window. It was a sort of antique furniture and curiosity dealer's; and there on sale was a bowl—no—two bowls—three bowls,—exactly like that Yamagata treasure in which, in her ignorance, Mrs. Delahay had so often beaten up eggs! Perhaps Mr. St. Aubyn would like to have those also. She went into the shop timidly. The man (who looked Oriental, with a red fez and tassel) threw away his cigarette, put down his newspaper, and came from the back of the store. Mrs. Delahay asked the price of those Japanese bowls in the window, explaining that she was only asking the price for a friend; she knew it was Yamagata china, and very valuable; but would he kindly tell her?

"Where—what do you call it?"

She had to repeat three times, "Yamagata." And she pointed to the valuable specimens.

The man with the red fez behaved in the most shockingly rude manner. He clapped a hand on each side of his waist, and roared out laughing.

"My good lady, where did you get hold of that name? There was a Japanese general called Yamagata. But it is not the name of china. Those bowls are two shillings each, madam; they show tea in them at the grocer's."

The price was ridiculous,—about half a dollar.

"How much did you think they were worth?" he asked, as if he was questioning a child; and she could not help answering, though nervously:

"Oh, a great deal! There is a china like that worth hundreds of pounds,—real Yamagata."

At this he laughed aloud again, and had the audacity to pat her arm with a big fat hand loaded with rings.

"Madam, you have been imposed upon. Have you been giving a high price for that common stuff?"

"I did not!" she said. "It was somebody else." And, holding Bobbie's hand she made a swift retreat, almost in tears.

Returning home, she went alone and at once to the Queen Anne house, asked for Mr. St. Aubyn, and told her tale. He had made a mistake; and what would she do,—whatever would she do? The money should be given back some time—some time; but so much of it was spent, she could not now, indeed.

At this point the effort of self-control became impossible, and Mrs. Delahay, sitting by the table, covered her quivering face, and wept as if her heart would break.

"Oh, don't,—don't!" he said, walking up and down. "If all the china was smashed, it wouldn't be worth this."

For once his soothing touch was on her shoulder as he told her to be brave; and then he was gone again.

"I did not make any mistake," he said emphatically. "Did he say there was no Yamagata china? I wish I had that donkey here to talk to him!"

Mrs. Delahay sat back in her chair again, and began to smile.

"Those bowls were not your bowl," John St. Aubyn said. He was very indignant and much excited. "Now, think! We have Lord Derby and Crown Derby china. Why should there not be china of the same name as a general?"

"Why not, of course?" said the gentle Mrs. Delahay. "But it did upset me so."

"Very well. Then, you see, even some dealers are ignorant; and there are cheap imitations of everything good."

"Of course—yes," she assented again,

much comforted, and drying her eyes. "I—I think he was a very ignorant man. He had a red fez on. I thought he was like Bluebeard."

"Had he?" said St. Aubyn, reflectively. "Well, then, you must promise me, my dear" (he actually said "my dear"),—"you must promise me not to go near those Turks or Jews again."

"Indeed—indeed, I won't!"

"Because, you see, Mrs. Delahay, I must tell you, you are very easily taken in. So don't go into old curiosity shops, looking for specimens for the St. Aubyn collection. You won't go pricing any of these things for me again, will you? Please don't!"

"No, no,—I promise you!" She began to laugh. "Do you think he was really a Turk?"

And she looked so distractingly pretty, with the blushes, tears and smiles, all mingling, that he said impulsively:

"Mrs. Delahay, you want some one to take care of you, just as Bobbie does!"

"I am afraid I do," she answered, laughing; and, flushing still a rosier pink at such an admission, she shook hands and was gone—

"All kinds o' smiley round the lips
And teary round the lashes."

Mr. St. Aubyn held the door open, and looked after her.

"John," he said to himself solemnly, "you were in a tight corner there. That boy is too sharp. He saw it in the window, did he?" The admirer of the "chick" smiled with delight, and shook a clenched fist. "Well, well; the business transaction had a narrow escape. It's all right now, though, as she has promised. And what a child she is!"

Afterwards, in his reverie at the piano, he began to be doubtful about the Prelude. His fingers rejoiced in making melody. And why should everything be unfinished, unsatisfying? There were such beautiful things in life, after all. Here was this friendship. It enriched his life.

Like "the devout lover" in the song, he would "worship at her shrine." Then came a sudden question to his heart,—a startling question, entirely new in his experience. Was this a friendship at all? Had it not, on his side; another name?

Well, if it were so, he would be content that she should never know,—content to worship and protect her. Their friendship would be a joy, fresh every day and lasting forever. It would be the happiness of his life,—a love like that of the blessed spirits whom the Angelico had painted circling "in vermilion and azure" in Paradise. And so our poet—our poor crooked John St. Aubyn—forgot that he was not already in heaven.

(Conclusion next week.)

My Heart's Garden.

BY LILLIAN BEINKAMPEN.

WITHIN the garden of my heart

Most precious flowers bloom,—

There tender thoughts of those most dear

Unfold their sweet perfume.

Violets and heart's-ease keep

Their faces near the sod;

But lilies are for Heaven's high court,

And roses bloom for God.

The cypress vines, with crimson stars,

Are earth-hopes frail and slender;

But lily cups have incense rare;

And roses, heavenly splendor.

Ah, once the wayward brier-rose

Above the wall climbed high,

And flung the fragrance from her heart

To creatures passing by.

"O little Rose, turn back!" I cried.

"Your wealth is for the King.

Waste not your sweets: no perfect joy

Can earthly creatures bring."

With humble mind and burning love

I bring my blossoms sweet,

And offer to my Lord His own,

And lay them at His feet.

A Great American Catholic Scientist.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M. D., PH. D.

(CONCLUSION.)

IN 1892 Professor Hilgard revisited Europe; and, as Professor Wickson in his article in *Science* says, "he was received with distinguished honor by his colleagues in science in the German universities and experiment stations, and accepted many invitations to deliver public addresses on the subjects in which he had made his chief achievements." For nearly twenty years after this, however, though he was then nearly sixty years of age, Professor Hilgard continued to be interested in scientific subjects.

Something of the thorough and far-reaching scientific work which Hilgard did at the University of California will probably be best realized from the account written by a colleague, who saw it close up, and who appreciated its value in every way. Hilgard was the great pioneer in this country of the doctrine that agricultural studies must count alongside of any other applied scientific subjects in university curricula. His success in bringing this out, in conciliating the farmers on the one hand, and the faculty on the other, as well as his tact in obtaining the necessary material assistance,—all this is emphasized by his colleague, Professor Wickson, who writes:

"Of the many and various problems which he faced at the beginning of his work there, three seem at this moment to give the best clue to the masterfulness of the man, and the fullest understanding of the breadth and depths of his success. First: the conciliation and conquest of his farming constituency, by demonstration of practical and indispensable value in the work he could do. Second: the enforcement of recognition of agricultural studies as entitled to the dignity of higher learning, and as possessed of pedagogic value. Third: the securing of funds to pursue research which could alone yield

truth about natural conditions affecting California farming; and to increase his working force, without which he could neither get the truth nor teach it in its several branches and applications."

Ordinarily it would be assumed that a man who takes for his field what might well seem the rather narrow specialty of agricultural chemistry, and who devotes himself to helping the farmers raise more and better crops than they were raising before, would not have very wide intellectual interests. Thanks to his father's early training, however, Hilgard had the deep and broad foundation of a liberal education. Far from being exclusively occupied with science, he knew his Latin and his Greek well, and kept up his acquaintance with them, and, as the years advanced came to know their literatures very thoroughly. Besides this unusual qualification in a science professor, only one of the professors of languages at the University of California in those days could surpass Professor Hilgard in conversational scope in the living languages. He had practically two native tongues—German and English,—spoke Spanish and French well, and could read without difficulty the scientific periodicals in practically any modern language. Almost needless to say, this gave him a wonderful facility in the acquisition of information, and in the looking up of references to work in which he was interested, no matter where it might be published. Professor Wickson says of his literary and scientific attainments: "He was thus able ultimately to command the interest and respect of both the scientific and classical portions of the university community in his service to the State. He was always broader than his own science. He was a real man and a true philosopher."

For himself, he felt that these wide interests in literature and world-thought, far from serving as a source of too great distraction from his scientific work, only helped to provide a needed and thorough diversion of mind. From his excursions

into literature he came back all the more eager for his scientific work, and with a mind sharpened by the rest thus afforded to do much better work than would have been possible without this complete diversion. As a friend and colleague said of him, "he loved all this learning, and constantly used it familiarly; while, beyond all conscious employment of it, there it was forming his thought, gracing his style, and in every way influencing his action and enriching his life." He himself felt that his classic and literary education had added greatly to his power of enjoyment in life, and that without it life would almost have been hopelessly one-sided and narrow. He felt, besides, that this literary and classical training, far from being in any way a handicap, was a real help in his life's work, enabling him to understand men, helping him in his administration, and above all forming the basis of valuable friendships with men of classical and literary interests.

Probably the best evidence that we have had in this country for years of the value of classical and literary training even to a scientist is thus to be found in Professor Hilgard's life. He furnishes the demonstration that a scientific training may be of the greatest service to help a man to make a living, but that the classics and literature are important for life. A man must not only make his living, but he must also make something out of life for himself and others; and of this result the rounded development of mind which comes from literary and classical training is one of the most important elements.

Professor Hilgard was all his life an intensely busy man. He was almost literally never idle; and, as Professor Loughridge says, "while engaged in solving old problems in relation to soil fertility and to plant life, he was ever on the alert for new ones." There are hundreds of his articles published in the reports of the agricultural stations, in scientific journals both foreign and domestic, in government publications, and

the like. During his thirty-five years of active service in the University of California he allowed himself but one vacation of a year, and that was spent abroad. During that year he met foreign colleagues, talked over with them their common interests, demonstrated his work at many schools, lectured, took notes, read extensively; and many people might think that that was one of the busiest intellectual years of his life.

He got his recreation by turning from science to literature, but constantly occupying his mind deeply. Even during the university vacations he was constantly occupied with what most people would consider rather serious work. It might well be expected that, under these circumstances, his life would be unusually short; for he would seem to have been burning the candle at both ends. Nevertheless, he lived to be past eighty-three years of age, and actually continued his university work until he was nearly eighty. After that he maintained his membership in several scientific societies, and was vitally interested to the last in investigations connected with his science.

Far from being an exception in this matter of reaching old age with over three-score years of the most active work behind him, Hilgard is only one of a series of men of his generation, in the nineteenth century, who—like Virchow and Gladstone abroad, and Dr. Emmet and S. Weir Mitchell and many others in this country,—deeply interested in science or in politics and at the same time in literature, reached their four-score years and over. They got their rest in life not by trying to do nothing, but by diverting their minds with some other kind of work in which they were nearly as much interested as in their vocation. This gave their minds the only genuine mental rest that is possible. Under these conditions, quite other faculties are used; and the physical basis of these faculties so occupies the blood, for the time being, that it does not disturb

other portions of the brain, but leaves them to absolute quiet and rest.

Professor Hilgard's life and its influence is well summed up in the following tribute from a colleague who knew him personally, had followed his work closely, and was thoroughly aware of all that his personality and labors meant for his generation: "The result of Hilgard's labors are in the warp of California's first half century of intellectual and industrial life. He was quick to see his opportunities for public service, to recognize his duty therein, and he was masterful and tireless in pursuit of it. He was bold in conquest of truth, and fearless in his use of it for the interest of mankind; seizing gladly the smallest fact from research and pressing it to the humblest service, but always perceiving and enforcing the relations of both the fact and the service to the broadest interests of his State and his fellowmen. *Thus all came to know him as richly wise, unswervingly true, and deeply patriotic and humanistic,—a man whose thinking was as clear and whose motives were as unselfish as his service of them was forceful and effective.*" (Italics ours.)

Here, then, was a distinguished scientist, a tireless worker, and an ardent delver after truth not only for its own sake but principally for the value that it was to humanity; who was at the same time a faithful, pious Catholic, as fine an example for edification in religious matters as he was for devotion to research and untiring industry in the pursuit of science. His broad education, his wide interests, and above all his deep faith, made him wise and tactful beyond the majority of men. His knowledge of science, far from lessening his faith or weakening it in any way, seems rather to have strengthened it. Pasteur once declared that the more he knew, the stronger his faith became; and such a man of science, far from being an exception, rather represents the rule. Morgagni, the father of modern pathology; Galvani and Volta, the great founders of

electricity; Theodor Schwann, the father of the Cell doctrine; Johann Müller, the founder of modern German medicine, and many others, were just as faithful Catholics as Hilgard in our time, and found the same source of consolation in their religion.

Professor Hilgard accomplished much that must have been a source of eminent satisfaction and happiness to him for life, because of his wide knowledge and his tactful personal character, but still more because of the good fortune which had given him a fine classical education in his youth, and brought him into the bosom of the Church in his early twenties. He himself would have been the first to declare, as the shadows of life lengthened toward the end, that his Catholicity had been the crown of life for him, and the source of more that was valuable to him personally than anything else.

In a word, his life represents so many contradictions of notions that are commonly entertained by those without religion, and of expressions frequently heard with regard to the narrowing, intolerant influence of religion, and the lack of liberality of mind in scientific matters which is proclaimed as so sure to go with adhesion to Catholicity, that it seems worth while to emphasize those features of the career of Professor Hilgard which are direct evidence of the contrary. The accounts written by those who were closest to him during life show him to us as a good citizen, a faithful helper of others, an enthusiastic scientist, yet withal a devout Catholic, who, in four-score years and more, did ever so much to make life more livable for others, and to leave behind him a precious heritage of new knowledge.

HAS a sensible man ever been seen to visit the abodes of people attacked with some violent pestilence, with the intention of amusing and diverting himself? Who, then, can doubt that bad books carry with them a pestilence equally real?

—Descartes.

A Confessor of the Faith.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

FATHER JOSEPH OHRWALDER, who died at Omdurman, near Khartoum, on August 8, 1913, at the age of fifty-seven, was a heroic confessor of the faith, who had not only suffered long years of imprisonment and slavery rather than deny the Cross of Christ, but had actually on one occasion made the choice between apostasy and death on the execution ground, with the sword drawn to slay him, only to see the martyr's crown denied him by the persecutors, who sent him back to prison in the hope that prolonged hardship and misery would break down his constancy. For ten years he lived thus in the midst of suffering and in constant peril of death, and then came his marvellous deliverance from captivity.

He was a son of the Catholic Tyrol, born at a farmhouse near Meran, in 1856. A vocation, first to the priesthood, and then to the Foreign Missions, brought him to the Missionary Seminary of Verona, an institution founded by the generous piety of the Emperor Francis Joseph in the days when Austria still ruled in Venetia.

This mission college at Verona had had assigned to it, more than fifty years ago, one of the most difficult fields of work in Africa—the mission of the Eastern Soudan, on the upper course of the Nile. In the present day—when, until the war temporarily interrupted the traffic, tourists went by steamer and rail to Khartoum, and found splendid hotels there, and a brilliant winter season of amusements,—we can hardly realize how remote the region was, and how difficult of access, when Mgr. Comboni took the first band of missionaries up to the Nile, to this starting point for his mission into lands that were then visited only by hardy explorers. The climate was so deadly, under the then existing conditions of life on the Soudanese Nile, that of the first band of missionaries one-half died within

a year. Others took their places. Little could be done among the Arabs of the Soudan, but among the indigenous Nuba tribes converts were made. There was a church at Khartoum, another at El Obeid, and several mission stations among the hills of that province. There was also a house at Cairo, where the missionaries on arriving in Egypt could wait a while to acclimatize themselves and learn Arabic. All these establishments owed their foundation and maintenance to the generosity of the Austrian Emperor.

This was the state of affairs when in 1879, immediately after his ordination, Father Ohrwalder went out to the Nile. He was sent to the mission station of Delen, in the El Obeid district. Then came the Mahdist revolt; and while the Mahdi was besieging El Obeid a party of dervishes raided Delen, destroyed the church, and carried off Father Ohrwalder a prisoner to the camp of the false prophet, where one of his colleagues, Father Bonomi, was also brought as a captive.

Mollahs were sent to argue with the priests and try to convert them to the Mahdist form of Mohammedanism. When these efforts failed, they were told that they had to choose between acceptance of the new creed and death; and one day they were brought under escort to the parade where 40,000 of the soldiers of the Mahdi were drawn up, with the false prophet at their head. They were told that they were to be beheaded, and were ordered to kneel and bow their heads. Father Ohrwalder and his companion knelt at once in expectation of martyrdom. But the Mahdi told them he would spare them in the hope that 'God would bring them to the truth,' and they were led back to prison. There, after the fall of El Obeid, they were joined by another prisoner, Father Rossignoli.

For ten weary years Father Ohrwalder was the slave of the Mahdi and his successor, the Khalifa,—often in prison, at other times enjoying a restricted liberty. Khartoum had fallen. The Soudan had

been abandoned. The Anglo-Egyptian garrisons had withdrawn to the new frontier at Wadi Halfa. For once, a wave of barbarism had driven back a civilized power, and there had grown up a Mahdist empire extending from the Great Lakes to the Second Cataract of the Nile, and from Kordofan to the Red Sea. Mgr. Comboni had died, and Mgr. Sogaro had succeeded him as Vicar Apostolic of the Soudan; but the mission now possessed only the house at Cairo, where the Veronese Fathers waited, hoping against hope for better days.

The Anglo-Egyptian War Office at Cairo had organized a special Intelligence Department for the Soudan, which had its network of secret agencies among the Arab tribes and in all the centres of Mahdism, and even in Omdurman, the new capital of the Mahdist Empire. Some day perhaps the story of this organization will be written, and once more it will be found that truth can be stranger than fiction. In the winter of 1891, Major Wingate, the head of the Intelligence Department (now Sir Reginald Wingate, the sirdar or commander-in-chief of the Egyptian Army), and Mgr. Sogaro decided to make an attempt to secure the freedom of some of the captives at Omdurman. Communication was opened with them by Wingate's native agents, who also provided the means for their escape. On the night of November 29 the attempt was made; and, escorted by some of Wingate's Arabs, Father Ohrwalder, with two nuns, and a native woman who had attached herself to them, slipped out of the city to a place, where camels were waiting, and began their long ride northward across the desert. They were pursued; but, after terrible sufferings and more than one narrow escape, they reached the fort of Murat, the Egyptian outpost in the Korosko desert. Thence they were sent on to Cairo, where they arrived on December 21, 1891.

Writing of Father Ohrwalder's experiences soon after his escape, Wingate

remarked that it was a marvel he had survived such hardships, and went on to say:

In spite, however, of all that he has endured, Father Ohrwalder longs for the time when it may be possible for him to return to the Soudan and continue the mission work so suddenly and hopelessly interrupted since 1882.

The prisoner of the Mahdi returned for a short time to his native mountains of the Tyrol, to take his first rest after ten years. But it was a brief holiday. He was soon back at Cairo, writing the German narrative, which Wingate published in 1892, in a free translation, entitled "Ten Years in the Mahdi's Camp."

The publication of the book was a great event. It came to the world as a revelation. It gave an inner view of the dervish revolt, told for the first time the true story of the fall of Khartoum and the death of General Gordon, and revealed the growing dissensions that were already weakening the power of the barbarian empire that had sprung into being so strangely in the lands of the Upper Nile. In a few months the book went through nine editions. It helped to make history by preparing public opinion for the reconquest of the Soudan, begun by Kitchener's advance on Dongola four years later.

Father Ohrwalder might well have claimed a right to a quiet time at the house of the Veronese mission Fathers in Cairo. But he was eager to be at work again. He could not go back to the Upper Nile, but he went to Suakin on the Red Sea coast, where he served as military chaplain to the garrison during a series of dervish attacks on the place, and at the same time did some work among the native population. In 1898 Kitchener fought the decisive battle of Omdurman, and next year Wingate met in battle and destroyed the last force of Mahdism.

Father Ohrwalder hurried back to the Soudan, and spent the rest of his life at Omdurman, now reduced to the status of a native suburb of the restored city of

Khartoum. He had the satisfaction of seeing the new Catholic cathedral of Khartoum built and consecrated, and the Soudan mission reorganized on a solid basis. In Omdurman he built a chapel and opened a school. A Protestant writer, Dr. Budge, of the British Museum, who went to the Soudan in the winters of 1905 and 1906 to explore the ruins of Napata and Meroe, writes thus of Father Ohrwalder's work:*

Among the European institutions in the Soudan, which are working silently for the good of the people of that country, must be mentioned the school conducted by Father Ohrwalder in the heart of Omdurman. The history of the trials and sufferings of this devout man are well known to every reader of Slatin Pasha's "Fire and Sword in the Soudan," and Sir Reginald Wingate's translation of Father Ohrwalder's narrative, which appeared under the title of "Ten Years in the Mahdi's Camp." After his escape from the Khalifa's clutches, Father Ohrwalder labored in Suakin; but as soon as possible he returned to Omdurman, where he now directs a school with conspicuous success. He has cast in his lot with the natives of that town, and teaches the elements of civilization and practical religion to their children in his characteristic whole-hearted manner. His continuous residence in the town gives to his work the consistency which is necessary for success; and the example of his life, his obedience to the divine commands and the thoroughness of his ministrations, can not fail to give to all the natives who are brought into contact with his personality, some idea of the beauty of the religion of his Master, Christ, whose loyal servant he undoubtedly is.

This non-Catholic testimony is a sufficient account of the last years of this brave confessor of the faith. Humble as he was self-sacrificing, he always spoke lightly of his sufferings in captivity, and seemed to think his greatest hardship was his sudden reprieve when he was awaiting the sword stroke, and the crown of martyrdom appeared to be within his grasp. Martyr in will, confessor in long endurance, apostle of the faith to the last, his career has added a new glory to the record of the Catholic people of whose heroic mountain land he was so worthy a son.

* Budge, "The Egyptian Soudan: Its History and Antiquities."

From Army Chaplains' Letters.

BY AN ENGLISH CORRESPONDENT.

IN a recent letter from Salonica, an army chaplain gives his address as "The Hermitage," and explains that his house is "a hole hewn out of the solid rock, in a ravine between the hills," near the first line trenches. "I have chopped a recess out of the rock" (at the back of the cave), "and say Mass each weekday. On Sunday I say two Masses, generally under God's own vaulted cathedral roof. Once the table for the altar did not turn up (it had been lent to the Protestants); so I stepped down into the trench, stood on the firing step, and used the parapet for an altar." The British trenches were, at the time he wrote, still looking grimly across the valley towards an invisible foe that gave no sign of life.

In the letters of another chaplain, we have graphic glimpses of the Dardanelles expedition. Army letters (most of us in England know by now) are scribbled slips of thin paper, marked on the envelope "on active service," and "passed by the censor"—but mysterious, coming without postage stamp or postmark.

"... Ordered khaki yesterday, and to-day you would not know me; we wear helmets." This is the first indication of the East. "Such a boat—used for the frozen meat trade. Everything in the most hopeless muddle." Then, after a lapse of time: "Miles and miles of sand; one huge camp; scorchingly hot." This is Egypt. "... Dreadful dust storm and locusts on Monday; dark and thick as a London fog; hot, burning wind; lasted twenty-four hours." Then the scene changes: "We are on an almost deserted island; I can not tell you where. It is a marble island, that used to have great quarries in olden times. As we go on deck in the early morning, gentle aromatic breezes are wafted to us." Before reaching

the island, there had been terrible happenings to another ship. "Had we been two hours later, there is no doubt we should have been torpedoed. The morning before, I had said the Mass of the Angels. . . . However, it brought me a good Communion on Sunday morning, especially of sailors from the 'Canopus.'"

From the scented breezes of the Greek island, it is but a swift transition to the unnamed "peninsula"; the air is full of deafening bombardment,—the bombardment of both continents; over a hundred French and English transports; a wonderful sight; glorious hot weather. Bombardment makes writing difficult. . . ."

The landing is mentioned only when the wireless had already made known the news. The Dublin Fusiliers had "lost more than half their number." The Australians, at their own part of the shore, had flung away their gear, and charged up the steep, and "covered themselves with glory." A hasty visit afterwards to the top showed that they were well provided with priests; and the place of the writer was with a brigade at the British landing place, where the wire entanglements had already been rushed. "Wounded and dying coming in every three or four minutes. . . . We would lie on the beach for a while with shells breaking all around,—thousands of Turks sniping at us from the cover of the woods." The famous "Goeben" that ran into Turkish waters at the beginning of the war, was now unpleasantly near. "Each morning from the other side of the peninsula the great guns of the 'Goeben' spare our men the trouble of calling us. . . . To-day I was in a boat, and an aeroplane dropped bombs close to us. '*Sub tuum præsidium*' keeps me quite safe."

After nearly a fortnight from the landing, the "deafening and continuous bombardment" was still going on. In odd moments a line could be scribbled "near my ambulance under a huge apricot tree. . . . Hundreds of sick and dying were brought in,—Irish, Scottish and

Lancashires." On busy nights the work went on till dawn. "Two thousand wounded in two days" are mentioned, all having to be seen, so that no Catholic might die without the Sacraments. If the man was unconscious, and his identification disc could not be found, it was the chaplain's duty to examine the soldier's small belongings, his pocketbook and papers, to gather evidence of his religion; and if there was any sign that he was a Catholic, he would be anointed.

These vast numbers of wounded were left only a few hours on the Gallipoli peninsula; if it was possible to transfer them, they were taken away by sea to Malta or Alexandria. When the army chaplain was not busy with the dying, he was provided with a dug-out to sleep in, like the soldiers; for no part of that region was safe from shell fire. . . . "I can make an excellent composition of place in my dug-out at night,—just like a grave, cold and clammy." He had a soldier's rest, wrapped in a rug laid on waterproof at the bottom of this "grave"; and one letter described the animal life of the place,—the processions of ants, the bats and moths of immense size, and mice with beady eyes looking at him before the candle was blown out.

Mass was said every morning in the open, amid a large encircling crowd of kneeling soldiers, with many daily communicants. A new spot had often to be chosen when the old place was found to be dangerous. "The 'Goeben' was making a tremendous roar during Mass. It was distracting, as I was in the open, and at times the shrapnel fell quite near; a lot of horses on one side and Indians on the other, and the sun shining full into my eyes. . . . Have seen no bed but the ground, and no roof but the sky. Shells get louder and more frequent. During confessions yesterday, they broke quite near me; and then we moved, and sat in a ditch with our feet in the water. This is as good as a mission,—confessions everywhere, and in such numbers. Mass

every day in the open air. During a perfect shower of shells on Sunday last, no one moved; one struck the tree against which the altar was placed, but failed to explode." Twenty-two is mentioned as the number of soldier communicants on one weekday. Frequently there were hymns sung at Mass; and on Sunday the Benediction service was sung immediately after, the blessing, by special privilege, being given with the crucifix.

Many of the non-Catholic soldiers of the Dardanelles expedition asked for badges of the Sacred Heart, and wore them on the front of their caps when they were going into the trenches, expecting a rough time. There were conversions, as there always are when Catholic faith and practice can be shown to earnest men. Here all were engaged in the same strenuous enterprise, which time has since shown to have been a heroic but hopeless task; they were day and night in peril; many of them were to fill part of the "hundred-thousand graves."

It is no wonder, then, that the army chaplain's work included the instruction of converts. Perhaps the most remarkable case was that of a French officer, who found himself close to an exploding shell from the Asiatic side,—“Black Kate from Asia” the soldiers called this variety. The man had grown up in France without religion, and had called himself an atheist. “O God, save me!” he cried out, in French, at the moment of danger. Afterwards he had the honesty to come to the priest and be instructed and received into the Church. He had discovered that he was not an atheist. “Black Kate” had done an angel's work and effected a conversion. The writer had plenty of experience of such shells,—“great black things that come crashing over from Asia, with a noise like a railway train held up on end, and then crashing down,—engine, carriages and all flung onto each other.” Another description is “like the tumbling down of the whole of Westminster Cathedral.” “Deafening” and “nerve-destroy-

ing” are the commonest adjectives applied to shell-thunder in this war.

One has to live in such a country to understand the Biblical allusion to “the burden of the day and the heat.” “Just a line to tell you that I am still alive, though only partially. The heat is tremendous. . . . And the dust! . . . You see, the ground is all clay, which after six rainless weeks is all ground to powder.” There were hours of the day when it was almost impossible to move, and yet when miles of scorching dust had to be traversed between the trenches and the base. “We have such insects, too! Ants everywhere, of all sizes and kinds; beetles, and even scorpions and snakes. . . . The flies, the flies, the flies,—on my hands, my face, my pen! I dress entirely in mustard-color drill.”

Beyond the “congestion of troops,” there was hill-country with “an extraordinary wealth of flowers,—high and low hills; valleys slightly wooded; fields of scarlet poppies and blue campanula; heaps of yellow jasmine; great masses of wild white roses that you can scent five minutes away; mulberries, figs, and apricots; hills covered with pink blooms. One day is the same as another, ‘in perils often’—but ‘*Sub tuum præsidium* wards off all. . . . Just had to jump into my dug-out to avoid a shell.”

The Eastern continent that was joining in the shell fire was from some points in sight. Before the extreme pressure of exhausting heat and rainless dust made it almost a superhuman effort to move, or even to keep alive, there came this pleasant glimpse of refreshment at the end of June, the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul; afterwards existence in Gallipoli became a struggle against sickness: “I often sit in a lovely spot about sunset, on a hill, under an olive tree, watching on one side the bombardment of the guns” (the fire of the Allies), “and on the other the blue-violet waters of Morto Bay, and looking hardly a mile away the light-washed shores and mountains of Asia.”

Not for Us to Know.

THE vagaries of learned professors are generally disregarded when they are published in newspapers, which few persons read attentively or think of preserving; but they are more or less deplorable when they appear in book form and attract the attention of people who think. Prof. F. J. C. Hearnshaw has just published a volume of essays on subjects of great importance, in one of which he expresses the opinion that the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount are quite unpractical doctrine for individuals at present, and asserts that 'Christ's mistake in believing the second advent imminent is answerable for much tragic and ludicrous disaster.' We fail to understand how disaster can ever be ludicrous. But let that pass. What we wanted to point out is that there are some things in the Scriptures "hard to be understood" even by learned professors. But they, of all persons, should be the last to base their opinion of the subject in question on the narrowest interpretation of Our Lord's words.

Concluding his Gospel, St. John writes: "But there are also many other things which Jesus did; which, if they were written every one, the world itself, I think, would not be able to contain the books that should be written." It should not be necessary to suggest to Prof. Hearnshaw that if we had fuller knowledge of what Our Lord did, we should have less reason to wonder at what He left undone. Nor should it be necessary to remind the Professor of Christ's words when He announced to the Apostles the coming of the Holy Ghost: "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in His own power." If we do not understand Our Lord's "apparent allusions to the imminence of the second advent" any better than the Apostles did, we are probably all the better off for our ignorance—if we only had the grace to know it.

Notes and Remarks.

Catholic readers will not endorse all the opinions expressed by Mr. D. N. Dunlop in his new work, "British Destiny: The Principles of Progress"; they will agree, however, that there is little truth in the theory of the necessity for war to maintain the vitality of a nation. "If human beings," he says, "were more developed intellectually, and if all nations were conducted according to principles, war as we know it would cease, but virility would not decrease. It would be evident in man's increased mental and spiritual powers, and in his dominance over passions which are not evidence of manhood, but of a strange alliance of manhood with the animal kingdom which perverts both human and animal life. . . . The apparently prosaic, daily duties of men of affairs demand the greatest possible virility, and it must be exercised without the stimulus of the excitement of war."

We should have no objection whatever to compulsory military training for all citizens fit to bear arms, provided the mental powers of the nation increased proportionately with physical capacity. A whole nation trained to fight would have to be convinced first of the necessity of doing so. The energies of a majority of people are less likely to be misdirected than the energies of a minority. In all future wars the moral will count for more than the material.

In an essay entitled "What is Dogma?" contributed to the current *Catholic World*, the Rev. Dr. Shanahan sets forth with fresh force the *rationale* of such a doctrine as that of the Immaculate Conception before and after its definition. "Theological reasoning," he says, "did not create the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. It merely removed an obstacle to the intuition of this dogma in Scripture and tradition. And when this obstacle was removed, the dogma was seen to have

been revealed, not indeed under its own proper, immediate concept, but as contained in that other directly revealed concept—the Divine Motherhood of Mary,—an integral part of which it really was; and none the less there because theologians had reasoned for or against its revelation, had entertained theological scruples or devout prepossessions in its regard.” Then, after admirably drawing out the familiar analogy between the origin of this dogma as dogma and the discovery of the planet Neptune, Dr. Shanahan proceeds:

It was because the dogma could actually be *observed* in the galaxy of revealed concepts, that it won its way finally to definition. It was as an *inclusion*, not as a *conclusion*, that the Church defined it. It was seen included in the revealed concept, in the very *thought* of Mary as the Mother of God. Love thinking saw it there long before thought loving could say the same; not because there was less love than thought in the latter case, but because there was as much thought as love. It was a matter of *seeing* in both instances. No mere moral argument of fitness, to the effect that she who was to bear the Sinless One must herself have sinless been; no mere translation of piety into creed, made Mary immaculate; but the revealed word of God, which slowly unfolded the richness of its content to a living, continuous community which venerates her not only for having been the Mother of the Lord in the flesh, but also for having “heard the word of God and kept it.”

An accurate and beauteous exposition of Our Lady's unique privilege.

A great many Americans have been asking why the rebels of Ulster, under the leadership of Sir Edward Carson, were treated so leniently by the British Government, and the insurrectionists of Dublin so sternly. Everyone understands, of course, the more urgent necessity of prompt and vigorous action in suppressing disloyal movements anywhere; however, this does not explain why so many of the Dublin disturbers were executed. Certainly there were no grounds for fear that the thousands of Irishmen fighting for Great Britain on the Continent would desert her cause, nor was there any

reason for doubting the loyalty of ninety per cent of the Irish in Ireland and throughout the empire.

The Asquith Ministry would have done well to adopt the magnanimous policy of President Lincoln towards Jefferson Davis and his associates after our Civil War. Many Northerners loudly demanded their trial and punishment for treason. But Lincoln, whose aim was to “bind the wounds of the nation,” said, “No.” He was freely censured then for his weakness and leniency: now he is praised for his firmness and magnanimity. If he were still living, he would be the first to declare that those visionaries of the “Irish republic” were more misled than criminal, more patriots to a cause they believed just than traitors to a government they have never cherished. The English Government will do well to go slowly in dealing with the remaining malcontents.

The excellent Converts' Aid Society, which, on the advice of Leo XIII., was established in England by his Eminence Cardinal Vaughan, in its recently published report sums up its object as follows:

1. To welcome with kindness and attention those who have embraced the Truth at all costs.
2. To find Catholic acquaintances and friends for those who have forfeited former friendships for Christ's sake.
3. To assist clergymen, especially married clergymen with families, whose conversion has reduced them to need. This may be done according to circumstances: (a) by helping to educate their children; (b) by providing them for a time with hospitality; (c) by putting them in the way of obtaining suitable occupations; (d) or, when necessary, by pecuniary assistance.

Only those who have had intimate experience with converts will appreciate what exquisite charity is here involved. It is gratifying to note furthermore that the Society has received substantial help in the year just past.

With summer comes the season for the retreats of the parochial priests of the country. There is, we think, an ante-

cedent probability that one such retreat—that of the clergy of the archdiocese of St. Paul—will be exceptionally fruitful of beneficent results. The retreat-master is to be Bishop Carroll, of Helena; and our belief in the assured success of the retreat is based on his answer to Archbishop Ireland's request that he should conduct the exercises. "Please have the students of the Seminary," wrote Bishop Carroll, "pray for the success of the work, and have it commended to the prayers of the people in the various parish churches. And, as nothing of the kind succeeds without the prayers of the good Sisters, be sure to enlist their sympathy in the matter." The Bishop of Helena evidently believes, practically as well as theoretically, that "unless the Lord builds the house, they labor in vain that build it"; and his remote preparation for these spiritual exercises impresses us as being a good guarantee that they will be abundantly blessed.

Our readers will be interested to know the outcome of the arrest of the Sisters for teaching colored children in Florida. They were acquitted by Judge Gibbs. The *Morning Star* says editorially: "Judge Gibbs declares that the private parochial schools of Florida do not come within the scope of the law forbidding white teachers to teach in Negro schools, however much such a law may affect public schools supported by the State." But the Judge also spoke his mind about the bigots who were responsible for the infamous action of arresting the Sisters:

The Negro, belonging as he does to an inferior race, is not among us of his own will, but because he was brought here by the white and superior race. By nature childlike, but a few years from slavery and dependence upon his master, with but few of his own race in any way qualified to impart to him the knowledge which is his right, it is unreasonable to say, that the Legislature of any enlightened State intended to prevent one of the superior race from imparting to him that instruction which would make of him a decent, law-abiding and God-fearing citizen. Already our criminal courts are filled

with the ignorant of that race, to the great cost of the taxpayers. Such a construction upon this section, instead of promoting the general welfare of the State, would tend in exactly the opposite direction. The teaching of the Negro in Sunday-schools and day-schools by those best fitted for such work, the superior and educated white race, would cease, to the great and, perhaps, irremediable loss to the State; and that race, left to itself without the instruction and guidance of the white race, would doubtless relapse into a state far worse than at present.

As our New Orleans contemporary declares: "These are noble words, truly and fearlessly spoken. They show in their heart-depths the true sentiments of the best Southern people towards the colored race. They are the real sentiments of the true South."

That was a graceful tribute to the English working people which Cardinal Bourne paid in an address at the annual meeting of the Invalid Children's Aid Association. It seems that the working classes in England have been quite generally accused of improvidence in their expenditure of the extra money earned since the beginning of the war,—of spending their increased resources in the purchase of carpets, jewelry, pianos, etc. The Cardinal declared that he did not believe the criticism applied either universally or to a large number, and added: "Many of these people for the first time in their lives have been able to give adequate food and nourishment to their children, and it is on that that they are spending their larger earnings. Your report tells you how many of these, who formerly were not able to do much for their disabled children, are now only too happy to contribute to your funds, and to bear a part of the burden which is placed upon them to an extent which they were unable to do before. They only wanted the means—they always had the will—to do their duty to those dependent on them."

At the recent annual meeting of the English Catholic Truth Society, Mr. Cecil

Chesterton called attention to the great opportunity afforded to Catholics by the collapse of rationalism. He declared that in the atmosphere in which he lived—what he might call the “Fleet Street” atmosphere—there was a craving for an intellectual and coherent theory of the universe, and Catholics were the only people who could give it. He therefore had more than ordinary pleasure in being at that gathering, to pay such small tribute—as he was capable of to the work of the Catholic Truth Society; and to urge everyone to do everything possible to encourage it. “I believe,” he concluded, “that for us a great moment has arrived. I told you that the best service I could render was the service of a scout. As a scout I say to you, the line opposed to you is weak; there is a shortage of ammunition; the time has come for the great offensive.”

We have repeatedly commented in these columns on the excellent work that is being done by the English C. T. S.; and we once more recommend such of our readers as have not yet secured a number of its admirable and inexpensive publications to do so on the first opportunity.

There are many evidences of the growth of the conviction that education, in order to be real, must have a religious basis. A few years ago Mr. St. George Pitt, an eminent English educationist, hazarded the assertion that “‘the struggle for life’ is a financial struggle, pure and simple.” A paragraph of the new edition of his well-known work, “The Purpose of Education,” shows how greatly his views have been modified. He writes:

The spirit of unrest, which at present prevails in all departments of our communal life, both in thought and practice, seems to call loudly for the awakening of some higher faith in the purpose and destiny of individual existence. And how is this possible without a serious effort being made to introduce a really moral and religious atmosphere into popular education? For it is difficult to see how all this confusion

in our intellectual standards of value can by any possibility be resolved, so long as the egoistic and emotional character of the human mind remains undisciplined and rampant. When, however, the energies of our emotions are subdued or sublimated by alliance with higher ideals, then there is more elasticity and free play between the minor complexes, less danger of their dissociative emergence into consciousness, and as a consequence a clearance of the field for the exercise of our higher powers of perception and understanding.

The Great War is making it possible for many others besides Mr. Pitt to modify their views on numerous subjects, and to discern evil tendencies hitherto unnoticed. But there are some persons to whom certain of Mr. Pitt’s statements will seem platitudinous as well as euphemistic; for instance: “The application of our minds to material considerations has, in proportion to our moral growth, been somewhat overdone.”

It is much easier, and consequently much more common, to denounce social or economic evils than to suggest concrete remedies therefor. We are accordingly glad to see that one prominent firm of manufacturers of moving-picture films proposes a specific cure for the growing evil of vulgar and immoral “movies.” This firm has inserted an advertisement in a number of influential American papers; and, in the interests of good taste and public morals, we willingly reproduce its purport:

For the good of motion-pictures sign this protest. Should the manager of your local theater show sensational, vulgar and unwholesome pictures, for your family’s sake and the good of the community, speak up! Sign this protest and leave it at the box-office:

I am opposed to sensational and suggestive pictures. I want the best. I will support you in any conscientious effort toward bigger, cleaner, better pictures.

Such action as is here suggested may well be taken by all persons really in favor of clean, healthy, inoffensive amusement; and their taking it would speedily result in the elimination of the suggestive and immoral films from the repertoire of local playhouses.

Father Martindale's Life of Monsignor Benson.

The average reader, fairly acquainted with the speedy career of Monsignor Benson, who flashed across the stage, as it were, and vanished when acquaintance with him was ripening, will hardly hold back his astonishment at the two volumes devoted by the Jesuit writer, Father Martindale, to the story of Benson's life and labors. Robert Hugh Benson died at the age of forty, on the threshold of a promising literary career. In the space of two decades he had withdrawn from the Anglican communion and become a Catholic priest; he had written several novels and short stories, some volumes of sermons, some notable essays, a few children's plays, and a little verse; he had also become a popular preacher, strong in his sincerity and fluency and imagination, without the usual gifts of the orator; his vogue had begun on both sides of the Atlantic; and at the very least he had won the success which springs from untiring labor and a strong personality. Beyond that the discreet critic would hardly care to go in his praise. His literary output was of quantity rather than of quality. It poured from the press, hasty, diffuse in style, varied in subject and method, as if written at high speed, and for different audiences; but always interesting, peculiar, curious, torrential on the surface, with great flashes of emotion and intuition occasionally lighting up its monotony.

Why, then, the two commodious volumes? I opened them with misgivings. Of course the interest of the theme is perennial,—the conversion of an Englishman of the Benson circle to the Church. He was the son of an archbishop of Canterbury! One would read four volumes to see the breaking up of the deeps, which permitted such a portent! For Catholic Americans, the story of the Oxford Movement has an everlasting charm; and for Newman and Faber and their followers we own that loving admiration which devotees once lavished on the Knights of the Holy Grail. The Oxford Movement raised our status in the American Republic appreciably, for which we are grateful; but the political tactics of the Catholic English aristocracy have somewhat dampened our emotions in the last decades, and we are bringing to the study of the Anglo-Catholic situation more acuteness and less emotion than formerly. It seems to us now that a proper sense of gratitude towards Ireland has never developed in the Anglo-Catholic nature; and the question has been mooted whether the Irish benefactors of the English failed in one point,

by not officially demanding strong and steady expression of gratitude while handing out emancipation and parliamentary support to the Catholic aristocracy.

The misgivings with regard to the two volumes were, therefore, balanced by the interest of the theme and the explanation of the portent. The reading of the work more than justifies its size. If ever there was an ideal biographer Father Martindale is the man. Lucky Monsignor Benson! Of his subject the Jesuit author knew little personally: he had to learn all about him from the usual sources. The result in the written story is pure delight. Beginning somewhat cautiously and slowly, Father Martindale by the middle of the first volume is guiding his reader through the maze of Robert Hugh Benson's life—and it was really a maze—with the precision, polish, effect, discretion, of an expert British diplomat acting as a guide. His work is not the work of an Englishman, but of a cosmopolitan. It is interesting throughout, and has a particular appeal for the literary world. I think it owns a fascination, most rare in biographies, which will win for it many readings in after years. The arrangement is clever and delightful; so much so that separate divisions could be printed independently of the book and provide adequate views of the subject. There is no padding in the work. One must read slowly and with close attention. For this the reader earns the recompense of watching a beautiful style, a keen and cultivated mind, a discreet temperament in the impersonal task of portraying a peculiar and most vigorous personality.

The portrait of Monsignor Benson drawn by Father Martindale is distinct and yet eminently reserved. There are no revelations, no purple shadows, no chasms. Nevertheless, one sees clearly that Robert Hugh Benson was a free and independent person of the English type, who went his own way from first to last, with little regard to sentiment or interest or tradition or even family ties and affections. In his character there was a strain of hardness, which perhaps he never recognized. He was as insular as his race, and as determined. His education was not one of books or academies, but of emotion and some observation. The impression of his general career is that Benson was always in the foreground, no matter what the perspective required. This attitude did not arise from any inordinate conceit, but from the headlong activities into which he plunged,—preaching day and night, directing souls, writing innumerable letters, composing novels and short stories and plays and poems, reading up for these activities, and then holding his place in the social order. His mind ran far

ahead of his working time. Spiritism interested him; haunted houses welcomed him again and again, but their "hants" did not. He never saw a ghost or spirit. The stage and the press interested him, and a longer life would have probably seen him a dramatist and a journalist. A new idea or a new enterprise seized him like a bird of prey, and whirled him away from routine while its strength lasted. The world seemed to him like a vast storehouse of wonders, and he bent on investigating and enjoying them all.

The superfluous he detested, and hence his carelessness in dress, his dislike of society, his avoidance of mere gatherings of any kind. He had a whimsical humor, quite English, of the kind which made the fame of *Punch* and its offspring. While as bright as one would desire, in many points he possessed to its fullest extent the English obtuseness, famous throughout the world. He had no liking for Italy and Roman society, less for the rest of Europe; and, with regard to America, was noncommittal except on the point of Catholic American enterprise. The discretion of the biographer on all points is so admirable that there will be no discussion of Monsignor Benson's table-talk on such matters. This is commendable. The conclusion which the reader will draw from the book is this: a typical English temperament, with more than English imagination, with all the English determination and stubbornness; wilful to flightiness, yet cannily cautious; making its own way like an uproarious brook from its native mountain to the sea; devotedly Catholic and Orthodox, yet not at all bound by the emotions and prejudices of other centuries. With great tenderness, kindness, and sympathy, not to say ability and power, Father Martindale has drawn this portrait. At least so it appears to me.

He has not been so happy in describing the literary portrait of Monsignor Benson, because he has purposely refrained from exactness and decision, out of delicacy and similar motives. No one can find fault with this attitude. In the place of precise criticism and valuation of his novels, he has, however, given us most beautiful chapters on the genesis of Benson's stories, their religious, moral and philosophical valuation, as also of his other writings. These accounts and reviews of Benson's work are doubly interesting from their insight into the character and accomplishment of the biographer. It is amazing to learn the variety and scope of Benson's activities, but still more amazing to read a Jesuit's appreciation of them. Not many clerics in the English-speaking world would have the spirit for this utterance: "[Benson's] attitude towards the stage has met

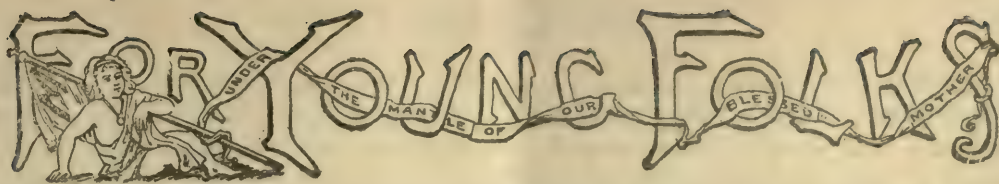
with many critics whose view Monsignor Benson could understand without sharing it. He certainly saw quite clearly that to assume that the stage was a bad institution was the quickest way of making it so; and he knew that the best way of making a thing good is often to ask it to do something that is good. The enormous power of the stage no one fails to recognize; Benson regretted that at times it was misused; he thought it cowardly to disregard it, wanton to try to suppress it; and, that to make fit use of it brought him, in addition to the merit for good work done, an enthralling pleasure, appeared to him no reason why he should refrain from this department of apostolate, or from baptizing, too, this form of art."

The chapter on "The Artist," reviewing Benson's claim to artistic work, is simply admirable. I should describe it rather than quote from it, but the temptation to quote is not to be overcome. "If, then, I would argue that Hugh Benson was an artist, it will not be because he wrote successfully, carved daringly, painted boldly, showed an astonishing sense of true music, and loved the stage; but because he not only saw life, but put himself in vital contact with it, and forthwith, having conceived of it, re-expressed it in many of the myriad ways in which that inexhaustible mystery is capable of expression."

In this fine, astonishing paragraph, is the key to Benson's career and the key to Martindale's character. His book on Benson, with its delicacy, restraint, modesty, and discretion, reveals in every chapter his own acquaintance with the world, and with the springs of action in Benson. If Benson's life, in reality and in the book, is to mean anything for his generation, the meaning will be found in that paragraph; because the one thing in which the clergy all over the earth are deficient to-day is in exact and vital knowledge of present living, close and vital contact with the problems of the multitude. Father Martindale's story of Benson's career is an illustration in point. Benson learned everything about modern life,—in a hasty and superficial way, if you will, but at least he learned the facts, the direction of the life current; and then he worked himself to death trying to do all that should be done, with many idlers gazing in pity upon his folly. To any lover of fine things, Father Martindale's book will be absorbing, to the clergy it will be enlightening, to Monsignor Benson it is the crown of his glory to have merited such a biographer and such a book.

Longmans, Green & Co., London and New York, are the publishers; and the volumes are much to their credit in every respect.

JOHN TALBOT SMITH,



St. Francis and the Wolf.

BY IRENE MURPHY.

HEAR St. Francis one bright day
Strolled through fair Assisi town,—
Past the woods and far away,
Up into the hills to pray,
In his hood and cloak of brown.
Birds were singing joyously,
When he reached the sun-kissed hill;
Far and wide as he could see,
Every budding flower and tree
Seemed with golden light to fill.
And the saint upon his knees,
In his somber cloak and hood,
Thanked God for the fragrant breeze,
Thanked Him for that hour of ease,
And for all things pure and good.
Suddenly a sound he heard,
As a grey wolf, strong and great,
Through the parted branches stirred;
Francis knew not what occurred
Till to flee it was too late.
Silent then he knelt, while he
Watched the beast creep closer yet;
Then he spoke: "Canst thou not see,
Brother Wolf, a friend in me?"
And the savage head did pet.
Then the huge wolf at his side
Trembled, while his growls grew faint;
Tried his shaggy head to hide;
Crouched beside the man and sighed,
For he knew him as a saint.
Ah! St. Francis, give to me
Something of thy gentle art,—
Teach me thy humility,
Keep my thoughts from evil free,
Make me pure and meek of heart.
Let me, in thy sainted name,
All my angry thoughts subdue,
As thou didst the wolf that came;
Let it be my daily aim
To be loving, kind, and true.

Killykinick.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XXIV.—A STAR IN THE DARKNESS.

MARRAINE,—Polly's Marraine,—
Aunt Winnie's old friend,—the
lovely, silver-robed lady of the
party who had stood by Dan in his
trouble,—it was she, indeed, all dressed
in white, with a pretty little cap on her
soft, wavy hair, and her hands full of
flowers. Miss Stella always made a first
appearance at a patient's bedside with
flowers. She said they were a friendly
introduction that never failed.

"It's the nurse woman they went for,"
gasped Captain Jeb, as the new arrival
proceeded to step from boat to wharf with
a light grace that scarcely needed Father
Tom's assisting hand. "Well, I'll be tee-
totally jiggered! Who ever saw a nurse
woman pretty as that?"

But Dan did not hear. He had dropped
nails, hammer, and all present interest in
the recuperation of the "Sary Ann," and
was off down the beach to meet the
fair visitor, whose coming he could not
understand.

"Danny," she said, holding out her
empty hand to him,—“Miss Winnie's
Danny!—I told you I had friends here,
Father Rayburn; and this is one that I
expect to find my right-hand man. What
a queer, quaint, wonderful place this
Killykinick is! I am so glad you brought
me here to help you!”

Help them! Help them! Dan caught
the words in breathless amazement. Then
Miss Stella, Polly's Marraine, was the
nurse! It seemed altogether astounding;
for sick nurses, in Dan's experience, had
always been fat old ladies who had out-
lived all other duties, and appeared only

on important occasions, to gossip in solemn whispers, and to drink unlimited tea. And now Polly's *Marraine* was a *nurse*! It was impossible to doubt the fact; for Father Tom was leading her straight to Mr. Neville's side, Dan following in dumb bewilderment.

The sick man lay in the old Captain's room, whither, at his own request, the life-savers had borne him the previous evening. His eyes, deep-sunken in their sockets, were closed, his features rigid. Poor little Freddy, tearful and trembling, knelt by Brother Bart, who paused in his murmured prayers to shake his head hopelessly at the newcomer's approach.

"I'm glad ye're here before he goes entirely, Father. It's time, I think, for the last blessing. I am afraid he can neither hear nor see."

But Miss Stella had stepped forward, put her soft hand on the patient's pulse; and then, with a quick whisper to Father Tom, she had dropped her flowers, opened the little wrist-bag they had concealed, and proceeded to "do things,"—just what sort of things Dan did not know. He could only see the soft hands moving swiftly, deftly; baring the patient's arm to the shoulder and flashing something sharp and shining into the pale flesh; holding the fluttering pulse until, with a long, deep sigh, the sick man opened his eyes and stared dully at the white-robed figure bending over him.

"Who—what are you?" he said faintly.

Miss Stella smiled. It was the question that many a patient, struggling out of the Dark Valley, had asked before, when his waking eyes had fallen upon her fair, sweet face, her white-robed form.

"Only your nurse," she answered softly,—*"your nurse who has come to help you, to take care of you. You feel better already?"*

"Yes, better, better!" was the faint reply. "My boy,—where is my boy? Freddy! Freddy!" He stretched out his feeble hand. But it was met by a firm, gentle grasp that was not Freddy's.

"No boys now," said Miss Stella in the soft, steady voice of one used to such commands. "There must be no seeing, no talking, even no thinking, my patient. You must take this powder I am putting to your lips. Close your eyes again and go to sleep.—Now please everybody go away and leave him to me," was the whispered ukase, that even Father Tom obeyed without protest; and Miss Stella began her reign at Killykinick.

It was a triumphant reign from the very first. Old and young fell at once under her gentle sway, and yielded to her command without dispute. The cabin of the "*Lady Jane*" was given over to her entirely; even Brother Bart taking to the upper deck; while a big, disused awning was stretched into a shelter for the morning and the noontime mess.

And, to say nothing of her patient—who lay, as Brother Bart expressed it, "like a shorn lamb" under her gentle bidding, gaining health and strength each day,—every creature in Killykinick was subservient to Miss Stella's sweet will. Freddy was her devoted slave; lazy Jim, ready to move at her whisper; even Dud, after learning her father's rank in the army, was ready to oblige her as a gentleman should. But it was Dan, as she had foreseen from the first, who was her right-hand man, ready to fetch and carry, to lift any burden, however heavy, by day and night; Dan who rowed or sailed or skimmed to any point in the motor boat Father Tom kept waiting at her demand; Dan who, when the patient grew better, and she had an hour or two off, was her willing and delighted escort over rocks or sea.

And as they sailed or rowed or loitered by beach and shore, Miss Stella drew from Aunt Winnie's boy the hopes and fears he could not altogether hide. She learned how Aunt Winnie was "pining" for her home and her boy; she read the letters, with their untold love and longing; she saw the look on the boyish face when Dan, too mindful of his promise to Father Mack to speak plainly, said he 'reckoned she

wouldn't be here long if he didn't get her somehow home.' She learned, too, all Dan could tell about poor old Nutty's medal.

"Get it for me the next time you go to town, Danny," she said to him. And Danny drew it from old Jonah's junk shop and put it in Miss Stella's hand.

And then, when at last her patient was able to sit up in Great-uncle Joe's big chair in the cabin doorway and look out at the sea, Miss Stella wrote to dad and Polly to come and take her home.

"Lord, but we'll all miss her!" Captain Jeb voiced the general sentiment of Killykinick when this decision was made public. "I ain't much sot on women folks when you're in deep water, but this one suttlenly shone out like a star in the dark."

"And kept a-shining," added Neb,—
"a-shining and a-smiling straight through."

"She's a good girl," said Brother Bart. "And I'm thinking—well, it doesn't matter what I'm thinking. But it's a lonely time laddie's poor father will be having, after all his wild wanderings; and it will be hard for him to keep house and home. But the Lord is good. Maybe it was His hand that led Miss Stella here."

"Oh, what will we do when she is gone, daddy?" mourned Freddy. "Of course you are getting well now, and Dan and I can wait on you and get you broth and jelly; but it won't be like having dear Miss Stella. Oh, I just love her! Don't you, daddy? She is almost as good as a real mother."

And daddy's pale cheek had flushed as he answered:

"Almost, little Boy Blue!"

"Well, we're all going home in a week," said Dan, as he stood out under the stars that night. "But I'll miss you sure, Miss Stella; for you don't mind being friends with a rough sort of a boy like me, and you know Aunt Winnie; and if I give up and—and go down you'll—you'll understand."

"Give up and go down!" repeated Miss Stella. "You give up and go down, Danny? Never,—never! You're the sort

of boy to climb, however steep and rough and sharp the way,—to climb to the stars."

"That's what Aunt Winnie dreams," was the answer. "That's what I dream, too, sometimes, Miss Stella. But it isn't for me to dream: I have to wake up and hustle. I can't stay dreaming and let Aunt Winnie die. So if I have to give up and go down, Miss Stella, you'll—you'll understand."

And Miss Stella steadied her voice to answer:

"Yes, Danny, I'll understand."

But, in spite of this, Miss Stella's parting from Killykinick was not altogether a sad one; for "The Polly" came down next morning, with flying colors, to bear her away. Dad was aboard; also Polly, jubilant at recovering her dear Marraine after three weeks of desertion; and Captain Carleton, and Miss Stella's girl friends who had been picked up from the camp at Shelter Cove. It was such a picnic party altogether that sighs and tears seemed quite out of place; for, after all, things had turned out most cheerfully, as everybody agreed.

So, with "The Polly" glittering in new paint and gilding necessitated by the storm, with all her pennants flying in the wind, with the victrola singing its merriest boat song, and snowy handkerchiefs fluttering gay farewells, Miss Stella was borne triumphantly away. It was to be an all-day cruise. Great hampers, packed with everything good to eat and drink, were stored below; and "The Polly" spread her wings and took a wide flight to sea, turning back only when the shadows began to deepen over the water, and the stars to peep from the violet sky. The young people were a trifle tired; Polly had fallen asleep on a pile of cushions, while the girls from Shelter Cove sang college songs.

In the stern, Captain Carleton had found his way to Miss Stella's side. She was leaning on the taffrail, listening to the singing, her white fleecy wrap falling around her like a cloud.

"You look your name to-night," said the Captain: "Stella,—a star. By George, you were a star to me when the sky looked pretty black! I was thinking of that yesterday when some Eastern chap came along with a lot of diamonds for sale. I don't know much about such folderols, but there was one piece—a star—that I'd like to give to you, if you would take it and wear it in remembrance of a rough old fellow who can't speak all he feels."

"Ah, Captain Carleton,—Captain Carleton!" laughed the lady softly. "Take care! That Eastern chap was fooling you, I'm sure."

"Not at all,—not at all!" was the quick reply. "I got an expert's opinion. The star is worth the thousand dollars he asked."

"A thousand dollars,—a thousand dollars!" repeated Miss Stella, in dismay. "And you would give me a thousand dollar star? Why, you must have money to burn, indeed!"

"Well, I suppose I have," was the answer,—"much more than a lonely old fellow of sixty odd, without chick or child, will ever need. Will you take the star, dear lady nurse?"

"No," said Miss Stella, gently; "though I thank you for your generous thought of me, my good friend. But I have a better and a wiser investment for you. Have you forgotten this?" She took Dan's medal from the bag on her wrist.

"By George, I *did* forget it!" said the old man. "Somehow, it slipped my memory completely in our pleasant hurry. Poor Jack Farley's medal! You've found the chap that owns it, you say?"

"Yes," was the answer,—"a brave, sturdy, honest, little chap, who stood by your poor old friend in his last lonely days, and helped him in his last lonely cruise, and took the medal from his dying hands as the last and only legacy he had to give. Would you consider him Jack Farley's heir, Captain Carleton?"

"Most certainly I would," was the rejoinder.

"Then make him his heir," she said softly.

"Eh!—what? I don't understand," muttered the old gentleman.

Then Miss Stella explained. It was such an explanation as only gentle speakers like Miss Stella can make. She told about bright, brave, plucky Dan and Aunt Winnie, of the scholarship at St. Andrew's, and of the Little Sisters of the Poor. She told of the attic home over the Mulligans' for which Aunt Winnie was "pining," and of the dreams that Dan dreamed.

"It would seem a pity," Miss Stella said, "for him to give up and go down."

"By George, he must not,—he shall not!" said the old sailor. "You want me to do something for him? Out with it, my lady!"

"Yes. I want you to invest, not in diamond stars, Captain, but in Jack Farley's medal. I was to negotiate the sale, you know."

"Yes, yes! And you warned me you were going to fleece me; so go on,—go on! What is the boy's—what is your price?" asked the Captain.

"A pension," said Miss Stella, softly,— "the pension you would give Jack Farley if he were here to claim it,—just the little pension an old sailor would ask for his last watch below. It will hold the little nest under the eaves that Danny calls home for the old aunt that he loves; it will steady the young wings for their flight to the stars; it will keep the young heart brave and pure and warm as only love and home can."

"You're right,—you're right,—you're always right, dear lady! If old Jack were here, I'd pension him, as you say, and fling in a little extra for his grog and his pipe. Old Jack could have counted on me for four or five hundred a year. But a sturdy, strapping young chap like yours is worth a dozen groggy old salts. So name your figure, my lady. I have money to burn, as you say. Name your figure, dear lady, and I'll invest in your boy."

"Old Jack's pension, then, Captain Carleton,—old Jack's pension for Aunt Winnie and Dan,—old Jack's pension, and nothing more."

"It's theirs," was the hearty answer,—
"or, rather, it's yours, my dear lady!"

"Oh, no, no, no!" she disclaimed. "The generous gift is all your own, dear friend,—all your own. And it will be repaid. Dan and his good old aunt may have no words to thank, to bless you; but some day" (and the glad voice grew softer, sweeter),—"some day when life's long voyage is over for you, Captain, and the log-book is open to the Master's gaze—"

"It will be a tough showing," interrupted the old man, gruffly,—*"a tough showing through and through."*

"Oh, no, no!" she said gently. "One entry, I am sure, will clear many a page, dear friend. One entry will give you safe anchorage—harbor rights; for has not the Master Himself said, 'As long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me'?"

(To be continued.)

How Animals Defend Themselves.

BY MARY KELLEY DUNNE.

"Never strike sail to a fear."

COURAGE has come to be one of the tests of a first-class, top-notch person. To be ruled by one's fears is to be weak, and no one has any use for a coward. To conquer fear is the real courage and sign of "grown-upness." Fear is one of the great forces in the lives of the lesser brethren. Perhaps you have read Kipling's Mogli stories, and you know how fear came to the Jungle when one entered who wore no hair on his body and walked always erect.

Fear, love, hunger,—about these three forces are grouped all the instincts and near-reason of the lower animals. Out of the great fear grew their strange defences, their sharp wits, their keen scent. The higher up they get, the more dependent they become upon their wits. The fox, you know, is about the cleverest and sharpest of small animals. He is the hardest to catch, the most difficult to

deceive. He knows a trap and poisoned bait. He does not turn and fight, because he has no weapons; but his scent is uncannily keen, and he can turn and double on his track and lose his trail in a brook so that no dog or hunter can find him. And finally, when he is exhausted and caught (for, while he has wonderful wind for his size, he can not run so long as men and dogs), he has given them a "run for their money," and a good deal of guessing as to his probable next dodge. Perhaps that is why men seem to like to pit their greater strength and weapons against his sharp wits. But it is rather an unfair fight. If men must hunt for fun, the least they can do is to prey on bears and panthers and tigers,—animals nearer their own size, when you allow for the advantage of reason and a gun.

Perhaps the most defenceless of all the animals is the dainty white rabbit. He is all that is soft and appealing, and he has endless enemies. And the worst of all his foes lives back of his own gentle eyes. Its name is fear,—great, overpowering, overmastering fear. Even his fleetness of foot does not help him. Let a weasel or a fox or even a dog pursue him, and the rabbit seems to be paralyzed, unable to get away. He is fairly hypnotized. Not that the weasel or snake has real hypnotic powers, as people sometimes think. It is the fear within that paralyzes Bunny's legs. He dies of fright before his enemy has caught him at all. It is the same sort of fear that catches people sometimes. It overtakes them when they hear the cry of fire in a crowded building, or when a boat threatens to founder in a storm. They become like panic-stricken rabbits, without courage or reason, standing rooted in their tracks, or pushing and crushing one another.

When Nature gives an animal an especially effective defence, she seems to offset this weapon with a deficiency in some other direction. Take the skunk and the porcupine, for instance. The

intolerable odor of the skunk gives him the right of way wherever he goes: no dog will tackle him. And the porcupine has only to bristle his strange coat of mail and he passes unattacked. But it is largely the bluff which saves them; for, notwithstanding their spectacular defence, they are killed with peculiar ease. John Burroughs tells of an experience with a porcupine which had been shaken out of a tree where it had taken refuge from pursuit. In order to stun it slightly, so he might examine it more closely, he struck it a light blow with a stick, and, to his chagrin, the little animal rolled over dead. It was only a little tap, which would not have so much as disturbed a coon or other small animal. But Nature, having provided ferocious-looking quills, seems to have stopped there. Neither the skunk nor the porcupine will put up a real fight. The one depends wholly on its odor to drive off its enemies; the other, on the looks of its puffed-out quills. Neither really does anything, and both are very stupid and easily killed. They are all front, so to speak.

Such animals are very much like some people I know. To see these and hear them talk, you would think they could do very wonderful things; but put them to a real test, and you see that their appearance is deceitful. They can't stand the acid of daily work or daily trials. They are a bit shoddy.

There can be no question of preparedness in the equipment of the stinging and poisoning animals. To be sure, the stings of bees and hornets and wasps are not primarily weapons of defence: they have really more to do with the instinct for the preservation of the species than with fear of enemies. The wasp, after she has built her cell, proceeds to fill it with fresh meat against the time when her eggs hatch. She stuns the flies and spiders on which she preys before she stows them away beside her eggs. The poison in her sting keeps them dormant but does not kill them outright, and they are still

fresh, live meat next spring when the larvæ are ready to eat them. It is only when she is attacked, or when she interprets your action as an attack, that the hornet or wasp or bee will turn on you and sting. Spiders also stun their prey with their stings; and, regarding your unfamiliar presence as ominous, instinctively poison you.

But for a real poison squad we have to go to the snakes. They carry about the real thing in poison cups, and needle-like syringes with which to puncture your skin. Perhaps that is one reason why most of us dislike snakes so much—we find it hard to play fair with them. Dislikes of all kinds seem to get in the way of clear vision. To poison one's enemies has always been considered the meanest and most contemptible of revenges; but, after all, it is probably as rare in snake land as among human folk. You know, among ourselves some members of the family, who are very industrious and helpful factors in society, have to suffer for the bad habits of their kin. It is the same way with snakes. A good many members of the snake tribe have a reputation for evil which they don't deserve in the least.

Nothing could be more harmless or prettier or more useful for its size and equipment than the little grass snake. You see it the first warm spring day sunning itself on the stones in the grassplot. Ninety-nine boys in a hundred feel called upon to crush its head. Nothing could be less venomous than these little garden snakes. They more than justify their existence by eating insects which prey on the garden stuff. The only possible count against the little green brother is that he swallows toads whole and alive. And toads, be it known, are the special friends of gardens.

IF you wish success in life, make Perseverance your bosom-friend, Experience your wise counsellor, Caution your elder brother, and Hope your guardian genius.—Addison.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A cheaper impression of "The Catholic Church from Within," by Lady Lovat, is announced by Longmans, Green & Co.

—Burns & Oates have just issued a new edition of Everard Meynell's "Life of Francis Thompson," uniform with his "Works."

—Isaac Pitman & Sons have published a revised and enlarged edition of Mr. Charles E. Smith's "Practical Course in Touch Type-writing." It is the work of an expert, and is intended for any single keyboard machine.

—"The Ruined Abbeys of Great Britain," by Ralph Adams Cram, LL. D., author of "The Heart of Europe," etc., is among the new publications of Mr. B. T. Bafsford, London. It contains seventy-nine full-page photographic plates.

—A pamphlet of "sermon essays," by the Rev. P. J. Murphy, C. S. P., is being sold for a charitable purpose by the Rev. Stanislaus K. McNerhany. It is modestly entitled, "Nothing New," and is worth purchasing at 25c., the listed price. It is to be had of Father McNerhany, Brookland, Washington, D. C.

—John Haynes Holmes, minister of the Church of the Messiah (Unitarian), New York, has collected the material used by him during the past year in addresses, sermons, and pamphlets, and has made of the collection a book, "New Wars for Old," a volume of some 385 pages, published by Dodd, Mead & Co. It is a frank plea for pacifism as opposed to the preparedness now so generally advocated in this country; and is so far interesting that its argument is based on expediency, human nature, and religion. We find the argument inconclusive. The book is furnished with a helpful bibliography and a good index.

—From the publishing house of Pierre Téqui, Paris, come several new religious brochures. "Progrès de L'Ame dans la Vie Spirituelle," is a translation, by M. F. De Bernhardt, of Father Faber's "Growth in Holiness"; "Jésus en Croix, ou La Science du Crucifix," is a new edition of a series of meditations by the Jesuit Fathers, P. M. and J. N. Grou; and "A Jésus par Marie," by the Abbé J. M. Texier, is a little treatise on perfect devotion to the Blessed Virgin, after the teaching of Blessed Grignon de Montfort. From the same publisher we have received two further brochures on the War: "La Guerre en Picardie," by the Abbé C.

Calippe; and "Pour la Victoire," by Mgr. Tissier, Bishop of Chalons. The Téqui publications may be secured on this side of the Atlantic from the Garneau house in Quebec, and from either the Granger Press or the Notre Dame Press in Montreal.

—A recent brochure published by the Michigan Historical Commission is called "Forgotten Heroines," and it is from the authoritative hand of the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Frank O'Brien, LL. D. The persons with whom this account is concerned are the eighty-two Sisters of the Holy Cross who acted as nurses in the Civil War. Heroines they assuredly were, and forgotten they should never be by the country which they so disinterestedly served. These pages of Mgr. O'Brien—all too few—glow with the record of deeds of charity and of bravery. We hope to see much more of such work from his and other qualified pens.

—Yet one more guide book to Rome is offered, this latest from the hand of André Maurel, who calls his volume "A Month in Rome." It is translated—presumably from the French—by Helen Gerard, and published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Thirty-two maps, with one hundred and sixteen illustrations, insure practical usefulness. The author-guide divides the work or pleasure of seeing Rome into thirty trips, which he enthusiastically conducts. It would appear, however, that his warmest sympathies are aroused by the relics of a departed Rome; and there are, here and there, innuendoes which raise a question of historic accuracy. There are better guide-books to the Eternal City than this.

—A preliminary caution to the purchaser of Isabel C. Clarke's fine novel, "Only Anne": Destroy at once the book's paper "jacket," or at least leave unread, until you have finished the story, the publishers' (Benziger Brothers') account of the narrative, printed on the said jacket. Just why the reader's interest in the plot should be destroyed by telling him all about it beforehand is a mystery to us. True, the actual dénouement is left untold, but very much that the reader should find out for himself (or herself) is fully disclosed. As for the book itself, it will rank with "Fine Clay" and others of the author's exquisite novels. There will, of course, be philistines to ridicule what they will term the quixotic, ultra-sentimental friendship of the heroine; and there will be critics to question the poetic justice of the climax—we

think, ourself, the story needs a sequel to satisfy the eternal fitness of things,—but there will be no question as to the interest of the tale or the grace and charm of its telling. The story is a Catholic one, though the religious element is never obtruded or dragged in unnecessarily. The heroine is an exceptional character, consistently developed; and some of the minor personages—Mrs. Grayle and Uncle Vin, for instance—are realistic enough to be visualized without effort. A genuine and welcome addition to Catholic fiction.

—The *Canadian Messenger* has begun the issue of a series of pamphlets, the first five of which have just come to our table. They are, in order: "John de Brébeuf, Apostle of the Hurons"; "Gabriel Lalemant, Victim of the Iroquois"; "Anthony Daniel, Victim of the Iroquois"; "Charles Garnier, Victim of the Iroquois"; and "Noel Chabanel, Missionary in Huronia." All are from the pen of the Rev. E. J. Devine, S. J., and sell for five cents. The purpose of their issue is to make better known the lives and glorious deaths of these missionaries, whose "Cause" has been introduced in Rome, and whose beatification is earnestly hoped for. The story of these intrepid missionaries should be a household word in every Catholic home.

The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Only Jane." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.35.
 "A Month in Rome." André Maurel. \$1.75.
 "New Wars for Old." John Haynes Holmes. \$1.50.
 "The Mystery of the Holy Trinity in Oldest Judaism." Frank McGloin, LL. D. \$1.
 "The Onion Peelers." Father Garrold, S. J. \$1.60.
 "Little Donald." Mrs. Innes-Browne. 80 cts.
 "The Mirror of Justice." Robert Eaton, of the Oratory. 40 cts.
 "The Irish Orators: A History of Ireland's Fight for Freedom." Claude G. Bowers. \$1.50.
 "Marie of the House of D'Anters." Rev. Michael Earls, S. J. \$1.35.

- "Seven Fairy Tales." 35 cts.
 "Counter-Currents." Agnes Repplier. \$1.25.
 "The Happiness of Duty." Mgr. Gay. 15 cts.
 "The 'Summa Theologica' of St. Thomas Aquinas." Part II. (First Part.) Literally Translated by the Fathers of the English Dominican Province. \$2.20.
 "The Romanticism of St. Francis and Other Studies in the Genius of the Franciscans." Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. \$2.
 "The Story of the Catholic Church." Rev. G. Stebbing, C. SS. R. \$1.80.
 "History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages." Johannes Janssen. Translated by A. M. Christie. Vols. XIII.—XVI. Per two vols., \$6.25.
 "Paul Mary Pakenham, Passionist." Rev. Joseph Smith, C. P. 50 cts.
 "My Lady of the Moor." John Oxenham. \$1.35.
 "The Inner Life and Writings of Dame Gertrude More." 2 vols. \$3.
 "The Second Coming." Frederic Arnold, Henry P. Janes. 50 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HAB., xlii, 3.

Rev. Joseph Komorovsky, of the Diocese of Scranton.

Sister M. Francis, of the Order of the Presentation.

Mr. Edward Moss, Mr. Thomas Arnold, Josephine Arnold, Mr. August Hagedorn, Mrs. Mary Henrick, Mrs. L. R. Emerson, Miss Almira Pharnes, Mr. John A. Loughlin, Mr. Patrick Kinsella, Mr. John Bogad, Mr. M. J. Bunyan, Mr. George F. Glass, Mrs. Maria Hallman, Mr. M. A. Kelly, Mr. Joseph Garger, Mr. B. J. Derby, Mr. James O'Neill, Mrs. Margaret Hogue, Mr. Ferdinand Klaus, Mr. Thomas Gilmartin, Mr. William Wecker, Mr. A. D. Robson, Mrs. Mary Brennan, Miss Maria Moyles, Mr. John Newcombe, Mr. Michael Kelly, Mr. John T. Connor, Mrs. Bridget Lawler, Mrs. Elizabeth Peters, Mr. Frederick Steinmetz, and Mr. John Kütten.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the Foreign Missions: Rev. E. M. B., \$25. For the rescue of starving children in China: A client of Bl. Gabriel, 25 cts.; Friend (Geneva), \$40. For the Indian Missions: M. E. R., \$2. For the war sufferers: C. H. M., \$5.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 49.

VOL. III. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 17, 1916.

NO. 25

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Our Lady's Grief and Joy.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

THEY err who tell us sorrow is more deep
Than joy: 'tis only seeming; for the more
We study grief, its shadow, cast before,
Dissolves full swiftly, and the lonely steep
Of sorrow gleams with joy, while yet we weep;
Because—though it is true that sadness lies
Close to all joy—joy lives and sadness dies
When Death's dark waves have swept us to the
shore
Of Life Eternal. Thus Our Lady's tears
Perchance welled, up when Simeon's voice
foretold
The crown of bitter sorrow coming years
Would place upon her brow, what time the cold,
Hard world rejected God. Still, who dare say
That Mary's grief could e'er her joy outweigh!

The Last Saint and the Last King of Ireland.

BY JOSEPH MAY.

This is at least an interesting coincidence that the year of grace 1916, which will certainly have a place of its own in the Irish history of the future, should be the anniversary of some of the most noteworthy incidents in its history of the past. Roderick O'Connor, the last king of Ireland, with whose inglorious memory that of the illustrious Laurence O'Toole, her last canonized saint, is so intimately associated, was born in 1116; Edward Bruce was crowned King of Ireland in

1316; and Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, who also received a crown in Ireland, died in 1616.

At first sight it may appear inconsistent to speak of Roderick O'Connor as the last king of Ireland, and then of Bruce as her sovereign of a later date. But it must be borne in mind that, although some of the leading princes in Ireland, encouraged by the success of the Scotch at Bannockburn, invited Robert Bruce, as representative of the old Hiberno-Scotic colony, planted by Irishmen, to accept the crown of Ireland; and although, while declining the invitation for himself, that monarch transferred it to his brother Edward, who accepted it, the new king was not an Irishman, and, in spite of all his heroic efforts, can scarcely be said to have had a kingdom to rule over. While as for the crown presented to Hugh O'Neill, all honorable as it most certainly was, it carried no royal title with it, and was of neither gold nor silver, but of the peacock's gleaming feathers. The giver of the gift was Pope Clement VIII., who sent it to O'Neill through the Papal Envoy, Matthew de Oviedo, who had just been made Archbishop of Dublin.

It has been said of Hugh O'Neill that he was "the ablest man produced by the Celtic race since the arrival of the English in Ireland." Whether or not this be so, he looks magnificent indeed when contrasted with the weak and wavering image of the last Irish king, the feeble and vacillating Roderick O'Connor, for whom even Moore could find nothing better to say than that the "only feeling his name

awakens is that of pity for the doomed country which, at such a crisis of its fortune—when honor, safety, independence, national existence,—were all at stake,—was cursed, for the crowning of its evil destiny, with a ruler and leader so utterly unworthy of his high calling."

But if Ireland was cursed in her king, she was blessed a thousandfold in her saint,—that grand archbishop, that faithful son, who stood by his mourning mother in those first hours of her long, long Calvary; steadfast when her very sovereign forsook her, and hopeful still when even the boldest were yielding to despair. Ah, had it been St. Laurence O'Toole who was King of Ireland then instead of Roderick O'Connor, how very different might have been her fate throughout the seven weary centuries that have since passed, as (according to the ancient prophecies of her saints and sages) they would have to pass, before that glorious Sun destined to set no more "till the world shall be into ruin hurled," should gleam on the horizon of her sea of tears and blood, and rise resplendent over her emerald hills and misty valleys!

On a certain occasion, when addressing a vast Irish audience in America in 1872, the great Dominican orator, Father Burke, said that never before had he been furnished with a nobler theme than the one he then selected for his lecture,—a theme which contained two blessings for which they all thanked God. "The first of these," he proceeded to explain, "is the blessing of that Catholic faith in which we live and which we enjoy; and the second is the blessing of that Irish blood which flows in our veins and throbs around our hearts. When, therefore, I mention to you the name of Laurence O'Toole, the last canonized saint of Ireland's children, I name one of the grandest figures that pass before the historian's eye when he contemplates the great men and the great glories that make up the history of Ireland. Interesting to you as Catholics, I shall endeavor to describe the saint; interesting

to you as Irishmen, I shall endeavor to describe the patriot; and shall invite you to reflect upon the great lesson that this man's name and history teach us—namely, that the highest sanctity, upon which the Church sets the crown of canonization, is compatible with the purest and strongest love of fatherland; and that the Church never refuses to crown the patriot in the saint, and the saint in the patriot."

The frankly avowed opinion of St. Bernard with regard to the Plantagenets, who gave eight kings to England, was that "from the devil they came and to the devil they would go." The first of this branch of their Norman conquerors to reign over the English was Henry II., contemporary of Roderick O'Connor, the last king of Ireland. He was, in fact, the *Ard-Righ*, or High King; for the monarchical system of the Irish of that period recognized five distinct rulers, four of whom reigned over one or other of the four Provinces; these four elected the fifth, or "high king," who was the supreme monarch of all. When Henry II. landed in Ireland, his hands were red with the blood of St. Thomas à Becket, whom he had caused to be murdered at the very foot of the altar; and his avowed object in coming to the country was to restore the traitor Dermot MacMurrough to the throne of Leinster, from which he had been driven by his indignant subjects in punishment for the crime of adultery; and, at the same time, look after the faith and morals of the Irish people. Even when he at length threw off his mask he did not claim to be the King of Ireland, but only its Lord Paramount,—a title that carried with it but a vague and shadowy authority, and in no way interfered with the power of the native princes in their respective provinces. And with this same title of Lord Paramount the English kings contented themselves for more than four hundred years.

The brutal and licentious apostate, Henry VIII., was the first Englishman

who called himself "King of Ireland." There is something more than a mere similarity of name between Henry II. and Henry VIII., between the murderer of St. Thomas à Becket and the apostle of the English "Reformation"; nor can it be pretended that the likeness, though striking, is flattering to either. To take only one of the many points of resemblance between these worthies, both were sworn enemies of the Sovereign Pontiff, the one supporting antipope after antipope, and the other turning his back altogether upon Rome. But his friendly attitude to the antipopes did not prevent Henry II.'s pretending that both Adrian IV. and Alexander III. not only blessed his proceedings in Ireland, but even charged him with a species of apostolic mission to the Irish people. The most learned scholars and the best antiquarians have long since pronounced both the so-called Bull of Pope Adrian and the alleged letter of Pope Alexander to be clever forgeries. But even if, as some hold, they were genuine, they never authorized the English monarch to attempt the conquest of Ireland or call himself her King.

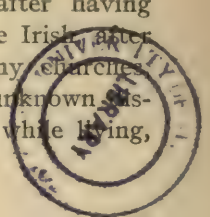
The "priest-soldier," who is so prominent a figure in the world-war of to-day, had his prototype some seven hundred years ago in St. Laurence O'Toole, who, when he saw that the tide of battle was turning in favor of the enemy at the siege of Dublin, girded himself with a sword and led the Irish on. Nor even when all was lost did that heroic archbishop forsake the cause of Ireland.

"It is to the last of Ireland's saints," said Father Burke, "that we owe the treaty of peace which was concluded between O'Connor, King of Connaught, and Henry II., King of England; and which recognized Ireland's nationality, Ireland's existence as a distinct nation, embodied in the person of her monarch. You may say to me it was a small thing for him to recognize Ireland's nationality when he had set his foot upon her neck; but I say it was a great thing that, for

seven hundred years of war and persecution, through the action and the spirit of Ireland's saints, we are—I thank my God in heaven!—we are a nation still. We are not a province. Ireland was never a province of the British Empire. To-day the Queen of England calls herself 'Queen of Great Britain and Ireland.' To this day she sends to Ireland a viceroy, which means one who takes the place of a king. A viceroy is not sent to a province, but to a nation. But, you will ask, what does all this serve? I answer a noble idea always serves. A noble idea, maintained and upheld by the hand of priest and layman, and upheld by the hand of the martyr; a noble idea upheld by a worship, recognized for ages as the rallying point of a people, when the hour of their destiny arrives,—such shall Ireland's nationality be for Irishmen."

Our saint was baptized before the far-famed shrine of Saint Bridget, and received the name of *Lorchan*—in English Laurence or Lawrence,—because of a divine inspiration vouchsafed to a holy man then passing through the neighborhood. His father was Prince Maurice O'Toole, and his mother a daughter of Prince O'Byrne of Wicklow. When he was only ten years old the ancestral territories were invaded by the King of Leinster,—that is to say, by the very Dermot MacMurrough who, some thirty years later, brought the English into Ireland. It is satisfactory, however, to know that, whatever promises he received from Henry II., he never recovered his kingdom, and indeed died within a year of his treachery. The following quaint allusion to his end is found in the Irish Annals:

"Diarmaid MacMurchadha, King of Leinster—by whom a trembly sod was made of all Ireland,—after having brought over the Saxons, after having done extensive injuries to the Irish, after plundering and burning many churches, died of an insufferable and unknown disease; for he became putrid while living,



through the miracle of God, Colum-Cille and Finnen, and the other saints of Ireland whose churches he had profaned and burned some time before; and he died at Fearnamor, without making a will, without penance, without the Body of Christ, without unction, as his evil deeds deserved."

And although, when he waged war upon Prince Maurice O'Toole, Ireland's darkest day had not yet dawned, and her green fields and valleys had not yet been made "a trembly sod," the coming of the future traitor to Kildare brought sorrow upon sorrow to young Laurence, who, as MacMurrough proved the victor in the struggle, was demanded as a hostage for his father. Prince Maurice was obliged to comply, and his little son remained two years in the hands of the King of Leinster. It was understood, of course, that the child was to be treated with all the consideration due to his rank and lineage; but the faithless Dermot acted very differently when he had him at his mercy; for he not only subjected him to every insult in his power, but half starved him as well. When Prince Maurice heard of this he declared war on MacMurrough and obliged him to give up the child. We are told that those two years of misery had so altered the poor boy that he was scarcely to be recognized, and that the wretched rags that covered him would have been rejected by the meanest beggar. But out of evil came good; and, through the great highway of the Cross, Laurence, even at that tender age, found the safest and surest road to heaven; for suffering had taught him to despise all earthly honors and all worldly wealth, and to value only that eternal peace whose portal is the cloister.

Who has not heard of the holy hermits of glorious Glendalough,—Glendalough of the Seven Churches,—Glendalough of the grand old monastery founded by St. Kevin, who died in June, 518! Nearly fourteen centuries have passed since he left the busy haunts of men in search

of a solitude whose silence would invite to prayer and heavenly meditation, and whose scenery would raise the heart above the things of time to those toward which the cloud-kissed mountains pointed. His choice fell upon Glendalough, where to this day his mountain cell is shown to visitors. Since it is but a rude cave, half hidden in the depths of the poplar forests that struggle up the verdant slopes and hold their own even among the beetling rocks, it can have changed but little since he knelt upon its hard, bare floor and bowed his head before the simple crucifix that was the sole ornament of its rugged walls. He was of noble birth, and is said to have been one of the handsomest men of his time, and so fond of animals that artists usually represent him as a beautiful youth with a bird in his hand.

The heroic example of St. Kevin drew so many others to his retreat that the wind-swept hillsides, down which, to the accompaniment of their own silver cymbals, a myriad sunlit streams went dancing into dusky dells and flower-strewn valleys, were soon honeycombed with hives of industry and song. Whether it be true or not that "skylark never warbles o'er" the lake, or *loch*, that gives its name to this enchanting spot, it is certain that it did not want for songsters in the days gone by. Glendalough, now so silent and deserted, resounded for long ages with the voices of its monks, whose ceaseless prayer was wafted heavenward upon the breath of song, awakening sweetest echoes in the encircling hills.

"It is a poor church that is without a choir," wrote the wise chronicler of Ireland's monasticism; and every Irish convent had its band of skilled musicians; while of the monks of Glendalough it might almost be said that they were all nightingales. At stated hours they issued from their mountain cells and descended into one or other of the seven churches in the valley. They came in groups, some at dawn, some at noon, and others

at evening; and gathered round the altar, chanting the divine praises till the next group entered and took up where they left off; and so on through all the starlit night.

Those who were not thus occupied were either working or studying; for the solitaries of Glendalough were counted not only as among the holiest, but also as among the most learned men of the age; and Ireland—the mother that produced such sons—was known throughout the whole world as the “Island of Saints and Scholars.” Nor does this apply to the first centuries of her Christianity only; for the venerable Abbey of Glendalough still flourished as the seat of sanctity and learning when, during the devastating inroads of the Danes, many another sank, to rise no more. Thus for at least five hundred years did the bright lamp kindled by St. Kevin in that lone mountain shrine send forth the rays that lit not Ireland alone, but penetrated even to the remotest corners of the earth, and made far-distant nations bless the memory of the humble hermit of Glendalough. Indeed so great was the importance attached to this famous monastery that it was eventually raised to the dignity of an episcopal See; and it was to the care of its bishop that Prince Maurice O’Toole confided his young son Laurence after he had rescued him from the tyrant MacMurrough.

St. Laurence was not an only child, and we are told that his brothers accompanied him on that memorable visit to Glendalough; and that when they all stood in the presence of the good bishop, their father said that he had long wished that one of them should be given to the service of God; but that as each one of them wanted to be the one so favored, he was in sore perplexity as to how he should act, and was wondering if he had not better cast lots for it. Then, and before the bishop could answer, the boy Laurence stepped forward and said that the lot was already cast in heaven and had fallen

upon himself. “I belong to God,” he went on, “and to Him alone. I have known His support in the days of my misery and exile. I have fed upon His love in the days of my wretchedness and hunger. I have separated my heart from all other love, save that of my God in heaven and my fellow-countrymen upon the earth; and to that God and to that Ireland will I devote myself.”

During the peaceful years that followed, Laurence O’Toole was so distinguished for his piety, even in that home of saints, that, upon the first vacancy, he was elected Abbot of Glendalough, although not yet five and twenty. It is related, as an instance of his exceeding charity and self-denial, that when, not long after his election, a terrible famine raged in Ireland, the young Abbot collected all the spare food and clothing in the monastery—some say everything it possessed,—and all the sacred vessels, as well as such treasures as had been given by his own father and other wealthy men, and had the whole distributed amongst the starving people, or sold for their benefit. And not until the great day, when even a cup of cold water given in Christ’s name shall not be without its reward, will it be known how many multitudes of Irish men and Irish women, and how many thousands of poor little Irish children, were saved from death by hunger through the zeal and generosity of the great-hearted Abbot of Glendalough, the noble Laurence O’Toole.

No wonder that when the Archbishop of Dublin died, in 1171, the citizens of Ireland’s fair capital implored, as if with one voice, that the saint of Glendalough should be appointed in his place. The only obstacle to the granting of this eager prayer was the Abbot’s own humility; but, seeing that his protestations availed not, he yielded after a year of struggle, and was consecrated Archbishop of Dublin in 1172,—a memorable date for Ireland; for it was in that year that a king of England first called himself her Lord.

Eight years later we find St. Laurence

once more pleading for Ireland with her foes; for then, in 1180, King Roderick O'Connor was obliged to send one of his sons as a hostage to Henry II., and it was the Archbishop who undertook to take him to the English court. But when he arrived in England he found that Henry, who was then in France, had left orders that if Laurence O'Toole came to England he was to be arrested and never allowed to return to Ireland. To the Irish mind, to lay hands upon a bishop was a crime too black for words, although to the murderer of St. Thomas à Becket it seemed the most natural thing in the world.

The Archbishop of Dublin was no sooner aware of the plot than, taking the young Irish prince with him, he crossed over to France with the intention of bearding Henry to his face. But his great heart was breaking within him because of the sorrows that had fallen upon Ireland and upon Ireland's royal house, and he found that he had overestimated his strength. At forty-five years of age he was already worn out, and, unable to continue the journey, he turned to the Abbey of Yew, in Normandy. "Give a dying man a place whereon he may lie down and die," he said to the abbot, who advanced to meet him; much marvelling to find the Archbishop of the capital of Ireland in so sore a plight.

To the Irish priest who acted as his secretary, St. Laurence then confided O'Connor's son, charging him at the same time with a message to the English monarch. "Tell him," said he, "that when the agonies of death were upon me, I charged him in the name of Almighty God, to treat this prince as the son of a king; not to forget that this prince's father is a king, and that the Irish people are still a nation with a king at their head." When the French monks who tended him in his last moments asked if he would like to make his will, he answered that he had nothing to leave, for he possessed not one farthing of his own.

Whatever had once been his (though this he did not say) he had long since given to the poor of Ireland. And it was of the Irish people that he thought up to the end. "What will now become of you?" he moaned. "Who will now relieve your miseries? Who will heal you, now that I am going away?" And with those words on his lips he died.

They laid him to rest in the abbey church of Yew, and less than a century later he was canonized at Rome by Pope Honorius III. No native of Ireland has received that honor since: with the advent of the English, the long, long line of Irish saints became extinct. The last king of Ireland, like her last saint, also ended his days in a monastery—the Abbey of Cong, to which, world-weary and world-forsaken, he withdrew upon his abdication. He lived to be over eighty, and he sleeps with those "whose dust is Irish earth"; for he was buried at Clonmacnoise. But the better and greater man of the two, whether we look at him as prince or patriot, as priest or soldier—the man whose very love for Ireland killed him in his prime,—was laid in foreign clay. On his grave no shamrocks spring, and over it no Irish breezes blow. But—whatever his or her creed or politics may be—who hesitates to declare that the brave spirit of Ireland's last saint is not with her still? And who dare say that a people who love their faith and liberty as the Irish do—even after seven centuries of ceaseless effort to subdue them—are not worthy of the blood that flowed in the veins of their patriot Archbishop, and of that bright future in which they all believe, and for which, we may be sure, he prays in heaven?

SINGLE is every living creature born,
 Single he passes to another world,
 Single he eats the fruit of evil deeds,
 Single, the fruit of good; and when he leaves
 His body, like a log or heap of clay,
 Upon the ground, his kinsmen walk away:
 Virtue alone stays by him at the tomb,
 And bears him through the dreary, trackless
 gloom. —*Manu.*

A Melody in the Prelude.

BY VALENTINE PARAISO. •

IV.



HE friendship deepened. John St. Aubyn would come to the house next door, ringing now with the merest touch of the bell, and asking if Mrs. Delahay would lend him the boy. And the boy was so often lent that a day came when the widow was invited to see his portrait. They went up to the painting room.

"Now, Mrs. Delahay, tell me, is this like him? Oh, but you must go farther away—almost against the opposite wall! I thought of it as a study in gold and blue."

"Perhaps it is that,—I suppose it is," she said with hesitation, so much was she afraid of hurting him.

The hunchbacked man laughed.

"You mean that whatever it is, it is not the boy."

"Oh, but it is! Those are just like Bobbie's blue eyes. But he has not such pretty hair: you have made it so bright."

"That is the impression," the crooked man explained, standing near, with his shoulders always up.

"What for did you daub my cheek blue?" laughed Bobbie with delight, dancing, and hanging on to the artist's patient hand.

"That was the impression also," he said to the mother, who was quite as much puzzled as the child. "You see, the light becomes reflected from the strong blue of the pinafore."

"O Mr. St. Aubyn you are so clever!" said the girlish widow, a little overawed. "I am sure it will be very like Bobbie when it is finished." To her untrained eyes, it appeared to be only blocked in with broad sweeps of the brush.

"I thought it *was* finished." The artist laughed, amused at her bewilderment.

He had taken a gilt frame, and was slipping the picture into it.

"I am afraid," she said, "I know nothing about painting and music and—and china. I know only how to keep the little house and take care of my 'chick.'"

Her sweetness charmed him. It was in prose exactly what the poet had said in verse:

She knows but matters of the house,

And he—he knows a thousand things.

Yes, she was very simple and practical; all the more was she attractive. She herself was that beauty which art only strove to imitate. Unconsciously she possessed what artist and poet admired—beauty of face and form, voice and ways, and, better still, innocent loveliness of heart and soul. She had no idea—how could she?—that his pulses quickened at her coming, that to speak to her in the morning made him happy for the rest of the day.

The year advanced. They had walked in the shady garden behind the Queen Anne house. They had gathered the mulberries of another August, and it seemed quite a long time since "the chick" made the acquaintance of the mulberry man, and since the sale of the Yamagata bowl. The late September came, and the first chill weather, when the fireside was pleasant. One day the pretty Mrs. Delahay came in to see Mr. St. Aubyn, and stayed a very long time. The two sat in the panelled drawing-room, one on each side of a glowing hearth, where all the blue-and-white Dutch tiles were glistening. Daylight faded at last; the rest of the room was darkening. It was at least two hours since they had sat at the tea table, where the richly colored and gilded cups still shone. There seemed to be something that Mrs. Delahay wanted to say; she lingered and lingered, and it had not yet been said.

"Mr. St. Aubyn," she began after a silence; her elbow leant upon her knee, and her face was in shadow supported on her hand. "Mr. St. Aubyn, I want to

ask you if something is right. I never told you about the time when my poor dear Dick was dying. I did so want to make him a promise then, and he wouldn't let me. Does that sort of half-a-promise bind? It is like this. I wouldn't for the world be unfaithful to my love for poor dear Dick, or to a promise that I made; but—but—if I began to care for some one else—"

She broke off suddenly. The heart of John St. Aubyn seemed to give a great bound, and went on beating wildly. Such unimaginable things did happen! Was it possible? Knowing that he was but a poor creature, could it be that she was coming across the stepping-stones holding out a hand? He could never have dared to cross there by himself. Was this some brave stretch of a woman's tenderness? Perhaps she might act for once in the royal manner of a princess, seeing that her true knight was so lowly and helpless.

"Why do you ask *me* this?" he said slowly, and began to tremble.

Whatever she felt towards *him*, he knew then that *he* loved *her*. Here was the luxury he had felt doomed to live without; the crown of life that he had thought impossible for him; the inevitable destiny, after all; the love of which stories told and poets dreamed. So he said as quietly as he could, "Why do you ask *me* this?" ready at the first word of encouragement to pour out his heart. He would worship her as never man worshipped before; he would enthrone her child as his adopted son.

"I feel," she said, "as if you are a sort of father confessor. You are so wise and good, you will be sure to tell me what is right."

This was a little disconcerting. Was he going to lose her, after all? Did he belong to quite another order of things,—a world in which there is no marrying or giving in marriage? Had it never come to her in the faintest dream that such as he might be her lover? He had thought

himself happy enough before that sudden flare of hope; and when it died out, the disillusion was sharp. He grasped the arms of his chair, and the shadow of physical pain shot in a twinge up each nervous wrist.

"My husband said I must not promise never to marry again," she went on simply. "I was so young, and he said it was such a hard, hard world."

"It is!" came a whisper from the other side of the hearth.

"Poor Dick!" (He could tell by her voice that she was smiling now.) "He told me I must remember that any man who really knew me was sure to fall in love with me."

"Yes, yes," said the man in the opposite chair.

She thought he was only marking his attention to her story.

"But, of course, Dick thought *that* because he was such a darling, and so very, very fond of me. So he said I was not always to say 'No.' But I did want to promise that I would never love any one else."

For the listener a faint breath revived the daring hope of a few moments ago. He had despaired too soon. There might yet be a revelation in a word or a smile. First it was necessary to answer her question, and to clear away that scruple about the promise.

"Am I bound by what I wanted to say?" she asked. "Would it be right for me—to marry again—if—there was some one who would be good to me—and to Bobbie?"

She raised her head, and clasped her anxious hands restlessly round her knee. Her face was frank, but there was no smile. She was looking at him in an impersonal way, intent upon what he would say—not upon himself. The firelight illumined her face and her hair. His heart misgave him; she reminded him of the angels of Fra Angelico's Paradise. He had never before realized how beautiful she was; yet perhaps the effect was only

a trick of the light wherein she was vignettèd and glorified.

He answered her question in as calm and judicial a tone as he could command.

"So far as I can judge from what you tell me, there was no promise made at all; and your husband seemed to foresee, and one might almost say to wish, that some time you would have a protector in 'this hard, hard world.'"

"I have sometimes thought he would have wished it, but I was so much afraid of deceiving myself. After all," she said tenderly, "it is not putting any one quite in his place, is it? I could never love any one as much as my poor Dick." And then, with tears welling in her eyes, she began to tell him about the blue sash and the little pair of white kid gloves.

"Most men," St. Aubyn said, "would think it a privilege to have what affection you chose to give."

She hardly seemed to notice that he spoke, for she was already beginning to tell the rest.

"And this is some one Dick liked so much."

Then the blow had fallen. There could be no longer a doubt. Another—the better man—was to be nearer and dearer. John St. Aubyn was only human, and desolation swept over his soul. He grasped the arms of the old oak chair; suffering of mind was akin to bodily pain. His hands and wrists twinged. He had asked so little. He would have been content with love on one side and friendship on the other. But now there would be nothing left—only the dust and ashes of life, the wintry winds of fate, darkness and utter loneliness. So he thought—little knowing!

"I am so glad you tell me it would not be breaking a promise," she said. "And to think I am doing as Dick would wish—that makes me quite happy. This is his friend—his 'chum,' you know: they were at the same school, and then in the same regiment. He is going to live in

England now, because he has come in for the family property; it is down in Devonshire—a country-house. He says he will have to take his uncle's place in the county, and perhaps go into Parliament. He will be all right in the country; he was quite a crack polo player. He loves riding and golf."

The hunchback, in the opposite chair, stooped more, and shivered a little, as if a cold wind had touched him. Mrs. Delahay felt how thoughtless she had been. The regret was piercing, like remorse. She should make reparation.

"It will be so nice for Bobbie, too; won't it? And, dear Mr. St. Aubyn, you have been so kind to us, you will have to come and stay at Furzly Court. You simply *must*.—No? Why not?"

"I am a hermit."

"Oh, but you can have a little hermitage in our house. You must stay for months—live with us. I won't have Tom at all, if he isn't fond of you."

He laughed, and shook his head and thanked her.

So she had no idea of what had happened at the opposite side of the hearth,—no, not the faintest suspicion.

"And you must come to our wedding," she said gaily. "We shall have Bobbie as a page in white silk, with Van Dyke collar and big cuffs of lace. Won't he look sweet?"

"But you forget," said the bent man, "I am a pilgrim."

"A hermit—and now a pilgrim! What does *that* mean?"

"It means that I must soon be travelling."

It was then she noticed the gathering darkness.

"O Mr. St. Aubyn, I have stayed too late! I must really run away. We shall have another chat very soon. And you have made me so happy! It *will* be nice for Bobbie and me, won't it? You are sure to like Tom. I was always fond of him."

She had drawn her cloak about her, as

she stood up; her fair hair remained uncovered. For a moment she put her hand in his; and then, as he held open the door of the Queen Anne house, she tripped away gaily to her home next door.

The Square looked dark indeed to-night. The first lamps were lighting. One could see the red-curtained windows of the old "Pig and Harrow." But, oh, how the cold wind chilled one through, and how sad the darkness was, and how empty and weary the world, with no joy in it any more! To-morrow he would go away—it did not matter where.

Coming back into the panelled room, he would not let the lamps be lighted. To and fro he walked with his hands behind his back, while the night gathered darker and colder outside, and the fire died down. He could hardly see the high carved back of the chair where she had sat; but it was still there by the hearth, just where she left it. He did not touch the row of ivory keys, showing with a pale gleam near one of the bleak windows towards the garden. There comes at times a crisis in life when art is folly, when tricks of sound would be only an intrusion. Who would want to play our earthly music on a high pass of the Alps, where one looks out over immeasurable precipices, awful chasms,—upon the sea of summits white with eternal snow?

At last he went up to pack away his paintings—his "toys" he had often called them,—and to put a few sketch-books together. To gratify his housekeeper, he came down for a while and dined, telling her he would travel in the morning. Then for the last time he trimmed the lamp before the Madonna with the gilded background. To-night, of all nights, that lamp should not go out.

When Sir Thomas Gilmour was up in town from Furzly Court, and when I mentioned Appleworth, he spoke of the Queen Anne house in the Square and the last of the St. Aubyns. He told me about

the Yamagata bowl, in the genuineness of which he firmly believed, but I did not; for I began to see through that part of the story. It was at the club, and his wife was not there. Greatly admiring his lady—and who would not?—he told me many things, and how the Queen Anne house was shut up now, and how the crooked man that Bobbie was so fond of had never come to stay at Furzly Court. And so I saw the whole story.

Years after, in the Lady Chapel of a great cathedral in Southern France, I caught a glimpse of John St. Aubyn. It was a *festa*, and wax candles without number were on a high stand, in all stages of burning and at all angles of crookedness. Full in the clear light, farther forward than the rest of the crowd, knelt a little hunchbacked man. His face was slightly raised, communing with some One unseen, in deep contentment and peace. There could not be a doubt that long ago he had learned the secret of the divine plan, and made his holocaust. He knew the meaning of his infirmity, and was perfectly satisfied.

So must there be upon this earth many a crippled and misshapen creature, beautiful in the sight of the angels, set apart and consecrated. And there must be lives—thrice happy lives!—left empty by the Maker of all things because He wants to fill them with Himself.

(The End.)

A Lily Near the Tabernacle.

BY JAMES H. McDONALD.

☞ LILY placed there for the King,—
A virgin, silent, comforting;

A Spring song for His Heart's rejoice,
Who even gives a flower voice.

Holding a silver cup of prayer,
It bends and pours its fragrance there.

O what a gift does the lily bring
To lay at the feet of the Lily King!

Blessed Gabriel Possenti.

BY THOMAS B. REILLY.

AMONG the more lovable of those men and women whose simple lives of brilliant spiritual issue have won for them, in countless hearts, an immortality of fond remembrance, is one that, seventy-eight years ago, had his Christian birth in the old cathedral of San Rufino, in the picturesque town of Assisi, and at the same baptismal font where the Church had received a seraphic Francis and an heroic Clare.

Italy and the nineteenth century! What chapter in the long story of lands and peoples throbs with livelier interests, flashes more memorable surprises? The first three quarters of those vital hundred years were not exempt from a vehement hunger for change and experiment, nor from the perils of pride and revolt. Out of a *mêlée* of self-seeking powers and clashing ideals strode forth Tyranny as well as Freedom. It was a period of sinister intrigue and dark uncertainty; one that forced a Pontiff of the Church to flee in disguise from the coveted Quirinal, and one that saw the flag of a transient republic sniff the air of Rome.

The tramp of Austrian soldiery echoed in Ferrara. Lombardy blazed with revolution. Venice was lost. French bayonets glared through the streets of the Eternal City, while clear and shrill above the storm-lit moments broke the long-gathering cry for a United Italy. It was the appointed hour of a Cavour, a Victor Emmanuel, a Napoleon III., and a Garibaldi. History wrote the names—Magenta, Solferino, Villafranca. And then, the theft of history accomplished, anti-Christian hatreds gutted the structure of years. Confiscations and expulsions, exilings and imprisonments marked the violent passing of the hour. It was during the greater part of this period (1838-1862) that a beautiful gem was fashioned for Italy's already dazzling crown of saints.

In point of birth, Francis was the eleventh of thirteen children given to Sante Possenti and his wife Agnese, *née* Frisciotti. He was born March 1, 1838, in the town of Assisi. Two years later, the father, elected assessor for the civil court at Spoleto, removed his family to that city, where the boy received his education at the hands of the Christian Brothers and the Jesuit Fathers.

Unusually keen of intellect, blessed with a sense of humor and a remarkable memory, endowed with much personal magnetism, an eloquent speaker, the youth gave promise of a notable career. Naturally vivacious, he was susceptible to distressing flashes of anger. As he grew older, a certain air of vanity, together with a strain of fickleness, began to show themselves. In matters of dress and personal adornment, he became finical to a degree. He was a devotee of the latest fashions, fond of jovial companions, seldom missed an opportunity to shine as a conversationalist, and had a pronounced penchant for theatricals. In the words of D. Paolo Bonaccio, his first biographer, the boy bade fair to become a brilliant conquest for the forces of the world.

And then, as the youth himself said, the hand of God touched him. (*Un bel giorno la mano di Dio si fece sentire su di me.*) He was taken seriously ill. Sharply distressed at the thought of probable death, he made a promise that, if cured, he would spend the remainder of his days in the religious life. Nevertheless, given back his vigor, he promptly returned to the vanities and amusements of the day. His illness suddenly returned. He repeated his promise, and again was restored to health. This time he got as far as an interview with a superior of the Jesuits. There the affair seemingly slumbered, since once more he slipped back into the old ways.

That the youth really kept in his heart a more or less accusing remembrance of the evaded promise is witnessed by a letter addressed to him, later on, by one

of the Jesuit Fathers, wherein occurs the significant phrase, "that will of God which you seek." This letter is dated May 17, 1855. Fifteen days later, the young man's favorite sister, Maria Luigia, in the flower of her youth, was cut down by the scourge of cholera then ravaging Spoleto. The sudden obliteration of his sister seems to have cleared the perspective for him. Fashionable clothes, festive gatherings, balls and theatres began to lose their appeal and were finally abandoned.

The father, suspicious of this unexpected reversal, had a frank talk with his son. The latter, equally plain, announced his intention to enter the religious life. He was ordered to take a year in which to test the quality of his resolution, during which the father, heretofore an absentee, became a frequenter of places of social amusements, commanding his son to accompany him. The resumption of fashionable clothes became a necessity; but, next his skin, Francis Possenti wore a leathern girdle fortified with jagged and sharpened bits of iron. It was a flesh-raking instrument, bespeaking that heroic determination which, later on, was to signalize his spiritual life.

When the stipulated year had drawn to a close, the young man applied for admission to the Passionist Congregation, and was accepted. The father made another and an extremely determined effort toward dissuasion, but without success. Farewells were said, and September 7, 1856, Francis Possenti turned his footsteps towards the Passionist monastery near Morovalle. On the way toward that goal, three pre-arranged attacks upon his resolution were launched and lost.

The youth entered the retreat at Morovalle, September 10, 1856. Twelve days later, the Feast of Our Lady's Sorrows, he received the habit and took the name Gabriele dell' Addolorata. The following year, September 22, 1857, he made his simple vows. In 1859 he became an inmate of the retreat at Isola del Gransasso, where he began his course in dogmatic theology,

received some of the lesser Orders, but never lived to reach the priesthood. At the age of twenty-four, physically the victim of tuberculosis, and after six years in the religious life, he died, February 27, 1862.

A very brief and very simple story? No briefer than his days, nor simpler than his soul. Outwardly, it was the plainest of human careers; interiorly, however, there flowered a life of such saintliness that, less than fifty years after his death, the Church—for all her restrictions and barriers—deemed this child of her fold worthy of the title Venerable. It was Pope Leo XIII., of blessed memory, that made the declaration, July 7, 1896; but it was reserved for the fondly remembered Pius X. to promulgate the decree of beatification, which was done at Rome, May 31, 1908.

Wherein the saintliness? Solely in the heroic practise of the Christian virtues, which, in the case of Blessed Gabriel, and only after his death, God deigned to reveal by miracles as numerous as they were extraordinary: sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb, restorations of crippled bodies, retrievals from the clutch of death itself.

In few instances was the quality of the spiritual life of a servant of God less known to familiars or so generally screened from neighboring eyes as that of this smiling student at Isola del Gransasso. Here and there, it is true, a surface-light sparkled; but never for a moment was the dazzling brilliance of his interior life openly revealed. The poetry, as well as the heroism, of his faith was hidden from all except his confessor and his spiritual director.

In the pursuit of perfection, six years are a poignantly brief space of time. One would scarcely believe that, in the same scant course of years, a youth fresh from the follies of the world could achieve the goal of such heroic business. Nevertheless, such was the truth. The world, intrusively curious, suspects a secret. There

wasn't any. It was simply an instance of a straight line's being the shortest distance between two points. For Blessed Gabriel there was no stepping aside, not even a slant to the footstep, therefore no delay. Such perfect alignment, a veritable martyrdom, called for absolute freedom of spirit; this, contrary to worldly logic, he found in spiritual bondage. Hour by hour, the work of his day was ordered—by others. In this ideal liberty he was free to fashion his life as he would; success or failure, gain or loss, depended solely upon himself.

Blessed Gabriel's response to the voice of authority was instant, his execution of a command perfect. So scrupulously exact was he in his exercise of this golden virtue that, if writing in his cell, he would at a call lay aside his pen, leaving the word half written, even a letter incomplete. In recreation, his tongue would fall silent on the passing syllable. It was an instance of perfection in trifles, an expert appreciation of the fleeting moment.

One of the tearful regrets of his life was that for time once wasted in reading those works of fiction which, seemingly innocent, were nests of evil. "*Quei libri*," he writes, "*maladetti romanzi!*" Strong words in the mouth of such a character, but thoroughly justified. His life in the world, innocent though it had been, frequently rose before him a vivid dream of horror. The vision humbled but strengthened him. He acquired that grace and ease of action which, as in the case of so many saints, completely veiled his martyrdoms of heart, battles of soul, desperate struggles of mind.

In the face of an adverse circumstance his poise and confidence were contagious. In 1860, when the alarms of war echoed around the retreat at Isola del Gransasso, when the hard fist of oppression and the clutching fingers of brigandage were working grief and havoc in the countryside, it was this quiet youth of two and twenty that gave to his older companions an inspiring example of serenity and trust. The attitude of his mind was logic itself:

we are in the hands of an all-good and all-powerful God; loving Him, why or what should we fear?

Those familiar with the Italian heart know to what lengths its tender sympathies and ardent affections can reach. It shares intimately the joys and sorrows of a neighbor. Its charities are swift and hot; even its serenities are passionate. To assume the burdens of others was for Blessed Gabriel not only a delight but a necessity. He continually sought to share the burdens of his companions. He made no discrimination, except that, like Sœur Thérèse of Lisieux, he more eagerly served those between whom and himself seemed lacking some spiritually fraternal bond. Sharp and uncharitable words were his special dislike. He had judgment only for himself. Particular friendships he abhorred.

The cause of the poor and distressed constantly besieged his heart. In poverty himself, he was accustomed to lay aside the better part of his meal, urging his companions to do likewise, that the same might be given to the poor, who, he declared, were deserving of the best mouthfuls. His spiritual gifts to the oppressed and unfortunate will never be known this side of eternity. His love and pity for the souls in purgatory were boundless. In their behalf he made heroic renunciation of all the satisfactory portion of his life, prayers, and penances. He placed this rich gift in the custody of Our Lady to distribute as she deemed best.

Even while fascinated by the specious charm of the world, Francis Possenti was ill at ease. In spite of many untoward circumstances, his soul remained unsullied. While in the world he was not only an ardent lover of the Mass but a frequent communicant. His earliest and tenderest devotion was that paid to the Blessed Virgin. One special remembrance of her he kept fresh and vivid from boyhood till death,—her maternal helplessness at the foot of the Cross. The wordless anguish of that Mother's Heart he shared in rare and touching degree.

It was on the Feast of Our Lady's Sorrows, with which his name in religion will be forever linked, that he was invested with the habit of the Passionist Order. And the great dream of his life was to spread a world-wide devotion to her under the title *Maria Addolorata*. In view of such affection for the Mother, one can imagine the impassioned love in his heart for her Son, whose figure hanging limp and white from those relentless nails in the wood was never absent from his thoughts or eyes.

Blessed Gabriel was particularly remarked by his companions for his prompt, cheerful and exact performance of the trifling duties of the hour. "Perfection in a good religious," he was wont to say, "does not consist in doing many and great things, but in doing well those things which he is ordered to do." And among the more memorable heroisms of his spiritual career was the astounding martyrdom of his six years perfect observance of the rigorous rules of the Passionist Order. In the light of his innate weaknesses, that achievement shines with marked splendor. There is no such thing as forming an easeful habit where the rebellious flesh is concerned. The involuntary results of a habit never yet disarmed the spiritual enemy. And, even to those grown old in the religious life, one week of such perfect observance would, no doubt, make the strongest crave relief.

It was a sharp face-about—this march of a refined and brilliant youth, from the promising offers and enticing gifts of the world, toward silence, cell, and penance. The world of his day, we are told, stood wondering, amazed. Like another son of Assisi, he seems to have caused a wagging of tongues. The world has long since acclaimed the glory of the "poor little man of Assisi"; it will one day pause to avow the beauty of the life of this no less humble student of Isola del Gransasso.

There is a striking resemblance between Blessed Gabriel and Sœur Thérèse of Lisieux. Their general outlook was the

same. A shrewd valuation of the vanishing moment existed in the mind of each. There were the same serenities and confidences, twin moods of charity; and a parallel contentment in the demands and fortunes of the hour. In both lives the Mother of God had played a visible and governing part. Upon the white fields of their souls lay the shadow of the sagging Burden of the Cross. In their childlike faith, their persuasive humilities, their perfect obediences, the abounding riches of their hearts unguessed; youth and maiden went their smiling ways toward God. It was not until, in each instance, day had drawn to a close and sundown paled to twilight that the glory of the vanished noon was felt. But neither to the heart of France nor to the soul of Italy was it given to know the full truth till out of the darkness had flashed a star and out of the grave an immortality.

Mary Tudor.

BY BEATRICE FERNEKEES.

AGAINST the time-worn picture of a harsh-mannered woman, narrow-minded to the point of bigotry, who persecuted with vicious hate, and gloated over her victims—the "Bloody Mary" of tradition—rises another, of a Queen intensely loving, but under iron restraint, who dared to trust no one because so many had proved false, whose mind was tortured and whose heart was torn by pity when she signed death warrants, whose whole life was an agony of disappointed hopes and misplaced confidence.

The two pictures form a striking contrast. Which is the true one? A defence of her motives, a vindication of her acts has been attempted even by non-Catholic historians, and their work has gone far toward clearing her name of its foul stain. In order to understand what she did and why, it is necessary that one should go back in spirit to the times in which she lived, and realize conditions as she knew them.

Persecution was not an unheard-of thing before the days of Mary Tudor. Unworthy motives had fired the minds of kings and princes, and there had frequently been bloodshed for lighter cause than the issue Mary knew to be at stake. Henry VIII., her father, persecuted to gratify his lust and greed. During the brief reign of the sickly Edward VI. persecution was a matter of policy. It was the cover under which the mass of the people were kept in ignorance of the mightier evil until its consummation. With the publication of the Book of Common Prayer, and the order that it be used instead of the Roman Missal, their eyes were opened; but it was too late. Timely measures cowed the masses; and at the time of Edward's death, the schism was no longer a ghostly visitant by night, but stalked shamelessly abroad. The English Church was a thing apart, and her tenets were openly heretical.

Mary succeeded her brother. It is true that she did persecute, and severely; but with a purpose, now conceded by great historians, no matter what their religious belief, to have been eminently high. In his "England under the Tudors," Innes says: "Mary and her advisers believed themselves to be applying the one remedy left for the removal of disease from the body politic. The persecution was on an unprecedented scale, because heresy existed on an unprecedented scale." Both under Henry VIII. and Edward VI. men had been burned for heresy; and Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley had countenanced the burning. Mary was led by a conscientious but misguided zeal for the peace of the Church. Her long trial of lenient methods, her strong appeal to the innate nobility of the people—an appeal that was made but vainly in the face of a growing boldness on the part of heretics,—her splendid faith in the noble old Church, and her fear lest it lose the heritage that was its own, the fair land that had been known so proudly as "Our Lady's Dowry,"—all combined to produce

a result that was inevitable in those days of stern issues.

A brief review of her life will make her position clearer. She was the only surviving child of Catherine of Arragon and Henry VIII.; and Cardinal Wolsey was her godfather. She was well educated, was an accomplished musician, and spoke Latin, French and Spanish fluently. By nature she was generous to a fault, affectionate and trustful. Up to the time of the divorce she was treated as heiress to the throne; and was pledged to Charles V. of Austria, the father of Philip of Spain, whom she later married. When Anne Boleyn rose to favor and Catherine was banished, Mary shared her mother's exile. She loved her mother with an intense affection that it would be hard to credit to the stern, cold Queen of later years.

Anne Boleyn favored the child with her special hatred, and rumor had it that both mother and daughter were to be sent to the gallows. Tensely they waited for the summons that never came. Death called Catherine; and the lonely girl, worn by nights of vigil, gave way to passionate grief. And then a strange change came over her. The old sweet impetuosity that had been her greatest charm was lost. In outward demeanor she was a woman grown, with a woman's reserve. If her heart cried out with pain, there was no sign, and she seldom smiled. Somberly dressed, she would walk for hours in gardens that were rioting with color and beauty, her set lips and white face registering silent protest to the luxury of love about her.

After Anne's execution, Jane Seymour was kind to the desolate girl. It was at this time that strong pressure was brought to bear on her by Cromwell to sign a document testifying that her mother's marriage was illegal. It was the only way to restoration to favor. She resisted until life was threatened, and then yielded to force; and "having made a private protest that she did it under compulsion, and that therefore her signature was

worthless, signed it with averted eyes, refusing to read it either before or after."* She was then restored to a small degree of favor. With Henry's marriage to Catherine Parr, her position was somewhat bettered, and before his death she was proclaimed successor to Edward.

During Edward's reign and Somerset's protectorate Mary was treated with respect, but her life was still an isolated one. On state occasions she visited her sickly brother, and showed him every consideration; but there was no one whom she could call friend, while enemies abounded. Archbishop Ridley, an early convert to Anglicanism, openly preached against her, and refused to pray either for her or for Elizabeth, who at the time was reputed to be Catholic.

The news of Edward's death was kept from Mary for some days. Completely under the sway of Northumberland, he had disinherited his sister in favor of the youthful Lady Jane Grey, daughter-in-law of the peer. The plot was well laid; and, had all gone as was planned, Mary would have been in the Tower before any attempt could have been made toward resistance. But Mary was warned, and, with that wonderful power of rising to sudden emergencies which seems to have been the Tudors' to a remarkable degree, planned a counterplot. She flew to Framingham, where she boldly set up her standard and called for loyal subjects. In admiration of her courage, thousands rallied to her side from the Eastern counties, and she was even joined by some of the council. When the two forces met, Northumberland's men deserted to her side, and the rebellion collapsed.

In punishing the traitors, Mary was merciful. Only the more active rebels were arrested; and of these, many were pardoned. But three, including Lord Northumberland, were executed; and these only at the insistence of the Queen's advisers. Lady Jane Grey and Ridley were detained in custody.

Mary's success was popular. Even her enemies, finding resistance of no avail, made peace with her. The first grave problem met her a few days after her accession. It was her desire to bury Edward with Catholic rites, but this was not deemed prudent by the Austrian ambassador. She answered his carefully prepared arguments by saying that she felt bound to do so by the will of her father, who had directed that Catholic services be performed over his own body. She also felt strongly that timidity now would compromise freedom of action later on. Her own religious belief was well known, and there must be no dallying. A compromise was offered by which Edward was buried according to the Edwardine rites, but she had a Mass said for him in the Tower.

How strong the feeling of the people was at the time may be gauged by what happened a few days later. Mass was said at St. Bartholomew's, and was impiously interrupted by a howling mob. In view of the troublous times, Mary's proclamation was most prudently worded. She declared that all should have freedom of conscience until such time as matters religious were settled by common consent. For the sake of peace, she forbade all preaching without a license, and no books on doctrinal subjects were to be printed for monetary gain. The Bishops Bonner, Tunstall and Gardiner were restored to their Sees, and the intruded Bishops were deposed.

The question of Cranmer was the next vital issue that demanded the Queen's attention. His Orders were genuine, and Mary respected his position, if she could not respect him. She bore with him for a long time, and in the end he sealed his own doom. Although the proclamation had made no mention of the Mass, little by little the Holy Sacrifice began to be offered in London. On August 23, after the Queen's accession, Mass was said at St. Nicholas' Cold Abbey, on Old Fish Street; and a little later, at St. Nicholas

* Gairdner, "Lollardy and the Reformation."

Olave's, on Bread Street. The restoration of the Mass was rumored to have Cranmer's approval, and it was said that he had even offered to say Mass for Edward in the Tower. A formal denial was the prelate's answer,—followed by a manifesto, signed by him, openly defending the Edwardine religion. For this, and for his share in the revolt under Lord Northumberland, he was ordered to the Tower. Though he appeared before the Commissioners for trial, he was not condemned at once. Twice, in the hope of a pardon, Cranmer recanted; but in February, 1556, finding all of no avail, he recanted his recantation. Innes calls him an academic, rather weak man, forced to the front by circumstances. He is far more severely criticised by modern Anglicans of the extreme High Church type.

But perhaps for no one detail of persecution has Mary been so heavily blamed as for the execution of Lady Jane Grey. In this connection, and in the face of a storm of adverse criticism, it is interesting to read the account of her motives given by the non-Catholic historian Gairdner, in his history of the English Reformation. The fact remains that in two grave revolts, the girl bride, herself the unwilling tool of the political ambitions of others, had been put forward as Mary's rival. The security of the State seemed to demand her death, and so it was urged by the Queen's counsellors. It is perhaps safe to say that no act of her stormy reign so drove the iron into her soul as the signing of that death warrant. Every gentle consideration possible was shown to the victim. Feckenham, the last Abbot of Westminster, prepared her for death. The execution was like a double-edged sword, that brought actual death to one, and an agony of pain to the other.

Elizabeth was spared, mainly through Feckenham's intercession. His later career is not without interest. When the "Virgin Queen" came to the throne, he was imprisoned, and languished in the Tower for twenty-three years.

But Mary's great work still remained to be done. By right of inheritance, she held the hated title "Head of the Church." This the second Parliament abrogated; and the reconciliation with Rome followed, on St. Andrew's Day, November 30. In the great Hall of the House of Parliament, where her father had renounced the Papacy and despoiled the monasteries, where Blessed Thomas More had walked and read his doom, Mary knelt with her subjects and listened while Bishop Gardiner confessed the sins of the people, and Cardinal Pole pronounced the absolution:

"Our Lord Jesus Christ, who with His Most Precious Blood hath redeemed and washed us from all our sins and iniquities, that He might purchase us unto Himself a glorious spouse, without spot or wrinkle; whom the Father hath appointed Head over all His Church.—He by His mercy absolves you. And we, by the Apostolic authority committed unto us by the most holy Lord, Pope Julius III., His Vicegerent on earth, do absolve and deliver you, all and single together, with this whole realm and its dominions, from all heresy and schism, and we do restore you to the unity of our Holy Mother Church."

The same Parliament, over which the absolution had been pronounced, now proclaimed the old laws against heretics. It was a last resort. For years vile pamphlets had been published railing against Transubstantiation; and Innes does not hesitate to say, in his history of "England under the Tudors," that Mary and her advisers were probably right in believing that religious peace was impossible until these fanatics were silenced. The action of Parliament ushered in four years of persecution, stern and unrelenting. Many reasons have been given to account in part for the severity shown by the Queen, and they are at least sufficient to prove that her action was not due to a mere thirst for blood. The bitter experience of her sad girlhood; her unreturned love for Philip, her husband; the disease that

whispered death in her ears for weary years; the loss of Calais; and, at the very end, misunderstandings with the Holy See itself, surely must have played a stern part in the "Queen's tragedy."

There was a grim sort of desperate courage that bore her on. The noblest of the Tudors and the most misunderstood, she all her life craved love and sympathy, and was doomed to walk alone, hated by the majority, underestimated by the rest. The ultimate scope of her policy always shone out like a vigil lamp before her eyes, clear and sweet, with gloom all about. England must be rid of the leprosy that made it crouch in shame, and she must burn and cut and use strong remedies to effect the cure. That she used the means she did is a matter of grave regret; but that her purpose was high and noble must be acknowledged by the ever-growing number of fair-minded students of the Reformation period.

A Memory of Geneva.*

BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

THREE or four years ago, during an exceptionally foggy month of January, I was obliged to spend a week at Geneva, Switzerland. It is only under the sad and sombre sky of winter that the Calvinistic Rome assumes its real aspect. To pay the city a hasty visit during the summer season as most tourists do is not to know it. What recollections can they retain, in fact? The incomparable scenery of lake and mountain, the luxurious hotels on the quays, the fashionable shops on the Coratterie, the cosmopolitan babble of the passengers on the deck of the Lausanne steamer,—that is about all. Calvin's memory holds no attraction; few people are tempted to hunt for traces of that terrible sectarian in the narrow, steep streets of the old quarter of the town, and under the pointed arches of the Church of

St. Peter. The tourist carries away from Geneva merely the superficial impression of a wealthy and beautiful city, situated in the midst of a most enchanting landscape.

On the contrary, to appreciate the cold but intense poetry of the ancient citadel of the Reformation, one must be there in the heart of winter, when the rigor of the temperature is in accord with that of the local customs, and when the *bise* blows as bitter as a controversy. Lake Lemman is veiled in fog, its voluptuous azure almost fearing to offend Huguenot pudicity; and the very skeletons of the trees are as dry as a lecture. Then it is that one should ascend the dark, damp streets of the higher portion of the city. One finds up there some solitary spots where a barren elm bristles at the top of an ancient stairway; and, without being blessed with great imaginative powers, one can fancy that Calvin is about to appear in person, in gown and cap, holding a Bible with heavy clasps under his fleshless arm, and muttering in his pointed beard some malediction against libertines and heretics.

In that sombre neighborhood is the great Rue de Granges, the Faubourg St. Germain of Geneva, where ancient houses are inhabited by very wealthy and very pious *momiers*, who pass the whole year in praying and economizing. Then, if one descends into the modern part of the town and mixes with the active crowd in the commercial streets, one finds in many of the faces this same expression of crabbed austerity. The women, buried in their furs and veils, seem to conceal their beauty as though it were an object of scandal; and at the entrance to the Bourse one sees men of grave and concentrated mien, who are in reality bankers, and who are talking among themselves about the rate of exchange; but one might take them for learned doctors in exegesis discussing the interpretation of a Scriptural text.

May the good Genevese forgive the innocent malice of this sketch! I do not forget the cordial welcome they tendered

* Authorized translation for THE AVE MARIA, by Blanca de Freyre Tibbits.

me when I went there to give a reading of my verses, and the cherished friends I have made among them. Who would not esteem and admire that hospitable and studious city,—that city of intelligence and of liberty, the natural asylum of so many exiles! But the citizens of Geneva will acknowledge that winters are fierce on the shores of Lake Lemán. My chilliness and general physical distress were therefore quite pardonable on that January morning when, on awaking, I discovered through my window-panes an atmosphere of despair and suicide,—a fog that smelled of soot and penetrated into my very apartments.

Suddenly the friend whose guest I was entered my room and said gaily: "Do you wish to see the sun?" I thought at first it was a stupid joke. Not at all! Nothing was easier. All we need do was to get into a carriage and be driven to a certain height on Mount Saleve, then continue some few rods farther up the mountain on foot, and we should find ourselves above the fog and should see the sun and the blue sky.

Let us be just. That is a treat we could not procure ourselves in the heart of winter in Paris, or even on Montmartre from the towers of the Church of the Sacred Heart. I joyously accepted the seductive proposition, and a half hour later we were settled in a very comfortable landau, but isolated from the outer world by an opaque glaze that covered the windows.

We drove for a considerable time,—first trotting, then at a walk; insensible to the ascent save from the effort made by the horse, an effort one feels so well from the back of a carriage. When ours halted, we stepped out into a thick fog. The cold was piercing. At ten steps ahead of us we could see nothing. We were obliged, besides, to keep our eyes on the ground in order not to fall into the ruts and half-frozen mud. To right and left the trunks of trees vaguely rose, gnarled, and wrapped as in wool. Though I was at that time a good walker—alas! I can not say as much at present,—

the climb seemed a hard one. We perspired under our coats, we panted and puffed; and my companion and myself exhaled through our mouths and nostrils a triple jet of steam, that melted into and mixed with the fog. Meanwhile, walking slowly with the lengthened step of mountain-climbers, we advanced and rose by degrees into the white vapor.

Finally it became less dense, and was slightly colored with a tinge of pink,—a sort of presentiment of the presence of the sun. We were approaching the goal. Now we could distinguish the grass on the slope, the vermiculated bark of the oak-trees, and the verdure of the thickets with their evergreen foliage. At length the tops of the pines arose out of the mist in front of us; and above our heads there spread a blue, tender and exquisite light.

It was the sky. We were above the clouds. I could live a hundred years—which I do not at all desire—without forgetting the joy, the enchantment, the intoxication, that filled and penetrated me at sight of that marvellous spectacle. We found ourselves on the summit of a sort of promontory, while on all sides there extended and developed before our eyes an immense gulf, the color of milk,—the cloud through which we had passed, and at the bottom of which was Geneva and its lake. Out of that vaporous sea arose cries and calls, the rolling of carriages, at times the shrill whistle of a train; in fact, all the noises of a large city. I dreamed there of the mysterious Atlantis; and I recalled the legend of Is, swallowed up by the waters of the Morbihan, whose bells the sailors think they hear.

Facing us, and on the opposite shore, so to speak, the white chain of the Jura emerged from the clouds; whilst on our right the milky ocean lost itself in the horizon and melted, by insensible degrees, into the pale azure of the sky. At times a gull from Lake Lemán would brusquely soar out of the misty abyss, circle for a moment or two with wide sweep in the full light, then precipitate itself into the cloud again

with a loud screech, as though jeering at the inhabitants of the large city, who grovelled at the bottom of the abyss. And nothing was more fantastic than that white sea, out of which the birds sprang and into which they plunged unceasingly. Over all those marvels a winter sun, cold and clear, was throned triumphantly in the middle of the sky, shedding far out on the snow-capped mountain a lilac light of an adorable shade, and making the damp verdure near us glisten like enamel.

Yes, I shall always remember the delightful beating of my heart and my deep sigh of enthusiasm when, after our trying excursion through the dark fog, I was transported to this fairyland of Nature, and remained dazzled, by so much immaculate splendor.

Why does the memory of that admirable and perhaps unique experience of so long ago haunt me to-day with such persistence? Ah! it is because I have suffered cruelly, and because I still suffer each day in the flesh; because for me the winter of life, old age with its infirmities, has come. But a short time ago this decay filled me with despair, and I was all but suffocated in a gulf of darkness. Fortunately, the hand of a paternal and pious friend was placed in mine, and ordered me, with gentle firmness, to set out and climb toward the light. How happy I am to have found in myself something of the soul and the prayers of my childhood! Oh, the sweetness of humility, of faith, of obedience! Hardly have I reached the first stage of my journey, and already the mist of pride and impurity that veiled the right path is melting away.

Still higher, my soul!—still higher—even above all that we can see of the vault of heaven! What memory have I just evoked? On the mountain I was climbing only toward the sun; to-day I mount toward an incomparably more dazzling light; for, according to Michael Angelo, the sun is but the shadow of God.

The Gorham Case.

THE general reader, destitute of technical knowledge of a specific art or science, is oftentimes at a loss to understand references or allusions which the author whom he is perusing apparently believes to be familiar to everybody. So, too, in religious controversies, casual mention is made of some particular case or decision, some encyclical or decree well enough known to theologians and controversialists, but veritable mysteries to the nonprofessional reader.

In reading, for instance, biographical sketches of Cardinals Newman and Manning and other English converts of the middle-nineteenth century, one is pretty apt to meet with references to the Gorham Case—just that, as if every reader, as a matter of course, must know all about it. In point of fact, every reader does not; and his ignorance is often no discredit.

The Gorham Case, or controversy, was a purely Church of England dispute. The Rev. George Gorham, a clergyman of that denomination, contended that by baptism children do not become members of Christ and the children of God. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Phillpotts, Bishop of Exeter, refused, because of this contention, to appoint Mr. Gorham to the Vicarage of Bramford Speke. The clergyman sued the Bishop, and lost his case before the Arches Court of Canterbury in 1845; the Court maintaining that baptismal regeneration is a doctrine of the Church of England. On an appeal, however, to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council (the highest authority, practically the "Rome" of the Church of England), the judgment of the lower court was reversed, although the Committee refrained from expressing any opinion as to the theological accuracy of Mr. Gorham's belief. The clergyman obtained his vicarage in 1851; and one outcome of the controversy, or at least one sequence thereof, was the submission of Archdeacon Manning to the Church in that same year.

The Church and the Jews.

Notes and Remarks.

AS a manifestation of the beneficent results of the Great War on the spiritual side, the New York *Sun* cites Benedict XV.'s reply to the letter addressed to him by Jewish citizens of this country, urging his attention to "unspeakable cruelties that have been perpetrated upon the Jews in the war zone, particularly in Poland." The Holy Father replied that, "as the head of the Church, he agrees firmly with the belief that all men are brethren, and he teaches them to love one another." "This," comments the *Sun*, "has been hitherto only a doctrine; but the fact that the Supreme Pontiff has actually directed his clergy in Poland to use their best endeavors to put an end to the persecutions, is a marvellous reversal of the policies of his predecessors."

We thought everyone knew that the Jewish race have ever found their most friendly protectors in the Popes. This is acknowledged by Jews themselves. The learned Avigdor, a member of the Jewish Assembly convoked at Paris by Napoleon I., declared—and was applauded by his brethren—that "the Sovereign Pontiff's protected and received into their States the Jews who were persecuted in other parts of Europe; and the priests of all nations have often defended them."

The attitude of the Church towards the Jews is clearly shown in a Brief of Pope Innocent III., cited by Hurter, in which it is positively commanded: "No Christian shall presume to do any injury to the Jews in person without a judicial sentence, nor seize their goods, nor infringe on their ancient usages in those countries where they have a permanent residence. Let no one annoy them by striking them, . . . or by exacting of them services which they may have been required to render in former times."

These injunctions were addressed to the whole Church, and, moreover, were to be strictly obeyed "under pain of excommunication."

Our Government did a good thing in sending Mr. Frank N. Meyer to China three years ago, with instructions to collect vegetation adapted to 'swampy or alkali lands, or to conditions of drought or excessive heat. "Because," as the *Pittsburg Press* explains, "the Chinese have been farming some sections of their country for 4000 years, the United States department of agriculture believed that they must have discovered many things which would prove of great value to American farmers. Meyer tramped about 1500 miles in his search. Perhaps his most valuable discoveries are those which concern the growing of aquatic plants and vegetables which offer promising possibilities for the utilization of swamps. The discovery which flower-lovers will most appreciate is that of a yellow rambler rose."

Like the editor of the *Press*, we find it gratifying, in a time when most of the nations of the earth are competing with one another in the invention of engines of destruction, to record any constructive endeavor of man, however slight it may be. Children who are taught to cultivate that new rose will be sure in after life to cultivate the arts of peace instead of the arts of war.

The prohibition of dancing at entertainments under religious auspices—dancing for charity, to raise money for church-building, to pay off debts on ecclesiastical property, etc.—is simply the renewal of a prescription of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, which reads: "We command also that priests exercise care that the abuse, whereby feasts with dances are organized for the promotion of pious works, be wholly abolished." The Consistorial Congregation, with the approval of the Pope, now furthermore decrees "that all priests whosoever, whether secular or regular, and all other clerics, are utterly forbidden to promote

or favor the aforesaid dances, even for the advantage and aid of pious works, or for any other pious object whatsoever; and that all clerics are forbidden to be present at these dances, if perchance they be promoted by laymen."

That the Irish poor, more than most other people, subordinate the natural to the supernatural, and live by faith rather than by sight, is a truth that has been remarked by every sympathetic traveller in their lovely, if unhappy, country. It is interesting to note how this otherworldliness impressed so impressionable a traveller as Mgr. Benson. Writing from Killarney on one occasion, he said:

It is so delightful being here! The whole place breathes faith. The trees and stones and mountains look different, as one realizes that everyone who looks at them looks through them, except a few chilly tourists. I went round to see some poor people this morning with Lady Castlerosse, and saw some amazing things,—people in the most hopeless pigsties, cobbled stones on the floor, hens running about, etc.; real saints lying on the beds, with all their supernatural friends' portraits on the shelf,—crucifix, Our Lady, St. Patrick, and so on. One woman was dying of cancer, beaming; another dying of some other awful thing—calling everyone "darling," myself included, and absolutely serene with happiness. They don't mind death or pain at all. It is as natural to suffer and die as to live, and has the advantage of being supernatural, too. . . . I wish I had the thousandth part of their chance of heaven!

The insight and sympathy evidenced in this casual paragraph would seem to indicate that its writer himself was imbued with much of the same otherworldliness, and that his own "chance of heaven" might well have been envied.

In a thoughtful paper on "The Position of the Papacy according to International Law," contributed to the *Deutsche Revue* by Dr. Karl von Stengel, an eminent professor of law, who acted as delegate for Germany at the Hague Peace Conference in 1899, the intimation is given that, in the event of the war being brought by Germany to a victorious issue, and

presupposing the willingness of the Vatican to accept friendly intervention, Austria and Germany would be quite ready to meet the Holy See in its desire for a more satisfactory settlement of the Roman Question than that existing at present. Dr. von Stengel does not hesitate to declare that the Papacy is the only religious organization which in any true sense can be regarded as international.

Recent numbers of the *Lancet*, the highest medical authority in English, contain full reports of a series of lectures on "Infantile Mortality and the Relative Practical Value of Measures Directed to its Prevention," by Dr. S. G. Moore, of the College of Physicians. The ever-increasing death toll and the steadily falling birth-rate in England are naturally viewed with alarm by all intelligent citizens; though few, so far as we know, have ventured to call public attention to the matter. In an editorial on Dr. Moore's lectures, the *Lancet* guardedly remarks: "If there has been a decline in the rate, due to the growing reluctance on the part of married persons to face parental responsibilities—and there seems good reason to believe that this has been the case,—the influence of a healthy public opinion may counteract a form of selfishness likely to prove disastrous to our national welfare."

In that bright quarterly, the *Catholic Convert*, Mr. Shane Leslie, the report of whose lecture on Cardinal Manning gives distinction to the current issue, relates a story of conversion which needs no comment beyond his own:

The strangest conversion—if I may be allowed to tell a light story in the midst of this heavy discourse,—the most curious conversion that ever occurred, was at one of the universities in my own time. A rowing supper had been given after the boat races, and a great many hilarious students met to break training,—that is to say, to drink champagne for the first time after their period of training for the races. And, with true tactfulness, they chose Ash

Wednesday for the bumping supper, as it was called. It happened that one of the most promising oarsmen was a Catholic, that he had that day attended the rites of the Church and had some marks of the ashes on his forehead, but he went on to the supper. When he entered the room, the president of the club requested him to withdraw and to take the marks of his *dirty* religion out of the room. Whereupon, being a solitary Catholic, there was only one course open to him, which he adopted. He took up the tureen of soup for thirty and emptied it over the head of the president of the boat club. That is not the end of the story, because the president was so struck by this exhibition of religious fervor that he made inquiries, and before the end of the term he himself had become a Catholic.

And Mr. Leslie adds: "You have probably often heard the term 'souper' used in Ireland, of those who were made to become Protestants in famine time by the gift of free soup. This is the only time I ever knew when the soup was on the side of the Holy Roman Church,"—and, incidentally, on the head of the catechumen.

Interest in the death of Mr. James J. Hill, familiarly known as "the Empire Builder," was intensified for Catholics by the statement in the secular press that a priest was in attendance at his deathbed. It is officially stated by the *Catholic Bulletin* (St. Paul) that the great financier died a Catholic. "Father Gibbons, who is an intimate friend of the Hill family, was summoned as soon as Mr. Hill's illness became serious; and administered to him the last rites of the Church." And the same organ adds editorially: "The many acts of his life, touching upon religion, made evident that for him the Christian faith, which he admired and revered, has its embodiment in the Church. The Catholic Church was the Church of his intellect and of his heart. Better, indeed, if those many years had been illumined by actual submissive practise of its ordinances and precepts. God is the supreme Judge: to Him we remit faith and practice. The prayers of the Church were heard by James Jerome Hill as his earthly life was

nearing its close: its sacred rites were ministered to him; and when all was over its chants of imploration re-echoed around his coffin. May eternal rest be his with his Creator and Saviour!"

In which pious ejaculation, Mr. Hill's many Catholic friends and beneficiaries will heartily join.

Such of our readers as have followed the secular papers' accounts of the Charities Investigation in New York, with the incidental scandal of telephone wire-tapping, will heartily endorse this statement of Mgr. Dunn, Chancellor of the archdiocese:

It has simply come to this. Those meek and silent Sisters of ours can not be shouted at, mocked and insulted in open Court, simply for doing their duty. Their splendid record of unselfish devotion to the homeless and friendless must not be stained by the slanderers and "experts" of any corporation, whose purpose is now too evident, and whose wishes even so-called Catholics in its employ can not carry out, without a vigorous and lasting protest from those who know and love them for the work they are doing.

The Church has never submitted and will never submit to any system masquerading under the guise of the "higher good," whose only purpose is to take away the faith of its little ones. It has always taught that there is only one place in the wide world where the unfortunate, the suffering and the helpless orphan will find a ready and safe refuge, and that is in the hearts of those who give gladly and freely time, money, and effort for their welfare, spiritual and physical. Where there is faith there is real charity.

Possibly a little more of the faith of his so-called "coreligionists" would have kept one city official from making of himself a spectacle for men and angels during recent Court scenes, and saved him from the pitiful scorn of which he is at present the object.

On the question whether or not he should send his son to a non-Catholic college or university, the Catholic parent, in many cases, is more apt to attach greater weight to the arguments of competent laymen than to the *ex officio*

pronouncements of his parish priest. The well-considered statements of the Dean of the University of Utah's Law School, Mr. W. H. Leary, are accordingly worth repeating. He says in a recent communication to *America*:

The average youth takes what the college gives him, and his mental growth in academic fields stops there. The Catholic boy too often leaves the non-Catholic school with a smattering of truth, with a half-thought-out system, and a few catch-phrases which stick in his memory. All of these negative the teachings of the Church. Not only do they negative the teachings of the Church, but they contradict fundamental tenets of Christianity, engendering doubt as to the reality of God as we ourselves know Him. It is a sad criticism to make of the modern educational method, and yet its truth is easily substantiated. The reason is often found in the ignorance of the educators themselves, who have not sufficient mental prowess to find truth as it exists.

Attentive consideration of the life around us ought to convince the Catholic father that, even with all that a Catholic college can give his son, the latter will find it hard enough to resist the various forces that make for irreligion or religious indifference; and that to handicap his boy with the worse than useless mental outlook acquired in a non-Catholic educational institution is to do him a downright injustice.

Archbishop Messmer, of Milwaukee, has felt himself called on to utter a vigorous protest against the tyranny of fashion as illustrated in the present-day dress of women, or at least of many women. He commands his priests to inform their parishioners that the undue exposure decreed by fashion will debar them from approaching the Communion rail. The best antidote to immodest fashions that has come under our notice is pointed out by a recent writer in the *Hartford Transcript*:

It needs no acute observer to-day to note that women are becoming less womanly. There are fashions that shock even the man that makes no pretence to virtue. . . . The girl with a tender love for the Blessed Virgin does not

slavishly submit to fashion when that fashion outrages decency. She talks only as a real Child of Mary should talk. She does not fear being called old-fashioned; for in her heart she knows that she has the respect of even the abandoned. The salt of the earth is the modest gentlewoman. What a world it would be if all sought the womanly dignity of the handmaid of the Lord! Therein, if women only knew it, is their truest emancipation.

Let it be added that in a number of our larger cities and towns, Catholic women are sufficiently numerous and influential to exercise no slight control over the setting of the fashions; and the very least that may be expected from them is a downright refusal to countenance any style that savors of indecency,—as all too many styles at present unmistakably do.

It would help (by heartening or shaming) those who have crosses to bear—and who has not, at some time or other?—to contemplate these two spectacles presented to the public by the editor of the *Duluth Herald*:

Not long ago a woman died after fifty years of constant physical pain and helplessness. Bedridden all that half century, tortured beyond description, she kept sweet through it all. Though pain convulsions clashed with her smiles, she never uttered a word of complaint; and during all her pain-racked life she was a shining example of cheerfulness.

There is a man, still living, who for many years has been tortured with what doctors, for lack of knowledge, call rheumatism. He has been twisted out of shape, his joints are swollen, he has hobbled for years on crutches when he could move at all. At times the poison reached stealthily for his heart, and only strong doses of medicine could save his life; and the reaction from the strong medicine was almost as bad as the disease. Yet this man has been sunny and cheerful through it all. Though pain and disease withered and whitened his cheeks, though his mouth was drawn and pinched with suffering, his eyes beamed hopefully through it all, and his word was always cheery.

The Minnesota editor says truly that such spectacles as these—and they are not so rare—ought to make some of us who complain of small ailments feel shame for ourselves.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Nugget.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.



JOHNNIE FLANNAGAN

lived, with his father and mother, in a rustic hut, covered with branches and skins, away up in Alaska.

His father had come from Ireland many years before to seek his fortune in Canada. He had failed to find that fortune in either Montreal or Quebec; and Johnnie had experienced pretty hard times, poor clothes and dry bread, even before the father, Timothy Flannagan—"Wandering Tim" as he had been called in his native Tipperary,—caught the gold fever and started for the Alaskan district. Johnnie's mother and Johnnie accompanied him throughout the whole long, fatiguing, and very often dangerous journey.

At last the trip was completed; and father, mother, and Johnnie (already well-grown, though he was only twelve years old), were installed on the bank of a river in whose bed they sought for gold dust and nuggets. While others around them, however, seemed to find the sparkling metal in paying quantities, the Flannagans had very bad luck, and it was as much as they could do to support themselves and put away some provisions for the long, long winter.

Just now the sun, red and dull, showed only halfway above the horizon. The waters of the river were asleep under a thick blanket of ice; and, on this particular day of which we are writing, Johnnie's sorrowful eyes were watching the slow-falling, monotonous snowflakes increasing the thickness of the white robe covering the wide-extending plain.

What was to become of them in this

solitude? A good many other gold-seekers had been lost, buried forever in the depths of unknown ravines: would his father and he meet a similar fate? It almost seemed to the boy that sinister phantoms were passing in the sombre twilight.

Suddenly a dark shadow appeared at Johnnie's feet. It had come silently over the snow; and, as the boy turned to see what it was, all that was visible were two sparkling eyes and an indistinct form. Johnnie uttered a cry of terror and stepped back. But then he heard a plaintive whine, and the next moment a rough tongue was licking his hands. It was a half-frozen, half-famished dog.

"Poor fellow!" said Johnnie. "You are a good Esquimaux dog, all right; but you have either lost your master or he is dead. And now I wonder who will want to feed you in these hard times."

The dog continued to lick the boy's hands, and his eyes wore a piteous look, while his sides shook as he stood trembling on his feet.

"Come, Johnnie!" cried the father's voice from inside the hut. "Do you want your supper? It's a rather lean meal, but we won't die of hunger yet a while, please God."

Johnnie went in, and on his steps followed timidly the gaunt shadow with the appealing eyes.

"Hello! What's this? A dog? Are you bringing us a guest? Turn him out and let his owner feed him. He's probably better off than we are."

"O father, let me give him a little soup to-night! Tom Morris, I know, is looking for an Esquimaux dog to buy. To-morrow I'll take this poor fellow over to him."

The boy had his way. The dog ate with avidity; and when the family retired for the night he stretched himself at Johnnie's feet. On awaking the next

morning, Johnnie felt the dog pulling at his sleeve. Then he barked softly, ran to the door, came back to the boy, caught him by the sleeve again, and tried to pull him towards the outside of the hut.

"He evidently wants to take me somewhere," thought Johnnie; and, telling his parents he was going out for a while, he followed the animal's lead. The dog turned without hesitation to the north and trotted along, with the boy behind him, for a full hour. Then as they skirted a hill and entered a narrow valley, the dog stopped and began to howl. Looking closely, Johnnie saw that the snow carpet seemed to be a little above the level just behind a big rock. Using the light pickaxe that he always carried in the belt around his waist, he cleared away some branches and skins that had formed the roof of a cabin that had collapsed; and all at once he came upon a human hand, that of the owner who had been buried in its ruins.

A thrill of terror passed through the boy at the gruesome sight; but he pluckily resolved to uncover the entire body in order to give it proper burial—if, indeed, the man were really dead. He worked for a good while, the body being under a lot of débris; but finally he succeeded in removing it, and found before him the corpse of a miner, lying with his face on the ground. There was a gaping wound on the back of the skull. Evidently the heaviest beam of his house had fallen on him as he slept. One hand was pressed against a leather bag suspended from the neck. Johnnie opened the bag and uttered a cry of astonishment: it was full of dull but precious nuggets. And, moreover, the miner's belt (a hollow one) was filled with sparkling gold dust.

Johnnie hurried home and brought back his father. They searched everywhere to find some clue to the identity of the dead man, but in vain. They inquired of other gold-seekers, with the same result. The dog's master had been an unknown adventurer; and, according to the custom of the country, all his effects, even the

claim he had been working, became the property of Timothy Flannagan.

A month later a large and solid cabin sheltered "Wandering Tim" with his wife and boy. The snow was still whirling about, even to the horizon; but Johnnie's thoughts, as he watched it were no longer sad or gloomy. There was a dark shadow at his feet also, but the brilliant eyes shone now from a body that was no longer emaciated and suggestive of an apparition. "Nugget," as Johnnie had named his dog (which of course he had not sold to Tom Morris), was stretched out, plump and happy, at the feet of his young master, to whom because of a little soup he had brought a fortune.

Not far away, under some spruce trees, is a mound with a wooden cross to mark the grave of "Nugget's" unknown owner; and there Mrs. Flannagan often says her Beads for the repose of his soul.

Killykinick.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XXV.—GOING HOME.

" E'RE to be off to-morrow," said Brother Bart, a little sadly. "And, though it will be a blessed thing to get back in the holy peace of St. Andrew's, with the boys all safe and sound—which is a mercy I couldn't expect,—to say nothing of laddie's father being drawn out of his wanderings into the grace of God, I'm sore-hearted at leaving Killykinick. You've been very good to us, Jeroboam,—both you and your brother, who is a deal wiser than at first sight you'd think. You've been true friends both in light and darkness; and may God reward you and bring you to the true faith! That will be my prayer for you night and day.—And now you're to pack up, boys, and get all your things together; for it's Father Regan's orders that we are to come back home."

"Where is *our* home, daddy?" asked

Freddy, with lively interest. "For we can have a real true home now, can't we?"

"I hope so, my boy." They were out on the smooth stretch of beach, where daddy, growing strong and well fast, spent most of his time, stretched out in one of Great-uncle Joe's cushiony chairs; while Roy and Rex crouched contentedly at his feet, or broke into wild frolic with Freddy on the rocks or in the sea. "I hope so; though I'm afraid I don't know much about making a home, my little Boy Blue!"

"Oh, don't you, daddy?" said Freddy, ruefully. "I have always wanted a home so much,—a real true home, with curtains and carpets, and pictures on the walls, and a real fire that snaps and blazes."

"Yes, I heard you say that before," answered his father, softly. "I think it was that little talk on the boat that brought me down, where I could take a peep at my homeless little boy again; though I was afraid Captain Jeb would find me out if I ventured to Killykinick. I was just making up my mind to risk it and go over, when this fever caught me."

"But why—were you hiding, daddy? Why did you stay away so long?"

"Life had grown very black for me, and I didn't want to make it black for you, Freddy. I lost faith and hope and love when I lost your mother. I couldn't settle down to a bare, lonely life without her. I felt I must be free,—free to wander where I willed. It was all wrong,—all wrong, Freddy. But daddy was in darkness, without any guiding star. So I left you to Uncle Tom, gave up my name, my home, and broke loose like a ship without rudder or sail. And where it led me, where you found me, you know."

"Ah, yes!" Freddy laid his soft young cheek against his father's. "It was all wrong. But now you have come back; and everything is right again, Uncle Tom says; and we'll have a real home together. He said that, too, before he went away,—you and I would have a home, daddy."

"We'll try," replied daddy, cheerfully.

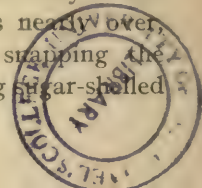
"With you and the dogs together, Freddy, we'll try. We'll get the house and the cushions and the carpets, and do our best."

Going home! Dan was thinking of it, too, a little sadly, as somewhat later he stood on the stretch of rocks, looking out at the fading west. He was going home to "give up." Only yesterday morning a brief scrawl from Pete Patterson had informed him he would be ready for business next week, and Dan must come back with an answer—"Yes" or "No." So it was good-bye to St. Andrew's for Dan to-night; good-bye to all his hopes and dreams to-morrow. Something seemed to rise in Dan's throat at the thought. To-morrow he must go back, a college boy no longer, but to Pete Patterson's wagon and Pete Patterson's shop.

And while he stood there alone, watching the deepening shadows gather over rock and reef and shoal where he had spent such happy days, there came a sudden burst of glad music over the waters, and around the bending shore of Killykinick came a fairy vision: "The Polly," fluttering with gay pennants, jewelled in colored lights from stem to stern; "The Polly," laden with a crowd of merrymakers in most hilarious mood, coming on a farewell feast in charge of three white-capped and white-coated waiters; "The Polly," that swept triumphantly to the mended wharf (where the "Sary Ann" was slowly recuperating from her damages, in a fresh coat of paint and brand-new mainsail), and took undisputed possession of Killykinick.

"I just had to come and say good-bye," declared Miss Polly; "and dad said I could make a party of it, if Marraine would take us in charge. And so we're here to have a real, *real* last good time."

Then all sat down on the moonlit sands; and the victrola played its gayest tunes, and the white-capped waiters served good things that quite equalled Polly's last party. And when that was nearly over, and the guests were still snatching the French "kisses" and cracking sugar-shelled



nuts, Dan found Miss Stella, who had been chatting with her late patient most of the evening, standing at his side. Perhaps it was the 'moonlight, but he thought he had never seen her look so lovely. Her eyes were like stars, and there was a soft rose-flush on her cheek, and the smile on her sweet lips seemed to kindle her whole face into radiance.

"Come sit down on the rocks beside me, Danny,—Miss Winnie's Danny. I've got some news for you."

"News for me?" Danny lifted his eyes; and Miss Stella saw that, in spite of all the fun and frolic around him, they looked strangely sad and dull.

"You're not having a good time to-night, are you?" she asked softly.

"Yes, I am,—or at least I'm trying," said Dan, stoutly. "It was surely nice of you all to give us this send off. But—but, you see, I can't help feeling a little bad, because—because—" and he had to stop to clear the lump from his throat. "It seems to sort of end things for me."

"O Danny, Danny, no, it doesn't!" And now Miss Stella's eyes were stars indeed. "It's the beginning of things bright and beautiful for you."

And then, in sweet, trembling, joyful tones, she told him all,—told him of Captain Carleton and the medal; of the pension that was to be his and Aunt Winnie's; of the kind, strong hand that had been stretched out to help him, that he might keep on without hindrance,—keep on his upward way.

"To the stars, Danny," concluded the gentle speaker, softly. "We must take the highest aim, even if we fail to reach it,—to the stars."

"O Miss Stella,—dear, dear Miss Stella!" and the sob came surely now, in Dan's bewildered joy, his gratitude, his relief. "How good you are,—how good you are! Oh, I will try to deserve it all, Miss Stella! A home for Aunt Winnie, and St. Andrew's,—*St. Andrew's* again!" And Dan sprang to his feet, and the college cry went ringing over the moonlit rocks.

"It's St. Andrew's for Dan Dolan, now forever!"

The rest of that evening seemed a bewildering dream to Dan,—more bewildering even than Miss Polly's party. The story of his medal and his luck went flying around Killykinick, with most dazzling additions. Before the guests departed, Dan was a hero indeed, adopted by a millionaire whose life his father or uncle or somebody had saved from sharks and whales fifty or seventy-five years ago.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" said Polly, as she shook hands for good-bye. "I always did say you were the nicest boy in the world. And now you needn't ever be a newsboy or bootblack again, Dan."

"I'll see you again before very long," said Miss Stella, as he helped her on the boat, and she slipped a gold piece in his hand. "Here is the price of Jack Farley's medal. You must take Aunt Winnie home right away."

"Oh, I will,—I will indeed!" said Dan joyfully. "She will be back in Mulligans' as soon as I can get her there, you bet, Miss Stella!"

"I'm durn sorry to see you go, matey!" said Captain Jeb next morning, as they pulled out the new sails of the "*Sary Ann*" for a start. "But whenever you want a whiff of salt air and a plunge in salt water, why, Killykinick is here and your job of second mate open to you."

"Shake on that!" said Dan, gripping his old friend's hand. "If I know myself, I'll be down every summer."

"Looks as if I owed you something for all that fishing," remarked old Neb, pulling out his leather wallet.

"Not a cent!" said Dan, briskly. "I'm a monied man now, Neb,—a regular up-and-down plute. Keep the cash for some new nets next summer when we go fishing again."

And so, with friendly words and wishes from all, even from Dud, whom recent events had quite knocked out of his usual grandeur, the whole party bade adieu to Killykinick. Freddy and his father

were to remain a while at Beach Cliff with Father Tom, who was taking his holiday there.

At Brother Bart's request, the home journey was to be made as much as possible by rail, so after the "Sary Ann," still a little stiff and creaky in the joints, had borne them to the steamboat, which in a few hours touched the mainland and made connections with the train, the travellers' route lay along scenes very different from the rugged rocks and sands they had left. As they swept by golden harvest fields and ripening orchards and vineyards, whose rich yield was purpling in the autumn sun, good Brother Bart heaved a sigh of deepest content.

"Sure you may say what you please about water, Danny lad, but God's blessing is on the good green land. If it be the Lord's will, I'll never leave it again; though we might have found worse places than Killykinick and those good old men there,—may God lead them to the Light!"

And as the Limited Express made its schedule time, Pete Patterson was just closing up as usual at sundown, when a sturdy, brown-checked boy burst into his store,—a boy that it took Pete's keen eyes full half a minute to recognize.

"Dan Dolan!" he cried at last,—
"Dan Dolan, grown and fattened and slicked up like—like a yearling heifer! Danny boy, I'm glad to see you,—I'm glad to see you, sure! You've come to take the job?"

"No, I haven't,—thank you all the same, Pete!" was the quick answer. "I've struck luck for sure,—luck with a fine old plute, who is ready to stake me for all I could earn here, and keep me at St. Andrew's."

"Stake you for all you could earn here?" echoed Pete, in amazement.

"I'll tell you all about it later," said Dan, breathlessly. "Just now I'm dumb struck, Pete. I came flying back to take up my old quarters at the Mulligans',

and find the house shut up and everybody gone. Land! it did give me a turn, sure! I was counting on that little room upstairs, and all Aunt Winnie's things she left there, and Tabby and the stove and the blue teapot. But they're all gone." And Dan sank down on a big packer's box, feeling that he was facing a dissolving world in which he had no place.

"Oh, they're not far!" said Pete, a little gruffly; for Dan's tidings had been somewhat of a blow. "The old woman's father died and left a little bit of money, and they bought a tidy little place out on Cedar Place, not far from St. Mary's Church. You'll find them there. You've made up your mind for good and all to stick to the high-brows? I'd make it worth your while to come here."

Dan rose from the packer's box and looked around at the hams and shoulders and lard buckets, and answered out of the fulness of his grateful heart:

"Yes, I've made up my mind, Pete. It's St. Andrew's for me,—St. Andrew's now and, I hope, forever. But—but if you want any help with writing or figuring, I'll come round Saturday nights and give you a lift; for I won't be far. I'm sticking to old friends and the old camping ground still."

And, with this cheery assurance, Dan was off again to find the vanished rooftree that had been all he ever knew of home. He recalled the place. It was only a short walk from the college gate. Indeed, the row of cedars that fronted the little whitewashed house had been once the boundary of the college grounds. There was a bit of a garden in front, and a porch with late roses climbing over it, and—and—

Dan stood stock-still for a moment,—then he flung open the little gate, and with a regular Sioux war-whoop dashed up the gravelled path; for there—there seated in Mrs. Mulligan's best rocker, with Tabby curled up at her feet—was Aunt Winnie herself, drinking a cup of tea!

Marco Polo's Home-Coming.

Of all great travellers it is certain that the Venetian, Marco Polo, had the most varied experience. In the long record of events which crowded into his wandering life there is one so picturesque that it stands out from the others. "Marco the Fortunate" he was called by those whom he met when far from home; but in Venice, his native place, he was just the young Marco who had a great fancy for going all over the world with his father and uncle, — one who had the "wandering foot," but whose exploits or knowledge were not such as to excite remark or awaken admiration. So when, after a long absence, the young man and the two elder ones reached home, not a soul was sufficiently interested in them to pierce their disguise, and they found their identity denied. Their own home was occupied by relatives who had long mourned them as dead, and their property had been divided among a number of presumptive heirs.

"I am Nicolo Polo," insisted one of the old men. "This is my brother Maffeo, this my son Marco."

The relatives shook their heads. They would have nothing to do with such sorry-looking strangers.

"Where have you been?" they asked. "If you are indeed our relatives, why in the world can't you speak your mother-tongue?"

"We have been to the Far East," they said, "serving a potentate that would make your little kings hide their heads. We can't talk as we did because we have spoken a foreign language so long; and we are shabby because we have travelled far, over rough countries."

"We do not believe you," answered the relatives.

"Come and pay us a visit to-morrow evening, and you will believe our story," said Nicolo.

"Well, let us go to see these queerly-dressed madmen," said the Venetians to

one another; and at once they went.

The Polos received them in suits of crimson satin, which they soon changed for crimson damask; that for crimson velvet, and that again for the clothing worn by their guests. As they discarded the various suits, they were given to the servants. After the cloth was removed from the banqueting table, the Polos ordered their shabby travelling garments brought in, and, ripping the seams, let fall upon the floor a shower of exquisite diamonds and rubies.

Human nature was the same in Venice in the thirteenth century as it is to-day the world over. No further argument was needed. Men who possessed such wealth could say anything and be believed. All the city flocked to do honor to the distinguished travellers, and there was not the slightest difficulty in proving that they were the persons they professed to be. There was thenceforth a crowd about Marco, listening to his tales of the Great Khan and far Cathay. He was semi-officially named Marco the Millionaire, or *Millioni*; while the court in which he dwelt received the title of *Corte del Millioni*. The highest dignities were conferred upon the three wanderers who had been refused entrance into their own dwellings, and their troubles were happily at an end.

An Inscription for a Bell.

BY A. E. D.

TO call the folks to Mass in time,
I chime;
To make them happy feel,
I peal;
When danger great is threatening,
I loudly ring;
When night is calm and all is well,
In peace-I dwell;
When old folks scold and young folks wrangle,
I clank and jangle;
When from the body parts the soul,
I gently toll.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—English literary journals, we are gratified to note, have high praise for "The Shepherd of the North," by Richard A. Maher.

—A writer in the Hartford (Conn.) *Post* formulates a very old motto in an entirely new way, thus: "Try to live so that the world will not be better off when you leave it."

—Constable & Co., London, have just published "Studies in Tudor History," by Mr. W. P. M. Kennedy, M. A., several of whose contributions to *THE AVE MARIA* have been republished in book form.

—Mr. Hilaire Belloc has written a preface for a new book of Mr. Cecil Chesterton's—"The Perils of Peace." For one who knows Mr. Chesterton's mind, it is safe to assume that one of these "perils" is Prohibition.

—Our *Sunday Visitor* press sends out "Anti-Catholic Sympathizers Condemned by Statesmen and Churchmen," a pamphlet of 29 pages, which is sold for \$2 per hundred. It is a valuable collection of really notable sayings by public men (all non-Catholic), and excerpts from the writings of outsiders, paying tribute to the Church, but especially striking at bigotry. In every case references are given. Father Noll is to be congratulated and thanked for his enlightened and untiring efforts for the cause of the Church in this country.

—We can unreservedly recommend "The Life of Saint Paul," by F. A. Forbes, a new issue in the "Standard-Bearers of the Faith" series of "Lives of the Saints for Young and Old." It gives, in immediate dependence upon Holy Scripture, the absorbing narrative of St. Paul's wondrous activities in the spread of the Faith; and this is done in relatively brief compass. Outwardly, the book is pleasant to see and to handle; while it sells for only thirty cents, in cloth binding. R. and T. Washbourne; B. Herder.

—Alfred Noyes is probably as "great" as any poet of our generation; he is a discerning critic, too. It is accordingly pleasant to find this incidental tribute to Francis Thompson, a much greater poet, in an article on Henley, contributed by Mr. Noyes to the current *Bookman*. The writer says of Henley: "Most of his lyrics are commonplace, brief ditties of the spring that had been done better by other men; ballades and rondels that have been done far better by a hundred hands; irregular odes, anthems, and voluntaries, that contain much of the

pomp and circumstance, but little of the exaltation that lifts the similar work of Francis Thompson into the realms of gold." This is a judgment which, we think, Keats himself would have endorsed.

—Among new war books we note "From Dartmouth to the Dardanelles." It is the log of a midshipman who was in his first term at Osborne when the war broke out, and who saw service with the British fleet in the North Sea, in African waters, and in the Dardanelles.

—A volume of one hundred and sixteen pages, entitled "Behold, thy King Cometh to Thee!" by the Rev. J. R. Taylor, embodying, as the title-page states, "plain and practical instructions and readings for the preparation of First Communicants," is among recent publications of Mr. Joseph F. Wagner. The best part of the work, we think, is the stories, taken from Holy Scripture and the Lives of the saints, with which the catechetical instructions are illustrated. For the very young children who now approach Holy Communion, the matter here presented may lack sufficient simplicity. The price of the volume—sixty cents—is also against it.

—In his preface to "Yonder?" its author, the Rev. T. Gavan Duffy, P. F. M., tells us: "This book is not a treatise; it is none of the things it ought to be: it only wishes to open up an avenue of thought in a region still untrod; it questions whether we all do our share of knowing, loving, helping, going *Yonder*." The volume is a powerful, if indirect, plea for the Foreign Missions,—its stories, literary etchings, suggestive incidents, realistic pen-portraits, and letters all enforcing the lesson that the ordinary Catholic in civilized Europe and America does all too little for priests and people in those fields that are ripe for the harvest, the Church's far-away missions. Published by the Devin-Adair Co.

—In 1892 there was organized in this country an American Committee for lectures on the history of religions. Since that date various lectures on the given subject have been delivered before a number of non-Catholic universities, institutes, seminaries, and church congregations, and have subsequently been published in book form. The lecturer for 1915 was the Unitarian theologian, Dr. J. Estlin Carpenter, Principal Emeritus of Manchester College, Oxford; and his discourses are now published by G. P. Putnam's Sons in a volume called "Phases of

Early Christianity." Beyond stating that the period selected for illustration extends from 100 A. D. to 250 A. D., we do not feel called upon to discuss a work so entirely outside the scope of Catholic reading. Such of our readers as are interested in the general subject for which the American Committee was organized will find all they need in "The History of Religions," in five volumes, published by the Catholic Truth Society of London.

—There is not wanting ecclesiastical authorization for "Memoirs of Sister Mary of Mercy Keruel," which has been translated from the French by M. A. M. (Sands & Co.) The subject of these Memoirs—they are not written by herself—was a pious nun of our own time, who lived an edifying life and closed it with a happy death. She seems to us to have been in no way distinctive; and we think that the lives of the canonized saints of the Church make better reading than some of these rather forced and profusely illustrated—there are usually "before" and "after" entering religion photographs, etc.—accounts of recently deceased nuns. The present volume is well gotten up, but it is assuredly not worth more than its price—\$1.10. For sale by B. Herder.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Yonder?" Rev. T. Gavan Duffy, P. F. M. \$1.40.

"The Life of St. Paul." F. A. Forbes. 35 cts.

"Only Jane." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.35.

"A Month in Rome." André Maurel. \$1.75.

"New Wars for Old." John Haynes Holmes. \$1.50.

"The Mystery of the Holy Trinity in Oldest Judaism." Frank McGloin, LL. D. \$1.

"The Onion Peelers." Father Garrold, S. J. \$1.60.

"Little Donald." Mrs. Innes-Browne. 80 cts.

"The Mirror of Justice." Robert Eaton, of the Oratory. 40 cts.

"The Irish Orators: A History of Ireland's Fight for Freedom." Claude G. Bowers. \$1.50.

"Marie of the House of D'Anters." Rev. Michael Earls, S. J. \$1.35.

"Seven Fairy Tales." 35 cts.

"Counter-Currents." Agnes Repplier. \$1.25.

"The Happiness of Duty." Mgr. Gay. 15 cts.

"The 'Summa Theologica' of St. Thomas Aquinas." Part II. (First Part.) Literally Translated by the Fathers of the English Dominican Province. \$2.20.

"The Romanticism of St. Francis and Other Studies in the Genius of the Franciscans." Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. \$2.

"The Story of the Catholic Church." Rev. G. Stebbing, C. SS. R. \$1.80.

"History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages." Johannes Janssen. Translated by A. M. Christie. Vols. XIII.—XVI. Per two vols., \$6.25.

"Paul Mary Pakenham, Passionist." Rev. Joseph Smith, C. P. 50 cts.

"The Inner Life and Writings of Dame Gertrude More." 2 vols. \$3.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Charles Stapf, of the diocese of Lincoln; Rév. M. B. Murray, archdiocese of Dubuque; and Rev. Robert Doman, diocese of Detroit.

Sister M. Christina, of the Sisters of Loretto; and Sister Thomassina, Sisters of St. Dominic.

Mr. Samuel Peacock, Mr. Herbert Waters, Mr. Thomas Foley, Mr. John Bowen, Mrs. Honora Crowe, Mrs. Rose Drysdale, Mrs. C. Rowan, Mr. Thomas Kelly, Miss Catherine Kelly, Mrs. Ellen Kelly, Mr. Thomas Smith, Miss Elizabeth Pierce, Mr. Philip Phelan, Mrs. Margaret Semms, Mr. F. A. Gerling, Mrs. Catherine Bray, Mr. Daniel Shannon, Mrs. Hugh McIntosh, Miss Katherine Brande, Mr. John Gill, Mrs. Susie Geltenbort, Mr. Michael H. Bowes, Mrs. Catherine Ferris, Mr. James Gallagher, Mr. George Berry, Mr. Arthur Holmes, Mr. Patrick Kinsella, Mrs. Anna Hawkins, Mrs. Margaret Loftus, Mr. William Bartley, Mr. Daniel Dougherty, Mrs. Margaret De Cunningham, Mr. Henry Felkel, Mrs. Catherine Hogan, Mr. E. J. Kessler, Mrs. John Fitzgerald, Mr. Frank Tombridge, and Mr. George Poelker.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the rescue of starving children in China: M. B. J., \$20; For the Foreign Missions: J. P. F., \$1.50; M. J. B., \$20; For the plague stricken in Abyssinia: M. B. J., \$10.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. III. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 24, 1916.

NO. 26

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The Rosary in Ireland.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

TO my memory idly roaming comes a vista of
the gloaming,—

Comes a breathing from the meadows of the
shamrock and the peat;

With the mellow firelight gleaming, I am sitting
now and dreaming

Of my lost and vanished youthtime, with its
fancies fond and sweet.

To my raptured ears come wooing tender notes
like wood-doves cooing,

I've a sense of fingers straying over harp-
strings sweet and low,—

Ah, the music that came winging was sweeter
far than singing

When my mother said the Rosary in Ireland
long ago!

Oh, how well do I remember when by crackling
log and ember,

And the family all were gathered from the
highland and the sea,

With her eyes upraised to Heaven, in a cadence
low and even,

She called each decade, with its sad or joyful
mystery!

There were cherubs in the gloaming, and the
childish eyes went roaming

Through the shadows for the shapes of angels
moving to and fro,—

And, ah, the fadeless beauty of that scene of
love and duty

When my mother said the Rosary in Ireland
long ago!

I remember how in boyhood, just a bit advanced
from toyhood,

How I loved to clasp the Beads her gracious
lips had prest;

They were made of Irish berries, they were
carven like to cherries,

There was healing in their starry spheres and
loveliness and rest!

When the curlews all were hiding, and the swans
the waves were riding,

And the stormwinds in the darkness made a
sound of grief and woe,—

Ah, the comfort that came creeping, ere the
children fell to sleeping,

When my mother said the Rosary in Ireland
long ago!

Clergy and Laity of the Middle Ages.

BY M. N.

THE piety of the Middle Ages shows itself very plainly in the conduct of the laity to the clergy. In those days sanctity was considered the first duty of everyone who professed himself a disciple of Christ; and kings and nobles felt it a privilege and a joy to serve holy men and religious Orders for the love of God. We see from the spiritual letters of Father John d'Avila, the celebrated Spanish preacher, what was then expected of persons of the most exalted rank—knights and young men living in the world. In truth, the picture he gives is one of very high spirituality, and fills us with wonder at the gifts and graces, the learning and courtesy required in a devoted Christian of those days.

"To love clerics and knights was the boast of chivalry," says a writer on Mediæval times. Numberless instances

might be given. We read of Louis le Débonnaire that he "built a monastery within the walls of his palace" for the Abbot Euticius, whom he dearly loved; and kings and nobles and the flower of chivalry delighted to converse with monks and anchorites. We find a quaint and charming reference to this custom in Spenser's "*Faerie Queene*," where the poet tells how the knight "loged" with the hermit, and how—

With faire discourse the evening so they pass;
For that old man of pleasing wordes had store,
And well could file his tongue, as smooth as glass.
He told of saintes and popes, and ever more
He strow'd an Ave-Mary after and before.

More and more, as we study the period, we find that in those days, while the laity venerated the clergy, the clergy respected the laity, and were zealous in showing favor to such of them as gave evidence of a sincere desire to lead a holy life. Nor did the clergy, even of the most austere Orders, exclude the laity from assisting at their offices: rather did they encourage them by granting them free access to their cloisters and schools. We read of Paul the Deacon that he, in his epistle to Charlemagne, explains the various customs of the monks of Monte Casino respecting the division and chant of their Psalmody, together with their rules of fasting and abstinence. Again, history tells how Mathieu, son of Burchard V., Seigneur de Montmorency (in the reign of Philip Augustus), having been brought up in all the arts of chivalry, in the Castle of Colombe, was instructed in the science of the Holy Scriptures by the good monks of Laval, whose abbey had been founded by the first Barons of Montmorency.

The educated laity of the Middle Ages would seem to have been conspicuous for knowledge of their holy religion as well as for personal piety. The writings of St. Jerome and St. Augustine were as familiar to them as the classics and modern poets to cultivated men and women in our own day. The homilies of the Fathers were

read aloud at the table of king and noble, both morning and evening; thus making it possible for Richard of St. Victor to exclaim in one of his Easter sermons: "Christ our Pasch is immolated. Brethren, you know the Scriptures and their virtue; therefore our sermon to you will not be doctrine but admonition, and the recalling to your memory of *known things*. From the fountains whence I drink, ye drink also. Where I draw, you draw. If I draw water in, joy from the fountains of the Saviour, you also draw there. . . ."

Kings, during the Ages of Faith, gloried in co-operating with bishops and holy men in promoting the spiritual welfare of their subjects and the peace of Holy Church. "The chief business of a king," says William II., King of Sicily, in the year 1177, "is to attend to the interest of the churches, where is placed the foundation of safety and of the Christian faith. Neither is there anything in a prince more glorious than to provide for the augmentation of the things of the Church and for the maintenance of its inviolable peace." Emperor Albert observes: "Although our soul, amidst various and innumerable cares, is distracted by daily solicitude for the welfare of our subjects, there is one object above all which engages it—namely, how we can protect the liberties of the venerable churches and ecclesiastical persons; how we may assist them, either by new donations or by renewing ancient ones, according to the circumstances of the time."* In the year 930, King Hugo says, in a concession to Sigifrid, Bishop of Parma: "We believe that nothing can tend more to the honour of our exalted rank, or to the strength of our government, than our having solicitude for defending the property of the holy churches of God, and our lending pious ears to the vows of the faithful."

Thus monarchs and noble ladies, ecclesiastics and humble monks, wealthy burgesses and lowly peasants,—each and all delighted to proclaim themselves

* Italia Sacra, tom. iv, 7, 18.

soldiers of Christ. "Let us not be ashamed," cries St. Cyril, "to confess Him who was crucified upon the Cross." And truly, in Mediæval times, Christians seemed to have less human respect in such matters. False shame and dread of ridicule were overcome by that strong fear of God so characteristic of the period,—a period when the sign of our redemption was frequently the sign manual of princes. The signature of Charlemagne, in the church of Beneventum, consists of seven letters at the points of a cross; whilst that of the Countess Matilda, in the archives of the monastery of Nonantula, shows the letters of her name grouped in the four angles of a cross. And such instances might be almost indefinitely multiplied.

It was not, however, in the lesser devotional practices alone that the laity of the Middle Ages were scrupulously exact: they were assiduous in performing all the more important exercises of the spiritual life, such as regular attendance at Holy Mass not only on Sundays but on weekdays, recitation of the Hours of Our Lady and sometimes of the Divine Office, the reception of Holy Communion on the prescribed days, and the making of retreats before the chief festivals of the Church. For example, Romuald, a young nobleman of Ravenna, was in the habit of withdrawing from the pleasures and distractions of the world, in order to retire into a neighboring monastery, and there to give himself up to prayer, mortification, and penance.

Of the "Wise King," Charles V. of France, it is recorded that he used to rise between six and seven o'clock, "when to his chamberlain and other servants he would always show a joyous countenance." Then, "after the Sign of the Cross and his words to God," he would talk graciously to his attendants, showing pleasure in what was said even by the simplest among them. When fully dressed, his Breviary was brought to him, his chaplain being at his side to assist him in

the recitation of the Canonical Hours. At eight o'clock he went to High Mass, which, as the French chronicler tells us, "was celebrated magnificently each day, to the sound of melodies and solemn chanting." Then he retired into his oratory, where "low Masses were said continually before him," till, all his devotions being ended, he went forth to listen to the requests of his subjects, both rich and poor.

Yet another Charles, who was Duke of Brittany in the fourth century, led, in the midst of all the distractions of his court, a life as much detached from the world as if he had been in the cloister. Indeed, whilst still a youth in the court of his father, Guy de Chastellon, he gave evidence of that really heroic goodness to which he later on attained. Every day it was his custom to recite the Psalter, the Hours of Our Lady, and those of the Holy Cross; he served all the Masses that were said in his father's palace, and assisted the poor by every means in his power. His respect for priests was so great that, if he met one while riding along the country roads, he would instantly dismount. He was a just and wise administrator, and a great peacemaker, disapproving of duels, and preventing them wherever possible. He closed his saintly career by a gallant death on the field of battle; and, after he was slain, it was discovered that he wore a hair-shirt next his skin. His body, which had been brutally robbed, was found by a Franciscan friar. This Brother (Raoul de Corgaignolles), "being a very strong man," took up the lifeless form of the dead Duke and carried it upon his shoulders "for more than a league." Then, finding a cart, he placed it therein, "and so conveyed it to Guingant, where it was interred in the church of the Friars Minor."

Many royal persons in England—such as Offa, Ina, and Henry VI.—were equally noted for their singular piety; whilst we find that "nocturnal vigils," the reading of the Sacred Scriptures during meals,

and even the observance of three Lents in the year, were not considered extraordinary devotional practices by such princes as Charlemagne, Alfred, Godfrey de Bouillon, Louis VII. of France, and others who emulated in the world the austerities of the saints and the cloister.

One more example must be given—namely, that of the Emperor Lothaire, who, when he came to the monastery of Monte Casino, “never ate or drank from the first hour of the day till Vespers”; and one of the monks (Peter the Deacon) tells us that “he [Lothaire] used to hear Mass for the dead at the first dawn, after which he heard Mass for his army, and lastly he heard the Mass of the day.” Furthermore, “he used to go barefoot to all the churches.”

It is beyond question that, during the Ages of Faith, the laity, despite the excesses into which they were from time to time betrayed, gave evidence of a truer and deeper religious temper than at any other period of the world's history. Nor is the reason far to seek. Literature, art, the development of genius in the many and varied fields of human endeavor,—all centred in the great mystery of the Redemption. The Cross and Passion of Christ our Lord were constantly before their minds, its remembrance ever in their hearts. Not alone in Holy Week was Friday observed as a day of strict fasting and retirement: throughout the year different customs and ceremonies were instituted, that thereby men might recall with repentance and gratitude the death of Him, through whom all creation lives. Ferdinand de Bazan, of Sicily, ordered that on every Friday, to commemorate Our Lord's Passion, the bells of all the churches of Palermo should, at the sixth and ninth hour, be tolled “slowly and solemnly”; whilst in the diocese of Ratisbon and elsewhere, the great bells were tolled every Friday at the hour of None; on hearing which, the faithful were enjoined to repeat the psalm *Deus meus, respice in me*, or some other similar

prayer to which indulgences were attached.

There is no doubt that the details of the Passion were dwelt upon and realized at this period with quite an extraordinary fervor. Yet, on the other hand, we note a constant vigilance to guard against the errors of false mysticism; “for,” says the Seraphic Doctor, St. Bonaventure, “all this meditation on the life of Christ is designed to lead the mind from carnal things to what is spiritual,—that we may not rest in knowing Christ in the flesh, but may proceed to adore Him in His divinity.” “He who does not compassionate Jesus hath not known Jesus,” exclaims St. Chrysostom; therefore the faithful laity made it a constant practice not only to read the Sacred Scriptures, but in particular that portion of them which describes the suffering and death of the Son of God.

How early the use of devotional manuscripts prevailed amongst pious persons living in the world may be proved from the representations on ancient brasses, etc. For example, in the Abbey of St. Denis, a young princess is depicted lying dead upon her tomb, with her little Book of Hours clasped in her hands; whilst there is still extant the Psalter of the Empress Engelberge, wife of Louis II., written with her own hand. Of course, before the art of printing was invented, books were far less general, and were very valuable; and it is curious to find, from the ancient records of Rheims, Bordeaux, Senlis, and other places, that such “*Horæ*” were sometimes enclosed in an iron case, which was fastened to one of the pillars in the nave of the church, and so arranged that the reader could insert his hand to turn over the pages.

When the Office of the Blessed Virgin was almost universally recited by the educated classes, as we know it to have been at the time with which we are at present concerned, a great number of the laity could say nearly all of it by heart, or at least so much of it that they needed only MS. leaves to assist the memory

History tells us that when the Emperor of Germany took leave of Charles V. of France, he asked the King to give him one of his MS. "*Horæ*," saying that he would pray to God for him. Charles accordingly gave him two,—one small and one large. They would probably have been beautifully illuminated, and the binding encrusted with precious stones.

It is worthy of note that a holy recluse, named Richard, translated into English, in the reign of Henry II., the Psalter, the Gospels, the Acts, together with the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels for the whole year. So much for the truth of that oft-repeated assertion that the Sacred Scriptures and books of prayer in the mother tongue were forbidden to the people prior to the so-called Reformation. In the fifteenth century, a prayer-book, similar to those now in use, and entitled the "*Festival*," was printed by Wynkyn de Worde.

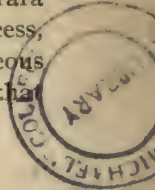
Mention has already been made of those nightly exercises of devotion practised by royal and other persons; and, as a matter of fact, the ecclesiastical decrees desired that the people should come to nocturnal vigils, so that it was a common custom in the Middle Ages for the laity to spend the vigils of the chief festivals in the churches. Mabillon, in his *Itinerary of Germany*, speaks of certain lanterns at the great gates of the monastery of Luxon, to guide people who came in the night to the church. In the year 1205, there was founded in Paris "the Confraternity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, for Parisians rising at the hour of Matins." The members of this fraternity undertook to rise at midnight and repair to the church. It is told also of different pious and highborn ladies that they used to get up in the middle of the night and go, with a maid, to their parish church in order to say Matins.

But it was not alone in the reading of Holy Scripture and attendances at the offices of the Church that the Mediæval laity were so assiduous: they were the

patrons of learning, and themselves also exceedingly well-read. Even so far back as the seventh century, we know that the upper classes of Rouen were familiar with Plato, Aristotle, Demosthenes, Herodotus, Homer, etc.; and, as time went on, first one name stands forth and then another. It is said of Antony, Seigneur de Carnazet, that "he exalted the honour of his house by adding to the lustre of chivalry the glory of learning." Gaufridus Bellus, fourteenth Count of Angers, was not only "admirable for probity and justice," but, though "engaged in the profession of arms, was excellently learned, and most eloquent among the clergy and laity."

Again we find Fulco, the good Count of Anjou, called "a profound master of learning"; and, in Mediæval England, men like Antony Woodville, Earl of Rivers, as remarkable for goodness as for erudition; and John Tiptoft, the learned and accomplished Earl of Worcester, who was a very great orator. It has been remarked that "the learning of many of the Italians in the Middle Ages has never been surpassed." Giannozzo Manueti, the Florentine, spoke Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, translated the whole of the Psalms from the original, and knew by heart the "*De Civitate Dei*" of St. Augustine, as well as the ethics of Aristotle and the Epistles of St. Paul.

We know that many monarchs were men of learning,—one of the most conspicuous among them being Charlemagne, who loved to surround himself with the eminent scholars he had drawn to his court from different nations. Charles V. of France ordered the translation into French of some of the finest treatises of St. Augustine, as well as the whole Bible, the greater part of the works of Cicero, Aristotle, and many others; and he delighted to give large sums to the learned men who were engaged in these labors. We read also of a certain Duchess of Ferrara who "was a most triumphant princess, being beautiful, good, sweet, and courteous to all kinds of people; and so learned that



she spoke Spanish, Greek, Italian, French and a little very good Latin,—in all which languages she could compose."

The learning of the Middle Ages has one very distinctive mark: it almost invariably indicates a personal acquaintance with men and things. The writers at that time wrote out of their own experience, telling what they had seen with their own eyes, or known from their own travels; for many of them, like the famous Irish poet Sedulius, were wanderers. This celebrated priest who, from his early youth had been a disciple of Archbishop Hildebert, was deeply versed in the Scriptures and most learned in literature, excelling in prose and poetry. Leaving Ireland, he passed from France into Italy, going later on even into Asia, though he subsequently returned to Rome.

A noble simplicity, combined with true humility, reverent faith, and a mystical piety, characterize, as a rule, the literature of the Middle Ages. It was holy, it was historical, and it was sincere. May it not, therefore, on moral and philosophical grounds, compare by no means unfavorably with our own? Venerable Bede speaks of the numbers of books that used to be brought to England by bishops on their return from the Eternal City; and we read that St. Osmund, Bishop of Salisbury, who completed the building of his cathedral, gathered round him men of learning from all countries. He also founded a library, and enriched it literally with the work of his own hands, transcribing books for it, and bound them himself.

But the subject of libraries and the volumes contained in them—not to speak of those monastic writers to whom we are indebted for so much historical information,—this subject, we must repeat, is too large a one to be dealt with here. It has only been mentioned in connection with that curiously reciprocal influence which was referred to at the beginning of this article,—the influence, namely, of the clergy upon the laity, and of the latter upon their spiritual counsellors and guides.

A Crust of Bread.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

SO it is a question of money?" said the young man, with a smile that to the older man seemed tinged with cynicism,—the unworthy cynicism of one who despises that which he does not possess.

"No, it is not a question of money—money in hand. It is a question of the ability to accumulate money," returned the older man, calmly. "According to your own statement, you have reached the age of thirty years—"

"Thirty-two," corrected the other.

"So much the worse. Thirty-two years, without owning so much as a foot of ground, a share of stock, or having any bank account. Now, to my mind the ability to accumulate money is worth more than a big inheritance. Fortunes may tumble down any day; but the man who knows how to pile them up is safe, and so are those who are dependent upon him. For, of course, no man with any real manliness would wish to depend upon his wife's father."

"If I had not what seemed to me a sufficient salary, I should not have asked you for your daughter. I would not have spoken to her had I not felt able to support her in comfort," said the young man, with the first touch of spirit that he had shown throughout the interview. "Of course I do not pretend that I can give her these things," looking around the luxurious apartment as he spoke; "but I believe she would be content to do without them. She should never know want while I lived, and my life would be insured for her benefit in case of my death."

"Horace!" exclaimed a young woman, whose slender figure was half concealed by the heavy folds of a curtain at a window looking out upon the bay. She turned her face toward him as she spoke, and

there were tears in her bright dark eyes.

"I know she does not think of these things, sir," he went on, answering her look of reproach with a grateful glance. "It is natural that *you* should. And it is only right that I should satisfy you of my ability to care for her."

"This is really going too far. The whole thing is out of the question, entirely out of the question," said the father, with decision. "The circumstance upon which you seem to rely most—the fact that you have such a salary, an uncommonly good one for a young man, I admit—is most against you."

"I fail to understand you, Mr. Duncan."

"A man of your age, in the receipt of such a salary for how long?—six years?—ought to have laid by a very neat sum, if he had the right ideas of thrift and economy. Why, man, you could have saved and invested, invested and saved, and doubled your money in that time, touching nothing but good, legitimate enterprises. And you haven't a dollar, by your own confession, to say nothing of any sort of a home to offer a wife!"

The young man whom he addressed, who might have been likened to the Prisoner at the Bar by virtue of his downcast eyes and general aspect, answered this indictment by stammering in an undertone that there were things which he could not very well explain, and he could not well help,—but the earnings were gone. Still he hoped that now he might do better, and get ahead a little.

Mr. Duncan frowned severely upon this sorry effort at defence.

"We are talking about the present and the past, sir,—not of what you may possibly do in the future. Well, well! Of course I know it's easy enough for a man to run through with double this amount in these days, without any really criminal waste or extravagance; but it isn't such habits that maintain a wife and family. Now, sir, if there is one hobby that I have, it is that no man has any business to think of marriage, who hasn't a home

to give his wife. My wife and I went to housekeeping in our own house on our wedding-day. And how do you think I bought it? Out of a beggarly salary, selling flour and molasses over the counter of a country store. I date the beginning of all my prosperity to the ownership of that little home. Yet you young fellows, who have your thousands a year where we had only hundreds in those days, don't get ahead as we did."

His daughter's suitor was silent.

There was something in the memory of that little home and the thought of the faithful wife now dead, which softened the older man; but he still maintained his brisk, everyday air. When he spoke there was noticeable the veneer of superficial courtesy and even geniality with which the modern tyrant disguises an inexorable purpose.

"I presume that both of you young people are mentally writing me down as a stern and implacable monster, but you will see the case differently in years to come. I believe I can trust to your honor, sir, not to press your suit in the face of my disapproval, or to bring discord into what has always been a happy home."

Adroitly as Mr. Duncan framed this appeal, he would have had more respect for the young man if it had been met with at least a show of resistance. To him there was something almost contemptible in the submission with which the latter received his words. The fellow was evidently possessed with self-distrust, to men like Mr. Duncan the most craven and pitiable of all human frailties. How would his daughter be affected by this development of her lover's character? He looked to her with some anxiety.

He was surprised and irritated to see her leave her retreat and go straight to her lover's side; to hear her protest, that she would wait for him, if need be, till both their heads were white; begging him to have courage and patience; assuring him of her undying devotion.

The father interrupted this demonstration in a severe voice.

"Eleanor, come here!"

The girl did not move from where she stood; but she withdrew her hand from her lover's clasp, and raised her eyes to her father. The latter was fain to cross the room and stand beside her.

"You ought to know that I oppose you in this only because I care so much for your welfare, my child." He turned in sudden anger to the young man. "Sir, I will thank you not to prolong this distressing scene! Eleanor is a sensible, healthy girl. She is not going to die of grief, or to break down under this little disappointment. Neither shall I forbid you the house. I simply depend upon your honor as a gentleman not to press your suit."

"Jump in, sir! Plenty of room. You're scarcely fit to walk," said Mr. Duncan, stopping his carriage on the way back from the cemetery, on Memorial Day, to hail a feeble-looking, elderly man, lagging behind a party of veterans who travelled on foot.

"I did it once, sir; guess I can do it again. Isn't a circumstance to the marches we took then," objected the man, although Mr. Duncan had swung open the carriage door, and a long line of vehicles was brought to a halt.

"But we picked you up then when you were maimed or hurt. Old age is an uglier foe than the Johnnies; takes surer aim, and hits the mark every time, eh? Be good enough to consider this dusty street a battlefield, and this rig the ambulance."

This pleasantry delighted the old man, and he climbed into the carriage. Mr. Duncan wore the epaulets that he had won by gallant conduct on the field more than a score of years before; and the old patriotic fire, rekindled in the breast of every veteran on this day, warmed his heart to each old comrade.

There was something curious in the demeanor of his guest. He endeavored to

sit upright, as became the dignity of the occasion, but collapsed in a mournful heap; righted himself, collapsed again; and then, grasping the back of the seat for support, turned to the owner of the carriage, and, with a confiding air that was inexpressibly comical, made a confession that at once amused and shocked his hearer.

"I beg your pardon, sir!—perhaps I ought to tell you I'm in liquor."

He spoke a little thickly; but his admirable command of language, and his clear recognition of the situation in all its bearings, proved him to be a well-seasoned old toper.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Duncan, not thinking of any more original comment to make upon a situation that was at once ludicrous and beset with all possible embarrassments.

"I got it down at the Post," explained the old man, as though he felt that some apology was necessary for his condition on that day. "Got thirsty; some of the boys brought out the jug. California claret; nothing in the world but California claret—with a stick in it!"

Here was a pretty situation for a man of wealth and position. There was no telling at what moment his companion might perform some absurd act that would draw the attention of the crowd and make a laughing-stock of the carriage and its occupants. The intoxicated man still had fairly good command of his senses and his speech, albeit his utterance was a little thickened. Duncan quickly reasoned that if he engaged him in conversation until they could escape from the procession and get away from the public streets, all might be well.

"Did you enlist here in California?" he asked.

"Bless you, sir, no! Away up in the Granite State."

"One of the rank and file?"

"Yes, sir," assented the old man, with a certain dignity. "Getting to be quite an honor to claim place in ranks these days, when the whole country bristles

with military titles. I'm Brown—Private Brown, of the —th New Hampshire."

"Private Brown, of the —th New Hampshire?" James Duncan's voice had a strange sound. He was bending eagerly forward, searching the aged face with more than common interest. "How do you come to be out here in San Francisco?" he asked, with a certain quiver in his voice.

The old man's eyes were dim and his senses dulled. He answered the rich man's question with the weary monotony of one who rehearses a story that has grown old by repetition.

"We came away soon after the war was over. Times were bad up our way. Children growing up. Old farm wouldn't give us all a living. Drifted about a good deal. Out to Chicago first, then to a little Indiana town. Hard luck everywhere. I'm not much of a business man. My health isn't good. It's never been the same since Andersonville."

At the mention of the Southern prison the question which James Duncan's eyes had been asking was answered. All sense of the ludicrous was gone now. The comedy had become a tragedy. He looked mournfully at the poor wreck opposite to him.

"Hard times, eh, with your children to take care of?"

"Rather the other way, sir. Shoe was on the other foot," clumsily explained Private Brown. "Fact is, I don't know what I would have done hadn't it been for my son Horace."

Heaven had disappointed James Duncan in denying him the son he had always yearned for. As a general rule, he did not care to hear the virtues of other men's sons extolled. In this instance, however, he lent the speaker grave attention. Possibly his wide worldly experience had made him familiar with the mysterious law of coincidence, and he was prepared for what was coming.

"Son Horace," continued the old man, "has stood by us through thick and thin.

Went to work when he was a boy. Picked up his education—he's a fairly well educated man—in night schools and reading and studying at home. Been like a bond-slave to the family all along. Children were always ailing. Mother was sick a long time, and we lost her. He's been keeping his sister Julie—a bright girl—at the Art School these three years. Next year Harry'll be through high school. Horace promised him a college course. Julie thinks she'll be able to help. There's no telling. Likely as not, though, it'll all come on Horace."

"And he doesn't mind it?"

"Not a bit. That's one comfort. Don't believe he expects anything else. He's never known anything different. Always given up everything to others."

Mr. Duncan recalled the face of the young man whom he had sent from his house but a few weeks before, and the look of meek submission that had so irritated him. Was it the great patience of one who bore many burdens? Then his mind travelled back to other days and distant scenes.

"Perhaps it is in the blood, Private Brown," he said.

There was something so significant in his words and manner that the old veteran eyed him closely. Then he gave a quick exclamation:

"There!—missed my car! Another one in four minutes. Couldn't think of troubling you, sir. We live a long way out."

But Mr. Duncan had given a direction to his coachman, and the carriage turned down a side street. As he thought of going home, Private Brown grew ill at ease.

"Got to sober off, somehow. The folks'll feel cut up. First time in six months, on my word, sir. Promised Horace I'd keep straight all the year."

"See here, Private Brown," said Mr. Duncan, leaning forward and speaking in a confidential tone. "What is the very best thing for sobering up?"

"Drink of milk and bath of cold water," returned Private Brown, promptly and joyfully. It was rare good luck to find a friend and sympathizer in this emergency. Then his face fell. "I'm done for, anyhow. Slipped down on the pavement. New suit, too."

He ruefully called the attention of his new-found friend to an unsightly rent in his brown coat, the skirts of which were smeared with mud.

"Never mind," said Duncan, cheerily. "Trifles like that are easily mended."

To his coachman's surprise, he stepped down with the old soldier, and the two men were soon lost to sight in the bustling throng.

"I do not know why you have sent for me, sir," began Horace Brown, a little resentment mingled with his surprise.

His host cut him short. "I have sent for you because I want to present you to another old friend of mine, and to tell you both a little story."

"Why, father!" cried the young man, as the feeble old veteran rose at his approach, a little dazed by his strange surroundings. No casual observer would have recognized in the stately old gentleman, clad in decorous evening dress, the weak and garrulous old man who had stumbled along with the procession that afternoon, and shrunk from observation in Mr. Duncan's carriage.

"Private Brown, of New Hampshire," announced Mr. Duncan. "Eleanor, I want you here, please. When a man has a story to tell which reflects great credit and glory upon himself, it is only fitting that his child should hear it."

The lovers stole looks of puzzled inquiry at each other. Was the cool, level-headed man of business taking leave of his senses, that he should conduct himself in this eccentric fashion? The old man listened with the dull apathy of age.

"It may not seem much of a story," proceeded Mr. Duncan; "and it is about a crust of bread."

Again the lovers exchanged anxious glances; but, as though some woful picture had been called up by his own words, the speaker paced up and down the room in silence. At length he stopped before his daughter.

"Eleanor, you have often heard the story of my army life. One experience alone has been withheld from you. Of my sufferings at Andersonville I have never spoken before to-day."

The girl gave a sharp exclamation, the cry of one who unexpectedly stumbles upon a charnel-house. Into her father's face had come a look she had never seen there before. The real man stood before her, bared of all the pomp of circumstance, scanning an eventful past, looking into a dark abyss of memory.

"Yes," he said, "I was one of the poor wretches there. I am not going to tell you of all I saw or underwent. One incident alone I wish to relate. You know enough of the history of the time to have some faint idea of what that prison life was. Hunger, hunger, hunger!—that was the everlasting cry."

The old man who formed one of the trio of listeners was wide awake now, intent, alert, watching the every gesture of the speaker, assenting to his statements as one who journeys again over a familiar road, recognizing old landmarks.

"Starvation works differently with different men," continued Duncan. "Of some it made scoundrels; of others, weaklings; of others it made heroes."

He was looking directly at the old man now. The young people followed his eyes. Unseen and unconscious, the aged veteran bore their gaze. Out of the darkness of the past a flood of blessed memories, like rays of light, illumined his faded eyes; while the wrinkled face beneath the snow-white hair shone like that of an eager, expectant child.

"I was one of the weaklings," Duncan went on. "Whether it was bodily weakness or the cravings of youth or the want of spiritual stamina that made me so it

would be profitless to discuss. I took no thought of any one besides myself. I held on to every morsel of my own rations. So long as my money held out, I bribed the guards for more and bought from the men. Yet all the while I grew weaker. A time came when I lay like a dog in the sun waiting for death. My stomach turned against the raw meal of our rations. I was perishing for want of proper food. I remember wishing it were all over, and making a feeble effort to crawl toward the dead-line, in the hope that a shot from the guard would put an end to my misery. A man pulled me back. He dragged me to the shade of a tree, and brought me water from a pool the boys had scooped with their hands. Then he took from his pocket a crust of bread,—homemade bread, dried and dirty. He handed it as a miser might his gold. I had no money left. My blankets had been bartered away long before. I was nothing but a poor, penniless, miserable wretch, clothed in rags; but I felt that I would barter all I might ever have to get possession of that crust. I looked at him. He was older than I, a living skeleton, with a skin like parchment, and death—death by privation—written in his face! But I begged him for it. He gave it to me without a moment's hesitation; and I ate it to the last crumb, while he looked on."

In the hour of his humiliation Eleanor Duncan came to her father, and wept softly on his shoulder.

"That crust of bread saved my life. Four days later I was exchanged! Now, friends," concluded James Duncan, "I need scarcely tell you that I am not a man of sentiment, but I have an uncommonly strong grip on a purpose. Lying in that sweltering swamp, gnawing that dried crust of bread—the sweetest morsel I ever tasted,—I promised myself that if I lived to get away, I would share my last cent with the man who had given me his last crust. But I lost all trace of him after I came away. The Lord knows I've tried hard enough to find him, but

I had little to go on: only his name—unfortunately a common one,—the State in which he enlisted, and the fact that he was a private soldier. I've fancied him old and neglected and homeless. I've thought of him ill and in want. I've often feared that I might find only a grave.—Private Brown, of New Hampshire, I've been looking for you twenty-five years!"

After the lapse of more than a quarter of a century the two men clasped hands, and gazed at each other with eyes that were not ashamed of the tears gathered in them.

"It wasn't much," said old Private Brown. "I had had the rest of the loaf. I'd been saving that crust for days for some poor fellow like you."

"No, it wasn't much, but it meant a great deal to me. Do you know how hard I've tried to find you?—confound your name! I've had the war records searched; I've put detectives on your track; I've even had personals in the daily papers. But when Fate tried to lend me a hand by marrying your son to my daughter, I turned the lady with a distaff out of doors. Never mind!" he added, lowering his voice. "She's found her way in again, and her web will be finished yet."

Across the room Eleanor and Horace were standing, their hands joined in a cordial clasp. Tears stood in their eyes as in those of their fathers'—tears of joy.

EVERY part indeed of the framework of the Christian religion is supported on the central truth—the great and inexplicable, all but inconceivable, act of mercy and goodness transcending all thought, surpassing all tenderness of the human heart—that God has become man for man's sake. Every particle of the Church's doctrine and discipline is the outcome of this truth. And as this truth is supernatural in the highest degree, so likewise is the system generated by it.

—T. W. Allies.

Church Windows.

BY G. M. HORT.

NOT only do we deck the holy place,
 Not only through its walls the daylight bear:
 We have our part within the scheme of grace,
 And in the ministry of Heaven share.

Ours is the likeness of the Mystic Rose,*
 Ours is the pattern of the Living Vine;†
 Each narrowest lancet, in its corner, shows
 A holy motto or a sacred sign.

In our mute speech, the Virgin Mother gives
 Her benediction to the kneeling aisle;
 In our brave lines, the Dying Saviour lives,
 The martyr's triumph, and the angels smile.

And ye who in God's temple come and go,
 Whose eyes upon our pictured panels rest,
 By many a token sure may see and know
 Our lot is happy, and our tasks are blest.

'Tis blest to mark, like dials, the sacred hours
 As, pane by pane, the tryst with light we keep;
 To cast our radiant shadows, hued like flowers,
 On the pale tombs where folk forgotten sleep.

'Tis blest the morning's first red beam to lay
 Upon the altar of the Sacrament;
 To hold the kindly torch of dying day
 O'er the dim aisle and lingering penitent.

Yet still more blest than all, and honored most,
 When (to th' illumined shrine invisible),
 Like guards who take at eve a lonelier post,
 We, through the outer dark, shine sentinel.

So are we beacons for the feet that roam;
 So, by our aid, the wanderer grows aware
 That still, with jewel-set walls, the Father's
 Home

Stands; and that welcome still awaits him
 there.

* The circular window, known as "a Rose," typical of eternity.

† The Mediaeval "Jesse" window, showing the "genealogical tree" of Christ.

A Summer Ramble in Poppyland.

BY WALTER J. PIPER.

NORWICH has never wanted for suitable designation. Many speak of it as "A City of Gardens"; on other occasions it is styled "The City of Churches." The commercial world terms it the Metropolis of East Anglia. It is something else besides; for it is the starting-point for those who are intent on visiting "Poppyland" and "Broadland."

It may be well to say a few words here regarding these two interesting and charming districts of Norfolk. The former has been immortalized by the clever Catholic writer, Clement Scott, who with his pen did so much to popularize Cromer and its surrounding districts that little need be added here, except that it takes its name from the pretty crimson flower which abounds here on all sides.

Broadland derives its name from its numerous "broads," all of which are peculiar to Norfolk. The name implies the broadened-out lagoons, or lakes, connected with the rivers (i. e., the River Yare and the River Bure). The former has but two connected with it—that of Surlingham and Rockland; the latter has a network of them connected with it—about fifteen. These are situated in the northeast part of the county. The two connected with the Yare are within eight or nine miles of Norwich.

These broads vary in size. The largest is over two miles long and about a mile wide. Wroxham and Hickling probably possess the two largest in the district. At Wroxham, noble trees run down to the water's edge, and the broad is fringed with reeds and bulrushes, and on every side the beautiful wild yellow iris may be seen. But the quiet corners of the lake are the prettiest of all; for there the water lilies, with their great, flat, sage-green leaves, cover the entire surface of the water.

THOUGHTS surprised by another before they have come to full purpose have a way of taking sudden flight. Fearful of capture, they fly on approach, and thereby good may be lost.—*Leslie Moore.*

Perhaps a short sketch of a day's ramble in the first-named district—"Poppyland"—may not be considered devoid of interest. I hope also it may induce Catholic visitors to cultivate a taste for examining the interesting old churches which our pious forefathers erected at so great a cost, and embellished with such loving care. These churches are strikingly characteristic of the district. Few, if any, are built of hewn stone, for there are no quarries in this county; so the flint stones from the chalk pits are utilized instead. Flint "knapping," or the squaring of these hard and brittle stones, has been a fine art in this country for centuries. The exteriors of the churches are very imposing, and the flint is quite imperious to the atmospheric effects so prevalent in the district. The high western towers are most noticeable, and are seen from a great distance.

But it is the interiors of these ancient fanes which claim our special attention; for within their four walls are to be found the remains of the finest Mediæval rood screens in England, one of which I will describe later. The beautiful screen of Randworth church, during a recent summer, was visited by 6000 persons. Even these accessories of Catholic worship in the Middle Ages reflect the district in which they are erected. All are built, not of stone (as are those of Devonshire and Somerset), but of the "hearts of oak" grown in the vicinity of the old church itself. The very colors with which they are so lavishly decorated are the tints of Poppyland and Broadland combined.

Screens have existed in the chancel arch of our English parish churches possibly from the time when Christianity was first introduced; but it was not till the early part of the fourteenth century that the "loft," or gallery, was added to them. It was at this date the "perke," or rood beam, was affixed above these lofts, spanning the entire chancel arch. This beam takes its name from the fact

that it supported the Holy Rood on which our crucified Saviour appears. On His right hand was always a statue of our Blessed Lady; and on His left, St. John the Evangelist. Such, then, was a rood screen of the Middle Ages. No church was so humble but it possessed one in the days when England was indeed the "Dowry of Mary."

The day chosen for our ramble in "Poppyland" was the 7th of July, the feast of the Translation of St. Thomas of Canterbury,—a day famous for pilgrims in the olden times. It was an ideal summer day and well suited to our purpose. Taking the train at Norwich for Mundesley-on-Sea (distant about eighteen miles), in ten minutes we arrive at Wroxham. This is the yachting centre of Broadland. From the elevated situation of the station is gained a splendid panorama of the valley of the Bure. The river is alive with yachts, spreading their white sails. Steam and electric launches are flitting about in every direction; and the great, stately pleasure-wherry, with its huge and solitary sail, has just left its moorings. Each and all of these craft are laden with a gay throng, all on pleasure bent,—to see one or other of the many broads connected with this river.

The pretty village church dedicated to Our Lady will repay a visit. It is entered by a remarkable Norman doorway, over which may be noticed the statue of Our Lady and the Divine Infant. The church is embedded in a grove of stately trees near the river's bank.

This village is the home of the Traffords, an ancient Catholic family, whose residence is called the "Hall." Close by is a domestic chapel, at which visitors are allowed to attend by the permission of the Squire. The vicinity of the Hall is charming, and is styled the "Little Switzerland" of Norfolk. The chaplain of the Hall chapel lives in the village. While our train is resting at this station, on our left is seen the typical Norfolk church of Belaugh,

noted for its beautiful rood screen and paintings of the twelve Apostles. It has, besides, some ancient memorial brasses which are considered unique.

On resuming our journey, we next pass the tiny church of Hoveton St. John. The place is remarkable for its saint—a maiden named Margaret, who was martyred here. As far back as the twelfth century, pilgrimages were made to her shrine; but her chapel has entirely disappeared. In another five minutes the beautiful church of Our Lady at Tunstead is passed. Few churches are so rich in archaeological remains as this; and, though it is rather inaccessible, visitors from all parts flock here during the summer months.

Passing the lonely old Church of St. Bartholomew-in-the-Dale, at Sloley, we arrive at Worstead station. This ancient and decayed town once contained at least three churches and a religious house. The only remaining church is one of the finest in the district. Its high tower is a landmark for miles around. The interior of the church is extremely handsome. It possesses two screens—a rood screen, and a very rare screen at the west end of the church. The former is dated 1412, and ranks as one of the best in East Anglia. The name of this place is derived from the "worsted" industry introduced here in the reign of Henry I. by a community of nuns from Flanders. At the time of Edward the Confessor, the town belonged to the celebrated Abbey of Holm, a few miles distant.

In another five minutes we reach North Walsham, an Old-World town, reminiscent of the great "Peasant Revolt" in 1381; and also of the prowess of the warlike Bishop of Norwich, Henry le Spencer, who near this place completely routed 50,000 rebels and put an end to the revolt. It is pleasing to know that, after three hundred and fifty years, a Catholic mission has been founded in this interesting town. The temporary chapel occupies a position almost under the shadow of the fine old parish Church of

St. Nicholas. This mission promises to become a success, and will supply a want long felt in this part of Norfolk, bordering on "Poppyland."

Here we change trains, leaving behind us Broadland, with its low-lying meadows, its reeds and rushes, its buttercups and meadowsweet, and its beautiful water lilies. On entering another train—this time for a short five-mile run,—everything is changed around us. Poppies, marguerites, and a host of bright-colored flowers are to be seen on every side, owing to the dry and sandy soil nearer to the coast line. We stop next at Knapton. The old church is close to the station. Every visitor ought to make a special effort to visit this church. It is unpretentious enough exteriorly; but it possesses a carved double hammer-beamed roof, so remarkable that it is said there are few in the kingdom to equal it. Its construction is bewildering, so also are its coloring, gilding, and carved enrichments. An extremely interesting tradition prevails in this village. It is said that, about five hundred years ago, a vessel was wrecked on the coast near Knapton. Several lives were lost, but among those saved was a wealthy man, a native of this place, who, to show his gratitude to Almighty God, caused this very roof to be erected as a thank-offering. The tradition is probably not without good foundation, as carving on it has been discovered recently which points to this as most likely.

On leaving Knapton, we notice on our right the pretty church of Paston, and are reminded of the historic family of the same name, whose celebrated "Paston Letters" contain so much in reference to our holy religion during the Middle Ages. And so we arrive at Mundesley, where we begin our ramble.

The first thing which arrests the attention of visitors at this quaint seaside village is the curious old church perched high up on the edge of the sandy cliffs. The village it commands is in no way

remarkable, though well known to a larger world beyond; for in spring and summer hundreds of visitors flock from all parts to its perfect sands, which lie beneath its popped cliffs. A simple life, in clear air that blows straight from the North Pole, is very tempting; and those who visit it once, come again and again. In the old days, when Mundesley was spelled "Monesle," its beach must have been thronged with fisher folk, and sturdy sailors busy unloading their vessels.

At that time the old Church of All Saints must have been of great importance. Its high and friendly tower by day, and the gleaming sanctuary light by night, were beacons for the mariners; and its merry bells rang out from cliff to cliff. To-day what do we see? A church without a tower, bells, or chancel. One bell alone is left, but not a stone of the once noble tower remains. Its spacious sanctuary, where Mass was said for centuries, is now desolate and a heap of ruins, and until recently it was roofless. The winter winds and summer breezes blew through its rugged walls, and the moon and stars looked down unhindered on the spot "where once the sacred altar stood."

After spending half an hour on the cliffs and enjoying the magnificent sea views, we resume our ramble by peeping into the old church, which we find partially restored. On leaving the church, the cliff heightens at every step until Trimmingham village is reached. The views from this place are charming and varied. Beacon Hill is considered to be the highest spot in Norfolk; from it, on a clear day, as many as thirty church towers may be plainly seen. The village stands on the cliff-side road. Its parish church, dedicated to St. John Baptist, was famous in pre-Reformation days; for it possessed a precious relic of its patron and a miraculous image of our Blessed Lady, to which pilgrimages were frequent. The lower part of a once noble rood screen is still to be seen, and is in good condition. These remains consist of eight panel

paintings of the fifteenth century. The combination of saints represented is interesting and rare for a Norfolk screen,—i. e., St. Edmund, K. M.; St. Clare, V.; St. Clement, M.; St. John Baptist, St. Petronilla; St. Edward, K. M.; St. Dorothea, and St. Cecilia. Under the name of each saint may be faintly read, "*Ora pro nobis.*"

Yes, for centuries the pious people of this once Catholic village invoked their intercession. Centuries again have elapsed amid neglect and indifference. Something prompted us to bend our knees as we gazed on these glorious servants of God and cry out once more: "Pray for us! Pray for England!" For here in this peaceful village, unruffled and happy as it may appear, we are actually within two hundred miles of a country where the greatest war on record is raging. Yes! And may "Our Lady of the Poppies" (a title by which the Blessed Virgin was known in this district for centuries) pray for us, and obtain for us all a speedy and lasting peace!

Rambling on for a mile and a half inland, we find ourselves at Gimingham. This village was the head of John of Gaunt's possessions in Norfolk, where he had a palace and a large park,—now, unhappily, not to be traced. Turning to the left, we come upon the interesting old church. The "reformers" have made a clean sweep of everything here pertaining to the old religion, but by a strange coincidence have left intact some of the finest poppy-head benches in the kingdom. The south porch is very beautiful for a small church. Here we have to take to bypaths, and climb over some breezy downs, covered with short turf and brakes. In a few minutes we catch sight of the beautiful tower of Trunch church; and, passing through a few more lanes and climbing over stiles, we are soon beside it.

And so we arrive at our destination; for it is to this village in the centre of Poppyland we have bent our steps. And here I will redeem my promise, and say

something of its well-known church and its famous rood screens. From what we can learn from ancient diocesan manuscripts, a church existed in this place long before the Domesday Book was compiled. The present edifice stands on the site of two previous churches, and occupies a situation in the centre of the quaint old village street. It is dedicated to St. Botolph, who did so much to introduce the Benedictine Rule into East Anglia in Saxon days. The population is about 450. The present church is—as usual—built of flint and rubble, with stone dressings. Its architecture, a mixture of the Decorated and Perpendicular styles, is considered by experts to be one of the best examples in the neighborhood. It consists of chancel, nave, and aisles; and the clerestory window is very fine. It is entered by a good south porch, on the outside of which may be noticed an ancient circular Saxon sundial, probably taken from one of the earlier churches mentioned.

On the right-hand side of the old porch are seen the mutilated remains of the original holy water stoup. The great western tower is a prominent landmark, and contains three pre-Reformation bells, with the names of saints and inscriptions cast upon them. A singular and rare feature is to be seen on the south wall of the church,—a porch buttress over the priest's doorway. (This is a small door always found in the south chancel walls of English parish churches, and reserved exclusively for the use of the priest.) This particular doorway is decorated, and the shallow porch enclosing it rises up into a buttress above. The object of this singular construction is difficult to determine: it was probably to resist a spreading of the walls. On the north side there was a similar door, which is now blocked up with masonry;—it led into the sacristy, which has also disappeared. The east window on the south side of the chancel has been lowered, and forms a sedilia for seating three priests. Connected with

it is a beautiful piscina, under two niches,—one facing the north, the other towards the west. Immediately over the latter is an ancient ambry, showing plainly where its door has been wrenched from its hinges.

The chancel possesses six of its ancient oak stalls, with carved poppy-head finials. On raising the seats, we notice that the "misereres" (or "misericordes," as they are termed here) are still in good condition. One of these stalls is extremely handsome; it is called the "stall of the Prior of Bromholme" (a Cluniac priory a few miles distant from Trunch). The rood screen, once so magnificent, has been badly treated and neglected,—the tracery in particular; some of the faces of the saints depicted on the panels have been scraped and even hacked away. The rood beam, with its figures, has entirely disappeared; so also has the loft,—nothing but the coving which once supported it remains. But the panels and spandrels are well preserved. Many of the beautiful paintings of the saints, with their respective emblems, are clear and distinct after over four hundred years' exposure. The date of the screen is 1502. It is termed an "Apostle screen."

There are six panels on each side of its central doorway. The paintings, reading from the Gospel side, represent St. Thomas, with a book and spear; St. Philip, three loaves in his left hand; St. James the Less, a fuller's bat and book; St. Matthew, a halbert, or axe, in his right hand; St. James the Greater, an escalop shell in his left hand; St. Peter, two keys and an open book, on which is written: "*Credo in Deum Omnipotentem.*" The saints on the Epistle side are: St. Paul, with a book and a sword; St. Andrew, a cross (saltire); St. John, a chalice from which an evil spirit is escaping, and a palm branch; St. Jude, a boat in his left hand; St. Simon, a book in his right hand, a fish in his left; St. Bartholomew, a flaying knife and a book. (It will be noticed that St. Matthias is omitted from this particular

screen, and that St. Paul is depicted instead.) Above these panels is an elaborate cornice, with scrolls and foliage intertwined; and on it are boldly carved a prayer for the donors, and also a doxology.

All the upper parts of the six arches were originally filled with the most delicate tracery. The church also contains a remarkable font; it is hexagon in shape, and dated 1350; its sides are panelled with delicate tracery and relief. Its baptistery, made of solid oak, is considered unique. It is richly carved, and was formerly ornamented in colors and gilding. The cover is supported by six small shafts, each having flying buttresses, and carved with twisted foliage rising out of a vase; the termination of the foliage takes the form of the heads of animals. The shafts support a hexagon top, which is canopied, and had originally other decorations; traces of the Holy Rood, Our Lady, and St. John are still plainly visible. Above this is a crocketed canopy, once terminating with a finial. This cover does not rest upon the font, as in most instances, but is separate; and there is ample room inside for the performance of the ceremonies of solemn baptism.

On the north side of the chancel may be seen a hagioscope, or "squint," which enabled an anchorite (who dwelt in his cell adjoining this church) to see the high altar during Holy Mass. A little farther east, of this "squint" may be seen the remains of an Easter Sepulchre. In pre-Reformation days, there were several guilds in connection with the church, and their names have come down to us. One was dedicated to its patron, St. Botolph; another, to our Blessed Lady; and before their statues, we read, lights were constantly kept burning. There were also, as has been quaintly said, "ye Lyghte of ye Maydens" and "ye Lyghte of ye Plow." In the west end of the church of Trunch there were besides "ye grete Rood Lyghte" and "St. Nicholas' Lyghte."

From a printed list of rectors to be seen at this village, the first priest and

rector (whose name has been handed down) was Robert Joye, A. D. 1338. The last name given was that of Thomas Powle, who died in 1548. This "precious list" is evidently an "Anglican Continuity trick," for it shows no break at the Reformation period. The Catholic priest and the Protestant parson are linked together from first to last.

But surely the old church is not so bright as it was when we entered it; and, looking at our watches, we are reminded that we have been nearly two hours within these ancient walls. It was with a curious feeling of sadness that we cast back a parting glance, to notice the effect of the lengthening shadows in the old building. It was a feeling one experiences when one has come a long distance to visit a friend whom one loves, and finds him absent from home, and one must leave without having received his hearty greeting. Only a Catholic knows what this feeling is, or can realize its sadness. For this desecrated church was once consecrated to the service of God, and for centuries was a home of the Blessed Sacrament.

With this feeling, we start on our return to Mundesley, to catch our train for the City of Gardens. The setting sun is casting its golden rays on the poppy fields. We turn our eyes in the direction of the ruins of Bromholme Priory, and a sense of gratitude fills our hearts for the good Cluniacs of old, who in this district instituted the devotion to Our Lady under the title of "Our Lady of Poppyland."

It suffices for a soul to be in suffering to bring Our Lord nearer to her in some way. He listens like a watchful parent to every cry that ascends from earth; and to His loving Heart it is not only the voice which cries: it is all sorrow, all suffering, all trial. And Jesus hears with a loving, tender compassion. He does not always heal—for sorrow has its mission,—but He always consoles and encourages.—*Golden Sands.*

Newman Honored in Oxford.

BY L. I. G.

"TRINITY," to quote one of those magical personal phrases of the "Apologia" which sink like an intaglio into one's memory, "has never been unkind to me." That was written in 1864. When Newman came to Oxford as a Cardinal, a score of years later, it was Trinity, the loved College of his undergraduate life, which dined him at her high table, and to her most honored guest gave a great academic reception. In our own day, when there was question of putting up to his memory an Oxford monument, it was Trinity who (though frustrated in the end) offered the site in the Broad, opposite her own beautiful gates. And now at last (May, 1916) she has succeeded in doing visible homage to her most illustrious modern son. A great bust in bronze, the work of Mr. Broadbent, of Fulham (exhibited in the Academy of 1915), has been set up on a stone pedestal in Trinity Garden, just outside the farthest of the three quadrangles, at the east end, overlooking the splendid lawns which stretch into the shadow of Wadham College: a cloistral, yet effective, site. It is Newman in his pensive but serene old age, in his ecclesiastical dress. Below is the simple inscription:

JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN
1801—1890

To this there is an inconspicuous tag: "Presented by D. La Motte, Esq., M. A."

The bust stands against the exterior wall of some dignified old rooms once familiar to Newman's youth; for they were long occupied by his distinguished and eccentric tutor, the Rev. Thomas Short. The bases of the pedestal are sunk into a flower-bed, and the background is a glorious one of wistaria. The vine itself, massive and far-spread, must be of some age: Newman's living eye may well have looked upon it. A critic would wish, perhaps, a more convex outline to

that extraordinarily noble head; more implied lilt and fire in the gentle pose; more of the "Julius Cæsar" look emphasized by Mr. J. A. Froude; perhaps a less aggressive sweep of the cape; perhaps some canopy, or other architectural shield from the corroding English climate. But, for all that, there are endless reasons for rejoicing that the memorial exists in Oxford at all, and that it stands where it does, in a spot full of congruousness, and touched with all intimacies of affection.

When the Duke of Norfolk and other Catholics, backed by many University names, wished to set up the full-length statue, and its setting in the Nineties, there arose an opposition which finally banished the graven image of Newman to its present home outside the London Oratory. That victory may be classed as a sectarian one. So far as one can remember, the strong protest against it was not based, as it might very reasonably have been based, on the lifeless commonplace of the structure itself. Nor was it based on the unsuitability of setting up in Oxford—instead of the gowned and hooded figure of her illustrious son as Richmond drew him, "with something of an angel's light" (and as Fr. Dominic Barbieri found him at Littlemore in that rainy, never-to-be-forgotten October night of 1845)—a later Newman with whom Oxford had no ties.

No: the real objection, the popular and prevailing one, moved on other wheels. It was felt that it would be no small indecency to erect the monument of any Papist, however eminent, within a stone's throw of the site of the Marian stake, and hardly out of view of the sacrosanct local landmark which commemorates Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, and their fight against "the errors of the Church of Rome." To this day, these three persons, niched high up on Scott's delicate Gothic pinnacle of 1841, are the only men memorialized in Oxford town! Perhaps it is not insignificant that when, twice lately, it was announced that both figures and finials needed repair,

no funds whatever were forthcoming.

The "martyrs" had scored it over Newman before. They owed their shrine to Low Church spirits, chiefly of Balliol, who were out to register publicly their extreme disapprobation of Keble, Newman, and Pusey; and to make known how monstrous unfilial they considered the remarks on the Blessed Reformation in Hurrell Froude's "Remains." To re-establish the Cambridge heroes of Protestantism who perished in Oxford was an oblique but adequate indictment of the contemporary Tractarians.

Yet, now Newman is back, he is back as a Popish Recusant, an alien enemy, a convert, a lost leader; a Prince of the Church abhorred, ignored, yet nearer her home-coming to England than ever before. With ideals Roman and Universal born of the "long gestation" of his soul, not with the ideals of the Fellow of Oriel and Vicar of St. Mary's, Newman has quietly returned; and his genius may be trusted to speak to a new generation sensitive almost beyond his own.

Just around the near angle of the buildings are his own undergraduate lodgings. Hard by, in the opposite direction, is a door, in a corner where tourists never think to go. And on the other side of that door, in a long, dark nook of greenery, overlooked by what were the seventeen-year-old Newman's windows, is "snapdragon growing on the wall, . . . the emblem of my residence till death in my own University." Yes, it is still there, in among the old stones, but only in tiny sprigs and frail sprays; not "much snapdragon" any more, as in the famous text. Ivy, the ruthless and active octopus, threatens to destroy, within another year or so, Newman's last symbolic glories at Trinity. Let the College gardeners look to it! Meanwhile it must be pleasant to the little immortalized flowering weed, and to Mr. Broadbent's sculptured Cardinal, that they have, managed, in any case, and in the wonted places, to flourish again for a time side by side.

Chapels in a Mine.

THERE is but little singularity in the fact that a chapel is under the ground. Numberless, indeed, are the instances of such, beginning from the very earliest—those of the first Christians in the Catacombs. But when the chapels are from twenty to twenty-five minutes' walk from the light of the sun, down into the earth, and are the deepest located in all the world; and yet, notwithstanding, have many and stated occasions for worship, attended by throngs from near and far,—then these chapels are among the most singular in the world. Apart from being famous, too, they are situated in one of the most wonderful mines existing anywhere.

In the war-torn Province of Galicia, twenty-three miles southeast of Cracow, which has been the center of fierce hostilities in the present devastating war, lies the town of Wielicka. Here are the largest and most interesting salt mines, or mine, in all the globe. Mines is perhaps the proper word; for the property, which is owned by the Austrian Government, comprises eight main pits, some of which, incredible as it may seem, are upward of 900 feet deep, in addition to as many as 60 shafts of two and three quarters miles in aggregate depth.

It is a wonder-city underground, with scenes of extraordinary beauty and weirdness, including sixteen mysterious lakes. But most wonderful of all are the scenes of quietude and prayer. Access is gained either by means of the hydraulic lifts or, as many prefer, by the long, slanting stairways cut in the solid rock salt, conducting one of the various levels of the mine, of which there are seven. Only those nearest the surface, however, are open to visitors.

On the first level, some 260 feet below, are situated the chapels. Here, off one of the main passages, is the Chapel of Saint Anthony, where many, many

thousands have worshipped since it was opened in 1698. The vestibule to the chapel consists of a symmetrical archway, decorated with sculptured figures at the sides. The interior of the chapel accommodates some hundreds of worshippers, and is beautified by an altar cut out of solid salt, with panels showing the Passion of Our Lord. On the altar steps are the figures of two kneeling monks. Along the sides of the chapel are shrines, and the statues of saints most beautifully wrought out of the solid salt. Many times in the year the priests of the neighborhood officiate in this chapel, not only in memory of Saint Anthony himself, but also of the devout miner who, unaided and persevering, carved the chapel.

Hard by, the light of the guide's torch illumines a magnificent shrine to the Blessed Virgin, within an ornate archway. Again, as one moves along, one notes figures of saints in the attitude of prayer and adoration; and a few of the smaller chambers bear the names of some of the best known martyrs.

Among the other chapels, one of the most noted is that called the Queen's Chapel, with its magnificent altar, containing, on its sides, views of Bethlehem. Tradition has it that one man spent many months in silent effort to carve out of the dazzling white salt this fine piece of sculpture, now shown to every visitor as one of the most interesting sights of the mine. As one turns from it, the beautiful candelabra catches the eye, and makes one marvel that so delicate and gossamer a conception, with so many pendent chains of white, has so long resisted the wear and tear of use and time.

Here in these underground houses of God the devout among the miners come to pray. Here, too, during the hostilities which sweep tornado-like across the country and town overhead, many of the civilian inhabitants have found safety and rest for the body, and succor for the soul in prayer.

A Hero of Common Life.

A GREAT inundation having taken place in the north of Italy, owing to an excessive fall of snow in the Alps, followed by a speedy thaw, the River Adige carried off a bridge near Verona,—all except the middle part, on which was the house of the toll-gatherer. He, with his family, thus remained imprisoned by the waves, and in momentary danger of certain destruction. They were discovered from the banks stretching forth their hands, screaming and imploring succor, while fragments of the only remaining arch were continually dropping into the impetuous torrent.

In this extreme danger, a nobleman, Count of Pulverini, who was a spectator, held out a purse of one hundred sequins as a reward to any one who would take a boat and save the unhappy family. But so great was the risk of being borne down by the rapidity of the stream, of being dashed against the fragment of the bridge, or of being crushed by the falling of the heavy stones, that not one of the large number of spectators had courage enough to attempt the rescue.

A peasant who passed along was informed of the promised reward. Immediately jumping into a boat, he, by amazing strength of arm, gained the middle of the river, and brought his boat under the pile, when all the members of the family safely descended by means of a rope. "Courage! Now you are safe!" he called. By a still more strenuous effort, and great skill with his oars, he brought the boat and family to shore. "Brave fellow!" exclaimed the Count; and, handing him the purse: "Here is your promised recompense."—"I could never expose my life for money," answered the peasant. "My labors afford a sufficient livelihood for myself, my wife, and children. Give the purse to this poor family since you are so generous; they have lost everything but their lives."

Appreciation of the Catholic Religion by a Presbyterian Minister.

THE reunion of Christendom may still be far distant; but, to all who observe the signs of the times, there are some indications that this blessed consummation is now more generally *desired* than formerly, and that an ever-increasing number of non-Catholic Christians are seriously asking the question, Did our Lord Jesus Christ while upon earth found a Church, to remain unchangeable until His coming again? This is much, and it is very much more that unnumbered earnest souls outside of The Church are now trying to get an intelligent grasp of its teaching. Not since the so-called Reformation has there been a more universal willingness to hear the Catholic side than exists at the present time.

Almost every number of the *Constructive Quarterly*, "a journal of the faith, work and thought of Christendom," now in the fourth year of its existence, affords abundant proof of our assertion. Several well-known Catholic writers at home and abroad are contributors to this journal, which welcomes from any source light on fundamental Christian doctrines. Perhaps the most notable paper in the current number—the one, at least, that has had greatest interest for us—is by the Rev. Dr. Gilbert Reid, formerly a Presbyterian missionary in China. His subject is "Appreciation of Another's Faith," and he has much to say that will be no less gratifying to Catholic than surprising to non-Catholic readers.

Among other reasons why every Protestant should appreciate the Catholic Church, Dr. Reid assigns "its unparalleled organization; its high ideal concerning the Church of God; its cultivation of the spirit and demeanor of reverence (the reverential quality of the Church of Rome deserves the admiration and also the imitation of all Protestants); its cultivation of the devotional spirit; its devotion to the needs and sorrows of

humanity, etc." Speaking of the self-sacrifice of the priesthood and Sisterhoods of the Church, Dr. Reid says:

The devoted lives of those who thus deny themselves all has ever won the praise of men. Such speak more powerfully than any sermon the essence of Christianity, which is the love of God and the compassion of Christ. As Christ healed the lepers, and turned not from them, so there have been those in the Catholic Church who have not shrunk from the most repulsive diseases and the most perilous situations. In my early schooldays I was so attracted to a priest with whom I was travelling, who had just passed through the scourge of the yellow fever in one of our Southern cities, that to this day the impression of his life remains with me.

Another notable passage for which we must make room occurs in the author's description of the Church's "wonderful organization":

The Supreme Pontiff is certainly the greatest ruler on the earth, his sway extending into every country, amongst all races,—all alike called his children. He is rightly called in Chinese "the Emperor" of the Religion or of the Church. From him as Holy Father, the system works out in perfect symmetry and gradation, far surpassing the power and orderliness of the Roman Empire in days of the Cæsars,—down through the Papal Court, the cardinals, the archbishops, bishops and priests, to every humble member of the Church, whatever his color, class or nationality, going to the same Mass. . . . Leaving out for the moment the religious or divine aspects of the Church of Rome, it stands forth amongst all human organizations, all forms of government, all societies or associations, as the most complete and compact, the most universal and efficient organization that the world has ever known. The Holy Father who sits at the Vatican in Rome, whether regarded as Vicar of God or not, commands the homage of more men, clear round the globe, than a Cæsar or a Constantine, a Charlemagne or a Napoleon, ever dreamed to be his destiny. . . .

This from the pen of a Presbyterian minister! Although, as Dr. Reid declares, "fairness united with friendliness, and friendliness united with fairness, are difficult to attain in discussions of religion," he is to be congratulated on an admirably able and unmistakably sincere endeavor to give his readers a clearer understanding of the religion of Catholics.

Notes and Remarks.

No doubt the question of disease and its prevention should be better understood than it is; and no well-informed person will deny that science is now doing more than ever in the way of health protection. But we quite agree with an oldtime physician that the germ theory is being overworked, and that the present generation is becoming germ crazy. He declares that during a number of years of practice he had spent much time in rebutting testimony furnished by medical men, finding it in by far the greater number of cases mere speculation. It is the part of wisdom to take such precautions as reputable practitioners recommend, but it is just as much the part of folly to act upon the extravagant theories of faddists. One might as well die of disease as to be frightened to death. Between dodging disease germs and watching out for "mad dogs," avoiding mosquitoes and chasing flies, the lives of a great many people will be rendered very miserable during the coming months.

Another thing of greater importance is the moral effect, especially on the young, of the so-called "moral lessons," now so popular. The editor of the *Tulsa World* (Okla.) is right, we think, in holding that the continual parading of evil as something to be shunned defeats its own object by rendering the moral nature less able to resist temptation. "It is well," he says, "that the young should not be kept in ignorance as to what they should shun, both of physical and moral ills; but the continual insistence on these things creates a familiarity and arouses a curiosity for experimental knowledge that is sometimes much more to be feared than ignorance."

It is really astonishing how frequently and on how many diverse matters of human concern the teaching and practice of the Church are found to be in harmony with the most authoritative scientific

thought. No sooner has her protest against some proposed hysterical legislative enactments drawn down upon her the reproach that she is antiquated, reactionary, behind the times, etc., than, lo and behold! the foremost of modern scientists quietly announce that, after all, the Church is right, or at least advocate the action which she has always advised and taken in such matters. The latest case in point has to do with eugenics, about which a good many philosophers, sociologists, and legislators of recent years have talked and written and legislated not a little extravagantly. Catholic moralists have called attention to the fact that many of the remedies proposed are ultra-radical; and now comes Dr. Adolph Meyer, of Johns Hopkins University, who writes in the *Survey* an interesting paper which quite vindicates their contention. We have space for only one brief quotation from his able study, but it will sufficiently indicate his viewpoint: "A careful student of the literature and the facts of eugenics realizes the complexity of the problem, and the reason why we should be cautious about pushing everything to the point of legislative enactment."

The June issue of the *Extension Magazine* is called "The Catholic Working-Girls' Number," and we have found it exceptionally interesting. There is much that is thought-provoking and more that is gratifying in the various articles contributed by specialists on the topics treated. Here, for instance, is the statement of one business man, a Methodist:

One woman of whom the firm is especially proud (she's the buyer in the — department, and she hasn't made less than \$12,000 a year for the last five years) is a Catholic. That girl was a foundling, reared in a Catholic orphan asylum. The lessons that the Sisters in that asylum pounded into her head have been the greatest advantage that girl has had. She says so herself now. She began with us as a cash-girl. She's in the thirties, and I want to see her get married and have a fine home of her own some day. That woman, from the first day she came under our roof and started to grow up with the

store—a spindling little girl she was, too, at that time,—exercised self-control, was never too tired to help somebody else, tried to be obliging, and was honest. She was thrifty with her time that we were paying for. She never stole a second from us. She was on the job. I can't help wondering why the educational systems of the country don't turn out more like her.

The reason is simple enough: the Sisters not only “pounded into her head” the ordinary instruction given in the public schools, but instilled into her heart and soul the principles of religious morality,—a task which the public school makes no pretence of accomplishing.

* * *

One more quotation we must allow ourselves. It is a bit of a working-girl's experience, and carries its own moral:

Some months after I had been working for a firm, the president was dictating a letter, when he asked kindly: “Are you not feeling well, Miss M.?”—“I am quite well, thank you! Why?”—“I think you look so tired.”—“Has my work been below par?” I asked, anxiously.—“No, but you seem tired—not your active self.” I then explained that I was attending a mission, and arose at four-fifteen to get to five o'clock Mass, made a noon visit to the Blessed Sacrament in a church near by, and, after office hours, ate supper and hurried to church at seven or earlier, to secure a seat, for the crowds were great. Nothing further was said, but I noticed my work was made lighter; and Saturday I was called to the office and given a week's vacation with full salary—“because we are glad to have conscientious girls in our employ.” “Was this a Catholic firm?” you may ask. Not at all. Both gentlemen were Masons.

Evidently, practical Catholicism, genuine living up to Catholic standards, is no handicap whatever to the working-girl employed by reputable business men of any creed or no creed.

The cost per plate of a “stag dinner” given recently in New York city is said to have been \$150. The names of the host or hosts and of the diners were not mentioned, doubtless to their no slight satisfaction. They would have been reproached on all sides. Luxurious extravagance on a lower scale, however, is no

less reprehensible. In the same issue of a daily paper which lately published a notice of a costly banquet attended by prominent “society people,” professional men, city officials, members of the clergy, etc., there was mention of the suicide of a despairing workman, the father of a suffering family, who had been trying in vain for nearly a week to find employment of some kind. Of course there were thousands who would willingly have come to his rescue had they been aware of his distress; but plenty and penury are too often entire strangers to each other. Luxurious living and the ostentatious display of wealth account better than anything else for the existence of anarchy in this country; and it is likely to increase unless there is a decided check to the other evil.

Perhaps it will prove, as time goes on, that the greatest discovery of this age of discoveries was the Middle Ages. The fashion of regarding them as “dark” has long gone out of fashion, except in conventions of sectarians. The true state of enlightened opinion concerning those far-off times is represented by so qualified an authority as Dr. G. Stanley Hall, of Clarke University, who said some time ago of their educational aspect:

The Middle Ages had a veritable genius for organizing life and for creating institutions; and it would be hard indeed to name a general feature of student life, good or bad, a method of teaching or learning, wise or otherwise, an item of organization or control, a theme of rule or statute, or even a form of conferring degrees, or academic festivity or costume, anywhere to-day that did not originate before the close of the fourteenth century. Fondly fostered as they were, first by the Church and then by the State; richly endowed as they were with privileges and immunities, so lush was their growth that the specifications of their charter and constitutions usually only confirmed an already existing status. The term “university,” then applied to all corporations, had for long no relation to the universality of knowledge, and the vast aggregations of students in these *studia generalia* were essentially guilds. Altogether they were as characteristic creations of

their day as were feudalism, trial by jury, parliament, or a constitutional king. These universities and the immediate products of their work constitute, in the language of Rashdall, "the great achievement of the Middle Ages."

Their effect upon the progress of Europe, too, probably can never be paralleled again. Theology, scholastic philosophy, law, civil and canon, the dawn of modern science, and the renaissance of the twelfth century, and to some extent that of the fifteenth, are essentially their work.... Their vital relations with the Church gave to learning an element of consecration it had never known before, so that their lessons should be known and laid to heart by all concerned with either the technique or the philosophy of higher education to-day. They are full of all the charm and freshness of the *juventus mundi academici*.

The ability to "think on one's feet" is a prerequisite condition to any measure of success as a public speaker, and is perhaps common enough in this pre-eminently public-speaking land of ours; but the presence of mind and readiness of wit that can meet at a moment's notice any emergency, and triumphantly retort an argument, however unexpected and specious, are not so common. The effectiveness of such a retort was well illustrated recently in the case of Mr. Peter Collins and a member of the Guardians of Liberty. Lecturing in a Southern city under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, the former gentleman had just concluded his main address when the "Guardian" arose and proceeded to the stage, where, in a dramatic manner, he challenged Mr. Collins to debate within one year on the subject, "Resolved—That the Catholic Church is a Menace to American Institutions." After the gentleman had concluded his challenge, Mr. Collins arose and said: "I accept the gentleman's challenge, the debate to take place now, and I yield the floor to him to make his opening speech." The suddenness of the acceptance dumfounded the challenger, and he was unable to proceed. The audience cheered Mr. Collins, and jeered the gentleman who issued the challenge. The latter then arose and accused the lecturer of having the

house packed with Catholics. Mr. Collins replied by asking those in the audience who were not Catholics to arise, whereupon more than half stood up.

It is not stated that the rash challenger "sank through the floor," but he doubtless heartily wished he could utilize that method of disappearance.

More horrible than anything that has come under our notice in connection with the World War is Mr. Philip Gibbs' description of the fighting on the Viny Heights on the night of May 15. "They were hours of anguish," he writes, "for many Germans who lay dreadfully wounded and half-buried, or quite buried, in the chaos of earth made by those mine-craters, now doubly upheaved. Their screams and moans sounding above the guns, the frantic cries of men maddened under tons of earth, which kept them prisoners in deep pits below the crater lips, and awful inarticulate noises of human pain coming out of that lower darkness beyond the light of the rockets, made up a chorus of agony more than our men could endure, even in the heat of battle. They shouted across to the German grenadiers: 'We will cease fire if you will, and let you get in your wounded.... Cease fire for the wounded!' The shout was repeated, and our bombers held their hands, still waiting for an answer. But the answer was a new storm of bombs, and the fighting went on, amid the moaning of the men who were helpless and unhelped."

Doubtless the shout was unheeded only because of being unheard; but it will find an echo in many places far removed from the scene of conflict, and wring the hearts of hundreds already anguished by dread or bereavement.

In view of the unenviable notoriety that has come to Florida because of its bigoted action towards Catholic Sisters, it is gratifying to have Bishop Curley's testimony concerning the prospects of

the Church in that Southern State. In the course of a recent interview, he reported that "during the past two years about twenty new churches have been erected or are now in course of erection. Splendid new schools have been built in St. Augustine, Loretto, and Fort Pierce. A new Benedictine monastery is nearing completion in St. Leo. The first Catholic hospital is now in full swing in Jacksonville. A fine new Catholic club is being erected in the same city; and in a little while we expect to start in the city of Tampa one of the finest day colleges in the whole South, with the Jesuit Fathers of the New Orleans province in charge. During my two years as bishop I have given Confirmation in many places,—in fact, all over the State; and I have never yet administered the Sacrament without having converts to the faith in the class. Here's a paradox for you—some of those converts trace the occasion of their first turning to the Church to the campaign of vilification now going on."

It is a paradox that has occurred very frequently in the history of the Church in all ages of her mighty reign.

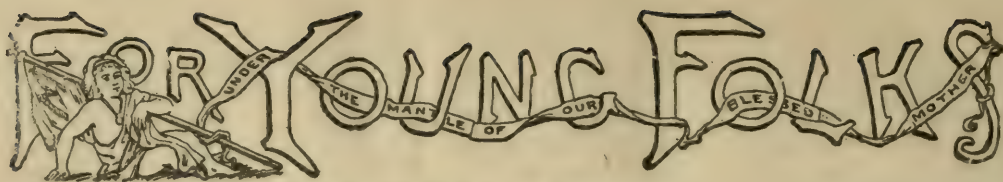
Our obituary list this week includes the names of two religious whose worth and work are noteworthy—Sister M. Antonia, of the Order of Mercy, for half a century a most devoted and efficient teacher, endeared to hundreds of pupils all over the country, and beloved by her companions in religion. To the Catholic public generally she was widely known as a raconteur and poet, having been for many years a contributor to various magazines and papers, sometimes using one pen-name, sometimes another. She was the author of several books, two of which have been very popular with young and old readers. A noble life was hers,—self-sacrificing, beneficent, and fruitful to the very end.

Brother Stanislaus, C. S. C. (John A. Clarke), besides being a model of every

Christian and religious virtue, was a man of varied talents, all of which were faithfully employed in the service of God for nearly half a century. He was one of the pioneers of shorthand in this country, and collaborated with Sir Isaac Pitman, who adopted into his system numerous improvements suggested by the Brother, whom he recognized as an expert and cherished as a friend. An efficient teacher also of English, Spanish, etc., a ready writer, a skilful printer and pressman, a competent proofreader, Brother Stanislaus rendered service no less important than devoted wherever he was stationed. In a sense he was one of the founders of THE AVE MARIA, in whose welfare he never ceased to take the deepest interest. He will be remembered by all who were in any way associated with him as one of the best of men and most exemplary of religious.

One or two interesting details in connection with the recent Irish uprising are related by a correspondent of the *New York Freeman's Journal*, who writes:

Some incidents of the insurrection may be of interest to my Catholic readers. Again the Catholic priests were the heroes of the occasion. The *London Daily Mail*, which is both anti-Irish and anti-Catholic, has stated that they were the only ones to be seen on the bullet-swept streets during the latter half of that terrible week. One of them has already died in consequence of a wound received while on duty. On last Sunday, as another consequence of the insurrection, Mass was celebrated in Trinity College, Dublin, for the first time since its foundation. The official name of Trinity College is the Dublin University. It was founded by charter of Queen Elizabeth in 1592. The site which it occupies was originally occupied by the Catholic University of All Hallows, which had been suppressed by Henry VIII. Trinity was enriched by grants from James I. and Charles I., and is now one of the wealthiest institutions in Europe. It was founded for the avowed purpose of bringing the Irish Papists to a knowledge of the "true religion" as by law established. During Easter week it was a military headquarters, and Mass was celebrated on the grounds for the accommodation of the Catholic soldiers still remaining there.



In Bondage.

BY S. A. P.

I CAN not read nor write nor sew;
With what shall I my time employ?
I try to walk: my steps are slow;
Life has but little left of joy,—
A corner and an armchair true,
Wherein to think while others do.

The gift of thought—God has been kind,—
The gift of speech with friends so dear;
Not deaf nor dumb nor wholly blind,—
He has left much to soothe and cheer:
Springtime is here, and days are long,
And I can hear the robin's song.

And from my armchair I can see,
High in a niche across the way,
A Lady fair; at mother's knee,
Long years ago, I learned to pray
To her, the Virgin Mother fair,
The Help of Christians everywhere.

My armchair, then, shall chapel be;
Its altar there across the way,
Where the tall branches of a tree
Against its table softly sway;
Its tabernacle, Mary's breast,
Whereon the Christ-Child lies at rest.

Mother and Son are there enshrined;
Her arms His bed, her heart His home.
Where can I nobler altar find,—
With stars for lights and sky for dome,
Its choir all the birds of spring,
That all day long their carols sing?

Come, then, my Beads and bide with me:
Through waking hours and even in sleep,
I'll count thy decades faithfully.

For friends who smile and friends who weep,
For friends at home and friends afar,
I'll pray to thee, fair Morning Star!

So shall my hours of bondage fly
Through weeks and months maybe of pain;
Not drifting idly with the tide,
But striving day by day to gain
Courage and deeper faith to meet
The will of God, divine and sweet.

Killykinick.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XXVI.—RAINBOWS.

DANNY!" cried Aunt Winnie,
clutching her teacup with trem-
bling hand. "God save us, it's
Danny himself!"

"Nobody else," said Dan, as he caught
her in a bearish hug and kissed the
withered cheek again and again. It looked
paler than when he had left her,—paler
and thinner; and there were hollows
under the patient eyes.

"But what are you doing here, Aunt
Win?" he asked in amazement.

"Just spending the day, Danny. Mrs.
Mulligan sent Molly for me this morning.
She wanted me to see her new place, and
to tell her what was to be done with my
bit of things. She is thinking of renting
her rooms; and my things are in the
way. They are fine rooms, with rosebud
paper on the walls, and a porch looking
out at the church beyant; and she could
be getting seven dollars a month for them.
But she's got the table and stove and
beds, and all our old furniture that nobody
would want; so I've told her to send
them off to-morrow to sell for what they
will bring. Sure" (and the old voice
trembled) "we'll never have any call for
them again, Danny lad,—never again."

"Oh, we won't?," said Danny, with
another hug that came near doing for
teacup completely. "Just take back your
orders quick as you can, Aunt Winnie.
I'm renting those rooms right now."

"Sure, Danny,—Danny boy, have ye
come back with a fever on ye?"

"Yes," grinned Dan,— "regular gold
fever, Aunt Winnie! Look at that!" He
clapped the twenty dollar gold piece into
Aunt Winnie's trembling hand. "That's

for you, Aunt Winnie,—that's to rent those pink-flowered rooms."

"Sure it's mad the poor boy is entirely!" cried Aunt Winnie, as Mrs. Mulligan and Molly came hurrying out on the porch.

"Do I look it?" asked Dan, laughing into their startled faces.

"Ye don't," said Mrs. Mulligan. "But spake out plain, and don't be bewildering the poor woman, Danny Dolan."

And then Danny spoke out as plain as his breathless eagerness would permit, and told the story of the "pension."

"It will be thirty-five dollars a month, Captain Carleton says; he'd have to throw in the five to poor old Nutty for grog and tobacco."

"Ah, God save us,—God save us!" was all Aunt Winnie could murmur, tearfully.

"And I guess thirty-five dollars will run those rosebud rooms of yours pretty safe and slick; won't they, Mrs. Mulligan? So put Aunt Winnie and me down as tenants right off."

"I will,—I will!" answered Mrs. Mulligan, joyfully. "Sure my heart was like lead in my breast at the thought of giving up yer bits of things, Miss Winnie. But now—now come along, Molly girl, and we'll be fixing the rooms this minute. What's the good of yer going back to the Sisters at all?" And Mrs. Mulligan put a motherly arm around Aunt Winnie's trembling form. "Give her another cup of tea, Molly; for she's all done up with joy at having her own home and her own boy again, thank God for that same!"

And then, leaving dear Aunt Winnie to this good friend's tender ministrations, Dan kept on his way to St. Andrew's, taking a flying leap over the college wall to the sunset walk, where perhaps he would find Father Mack saying his Office. He was not mistaken: his old friend was there, walking slowly under the arching trees. His face kindled into light as he stretched out a trembling hand.

"I thought perhaps you would come here, my boy," he said. "I was just thanking God, Danny. Brother Bart has

told us the good news. It is all right, as I hoped and prayed,—all right, as I *knew* it would be, Danny. Now tell me, yourself, all about this wonderful blessing."

And again this father and son sat down upon the broken grave slab, and Danny told Father Mack all.

"Ah, it is the good God's hand!" the old priest said softly. "But this is only the start, my son. The climb is still before you,—a climb that may lead over steepes sharp and rough as the rocks of Killykinick."

But the fading light seemed to aureole Father Mack's silvery head as he spoke.

"You will keep on and up,—on and up; for God is calling you, my son,—calling you to heights where He leads His own,—heights which as yet you can not see."

The speaker laid his hand upon Dan's head in benediction that thrilled the boy's heart to its deepest depths,—a benediction that he never forgot; for it was Father Mack's last. Only a few days later the college bell's solemn note, sounding over the merry greetings of the gathering students, told that for the good old priest all the lessons of life were over.

And Dan, climbing sturdily up the heights at his saintly guide's bidding, has found the way, so far, smoothed and softened beyond his hopes by his summer at Killykinick. Even his stumbling-stone Dud was removed to another college, his father having been ordered to a Western post. With Jim and Freddy as his friends, all the "high-steppers," old and young, of St. Andrew's were ready to welcome him into rank and line. And, with Aunt Winnie as administratrix of Captain Carleton's pension, "there isn't a dacent-looking boy in the college," as Mrs. Mulligan stoutly declares.

How Aunt Winnie stretched out that pension only the Irish fairies, or perhaps the Irish angels, know. The little pink-flowered rooms have blossomed out into a very bower of comfort and cheer. There are frilly curtains at the windows, a rosy-hued lamp, and a stand of growing plants always in bloom. There are always bread

and cheese and apple sauce, or something equally "filling," for hungry boys to eat.

And when Aunt Winnie was fairly settled, who should appear but Miss Stella, who had come to nurse a dear old friend near by,—Miss Stella, who dropped in most naturally in her off hours to chat with dear old Aunt Winnie and take a cup of tea! And Freddy's daddy, who had plunged into life and law business with zest, often brought his big automobile round to take Freddy for a spin after study hours, and called on the way very frequently to take Miss Stella home.

It was on one of those bright afternoons that they all went to look at the new house that was going up on a wooded hillside not very far from the college,—the house that was to be Freddy's long-wished-for home. It had been a lot of fun watching it grow. Now it was nearly done,—the big pillared porch ready for its climbing roses; the pretty rooms waiting their rugs and curtains; the great stone chimney, that was to be the heart and life of things, rising in the center of all.

"My! but this is fine!" said Freddy, who had not seen this crowning touch before. "Let's light it up, daddy,—let's light it up and see how it burns."

And, dashing out for an armful of wood left by the builders, Freddy soon had a glorious blaze on the new hearth-stone,—a blaze that, blending with the sunset streaming through the west windows, made things bright indeed.

"This is great!" said Freddy. "And when we have the chairs and tables and cushions and curtains—who is going to pick out the cushions and curtains, dad?"

"Oh, I suppose we can have them sent up from the store!" answered Dad, anticipating such matters by pushing up a big packing box to the fire, to serve as a seat for their smiling guest.

"Oh, can't you do it, daddy?"

"George! no! I wouldn't know a curtain from a rug, my boy!"

"And you don't know about dishes or

cups, or pans to make gingerbread?" continued Freddy, the glow fading from his face as he realized all these masculine disabilities.

"Not a thing," was dad's reply.

"Geel!" said Freddy, in a much troubled voice. "We'll be right bad off for a real home, after all, daddy."

"Perhaps we can find a nice old black mammy who will take care of us all," observed daddy, his eyes twinkling almost as they used to twinkle in the days of Little Boy Blue.

"Yes, I suppose we can," said Freddy, with a wistful little sigh, "I suppose that is what we will *have* to do, daddy. But I wish—it's going to be such a pretty house every other way,—I wish we could have a pretty lady to sit at the head of the table and pour our tea."

"Would *I* do, Freddy?" asked Miss Stella, stealing a soft little hand into his.

"You, Miss Stella,—*you*,—*you*?" gasped Freddy. "Oh, that would be rip-roaring, sure enough! But you couldn't,—you wouldn't!"

"I might," was the low answer; and Miss Stella arose and drew little Boy Blue to her loving heart. "I might come if you want me very much, Freddy,—so I promised daddy last night."

"For there is no real right home without a mother, son," said daddy; and his arm went around to meet Miss Stella's until Freddy was locked in their double clasp. And, looking from one glad face to the other, a thousand rainbows seemed to burst upon his troubled sky, and little Boy Blue understood.

So there was a wedding in the little church at Beach Cliff when the hydrangeas were in bloom the next summer,—a wedding that drew the Forester clan from far and near. Even the two grandmothers, after they had inspected the Neville family tree through their lorgnettes, declared their satisfaction that Stella was going to do the proper thing at last.

Daddy was the daddy of old times, before the dark clouds of doubt and

despair had gathered around him and he had drifted about, the derelict Mr. Wirt; while Miss Stella, veiled in soft mists of tulle, looked what she had been to him, what she would ever be to him—his guiding star. Polly, who was the only bridesmaid (for so Marraine would have it), carried a basket of flowers as big as herself; Father Tom said the Nuptial Mass; and Freddy stood at daddy's side, the very happiest of "best men." And Dan, who was off on his summer vacation at Killykinick, came down in the "Sary Ann," with Captain Jeb slicked up for the occasion in real "store clothes." And there was a wonderful wedding feast at the Forester home, with a cake three stories high, and three tables full of wedding presents; Captain Carleton's diamond star, that he *would* send, shining with dazzling light among the rest.

And, then, such a house-warming followed as surpassed Freddy's wildest dreams, with a real fire leaping on the hearth, with the rugs and curtains and cushions just right; for Miss Stella (or Marraine, as she chose that Freddy should call her,—for, as she said, "Your own dear mother is in heaven, my boy"),—Miss Stella had picked them all out herself. And Father Tom beamed happily on his reconstructed family; and the Fathers and Brothers and boys from St. Andrew's dropped in without ceremony; for Marraine had welcome for all, now that she was a fixed star in her real home and her real place.

Though dear Aunt Winnie has dropped at least ten years of her life, and old Neb's whale oil has done more for her rheumatism than all the store medicines she ever tried; though more joy and comfort has come into these sunset years than she ever dared hope, she still sits on her little porch in the evening, with a look in her old eyes that tells she is dreaming.

"What do you see, Aunt Win?" asked Dan one evening, as, after a tough pull up the Hill of Knowledge, he bounded up

the Mulligan stairs to drop at her feet and lay his head in her lap.

"Sure it's not for an old woman to spake, Danny dear!" she answered again as of old. "It's too great, too high. What was it that holy saint, Father Mack, said to you, alanna? Sometimes I forget the words."

"That it would be a hard climb for me against winds and storms," said Dan. "And, golly, it will! I am finding that out myself, Aunt Win."

"Go on, lad! There was more,—there was more," said the old woman, eagerly.

After a moment's pause, Dan added, in a voice that had grown low and reverent:

"That God was calling me to His own. And, Aunt Win,—Aunt Win" (there was a new light in the blue eyes uplifted to her face), "I am finding that out, too."

But it is a long way to the starlit heights of Aunt Winnie's dream,—a long, hard way, as Danny knows. We leave him climbing sturdily on over its rocky steep and sandy stretches, but finding many a sunlit resting place on the way. Brightest of all these to Danny is Killykinick, where he goes every summer to spend a happy holiday,—to boat, to swim, to fish, to be "matey" again with the two old men, who look for his coming as the joy of the year.

"It's hurrah! hurrah, Aunt Win!" he wrote jubilantly one glad summer day. "Your Danny is at work before time, doing a little missionary business already. Two real true converts, Aunt Win,—baptized yesterday! It was the 'Padre's preaching' that set Jeb thinking first, and then he got hold of some of Great-uncle Joe's books. I sort of took a hand, and altogether we've got the dear old chaps into the fold. Peter and Andrew,—they chose the names themselves, even good old Neb's dull wits seeming to wake at his Master's call. Brother Bart's prayers for his old friends have been answered. The Light is shining on Killykinick, Aunt Win,—the Light is shining on Killykinick!"

The Result of a Dream.

The history of inventions is often curious. Many of the most wonderful discoveries in the world have been made quite by chance. A workman carelessly upsets some substance into molten metal or soft clay, and the world is suddenly richer. Men will toil for years in pursuit of some combination of material, or the realization of some dim dream, and stumble upon the reality without an effort. Before the time of James Watts, the Scotch inventor, the making of shot had been a long and wearisome process, costing much money and labor. The workmen knew no way except that of pounding bars of lead into thin sheets, and rolling in a barrel the little bits cut from this until they were round. This seems as antiquated to us now as plowing with a sharpened beam, or winnowing wheat by tossing it in the air.

Watts had always wished to discover a more speedy and easy way of manufacturing shot, but he racked his brains in vain. The truth compels us to admit that he was not averse to a social glass with boon companions, but he was never so much influenced by liquor that he forgot his long-cherished desire.

One night, after an evening at a tavern with his convivial companions, his sleep was troubled, and he dreamed a strange dream. He was, he thought, stumbling along in the night with some of his friends, when it began to rain shot in such quantities that they were all obliged to seek shelter from the fierce pelting of the little shining globules.

He could think of nothing the next day but his dream of the night before, and then he took to wondering what shape melted lead would assume if dropped from a great height. At last, to decide the question, he went up into the Church of St. Mary at Radcliffe, melted a quantity of lead, and dropped it carelessly to the ground. Beneath was a shallow moat;

and when he went down from the tower and looked for the result of his experiment, he was rewarded by finding a great many perfectly round spheres of lead at the bottom of the water.

Ever since then the shot-tower has been in common use; and Watts had, through the agency of a dream, made his fortune and a great discovery at the same time.

FRANCESCA.

The Bakers of Lyons.

In the seventeenth century the bakers of Lyons formed what we should now call a "trust," and resolved that, as they were not getting rich fast enough, they would raise the price of bread. But it was impossible to do this without the consent of M. Dugas, the provost, who had charge of all changes in municipal regulations; so they waited upon him in a body, making known their scheme and delicately hinting that any help he might give them would be suitably rewarded. After the bakers had taken their departure, M. Dugas found lying upon the table a purse full of money.

Some days passed; and the bakers, having heard nothing from the provost, called upon him again. He received them as courteously as on the former occasion and spoke to them as follows:

"Gentlemen, I have reflected seriously upon your arguments and find nothing in them. The purse of gold which you left upon the table I have given to the poor in the hospitals. If you can be thus lavish with money, it strikes me that you must have plenty of it; and therefore that there is not the slightest reason why you should advance the price of bread, which will remain exactly what it is at present."

The bakers withdrew hastily, having learned from an honest man that it is not always safe to calculate upon gaining one's ends by bribery.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—New fiction published by Sands & Co. includes "O'Loughlin of Clare," by Rosa Mulholland; and "A More Excellent Way," by Felicia Curtis.

—"The Spirit of Bishop Hedley: Selections from his Writings, with a Preface by Prior Cummins, O. S. B.," is a new addition to the Spiritual Classics series.

—"If Ye Fulfil the Royal Law," by A. H. W. (Canada), is a crown octavo of 335 pages, from G. P. Putnam's Sons. That it holds nothing of special interest for our readers, and merits no particular notice from ourselves, is perhaps made clear enough by this quotation from the Introduction: "It is not alone our Roman Catholic friends who have a scheme of self-indulgence in sinning."

—Practically everything concerning "Venus" has been gathered by Paul Carus in a book of 182 pages, which is issued by the Open Court Publishing Co. Text and illustrations will be of interest to students of archæology. It is well to add that Dr. Carus is a monist. His Christian readers will not, therefore, be in the least surprised at certain things he says, much as they may wonder how he came by the name of Paul.

—"Essays on Catholic Life" is the title of a new book by Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., Ph. D., Litt. D. (Laval), member of various learned societies, etc., published by the John Murphy Co. In a short preface, he accounts for the origin and publicity of these essays, and acknowledges his indebtedness to his different publishers. There is no doubt to our mind that the first of these papers, that on the "Influence of Religious Home Training," is the best; though Dr. O'Hagan's views on such other subjects as "The Irish Dramatic Movement," and "Catholic Intellectual Activities" may be sought with interest. His notions about "Criticism" may engage some of his critics. The essays are short, and evidently meant to be suggestive rather than exhaustive.

—A writer in the literary supplement of the London *Times* enunciates a truth which all middle-aged or elderly lovers of books will thoroughly appreciate. "There is one peculiarity," he says, "which real works of art possess in common. At each fresh reading one notices some change in them, as if the sap of life ran in their leaves, and, with skies and plants, they had the power to alter their shape

and color from season to season. To write down one's impressions of 'Hamlet' as one reads it year after year, would be virtually to record one's own autobiography; for as we know more of life, so Shakespeare comments upon what we know." So, too, with the "Imitation," with Newman's "Apologia," or "Idea of a University,"—with any really good book. We both bring to it, and take from it, more and more and more at each successive reading.

—The author of that remarkably popular book, "Aunt Sarah and the War," has this year produced another volume of similar character, entitled "Halt! Who's There?" There is no doubt that the success of the first tale was largely due to its exact interpretation of the English nation's spirit at the time the book was written. The later volume reflects the changes that have in the interval come over English feeling, especially with respect to the enemy. When it is known—as it now generally is—that the author of these two charming impressions is Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, their sublimated Christianity is perfectly understood, as is also their rather excessive slant toward the "literistic" in style. Published in this country by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

—"The Philosophy of Wang Yang-Ming," translated from the Chinese by Dr. Frederick Goodrich Henke, with an Introduction by Dr. James H. Tufts, will be welcomed by students seeking instruction and guidance in the mystifying literature of Chinese philosophy. The book is a translation of volume one of the four-volume edition of Wang's works distributed by the Commercial Press of Shanghai. Chinese thought and the way of expressing it are so different from our Western ideas and mode of expression that many general readers as well as students will doubtless be interested in this work of the foremost Chinese philosopher. A photograph of an image of him in a little temple in Yuyao, Chekiang, forms the frontispiece. (Wang's beauty, we must say, was not physical.) There is also an excellent index and an adequate table of contents. Published by the Open Court Publishing Co.

—Exercising his well-known penchant for breaking fresh ground, Father Herbert Thurston, in "The Memory of our Dead," gives a readable and valuable study of Christian attitudes toward the dead. While the matter of history underlies his work, it is new aspects of truth which engage him; while in such a chapter as

"All Souls' and its Three Masses" he is literally first in the field. The general reader will peruse with greatest interest the last two chapters of the work, which treat respectively of the "Devotional Appeal of Prayers for the Dead" and of "Observances, Abuses, and Survivals." A compact, small octavo of some two hundred and forty pages, with an analytical table of contents and a good index, excellently bound and printed, this volume is well worth the publisher's modest price of eighty cents. B. Herder, agent in the U. S.

—The Catholic Truth Society, of London, sends the following excellent issues: "Caroline Chisholm, the Emigrant's Friend," by G. Elliot Anstruther; "Chocolates and Cigarettes, and Other Stories," by Agnes Henderson; "Christ the Healer," and "Maxims of St. Thomas Aquinas,"—the first of these being a collection from the Gospels of all the accounts of Our Lord's miracles upon the sick; "Four Conferences," by the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Benson ("Rule of Life," "Confession," "Holy Communion," "Mental Prayer," with a list of books for spiritual reading); and "New Thought, Briefly Considered in Seven Letters," by Leslie Moore. All of these except the last (which sells for threepence) are penny pamphlets. Mr. Moore's work is a sixty odd page brochure, seriously refuting the vagaries of those wildest of all theorists, the so-called New Thoughtists.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Philosophy of Wang Yang-Ming." \$2.50.

"Halt! Who's There!" 75 cts.

"Essays on Catholic Life." Thomas O'Hagan, M. A. 75 cts.

"Yonder?" Rev. T. Gavan Duffy, P.F.M. \$1.40.

"The Life of St. Paul." F. A. Forbes. 35 cts.

"Only Jane." Isabel C. Clarke. \$1.35.

"A Month in Rome." André Maurel. \$1.75.

"New Wars for Old." John Haynes Holmes. \$1.50.

"The Mystery of the Holy Trinity in Oldest Judaism." Frank McGloin, LL. D. \$1.

"Little Donald." Mrs. Innes-Browne. 80 cts.

"The Romanticism of St. Francis and Other Studies in the Genius of the Franciscans." Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. \$2.

"The Onion Peelers." Father Garrold, S. J. \$1.60.

"The Mirror of Justice." Robert Eaton, of the Oratory. 40 cts.

"The Irish Orators: A History of Ireland's Fight for Freedom." Claude G. Bowers. \$1.50.

"Marie of the House of D'Anters." Rev. Michael Earls, S. J. \$1.35.

"Seven Fairy Tales." 35 cts.

"Counter-Currents." Agnes Repplier. \$1.25.

"The Happiness of Duty." Mgr. Gay. 15 cts.

"The 'Summa Theologica' of St. Thomas Aquinas." Part II. (First Part.) Literally Translated by the Fathers of the English Dominican Province. \$2.20.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Henry Northrop, bishop of Charleston; Rev. Patrick McKenna, diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. Peter Lauth, C. S. C.; and Rev. Jules Derenski, C. SS. R.

Brother Stanislaus, C. S. C.

Sister M. Crescentia, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister M. Antonia, Sisters of Mercy; and Sister Bernadette, Sisters of St. Dominic.

Mr. Joseph Belda, Mrs. J. T. Ryan, Mr. James Boden, Mr. Philip Odenbrett, Mrs. Bridget O'Rourke, Mr. Charles Deering, Mrs. Azelia Royer, Mr. Archibald McKinny, Miss Mary O'Neil, Mrs. Mary Dickson, Mr. Philip Cahill, Mrs. Nora Jeffery, Mr. Edward L. Sheils, Mrs. Mary Niehaus, Mrs. Mary Coyle, Mr. John Broquet, Mr. David Scott, Miss Mary Morgan, Mrs. M. Gleeson, Mr. A. W. Sage, Mrs. James Woods, Mrs. Richard Power, Mrs. Mary Joyce, Mr. John J. White, Mrs. Mary Henrick, Judge Richard J. Burke, Mr. James Bligh, Mr. Joseph Davis, Mrs. Alice Sullivan, Mr. Thomas Callahan, Miss Beatrice Healy, Mr. Henry Funke, Mr. P. G. Schmitt, Mr. Patrick Fagan, Mr. James McGinty, Mr. George Schernbel, Mr. Richard Shepard, Mr. Patrick Hoary, Mr. W. J. Tate, Mr. Michael Coyne, Mrs. Julia Reilly, Mrs. E. M. Cook, and Mrs. Mary C. Hill.

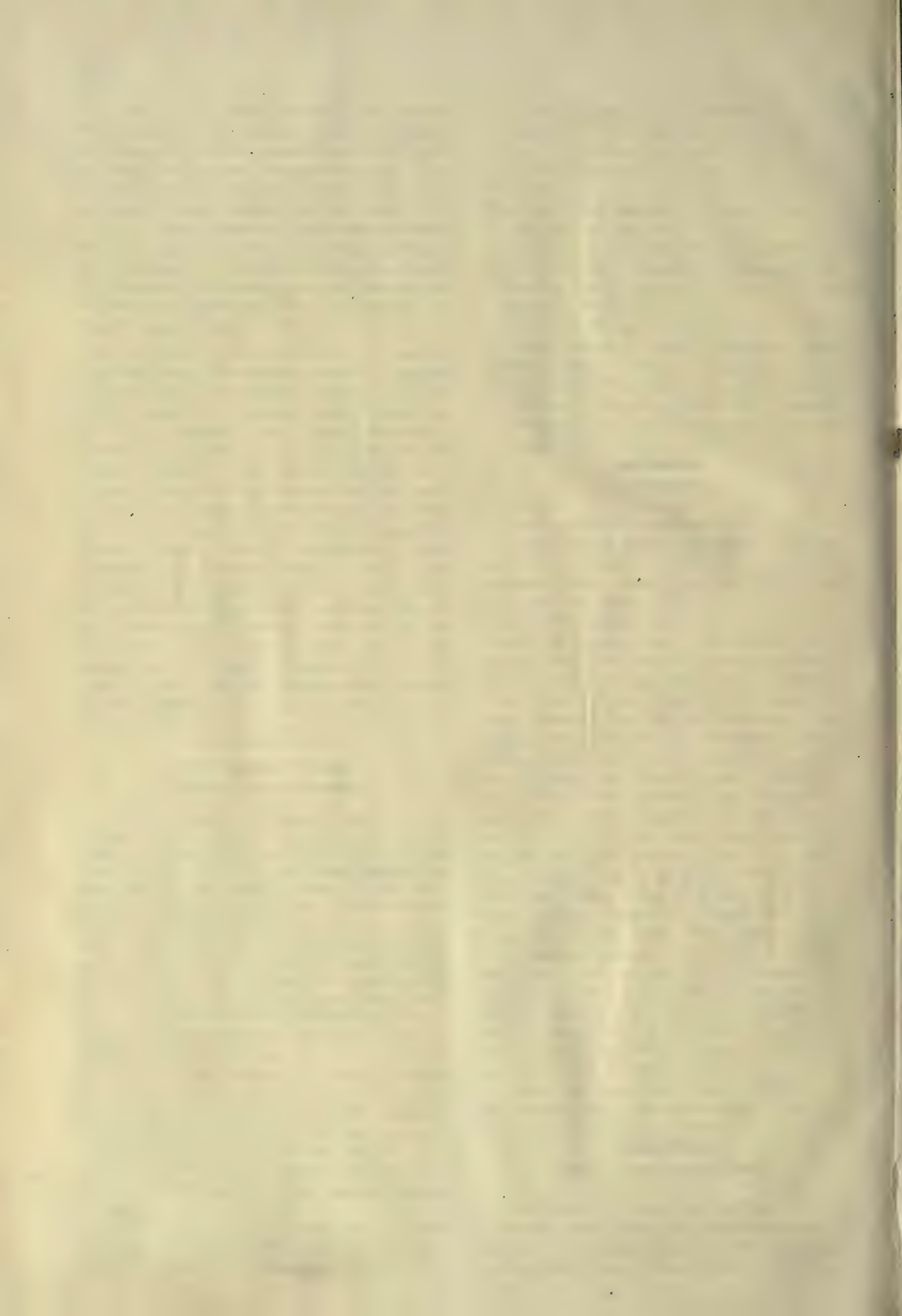
Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the rescue of starving children in China: In honor of Our Lady (Gazelle), \$1. To supply good reading to prisons, hospitals, etc.: J. D., \$5.









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